News Compendium

Volume 13 - 2012 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 The World's Longest Fingernails or: I Wrote a New Book

Monday, Jan 02, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The man with the world's longest fingernails is gross. You can sense the horrible, dead weight of his nails. You can imagine the musty smell of them. What a disgusting thing to inflict on yourself.

Those nails are not repellant simply because they are an extreme, they are terrible for what they reveal in ourselves. We can do what he is doing. We can grow our fingernails or our hair to extremes. Left entirely alone, it is what our body desires, but we constantly wage war to conceal our body's horror.

We have a concept of identity that resides in our physical form. Our mind, the essence of who we are, is rooted in the biological and the electrical connections made by our memories slowly building and being erased. But our perception is from within the dynamic processes of our flesh. We think of ourselves as a stone, slowly carved by the flowing water of time, when we are as formless as the river that carved the stone.

Our bodies are shaped by stimuli and the natural rhythms of regeneration in a constant state of decay and renewal. The skin we wear will last only a few months, our livers not even that long, cells inside our body die and are replenished in hours and even our bones, the stones within us, die and renew over the years, ever less efficiently, until they are frail.

The rapidity with which our body becomes something new can be disconcerting. A lesser form of this body horror has been experienced by almost everyone. Holiday overindulgence can produce unwanted results in our body. These results require hard work - stimuli - to repair.

More lasting horrors await. Cancer can invade our cells and cause them to reproduce, our body's own processes subverted catastrophically, our flesh always vulnerable to bulging tumors and carcinomas. Even the healthiest and most fortunate among us, who lives long

and does not succumb to malignancy, will experience numerous growths and tumors, each a small horror discovered in the shower, in bed or by the hands of a lover.

If we were to view a representation of ourselves over the course of a lifetime it would be as a nightmare shape of flesh and blood and diseases. We are a noodle mass of brains atop a jigsaw of overgrown bones riding the five-thousand-pound island of our flesh through a sea of our blood. Several epochal strains of bacteria weigh as much as we have at any one point in our lives, clinging to the spilling ropes of our intestines.

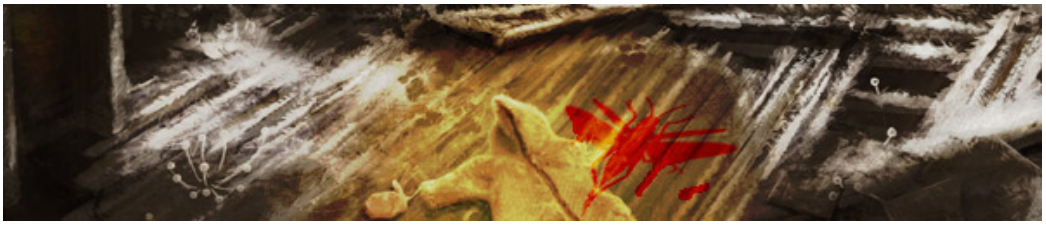
The tide of our flesh is guided by our genes, shaped by our decisions and actions, Deleuze's body without organs, governed by patterns and behavior. Our identity is that of an electrical storm within this process, even more temporary than the momentary creature you see in the mirror. We are gathering within our skull and along our neural pathways, momentary flashes of memories and emotions, and then we are gone, blown off to some other place by our fate, as our body decays without the counteracting force of renewal.

The man with the longest fingernails holds his hand gingerly. His nails are a single exhibit museum of his body. They are an agony to him. If they break he might die from infection.

He endures all this to get his name and photograph in a book. To be known and appreciated. We all strive to carve our initials on this world, desperately at times, longing for something more. Biology dooms us, but we hope to be remembered however fleetingly by part of the species, to create another person destined for better things, a great work, or to live on through our deeds.

We are small, unlucky animals that can conceive of their own eventual demise. We pathetically want to outlast the river and the storm.

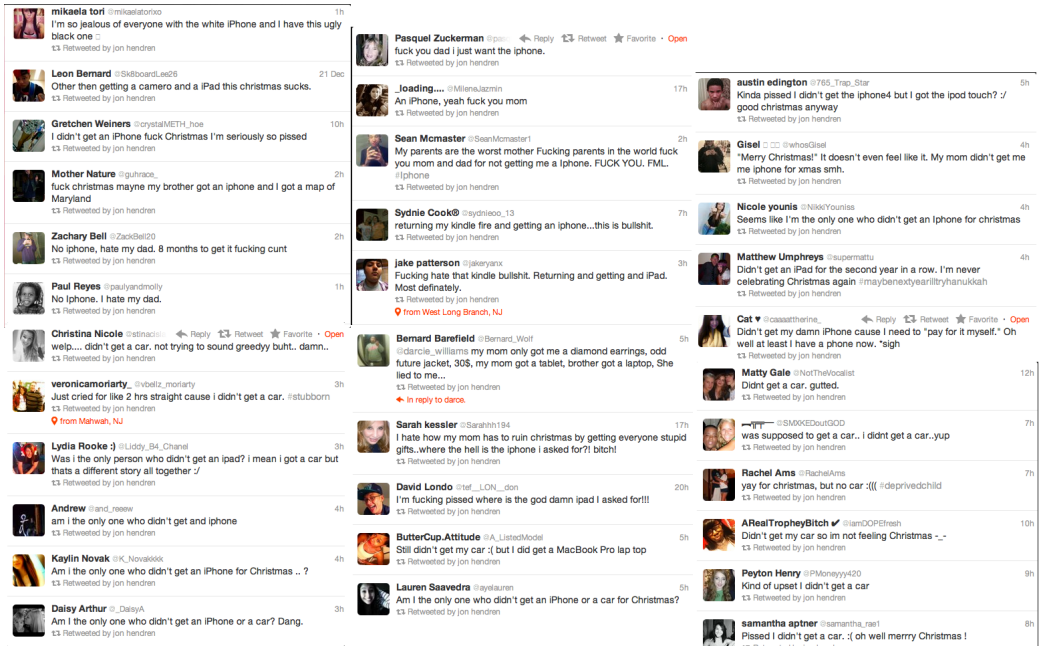
So I spent two years writing a novel entitled LIMINAL STATES. Please check it out, I humbly think you will enjoy it.



-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.2 Hold On, My Computer's Telling Me I Have Beef With Some Dude

Tuesday, Jan 03, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)


mikaela tori @mikaelatorixo 1h
I'm so jealous of everyone with the white iPhone and I have this ugly black one
Retweeted by jon hendren
Leon Bernard @Sk8boardLee26 21 Dec
Other then getting a camero and a iPad this christmas sucks.
Retweeted by jon hendren
Gretchen Weiners @crystalMETH_hoe 10h
I didn't get an iPhone fuck Christmas I'm seriously so pissed
Retweeted by jon hendren
Mother Nature @guhrace_ 2h
fuck christmas mayne my brother got an iphone and I got a map of Maryland
Retweeted by jon hendren
Zachary Bell @ZackBell20 2h
No iphone, hate my dad. 8 months to get it fucking cunt
Retweeted by jon hendren
Paul Reyes @paulyandmolly 1h
No Iphone. I hate my dad.
Retweeted by jon hendren
Christina Nicole @stinacisi Reply Retweet Favorite Open
welp.... didn't get a car. not trying to sound greedyy buht.. damn..
Retweeted by jon hendren
veronicamoriarty_ @vbeliz_moriarty 3h
Just cried for like 2 hrs straight cause i didn't get a car. #stubborn
Retweeted by jon hendren
from Mahwah, NJ
Lydia Rooke :) @Liddy_B4_Chanel 3h
Was i the only person who didn't get an ipad? i mean i got a car but thats a different story all together :/
Retweeted by jon hendren
Andrew @and_reeew 4h
am i the only one who didn't get and iphone
Retweeted by jon hendren
Kaylin Novak @K_Novakkkk 4h
Am i the only one who didn't get an iPhone for Christmas .. ?
Retweeted by jon hendren
Daisy Arthur @_DaisyA 3h
Am I the only one who didn't get an iPhone or a car? Dang.
Retweeted by jon hendren
Pasquel Zuckerman @pas Reply Retweet Favorite Open
fuck you dad i just want the iphone.
Retweeted by jon hendren
_loading... @MilenaJazmin 17h
An iPhone, yeah fuck you mom
Retweeted by jon hendren
Sean Mcmaster @SeanMcmaster1 2h
My parents are the worst mother Fucking parents in the world fuck you mom and dad for not getting me a Iphone. FUCK YOU. FML.
#Iphone
Retweeted by jon hendren
Sydnie Cook® @sydnieco_13 7h
returning my kindle fire and getting an iphone...this is bullshit.
Retweeted by jon hendren
jake patterson @jakeryanx 3h
Fucking hate that kindle bullshit. Returning and getting and iPad. Most definately.
Retweeted by jon hendren
from West Long Branch, NJ
Bernard Barefield @Bernard_Wolf 5h
@darcie_williams my mom only got me a diamond earrings, odd future jacket, 30$, my mom got a tablet, brother got a laptop, She lied to me...
Retweeted by jon hendren
In reply to darcie.
Sarah kessler @Sarahhh194 17h
I hate how my mom has to ruin christmas by getting everyone stupid gifts..where the hell is the iphone i asked for?! bitch!
Retweeted by jon hendren
David Londo @tef__LON__don 20h
I'm fucking pissed where is the god damn ipad I asked for!!!
Retweeted by jon hendren
ButterCup.Attitude @A_ListedModel 5h
Still didn't get my car :(but I did get a MacBook Pro lap top
Retweeted by jon hendren
Lauren Saavedra @ayelauren 5h
Am I the only one who didn't get an iPhone or a car for Christmas?
Retweeted by jon hendren
austin edington @765_Trap_Star 5h
Kinda pissed I didn't get the iphone4 but I got the ipod touch? :/ good christmas anyway
Retweeted by jon hendren
Gisel @whosGisel 4h
"Merry Christmas!" It doesn't even feel like it. My mom didn't get me me iphone for xmas smh.
Retweeted by jon hendren
Nicole younis @NikkiYouniss 4h
Seems like I'm the only one who didn't get an Iphone for christmas
Retweeted by jon hendren
Matthew Umphreys @supermattu 4h
Didn't get an iPad for the second year in a row. I'm never celebrating Christmas again #maybenextyearilltryhanukkah
Retweeted by jon hendren
Cat ♥ @caaaattherine_ Reply Retweet Favorite Open
Didn't get my damn iPhone cause I need to "pay for it myself." Oh well at least I have a phone now. *sigh
Retweeted by jon hendren
Matty Gale @NotTheVocalist 12h
Didnt get a car. gutted.
Retweeted by jon hendren
@SM9KEDoutGOD 7h
was supposed to get a car.. i didnt get a car..yup
Retweeted by jon hendren
Rachel Ams @RachelAms 7h
yay for christmas, but no car :(((#deprivedchild
Retweeted by jon hendren
ARealTrophyBitch ✔ @iamDOPEfresh 10h
Didn't get my car so im not feeling Christmas -_-
Retweeted by jon hendren
Peyton Henry @PMoneyyy420 9h
Kind of upset I didn't get a car
Retweeted by jon hendren
samantha aptner @samantha_rae1 8h
Pissed I didn't get a car. :(oh well merrry Christmas !

Christmas retweets!

In the very early hours on Christmas morning I was sleepless at my mom's house, fooling around on Twitter and retweeting a bunch of stuff from ungrateful people who didn't get the iPads, iPhones, and cars they felt they deserved. Everyone else in the house had gone to bed hours ago, so this was pretty much the only way for me to pass the time that didn't include watching that creepy footage of people sleeping on the baby channel. A load of other sleepless Twitter folks got in on the fun and we had ourselves a pretty decent time, for what it was worth. Within hours, along came Jonathan Mann, who immortalized the ungrateful teens in song and did a really good job of it, too. In fact, I'd recommend you **go watch his video** and then close this article entirely. He did 300x more work showing those tweets off, and did so with incalculably more talent.

Several popular tech blogs picked up on the retweets and Jonathan's song. Many of the retweets were also featured on some more popular YouTube channels, such as those belonging to **"sxephil"** (also known as Philip DeFranco) and "TheAmazingAtheist", better known as TJ Kincaid, pictured below. TJ made **a video** showcasing some screenshots of the retweets, accompanied by his classic facial contortions, trademark complaining about the excesses of people who are not him, and other assorted, assuredly-hilarious bellyaches about how people should act that only a bearded, twenty-something antifeminist libertarian could provide. It was a fun time!

During all this, some guys took it upon themselves to post comments on TJ's video, saying in rather impolite terms that he'd ripped my bit off or otherwise owed me some sort of recognition, since he didn't say my name out loud or something. I found that pretty absurd. To be fair to TJ, the screenshots he showed in his video quite clearly say "retweeted by [yours truly]", and furthermore, I don't want nor feel like I deserve credit for much of anything. I'm glad folks got a kick out of it, I'm glad it actually spurred some discussions on consumerism and hype and things, and I truly

appreciate people I don't even know standing up for me, but this credit issue isn't really a thing that needed folks spending their time on, much less over holiday breaks. He's just a dude who yells at his webcam, you guys. Chill out.

The Outstanding Atheist

For mystery moon reasons though, the crack squad at some blog called The Daily Dot decided to delve into the seriously-without-a-drop-of-sarcasm-story-worthy comment section of YouTube and write a piece suggesting that I might have some kind of blood feud with TJ. The whole piece is ridiculous, and I refuse to link to it on the off chance they might make a penny more off of ad revenue. It goes on to suggest there's some point of contention as to who "owns" the retweets, and gently implies that perhaps a group of supporters were trying to accomplish something or other by being hateful via the comments system of YouTube. It actually gives me a headache that this idea exists, much less in a published form somewhere.

Sure enough, I did mention on Twitter before The Daily Dot came along that I felt TJ was "awful" and "terrible in every way", and this might be part of where The Daily Dot got their story. I call my own boss, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, things like "a bigtime piece of shit" and "a dildo toucher", usually right to him. I call David Thorpe a "big ass haver" and a "dried turd-saving, lactating creep", usually behind his back. I refer to Joshua "Livestock" Boruff as "The Pubelord" to practically everyone I meet. Calling someone things isn't anything too special, and definitely not worth writing a whole story about.

With that said, and on a bit of a tangent, even in some bizarre parallel universe where I felt like fighting over something like that, I could not possibly have beef for very long. The lengths TJ "TheAmazingAtheist" Kincaid will go through to disprove the notion of a kind and loving God are quite remarkable. They're also sometimes not work safe and disgusting, but they go a very long way toward confirming that we live in a depressingly cold and uncaring universe.

Sure, the "The Amazing Atheist" character probably nets TJ a decent amount of money as a YouTube partner, and he probably pocketed a good bit riding that wave. I respect TJ's efforts as an entertainer. He has a following, and more importantly, he is a man who inserts food items into himself, owns up to it, and does so in a popular YouTube video, causing him to ultimately make money off of that action. In this way, TJ Kincaid quite literally has sex with food for a living. One could say that he's bringing home the bacon in order to perform sex acts on it, or is having his cake and eating it out, too. Perhaps you'd say he goes to McDonalds with the intent of literally lovin' it, or that his one night stands are actually fruit stands, or that he's laughing all the way to the food bank. You see, I could never choose to have beef with The Amazing Atheist because it might wind up with a modest hole in it.

The barrel and its easily-shot fish aside, my point here is pretty much the same thing I was gently hinting at on Christmas Day, when we were retweeting the ungrateful folks who got the wrong color iPads: The Internet is making us stupid. When it's not outright selling us on something, it's doing something otherwise trashy to get ad impressions, us included. **Close your browser and all its tabs, turn off your gadgets, and go love the people who love you back.** You've probably got a niece, nephew, or sibling somewhere who would love to play catch with you right now. (Unless they got that white iPhone for Christmas.)

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.3 Here's what I need you to know

Wednesday, Jan 04, 2012 by Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: Tue, Dec 27, 2011 at 3:15 AM
Subject: Here's what I need you to know

Renaldo --

I trust your discretion. I know the Obama Campaign has been asking a lot lately. Believe me, we wouldn't ask if the stakes weren't so high.

Please help out by pitching in $15, care of me, Vice President Joe Biden. Your donation will go towards replacing the money I borrowed from our campaign to fund some of my recent activities.

Why donate?

Millions of Americans are counting on us to finish what we started. I know from traveling on the campaign trail that people are still hurting. Everywhere I go I meet folks fed up with the gridlock in Washington and the hardships of finding work and paying for health care.

About the only escape they have from the stress is watching a great TV program like *The X-Files*. I meet so many people who share my enthusiasm for the show that it's easy to forget we still have a lot of work ahead of us. Especially when you get to talking about an episode like 4x02, "Home," with someone like Jorge Pepper of Waukesha, Wisconsin. Jorge and I both agreed -- that was one episode that made you want to take a long shower after watching.

A lot of Americans -- maybe not millions -- are also counting on me to finish what I started when I made the commitment to watch every episode of *The X-Files*. I've come a heck of a long way since 2010, but I have several seasons and over a hundred episodes left to go. I promise to complete that task. Unfortunately, a lot of work and obligations take precedence.

You know, I've learned a lot from watching *The X-Files*. The lessons demonstrated by Special Agents Fox Mulder and Dana Scully -- and even Assistant Director Walter Skinner -- have been as entertaining as inspirational.

Being inspired means taking action. That's why I've put myself out in the field, on the front lines of paranormal research. This clandestine investigation has proven costly. Like Mulder, I learned that delivering proof of paranormal and extraterrestrial phenomena is easier said than done.

Especially with a Republican party eager to keep Americans in the dark, no doubt at the behest of any number of shadowy cabals.

I remain determined find proof. So here's what you need to know...

I am extremely close to capturing a Wendigo -- a supernatural beast that has hounded the Algonquin peoples for centuries -- roaming the Vermont countryside in search of its next victim. I haven't personally seen it, but I did carefully examine its leavings. I know it's out there and I'm certain I

can catch it.

It's hard to put a price on undeniable proof, but your modest contribution of $15 will go a long way toward unraveling the mysteries of the universe.

Always watching the skies,

Joe

P.S. -- by donating, you're automatically entered for a chance to win dinner with Barack, Michelle and myself. I haven't been formally invited yet, so you may have to let me know when and where the dinner is taking place. If you could also refrain from mentioning this email to Barack, I would appreciate it.

-~Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

1.4 Golan Xmas: The Mall Massacre

Thursday, Jan 05, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools,

Quake, impotent readers of the **Oak Grove Gazette**! For Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All, endows you with chilling acknowledgement!

I am addressing you now in regards to the incident that occurred over your recent holiday solemnization. Golan the Insatiable feels not your frail emotion of regret, but I am not such the Godlord as believes himself infallible. Do not the laws of averages command that my frighteningly near-total mental supremacy give way to err on very rare occasions? I have no fear of your scorn nor hunger for your worthless affection, puny mortals, so I trust it is apparent that this is not an apology, as some have dared demand of me, but rather a simple recognition of my role in the so-called "Mall Massacre." It is laughably quaint -- and, to be sure, offensively hyperbolic to those who have known the true heinous fruit of my wrath -- that your sheltered township should call what took place here a "massacre," but that is beside the point, I am aware.

Golan the Insatiable needs not explain himself to the likes of any of you, but let us journey back in time for context. After it had been recommended to me by some of my Facebook acolytes, this Fall I partook in the dreadful gauntlet you refer to as "speed dating" in several neighboring townships. As fat and pathetic as Oak Grove is, I will grant you some elevation in comparison to many of these other communities. I have already written a nasty letter to the newspaper of Elk River, whose wan citizens had the gall to form a posse to try and prevent me from even entering their village limits. Then they dare to slander Golan the Insatiable as a lowly criminal! For what?! So an inconsequential female of Poplar Bridge who desired copulation with me after speed dating turned up with both her arms ripped from the sockets, and I am immediately the only suspect?! Indeed there was an attraction between this female and I, but I later decided she was unworthy to receive my sex. Why not accuse her other speeding-dates suitors? And how do they even know it was murder? Maybe it was an honest mistake made by one of these other suitors, who just got carried away in the fury of fearsome passion and forgot how feeble and easily dismantled human anatomy is? As if speed dating were not demeaning enough, Golan the Insatiable was no longer welcome at any of the events after that scandal.

I do not believe any of you truly understand how frustrating it is to have the power to raze a village, mortally rape all of its men, devour its females, and pike its young, but to then restrain yourself even in the face of insolence. As you know, all I have ever demanded of you froth is your undying worship, and to rule and crush you as I see fit, with the tacit understanding that I will not crush you if your continued worship pleases me. It is a daily grapple for Golan the Insatiable to bend to your boring culture and inane political structure, to the stupid explanations that "that isn't how Earth works," but I have done so, teeth clenched near rupture with slowly eroding patience.

My point being, December had found me in dark formidable spirits. I was coming dangerously close to unleashing a blood-soaked tempest upon this county the likes of which have not been seen since my genocide on the Kyikkli people of the Fire Forest - a gory rampage deserving of the word "massacre"! But my acolyte Dylan and the rest of my votaries persuaded me to instead lift my humor with a night of revelry at Bubba Gump Shrimp Co. in the Oxborough Mall. It was two-for-ones that evening, and I have been told I drained several of their taps and cleaned them out of much of their liquor stock - I am Golan the Insatiable, you will remember! Yes, after being asked

to vacate Bubba Gump Shrimp Co. I defecated in the Build-A-Bear shop, but that is immaterial. In any case, I was well full of spirits when I encountered the Xmas display in the Mall's food court.

Your wide variety of religions is idiotic and confusing. They contradict each other, and none of your gods have ever come to wage war or collect tribute while I've been trapped in your world. I fail to grasp why you venerate absentee gods, when Golan the Insatiable is right here, ready to dominate you! Yes, I have since learned that your Santa Claus is a strange pacification prank you play on your young, and not actually a worshiped god, but as a stranger in your stank dimension (and rather intoxicated at the time, yes), you can doubtlessly understand why I took your Claus to be some fashion of minor deity when I saw a throng of people gathered before him on his blood-red velvetted throne, and why I viewed him as competition for your servitude.

The details of what happened next have already been documented in some detail in this pathetic newspaper, so there is no need for me to recount them - though, ugly *Gazette* editor Arthur Weaver, "flay" is not spelled with an 'e' at the end, something even I know despite having only learned this feminine language a year and a half ago! Your brains are all so small! I digress.

Yes, the elderly Erik Larsen serving as your Claus avatar met a gruesome end, but I most certainly did not sexualize him in front of your children. Watch the security cameras footage, fools! I assure you citizens of Oak Grove, if I sexualize someone in front of you, you will well know and shall be haunted by the sight in your nightmares and waking terrors alike for a lifetime! But yes, I did remove elderly Erik Larsen's head and display it on his throne, which I claimed. Yes, I drank some of his foul tasting blood, and yes, I did coat myself in it. Yes, I mortally brutalized two of Claus's elfin minions while compelling them to cower at my feet (odd, in Gkruool we have elves but they are tall and deadly). Yes, I forced some of your children to sit upon my lap as they did Claus and beg me for their trinkets and curios - though, I witnessed many childlings crying while atop Claus too, so I fail to see how their experience with Golan the Insatiable was any worse. None of them died. And the childling who lost a finger was portly, so I do not imagine his having only nine fingers will impair his future sloth. This was the "massacre" that eternal thorn in my side, one Mrs. Budnick, is calling "the last straw"??? I cannot not imagine you will be wooed by her rallying cry. The incident at the Mall was just a misunderstanding. Do not tempt fate, humans.

Let us call things even for the affront you showed Golan the Insatiable by not asking me to participate in your middling and overlong Xmas parade, even though Yor the Stupid was placed in vaulted status atop that hideous barge along with the high school football team (who had a losing record this season!).

Next Xmas - if my attempts to return to and re-concur my homeworld have continued to be fruitless - I think it only fair that I play your Santa Claus now that elderly and rotund Erik Larsen is dead.

Unlike him, I can fulfill your children's gluttonous consumer desires. I will sack the Malls of irksome Poplar Bridge and Elk River and return the spoils to Oak Grove's greedy childlings! By this you have the word of Golan the Insatiable.

Fear me,
Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, **Ali Horn** illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool**!**

-~Worm Miller

1.5 Rick Santorum's Sex-Haunted World

Friday, Jan 06, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Iowa caucuses are over. Mitt Romney put his PAC boot on Newt Gingrich's doughy pumpkin and climbed to first place. The surprise conservative candidate to emerge from the Iowa circus, coming in second place by fewer than ten votes, is Rick Santorum.

Everybody loved Santorum's story about his grandpa's giant coffin hands, because nothing is more American than an old man working himself to death in a coal mine, but what they probably weren't thinking about was Rick Santorum's position on birth control. He's against it. He opposes the thing our modern way of life is founded on. That's because Rick Santorum is haunted by the idea of sex.

Specifically, Rick Santorum, the guy who almost won the Iowa caucuses, supports a State's Rights ban on birth control. Jimmy hats, sex pills, IUDs, implanted devices, ball-stomping, Olmos complexion contemplation, vasectomies; anything that can get between a hard dick and Jesus and make a man take a left down old V-street to Ciudad Sin. This is the sort of animosity for sex you usually only get painted on the wall of a crime scene by a hooker-slaughtering serial killer.

> "One of the things I will talk about, that no president has talked about before, is I think the dangers of contraception in this country.... Many of the Christian faith have said, well, that's okay, contraception is okay. It's not okay. It's a license to do things in a sexual realm that is counter to how things are supposed to be."

Oh no, not a license to do *things* in the s-s-s-s-sexual realm. Imagine a teenage boy smacking his freshly-laminated fuck license down on the counter top and being transported to the sexual realm to (cue spooky sex sounds) *do things*.

The latest glob of Santorum to splatter across Reddit is news of a pledge from July of 2011, signed by Santorum's fellow crazy-faced homeschooler Michele Bachmann, that promises a constitutional amendment banning same sex marriage and pornography. It is the year 2011, Rick Santorum. We're all basically living inside a weird, lonely porno 24/7, live-streaming dildo webcams and hooking up with craigslist meth hookers. Taking the porno out of this society is like taking the marrow out of our boners.

So don't put on a rubber and have sex with your wife and don't put a VHS tape of *Interracial Cheerleader Face Basters* on your TV screen and attempt to stimulate yourself. God forbid you were at a JO party with your gay-married husband wearing rubbers and watching *The Bi-Curious Case of Ben Jammin' Buttholes*. You're like a gaydioactive slag heap in Santorum's worldview.

That's because Rick Santorum also hates gays. He is disgusted by gay sex acts. He has compared gay marriage to bestiality and (more than once) to 9-11. Even the worst review I've seen on Yelp! only used one of the two, not both.

Rick Santorum thinks two gay ladies who love each other getting married and trying to just find some island of happiness together in this miserable fucking world we live in is the same thing as a dude marrying a box turtle.

> *It does not affect your daily life very much if your neighbor marries a box turtle. But that does not mean it is right... Now you must raise your children up in a world where that union of man and box turtle is on the same legal footing as man and wife.*

That's psychotic. Who even thinks of that? Rick Santorum!

I don't know how someone so terrified of penises and vaginas colliding in various arrangements - basically the most fundamental thing an adult human can do - could have created about 40 children. We won't know what Frankenstein project led to him piecing together all those weird kids with faces like medieval peasants until the FBI digs up the basement of his compound.

The question that churns out of me is what is at the source of Santorum's frothing disdain for all sexuality? Is it just bitterness at Dan Savage for turning his name into a really gross word, or is it something more profound?

There's always a line with sex, drawn at different places for different people, where things get too weird to handle. They start getting scary. Maybe for a normal human be-

ing it's those people who hang themselves by hooks from the ceiling or choking somebody. Maybe it's wearing a wig. Maybe it's marrying a turtle. The exact point doesn't really matter, it's that with Rick Santorum it starts at the earliest possible place. He's terrified of the concept of sex. Everything to do with it.

Rick Santorum is the Lou Costello of sex. He's constantly sputtering, tapping us on the shoulder and trying to warn us about the ha-ha-ha-hairpie or ga-ga-ga-ga-gays right around the corner.

When he finally annoys us and gets our attention, when we finally turn around, there is nothing scary there at all. Just some hateful dipshit who will never get to be the leader of the free world.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.6 Essential Gaming Accessories

Saturday, Jan 07, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Let's say you identify yourself as a hardcore gamer, going so far as to point it out while introducing yourself to new people.

You don't waste your time simply playing games and taking in the experience as a whole. You mash your way through conversations and backstory which you deem universally terrible, preferring to have both a television show and music playing in the background. Your attention is not fully focused on any one of these things, but you constantly complain about all of them in forums, guild chat, or your livestream to let the world know about your level of dissatisfaction.

To you, the only reason to play a game is to break down the base mechanics (which you always find fault with, eliciting snarky comments about the developers) and become the best at a piece of entertainment that you skimmed through with a scowl on your face.

Your inherent talent and autism can only get you so far. If you want to be taken seriously as a gaming expert, you need to break away from the pack with the aid of gaming enhancers.

For your sake, I have pushed my body beyond its limits to test a variety of such products aimed at pro gamers. Please keep in mind that I'm not hardcore. I prefer turn based games because they allow me plenty of time to plan out my next ill-considered move, like a stop frame animation of button mashing.

Mountain Dew Game Fuel

From what I understand, this is a specially formulated version of Mountain Dew. It's not simply regular Mountain Dew with new flavoring and extra douchey packaging. Game Fuel contains ingredients that have been scientifically proven to help gaming, such as... kielbasa? I don't know. Maybe kielbasa. That sounds right.

After three bottles of Game Fuel, I did notice a marked improvement in my ability to eat ghosts and get high scores. I also noticed the sensation of my heart feeling cold and slowing down while my skin went numb all over.

The drinks also had an effect on my mind. Suddenly I knew all the latest hot tips and tricks, as well as every method of suicide that was possible using objects in the room.

Score: **Fragtacular**

Gamer Grub

These are little pouches with disgusting snacks that are supposed to vaguely taste like peanut butter & jelly, barbecue, pizza, or smores. True pros combine all four.

How does this make you a better gamer? Well, it doesn't leave any residue on your hands so you don't get a gunked up keyboard or controller. Instead you'll just get a mouthful of "Shouldn't I have learned that stuff like this was barely edible when I was fourteen?"

I found that following that line of thought only distracted me from my game. My headshots did not become sicker, and I didn't land any more sweet tricks.

Score: **Game over!!!**

Razer Naga 17-Button MMO Mouse

How do I explain this? Ah, that's it! Here we go: This is a mouse with seventeen buttons.

How do you even use seventeen buttons on a mouse? I can barely remember where the 26 letters are on my keyboard. In fact, I removed the P and H just to make things easier for a few years.

Surprisingly, I found that simply grabbing the mouse and squeezing made my guy do all the moves. With a sweaty, unrelenting grip I was able to rocket punch and powerslide and boost my way to victory.

Score: **Megabonus**

Gamers Edge High Performance Digital Eyewear

It's digital. Everything is better when it's digital. Analog is for chumps. It also says "High Performance" right on the package, so you know it will hold up in intense situations.

I can't really explain what these glasses did. To be honest, I didn't notice anything different. I can only assume that's because they work so well that they stay out of your way, allowing you to focus on the game.

While wearing these I beat the level and got the coins.

Score: **15**

Thermaltake Gaming Glove

It's possible that this glove is meant to prevent palm sweat, or to eliminate chaffing caused by hours of gripping a controller. What it really does is make you look like a badass.

Stroll into the gas station with this bad boy on and no one will be able to take their eyes away as you saunter to the beef jerky with a knowing grin on your face. Sorry ladies, my fingerless gloves and I have no time to talk. I've got online opponents to shoot and a reputation to uphold.

Score: **Insert coin game over 1up select start**

Adjustable shoulder straps accommodate various body sizes
Constructed of durable 600D polyester outer shell with a comfortable jersey inner liner
Zipper and Quick release buckles allow for fast suit-up
Compressive straps adjust to ensure a perfect fit and optimal effect
Connect directly to a PC via USB Connection and start playing!

TN Games 3rd Space Gaming Vest

What in the world does a gamer need a vest for?

First of all, it might surprise you to learn that a small percent of a normal person's brainpower is constantly dedicated to worrying about being shot. Wearing a bulletproof vest such as this one can free up those brainwaves for games that require focus and precision.

Second, we need lots of pockets and pouches. Getting up is annoying. Heck, leaning for something on the coffee table is downright aggravating for a hardcore gamer. It's much better to have everything you need, right in a velcro pouch on a convenient and bulky vest.

Just imagine the possibilities. Your controller runs out of batteries, so you grab a fresh pair from your shoulder pouch and slap them in without missing a single frag. You get hungry so you reach for a Pro Gamer Hot Pocket in the thermal pouch on your side. Your guild wipes on an important raid so you open a pouch on the front of the vest and produce a calming balsa wood carving of Felicia Day, stroking it gently and whispering a prayer for solidarity in this most difficult of times.

Here's a pro tip! If you're the sort of gamer that sweats a lot, consider going without a shirt and simply wearing the 3rd Space Gaming Vest. If you fill each pouch with laundry detergent, it should interact with your sweat in such a way as to clean the vest. At the end of each day simply scoop out the grey goop and fill each pocket with more detergent!

Score: **Flawless victory!**

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.7 Welcome to Your First Apartment: Water Heater

Sunday, Jan 08, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Who left this coffee thermos down here? No, I'm only joshing. That's your water heater, dear renter, and I'm proud to introduce you two. Water Heater, I bring you your new ward. Renter, I introduce you to what my ex-wife called Leak Bucket. For one contractual year, this Leak Bucket will be in charge of all your water needs and you'll be responsible for looking over it and caring for it as if it were your only child heir ill with wolf-bite fever.

Before you say a word let me answer a few questions you've probably got.

Yes, that noise is constant if the pilot light is lit. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking 'man, that sounds *just* like there's a rabbit drowning in there.' But you're wrong, buddy, I mean, if there were really a rabbit inside your water heater, it would have drowned already or in the very least been boiled alive, right? So, yes, it makes noise, and no, it has not been checked by a professional, and yes, it is really scary when the apartment is all dark and quiet and it sounds like some goon is using an aluminum bat against a skull in your basement, but no, don't ever worry that it's a rabbit. Because it's not. For certain. There are no rabbits in this basement. You have my guarantee.

Yes, that rusty water leaking across the basement is not ideal. But like a woman on her period or wounded horse, it is part of life. Nature. The rust shows that this miraculous water heater is truly alive. That you're alive. It's a comfort to know that everything is still working, right? I mean, if rust is like melted metal, then whatever comes pouring out of the side is pretty much extra metal the water heater doesn't need. It's become more efficient by rusting, really. Leaner. Stronger. So if you see rust water leaking from pipes, do not worry. And if you see rust water clogging your dish washer, do not worry. And if a thick, chunky stream of maroon rust water oozes from your shower faucet, do not worry, though I have been instructed to inform you to avoid such water from any eyes or sores you might have.

Yes, it smells like gas down here. It's an old house, so higher gas bills should be expected. Back when this piece was installed, heaters required a constant wood fire, but, we've updated it. Well, my ex-wife's father did most of the work and I sort of just handed him tools and beer. But look, see that gas line we piped in there? See that big-as-all-get-out flame? We did that. Pretty cool, right? And, even better, it works! Unless it gets drafty, then you better relight it before this basement fills up with enough fuel to ignite half the state.

But enough of the questions I imagined you asked, let's focus on how this water heater will change your life. This bad boy takes about fifteen hours of constant heat to warm up enough water for five minutes of a modern shower. I know, five minutes isn't a lot, but think of how much time you'll save not relaxing in the shower. You could sleep in with that extra time, you could learn another language, you could write a novel about a woman leaving her husband because of her rich jerk father. I don't know. The options are endless when you're able to start every day in a race against your heater's cold water.

And maybe water heater is the wrong word. Like, your internship isn't a fulltime job, so why should this water heater be a fulltime water heater. More of a mouse jacuzzi, A water holder, maybe. I mean, there will be moments of heat, moments of cold, but it's mostly always water. And that's perfect. Because we live in a country of opposites. Whites, blacks; abortioners and life lovers. It's the Land Of Freedom, right, Don't Tread On Me, and stuff. This water heater exists in that crazy balance between boil and freeze. Often the difference comes immediate, flicking back and forth back and forth forever. Do you have goose bumps or red blisters? That's for you to find out!

Anyway, everyone knows that the best moment of the shower is when the water heats up for the first time and splashes over your hair. Well, now you can enjoy that sensation time and time again between random bouts of freezing streams. It's like grabbing fifteen of the best shower moments and forcing them into a two minute adventure. Luxury!

Maybe I'll get a replacement soon, maybe I won't. I like to keep life interesting, you know? Keep you guessing. Like, whoa there, am I supposed to pay taxes for this property or did I tell the IRS your name? No. Just me joshing again. I won't be buying a new water heater for some time, not when the one here is so historical and really, really heavy.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.8 I Won't Be Descriminated Against, American Girl Doll

Monday, Jan 09, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear American Girl Doll,

I am a 1/16th Cherokee Indian dad's rights crusader and I resent the way you have treated me as a second class citizen when I visited American Girl Place in Chicago this weekend. You have a Native American girl doll called Kaya and yet you engage in pure discrimination for no reason. I bet she has a dad...or does she? Maybe in your world there are no dads or grandpas.

In addition to bigotry you can't respect that a retired IT professional from North Carolina wants to get a new haircut and earrings for his Kit Kittredge doll. I felt like I was being treated like a terrorist. If an obese grandfather of nine wants to find a pretty overcoat for Kit why do I have to be treated like I am doing something wrong? How would your employees like it if I followed THEM around all the time?

If this is the way you are going to treat your paying customers I hate to think how you will treat all those girls who are in the store to browse. Legoland Discovery Center did not treat me like this, although they have their own serious issues with the Dragon Quest ride and seats that are too small which is another form of bigotry.

Here are some things you can do to improve:

1. You should have an area in the men's bathroom for injecting insulin.

2. The ladies working in the American Girl Salon should be told NO BACKSASS and no staring. Yes, Francine, I am a retired computer

expert from Raleigh and I want Kit to have hoop earrings. Do my ears also.

3. Why is it okay for little girls to take 500 pictures and I take one picture and I am a bad guy??? Uhhhh equality is all I ask for here, honestly.

4. ALL AGES should be welcome at the McKenna Girl of the Year Scavenger Hunt. I enjoy a good egg creep. I am fond of a seek and find. I metal detect in the summers. Maybe I would like to have a brunch with my Kit, share my favorite American Girl stories and then find free accessories hidden around the store.

5. Your toilets have very low water pressure. This is just an observation.

6. Your sexist, ageist birthday party policy says that only GIRLS can have a birthday but I wanted to celebrate my son Chet's 40th at AGP this year with a shopping spree blowout. I guess I will have to continue to buy clothes for his Josefina on ebay.

7. I heard your photo studio woman named Nancy talking about BO. I don't think she meant Barack Obama and even if she did I don't want to hear it. I have nothing to do with either. I showered right before I came and I don't deserve to be incriminated in smell conspiracies. Maybe one of the pre-tweens in my exploration group smelled "like a dead body in a gym locker."

8. More places to sit down along the tour.

There was no QT cake served for me (treated as a parent) when I was ALONE with a doll even though I paid for a "girl's day out" package, which, don't even get me started on that name.

"This is bullshit!" ⟨---My review of your American Girl Cafe I put up on Yelp. Get ready for way worse if you don't change your blatant anti-dad policy.

I drove in from Alsip on my anniversary with my ex-wife and I was made to feel unwelcome at your stores. Please refund my money immediately or I will be forced to open a case with a lawyer to recover SEVERE psychological damages.

I will accept my refund as in-store credit.

Thank you.

Hugh T. Bolbsvurt

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.9 District Bulletin: The Notable Dead

Tuesday, Jan 10, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Stop, passerby! Your Superiors gently command you to pay quiet respects for those who recently left our District through the widest-swinging door: final death. Once only, we must all exit our Beautiful District for the last time, and not just for mountain foods or for defecting to Lesser Districts due to political misapprehensions. Once only, we must all die forever and leave this place, once only.

In the days when we had no god, we did not know what death brung. But now we have Swimp, and we are content to die: we will join our cuddle-soft cutie bunny on the moon forever. We will romp and play, and sour clams will be unlimited and Swimp will open their tins for us. Every person will be there, except Dorroile.

Yes, and on to the dead; read now a list of their names and circumstances-- for unless you read the names of the Notable Dead, how sure can you be that you aren't among them? And now, read solemnly, and pay your last fondness to those who are with Swimp.

Haunk Corchbrane

At his fifty-fourth year, Haunk found that he had lived absolutely as much as possible. His family says that he suddenly tried to live more, but was not able to do it. "Haunk was very proud of being alive, and he very much wanted to continue with it," Haunkwife Corchbrane told us. "Quite recently, more and more he seemed very desperate to be alive. He tried and struggled to live more, and he was very confused when he was not able to live for more time."

Haunk was in bed, with Haunkwife near him on a chair, and his sons, while he was trying recently to keep being alive. The mood to speak much with his sons was vacant from him. Usually he spoke a lot and quite loud and happy with them, but quite recently he wanted more to be in bed and think very hard about how to keep being living. He concentrated quite diligently on not stopping living. After a while, he was no longer able, and made his final words. "I will be alive again, Haunkwife," Haunk said. "I will live again for you and my sons."

Swimp will give Haunk peace on the moon. Fly to Swimp, Haunk, and cuddle forever in his kitten-soft arms. Be alive again when you are rested and ready to do it, Haunk, we hope.

Unknown Man

A man died and we did not know him. Do you find that of late that one of your party is absent? Carefully, we ask you to look around and apprehend the absence of a man who used to be there. He might be the Unknown Man who was found while dead.

Are you missing a man? Maybe he is the Unknown Man, and is dead. Tell us, and we will see if he is the Unknown Man. Or, if you do not care about your missing man and whether he is dead, just forget about it.

The Unknown Man was not Dorroile or Arthur or anyone we knew from before. We hoped that he was Croisquessein, the man who is invisible or nonexistent who vexes us and causes us to trip down stairs, but probably not; the dead man was both visible and existed. We looked at him, we thought maybe we knew him, and we decided that we did not.

The Unknown Man is tall, he is wearing a blue sauntering suit, and his hair is black. He has no blood in his head, and there is an axe in it. Nobody knows why, and there is no way to find out. Darling Swimp, we commit this Unknown Man to your care on the moon. Please try to get the axe out of his head. Ask him if he knows who he is and why he's dead.

Wulgus

With full solemn ceremony lay we down Wulgus, father of Hairbank; he was one hundred and thirty years old. Though we know Hairbank as our barbarian torment, him who has maybe ate many of our children or threatened to do it, what know we of Wulgus? Alas but precious tiny much. So, for a more full stating of obituance, we turn to Hairbank himself, who speaks thus of the revered Wulgus:

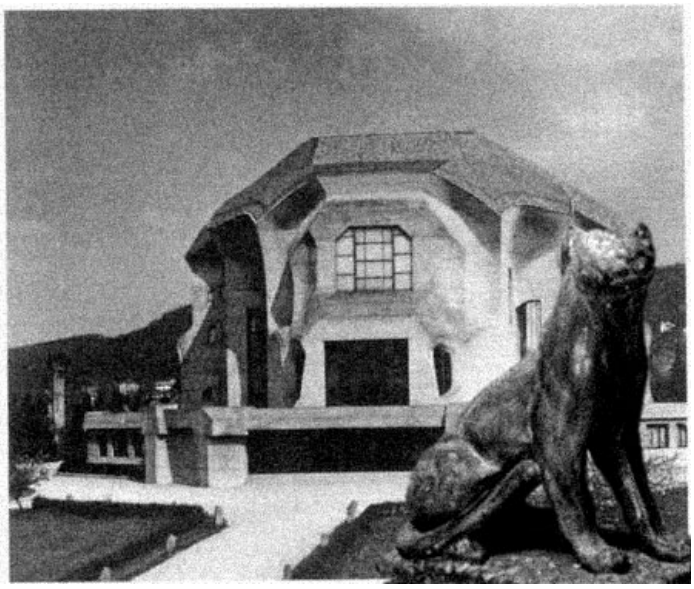
"I am Hairbank and I am from the North. I hate your ways and I hate the world. My beards are curdled with the red essence of my grief. My father was Wulgus, who was dead and I ate. Wulgus was huge, stupid, and used to be invincible. Wulgus taught me how to yell and rip up things. Wulgus made my clothes out of fur and skin, with his teeth. Wulgus could hardly talk. Wulgus invented garbage. Wulgus loved garbage, and lived around it always.

"Wulgus was my father and I loved him, until he was weak enough to eat. Lay at rest while you can, Wulgus, for I will eat you again in the afterlife."

We pray that Swimp can find a place on the moon for Wulgus. We hope that Wulgus will love to hug Swimp, and not miss his garbage too much. Whether Swimp will allow Hairbank to eat Wulgus, it is not for us to know.

If you have a dead, or are one, please alert Your Superiors immediately. If you do not understand death or have any questions about its conditions, please contact Your Superior for Health, Dr. Henboss Toots. If you have any questions about Swimp, please look in your heart to find the softest place.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

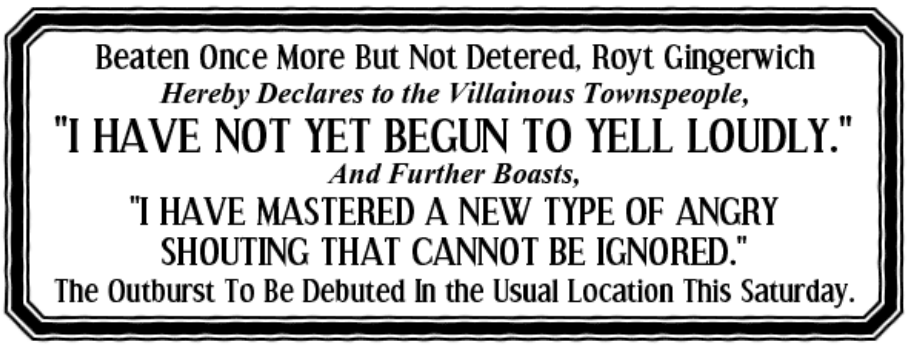


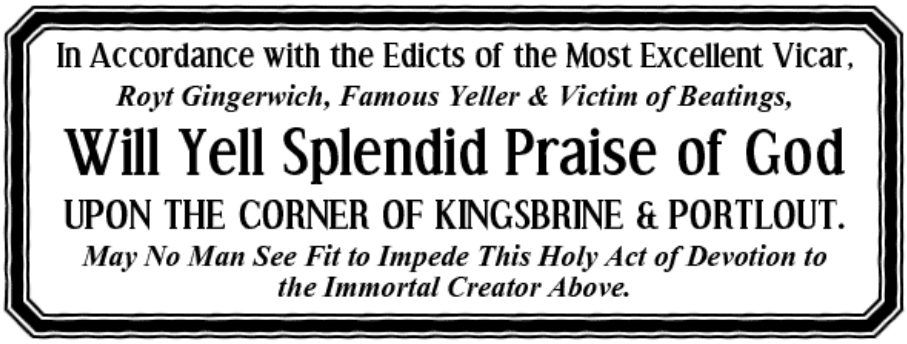
1.10 The Spectacular Talent of Royt Gingerwich

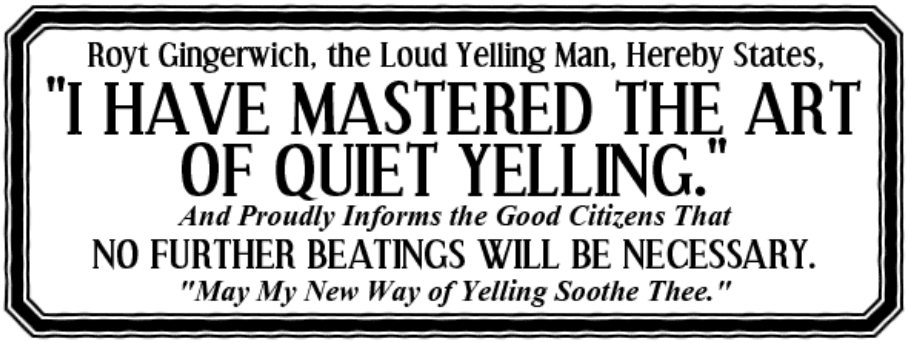
Wednesday, Jan 11, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

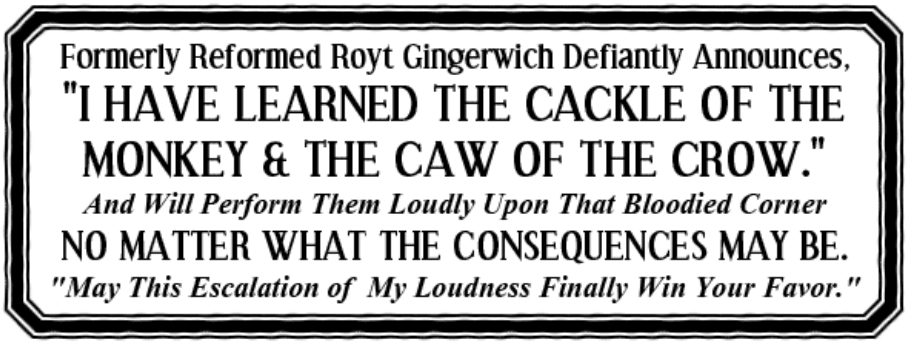
Your Noble Friend & Fellow Townsperson Royt Gingerwich
Wishes It To Be Known...
THAT HE HAS MASTERED THE CLASSIC ART OF LOUD YELLING
And Will Be Demonstrating His Keen Gift For All To See & Hear
This Coming Saturday Upon the Corner of Kingsbrine & Portlout.

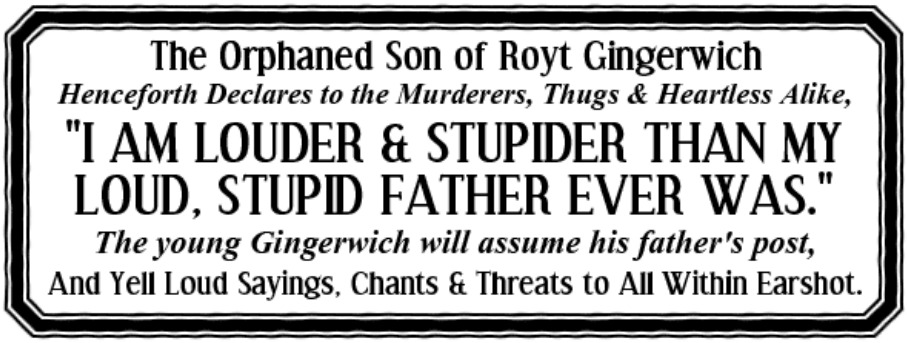
Having Recovered Swiftly From His Beating,
Royt Gingerwich Wishes It To Be Known That He Endeavors
TO KEEP SHOUTING AT TREMENDOUS VOLUME
At Passersby, Animals, Birds & All Things Before Him
Upon the Storied Corner of Kingsbrine & Portlout.


Beaten Once More But Not Detered, Royt Gingerwich
Hereby Declares to the Villainous Townspeople,
"I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO YELL LOUDLY."
And Further Boasts,
"I HAVE MASTERED A NEW TYPE OF ANGRY SHOUTING THAT CANNOT BE IGNORED."
The Outburst To Be Debuted In the Usual Location This Saturday.


In Accordance with the Edicts of the Most Excellent Vicar,
Royt Gingerwich, Famous Yeller & Victim of Beatings,
Will Yell Splendid Praise of God
UPON THE CORNER OF KINGSBRINE & PORTLOUT.
May No Man See Fit to Impede This Holy Act of Devotion to the Immortal Creator Above.


Royt Gingerwich, the Loud Yelling Man, Hereby States,
"I HAVE MASTERED THE ART OF QUIET YELLING."
And Proudly Informs the Good Citizens That
NO FURTHER BEATINGS WILL BE NECESSARY.
"May My New Way of Yelling Soothe Thee."


Formerly Reformed Royt Gingerwich Defiantly Announces,
"I HAVE LEARNED THE CACKLE OF THE MONKEY & THE CAW OF THE CROW."
And Will Perform Them Loudly Upon That Bloodied Corner
NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES MAY BE.
"May This Escalation of My Loudness Finally Win Your Favor."


The Orphaned Son of Royt Gingerwich
Henceforth Declares to the Murderers, Thugs & Heartless Alike,
"I AM LOUDER & STUPIDER THAN MY LOUD, STUPID FATHER EVER WAS."
The young Gingerwich will assume his father's post,
And Yell Loud Sayings, Chants & Threats to All Within Earshot.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.11 The McCallister Trials

Thursday, Jan 12, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Ladies and gentlemen of this courtroom, we gather today for justice. Before you sits the true face of suburbia. Yes, behind the façade of proper lawn maintenance and appropriate picket fence color choice lurks two monsters not far removed from your fairybook stories of witches and boogens. "Child endangerment;" it's an ugly term, wouldn't you agree? Yet the McCallisters would have you think otherwise. To them, this incident is nothing but a mere trifle. But I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, we are not looking at a simple case of a young child left "home alone."

Those crocodile tears may help you balance the pH in your koi pond, but they won't do you any good here.

Let us wind back the clock to that fateful Christmas season. It seems so recent, doesn't it, Mr. McCallister? First class tickets to Paris, eh? Tell me, just how many ruined lives helped fuel your way to the City of Lights? Your Honor, this has everything to do with the matter at hand, for within the bounds of these comfortable leather chairs, the McCallisters finally made first contact with their inborn parental instincts. No amount of complimentary wine and aged cheese could dull the ache that even roundworms experience when their young are expelled from a dog's anus. It must have been hard for you two -- a problem money couldn't fix. But then, you were never one to waste money; were you, Mr. McCallister?

Iconic? Yes. The abject depiction of unbridled child-horror usually is.

The jury has heard your protestations. Yes, in your absence, you called the police to "check on" your son, Kevin. But one must wonder just what information you neglected to tell the police. To think of the many ways an innocent eight year-old could injure or kill himself in that opulent three-story manor of yours. Of course, any police officer would gladly find a way inside if you so much as left the stove running. I shudder when I imagine the chaos and agony that could befall such a sheltered child when surrounded by the deadly tools of adulthood. Tell me, Mr. and Mrs. McCallister -- what was it you told the police in order to save face? Because I've squared off against several child murderers in this very courtroom, and not once did the law simply "give up" without first establishing a perimeter and following protocol. Not even the dogs were brought out in an attempt to find young Kevin, which leaves this courtroom with one lingering question: why?

Of course, we all know what happened, Mr. McCallister; how could we not? Though the headlines differed, each story of your son's travails spoke of a terrified child fighting for his life against two violent home invaders. One has to think of the morals instilled in young Kevin, to value a mansion's worth of tacky, overpriced Sharper Image and Lands' End merchandise more than his own life. Instead of running to the police or a neighbor -- not that you upper middle class types would deign to make eye contact with anyone who dared stray close to your property -- Kevin instead chose to hole himself away in the McCallister Death House, with only a loaded air rifle -- used without supervision, obviously -- and various household instruments of destruction to protect himself. The three foster families who have taken Kevin in since these events speak of a hateful, traumatized child, who now only finds joy in ritualistic bedwetting and animal abuse. Surely, you have sent your son down a dark path. One day, Mr. McCallister, you may find him "getting even with dad."

You may have seen these two taking a "urinal bath" at your nearest bus station.

So who were these men, driven off only by a boy's survival instinct and access to paint cans? One, a registered sex offender, his most recent arrest being for indecent exposure in a local Suncoast's "western" section. And again in the food court outside of the Suncoast. And again in the parking lot outside of the food court. The other offender, linked to a series of B and Es in which the unfortunate occupants were tied up and ejaculated upon multiple times, often against their will -- may the courtroom forgive my glibness, but the true meaning of the term "wet bandits" should not be lost on any of you. No, these were not the criminals we see on the television, seeking nothing more than access to cookie-themed cereal; the villains repelled by the McCallister's unfortunate child could have easily flayed the boy alive, all the while exposing themselves and masturbating furiously. And all of this could have been prevented by a simple head count.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, when you leave to discuss the fate of two citizens who treat their offspring no better than that of a hamster, think of the young, blonde child, whose horrible, chemically burned cheeks and multiple spider wounds will prevent him from ever living a life considered normal. This "good son" will never grow up to be a "pagemaster;" instead, he is doomed to the life of a "party monster," forever in search of the one he can call "my girl." Uncle Buck, and may god have mercy on your souls.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.12 In Fifty Years Everything Will Be Video Games

Friday, Jan 13, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Lego Atheists among us imagine that humans will wrap things up by creating some sort of greater-than-human intelligence out of our technological hubris. Human evolution will cease and in our place there will be robots or AI computers or, if we're lucky, humans fused with machines. Our cyberlords will then either dispose of the rest of us or keep us as pets as they see fit.

I don't buy it.

Computers, for all their advancements, seem about as dumb as they were when I was a kid. I'm not scared of something with no ambition and a tendency to crash out of applications. Pervasive technology and the use of the Internet have revolutionized society, but so did indoor plumbing. If I were forced to choose which is most valuable to me, indoor plumbing or computers, I'm going with a hot shower and a bowl that makes it so I don't get dark ages peasant diseases. Sorry, e-friends.

But what if computers become so alluring we don't care if we are crapping our pants? Why shower when it affords you no benefit in the most important part of your life: the video games.

Modern Warfare 3 sold $1 billion in its first 16 days. Games like Skyrim and Battlefield 3 sold similarly well. Meanwhile, non-interactive forms of entertainment have suffered. Television ratings, ever-more-diluted by the cable creep, have continued to decline and TV sales are down according to a very recent survey.

Movies have not fared much better. 2011 was one of the worst box-office years on recent record. It makes sense. As the pre-gaming generation slowly trundles off the conveyor belt of time we will be living in a world where everyone grew up playing video games. Somebody

who cut their teeth playing Combat on Atari can adapt fairly well to playing the latest shooter on PC or console.

Between 1981 and 2011, the advancements in gaming far outpaced the advancements in any other form of entertainment. Excluding digital effects, a high-quality movie made in 1981 still looks roughly as good as a high-quality movie made now. Music has been democratized by technology, but it's hard to argue that it has been improved. Television is still transitioning from expensive, scripted episodes to cheap "reality" television that can be forgotten almost immediately. Books have almost ceased to exist.

Only a view distorted by childhood nostalgia can deny the steady and obvious improvements in video gaming.

This was a soldier in 1986's Ikari Warriors:

25 years later a soldier in Battlefield 3 looks like this:

Similar comparisons could be made between old and current dragons or old and current anything else. Advancements go beyond graphics or other production values, all of which are rapidly approaching the quality of films. The game play is also increasingly complex, realistic when it attempts realism or based on puzzles, new feedback devices or other immersive technology. You can dance with video

games, sing with them and I'm fairly certain there is a whole industry in Japan that caters to having sex with them. If not, I'm sure someone will mod it into Skyrim.

Modern gaming is amazing. It's so amazing bad people let their children die while playing video games. This doesn't happen with poker and basketball. People don't go to a movie and come out 40 hours later with popcorn shirt and a crib full of tragedy.

As we, collectively, devote more time and resources to being entertained by video games, we devote less and less time to what matters, whether it is not killing the baby or working a job or simple things like showering.

Thanks to the whole guild for being here to bury my baby daughter.

As a sidebar, I'd love to see a graph charting the daily man-hours worldwide spent bathing versus the daily man-hours spent playing video games. I'm sure there were a few years there where gaming was on the rise without hurting various hygiene activities, but these days you hear horror stories about the poopy lengths people will go to ensure their gaming is not interrupted.

It's difficult to know which of society's ills can be attributed to gaming, but the one thing they are nominally supposed to do - make us happy - they are failing at pretty miserably.

Fifty years from now, maybe less, we will experience an entertainment-based singularity event. We will be video gamed out of existence. There will be no grand collective intelligence or robot masters to take over, just empty movie theaters and dinner tables and little baby skeletons in cribs. There will be heaps of uncollected garbage and dogs running loose in the streets. The bad guys will be in charge, doing whatever it is they want with our desolate cities, and the rest of us will be trying our hardest to forget the real world even exists. It will probably be pretty easy.

It doesn't have to be this way. The solution is simple: stop playing video games.

Yeah, I didn't think so. Me either.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 Maintaining Your Stealth Bomber On A Shoestring Budget

Saturday, Jan 14, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Things are going well. Maybe you got a new job, or you received a few gift cards for Christmas, or you finally decided to cut the cable tv cord and get all your shows and movies online. Now you have some disposable income in your pocket, and suddenly that stealth bomber you've always wanted is within your price range.

You splurge. Why not? You deserve it.

A few months go by, and you're a victim of the economic downturn. The price of peanut butter has gone up substantially. Going to the movie theater practically requires the extra expense of 3D glasses and D-Box. It's terrible.

Suddenly the cost of maintaining a stealth bomber is beyond the scope of your budget. Things seem dire, but don't do something impulsive like returning the bomber. With a little bit of work you can keep it for just pennies each day.

Taking care of a stealth bomber can frazzle your nerves. Keep cool!

As you're undoubtedly aware, military grade jet fuel is pretty expensive. Topping off a tank costs somewhere around eighty thousand dollars, and you're lucky if that lasts for more than an afternoon of cruising through above town.

Forget about fuel entirely. With a relatively cheap conversion kit consisting of bicycle pedals and a graduating series of gears, you can bypass the thrusters and simply pedal really hard to get around on the landing wheels.

Staying on the ground has the added benefit of giving people a much better view of your bomber. Sure, your wingspan might make it difficult to take some corners if you live in a city, but if you cause any property damage you can always activate the stealth systems and make a relatively quick escape.

Your stealth bomber's crew presents a tough decision. Should you choose to keep them around, you might want to consider ditching their current meal plan and planting a cabbage garden. You'd be amazed at how long a person can survive on cabbage and water from the garden hose.

Let's say you decide to get rid of your crew. Manning a stealth fighter is all these guys know. They're going to be very reluctant to leave.

I suggest that you take the aforementioned garden hose and run it through a slight opening in one of the bomber's windows, then fully open another window on the opposite side of the cockpit. Wait until the nest of crewmen has fallen asleep, then turn on the hose at full blast. In their panicked state, they will scurry about and head for the nearest exit as you blast them with a spray of pressurized water.

Once they have all fled into the night, be sure to spray all of their bedding and possessions out of the bomber to keep them from returning, then secure the doors and windows.

This would be an excellent time to consider relocating your stealth bomber. Your monthly hangar fees are, after all, one hell of an expense. There are a number of completely free options available, many of which you've probably never considered.

Do you only need to store your bomber during the night? Most golf courses close after dark. They're spacious, serene, and rarely patrol at night for illegally parked aircraft.

If your parking schedule is more sporadic, why don't you just put your bomber in a large body of water? It should float. Objects in water are, after all, more bouyant than they are in oxygen, and planes have no problems flying in the air.

Remember when you bought the stealth bomber and the salesman insisted that you upgrade all of the internal wiring to Monster Cables? He used a lot of words like platinum coating and frequency shielding and high definition signals. There was a lot of talk about buying the best to protect your investment, and it all sounded really good. Well, he was lying.

Those cables are simply more expensive. They're not better. At all. Go ahead and exchange those for the cheapest brand name HDMI cables you can find. It might take you an afternoon to rewire all 18 miles of instrumentation, but you'll come out nearly ten million dollars ahead.

Finally, the topic you've been dreading. The bombs.

There's no way around it, bombs simply cost too much for someone on a budget. At the same time, what's the point of having a bomber with no bombs? That's like owning a coffee maker without a coffee maker hammer. You need bombs, there's no way around it. This is where we get creative.

All you have to do is cast a mold of one of your B83 nuclear bombs, then fill that enormous mold with another material that's far cheaper. For instance, truffles, or perhaps gold. There. Now you have a devastating payload for a fraction of the price.

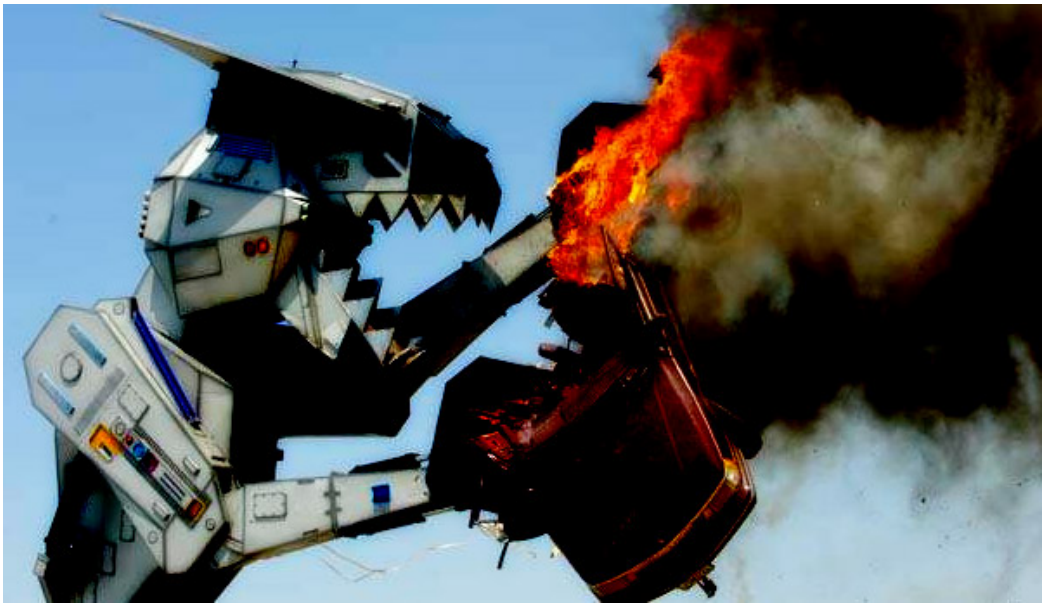
There you have it! Following just one of these suggestions should make it far easier to keep up with the costs of maintenance. If you implement all of my ideas, your stealth bomber will practically pay for itself!

Oh wait, I probably should have mentioned that hidden "Pay For Self" button on the instrument panel. In retrospect, it seems like that might help.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.14 Don't Blame PB-11s for All These Droid Attacks, It's the Owner's Fault

Monday, Jan 16, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Another year, another tragic incident involving a PB-11 helper droid and fatal body and limb crushing. The inevitable legislative response by crusading do-gooders threatens to ban the PB-11 (or RTWLR) in another city. Is the PB-11 a dangerous model of droid? In a word, no. As usual, the scapegoating, fact-free media has spent the last year portraying the PB-11 as a dangerously unstable droid known to attack children and vulnerable adults. True, it is equipped with dual hydraulic crushing arms and it has an intimidating appearance, but other droid models are responsible for far more attacks annually than the PB-11.

Did you know that the RTRVR burns the feet of more than ten people a year? Or how about this little fact: the LAB Mk 9 is responsible for three times the amount of property damage as the PB-11 and RTWLR combined.

You may have heard about underground droid fighting arenas in which the PB-11 is often used as a fighting machine. This issue is exaggerated by the same media that protrays the PB-11 as a monster, but it highlights the truth: the owners of PB-11 droids are at fault more than the droids themselves. The PB-11 is not programmed with any more aggression circuits than a CHIHU 650, it only becomes violent when it is mistreated by its owner.

Yes, the PB-11 does crush more children into unrecognizable goo heaps than other droids. True, it does weld through the chests of as many as eight adults a year and incorrectly identifies automobiles as threats, melting them to slag with lasers, but none of these things would happen if the droid's owners bothered to properly care for it. The fact is, if an owner obeys local laws, has a force field surrounding his property, an auto-shutoff installed, keeps up to date with threat-recognition software patches and does not abuse the PB-11, then the likelihood of a fatal crushing attack is astronomically low.

I have a baby and own several PB-11s and they are unbelievably gentle around little Jhydden. Just

yesterday I saw Grimspoke the Char Inducer was holding Jhydden in his hydraulic crush chamber - playfully, mind you, not a scratch on him - and I said, "Grim, put him down and turn off your slag lasers" and he immediately obeyed.

Are you familiar with the droid error test?

The droid fails the test if it:

- Fails to recognize a command and begins crushing things
- Sounds an alert tone and exposes its radioactive power source
- Chases a human around attempting to run them over or stomp on them
- Rapidly ascends a structure and begins firing projectiles at aircraft
- Emits a high-pitched whistle and explodes
- Beeps and begins melting down into a pile of metal

Statistically, the PB-11 passes the error test more frequently (85.3%) than the RTRVR (80%) or the average droid (77%), meaning it is one of the droid models least likely to error and attempt to slay its owners. Bet you didn't hear about those facts in the news. As most droid programmers will confess, a droid is almost 100% a product of its operational environment.

Did you know that more people die in automobile accidents every year than are killed by droids? It's tragic whenever a droid picks up a toddler and attempts to compress it to the size of a hard boiled egg, but that happens so infrequently it's almost statistically insignificant. People are more likely to choke to death or be killed in a plane crash. Should we ban eating and airplanes? Hardly.

The only point I will concede is that sometimes the PB-11 is not very good around other droids. This is a function of its crushing limbs, which were originally designed to compact scrap metal. It just thinks other droids and possibly cars, trucks, large air-conditioning units, utility sheds, zoo cages and army tanks are heaps of scrap metal waiting to be crushed.

Politicians want to look important. They want to play on the media hysterics about a "robot uprising" or "the droid overthrow of mankind's dominion," but so long as you treat your droid properly and do not install any murder programs you will do just fine.

Don't ban the PB-11. They just need a caring home or scrapyard.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

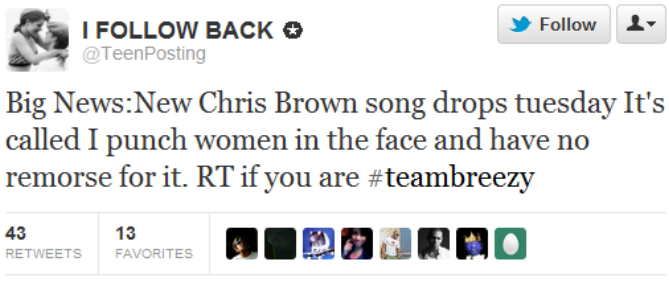
1.15 Twitter is Full of Dregs

Tuesday, Jan 17, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Last week, someone among the loosely-affiliated gang of cyberbullies I pal around with discovered a service called Pay4Tweet. The idea behind it is that the owner of well-followed Twitter accounts would link it up to their service, set a price, and advertisers could write their own tweet via your account, post it, and pay you whatever ridiculous sum of money you asked for (some asking for hundreds of dollars per tweet). Somehow this is not against the rules, meaning anyone can offer up their account and anyone can broadcast whatever they want through it. So a bunch of people did:

Greg F.
@iRespectFemales
Follow
LOL - Check this out if you HATE doing your homework. :D is.gd/8Yt1Um
50+ RETWEETS
43 FAVORITES
3:38 PM - 13 Jan 12 via Pay4Tweet · Embed this Tweet

(The link in this tweet goes to a picture of a pig pooping on its own enormous balls.)


I FOLLOW BACK
@TeenPosting
Follow
Big News:New Chris Brown song drops tuesday It's called I punch women in the face and have no remorse for it. RT if you are #teambreezy
43 RETWEETS
13 FAVORITES
11:45 AM - 13 Jan 12 via Pay4Tweet · Embed this Tweet

It was a lovely afternoon, but it also went a long way toward showing how ridiculous the bottom-feeding on Twitter can be. Take the realm of Katt Williams / Martin Lawrence / Tyler Perry / Will Ferrell "parody" accounts, for example. It's an entire ecosystem of accounts that might appear on first glance to belong to an accomplished funnyperson, but are actually a "parody" and not to be confused with anyone talented. Regurgitated platitudes, observations and jokes that are more suited to a knockoff Garfield coffee mug continually ooze out of them. These accounts are also unabashedly

monetized and still somehow manage to have tens or hundreds of thousands of loyal followers who seem to think that Will Ferrel really does want you to click that sponsored link to get a sneak peek at the latest Crazy Frog ringtone. Remember Gallagher 2? The real Gallagher's brother who went around doing "Gallagher" shows and making a bunch of money off of yokels who just wanted to see a bald guy go hog wild on some watermelons? These assholes are hovering somewhere around Gallagher 8 to 10.

The "parody" account phenomenon extends to fictional characters, too. The most mind-shatteringly popular one being Lord_Voldemort7, whose entire schtick is, get this, referencing current events and relating them to Harry Potter in some way. Or just saying he hates people. Keep in mind that the operator of this account doesn't appear to have anything to do with J.K. Rowling or anyone who should be furious that this account's sponsored tweets are what a large segment of your fanbase regularly associates with your franchise.

An example of a parody account. The small biography text explains that this isn't Katt Williams, then Katt Williams' face appears at least 13 times on this page (before scrolling).

For some reason that I probably won't ever understand, Twitter takes no action against those accounts, despite the fact that they must know full well by now how all this works. In fact, the chronically-terrible parody accounts often rewarded and shown as "Top Tweets" by the @toptweets account, which uses a fancy algorithm at Twitter HQ to determine that these awful tweets are usually wildly popular. The updating Top Tweets list has appeared in places like Twitter's front page and at times it unavoidably cluttered the search screen of Twitter's iPhone app, and in neither of those places would the "parody" disclaimer that most of the accounts have in their biographical fields be displayed. On some level, it's a willfully misleading practice on Twitter's part to let it appear as if Will Ferrell or whoever is sitting around pumping out shitty jokes and sponsored links on Twitter all day, and it's double-shitty that some jerk clever enough to write "PARODY I'M NOT REALLY THEM HA HA" is making a small profit.

If that last paragraph sounds like some kind of bitter, ineffectual call to action, it's really not. There will always be hacks no matter where you go (this article being no exception), and it's very overt and easy to tell who is selling you shit, so just don't buy into it and don't follow them. There are a great many very funny people on Twitter who aren't (currently) selling out so bad, so go seek them out. Here are just a few, but there are a whole lot more, and they want absolutely nothing to do with helping you get a free iPad. In fact, your gain would probably make them mad.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.16 Munchr Reviews: Aftertaste

Wednesday, Jan 18, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

munchr.
Insufferable people. Real Reviews.

Aftertaste
57 reviews

Categories: Food trucks, assisted suicide services

Price Range: $$	**Takes Reservations:** No	**Parking:** Street
Delivery: No	**Good for Kids:** Yes	**Wi-Fi:** Yes
Accepts Credit Cards: No	**Good for Groups:** Yes	**Wheelchair Accessible:** Yes

57 reviews in English

Mark H.
Portland, OR

★★★★★

Love the guys running Aftertaste. Howl is very nice and gentle, and you can tell he really enjoys providing comfort to those in pain. Dieter is more pushy and rough. I think he only cares about perfecting his sauce recipes. My advice: Talk to Howl, let Dieter stay in the kitchen where he does his best work.
Word of warning: this place is super busy, so expect long lines. We took our grandparents here and they all went very peacefully, though it did take a few minutes to get the IVs properly hooked up. Howl said he wasn't able to finish nursing school and needs more practice.
Mark

Jeremy P
Portland, OR

★★★☆☆

Aftertaste parked outside our office building today. Smelled amazing. I'm super tempted to give them a try. The menu looks good, but nobody ever comments on the quality of the experience itself. Is it worth it? Will I personally enjoy it? Just wish they would clean up the bodies better. There's usually a lot of them piled up on the sidewalk and parking spaces.

Nigel C.
Vancouver, WA

Great rotating menu. Lots of cutting edge lethal injection flavor profiles. Love me some Korean-Mexican fusion, and their recent experiments in southern cuisine weren't bad. I always ask for half portions, that way I don't die and can go back to try the different menu options when I recover. Cheers.

Lindsee Y.
Portland, OR

Well, first of all, my girlfriend is Asian. So... yeah... I know a thing or two about Asian food. Soy sauce and sodium pentothal? If you're just going to give people salt, don't advertise it as a fried calamari rolls. Hng onn... feling sleee

---

Gerald T.
Beaverton, OR

I was entertaining a guest from out of town, and wanted to show him some local flavor, so I took him to Aftertaste. I recommended the bulgogi burrito drip, which seemed to do the trick. My guest slowly drifted off to sleep licking his lips and did not wake up. I hope he enjoyed his visit as much as I did.

LeVar B.
Portland, OR

GET THERE EARLY!!! I'm serious. These guys run out of "sauce" before 1 on most days, sometimes earlier. Don't think you can just waltz in at 3 in the afternoon and load up on suicide burritos, because that's just not going to happen, buddy.

Candice P.
Portland, OR

It was just "OK."
Took my dad here. He didn't seem to like what he ordered (a po boy drip with extra potassium chorlide) because he got really incoherent and violent as the drip worked its way through his body. The burly man who works there had to hold him down and the other one just kept shouting in German.
I don't think I'd take any other loved ones here, which is a shame because the burly guy punched my card twice. Three more and I get a free drip.

Derek W.
Portland, OR

★★☆☆☆

Terrible. I ordered the biscuits with maple bacon gravy and felt what could only be some kimchi grossness coursing through my veins. Ripped the IV out and stumbled away. Woke up a few days later in the hospital with a huge medical bill. Don't think that's the "aftertaste" they were promising.

Angela R.
Beaverton, OR

★★★★★

Took my children there after I couldn't stand their crying anymore. All of them were able to find flavors that were appealing to them, which is great because they are very finicky. They went quietly with smiles on their faces. Loaded my angels back into the car and left them peacefully in the woods. Now to convince my husband to try it with me.

London S.
Brooklyn, NY

★★★☆☆

First of all, I'm from Brooklyn, so you can just go ahead and skip all the other reviews here.
My friend Packard and I talked about trying Aftertaste for a while, and vowed to do it one day after class (we're both fashion students). On the way there we got distracted because Packard heard about a secret thrift store that required a password to get in. Packard's very good at snooping out these sorts of exclusive venues, and we found some really great old sweaters that probably belonged to an insane lady judging by the patterns. We were there for probably eight hours, then hit up a party at friend of the owner's loft.
It was great, just drinking, listening to records and dancing. Carson, the aforementioned loft owner turned out to be an artist, and showed off her latest paintings, which were all these different presidents depicted as monsters and party animals. Anyway, turns out we had a mutual friend, Dans, who is starting a band doing what he describes as "soulful mountain man devoured by mechanical bees" music.
To make a long story short, Dans and I are now dating and it's great. It's nice to finally date somebody with taste.

Derby T.
Portland, OR

★★★★☆

If you're just looking to try intravenous dining, go elsewhere. Aftertaste is definitely a last meal kind of place. Lost a lot of good friends here, so I guess that speaks to the quality.

Pete L.
Las Vegas, NV

★★★★★

I've tried other suicide vans before, but they usually lack atmosphere. The one thing I don't want is some skeletal old man ushering me off to the afterlife with his clinical chemicals. I've been eager to try Aftertaste for weeks now, but I keep missing them or getting there after they run out of sauce. I can't be bothered to follow Twitter. Wish they would pick regular hours and regular locations.

Greg P.
Portland, OR

★☆☆☆☆

Bullshit. Can't schedule reservations. I want to die, not stand in line behind a bunch of pushy hipsters.

Marty O.
Portland, OR

★★☆☆☆

The German man who works there is very creepy and insists on filming all the deaths while breathing heavily with his mouth open. If you went to a restaurant where the chef and waiter did that, I don't think you'd ever go back. I have no idea why my girlfriend even wanted to go here, and I guess I'll never know now. Seemed to be a lot of people in line, so maybe I'm missing something.

Bae Y.
Portland, OR

★☆☆☆☆

Came in eager to try the kalbi taco drip, found out I had to fill out a bunch of release forms and paperwork first clearing them of all liability. Decided to just go jump off a bridge, but not before writing a negative review.

1 to 15 of 57 | Page: **1** 2 3 4

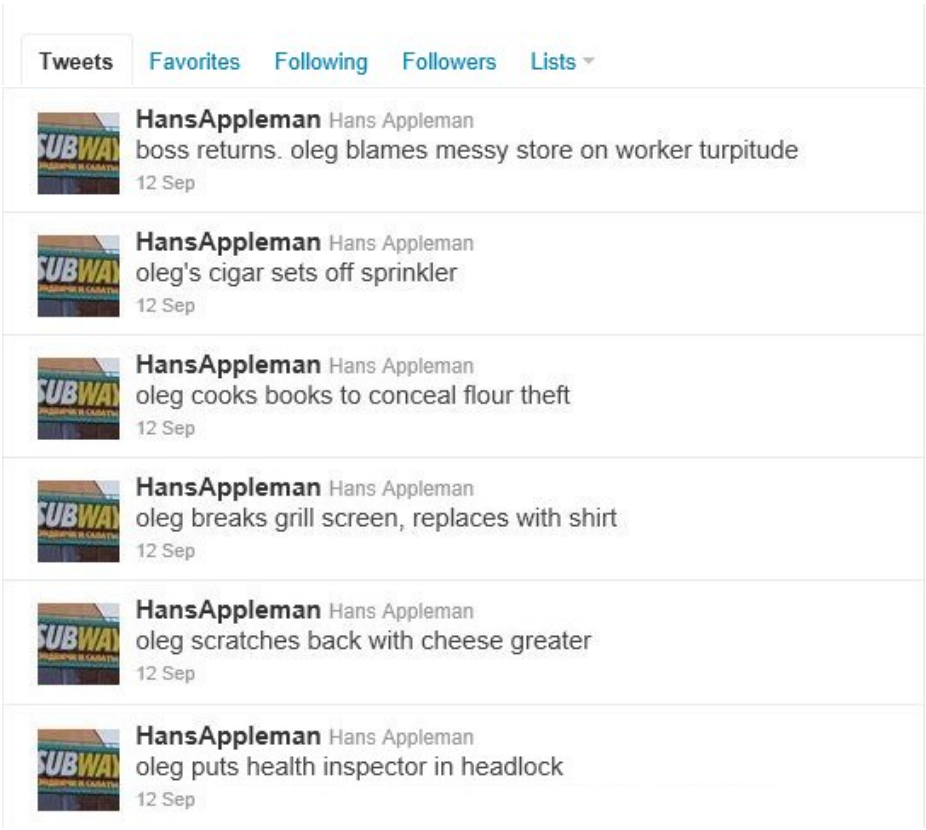
Hark! Even though nobody writes Daily Dirt entries on this site anymore -- and you need to be some kind of Native American tracker to even find where the dearly departed feature is now buried -- I went ahead and wrote one celebrating my glorious tenth anniversary as a person who types things for this website. Mash THIS TEXT for MAGIC.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.17 Oleg Is up to No Good

Thursday, Jan 19, 2012 by Hans Appleman (@notoriousamoeba)

This article is part of the Hans Appleman series.



HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg steals girls sandwich and eats in front of her
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg wears suggestion box on groin
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg punches woman in gift card dispute
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg starts trash fire to replace heat
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg breaks thermostat shadow boxing clay henry poster
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg uses mop bucket as footbath
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg pees in ice machine
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg puts meatball in customer's tailpipe
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg defaces clay henry display
12 Sep

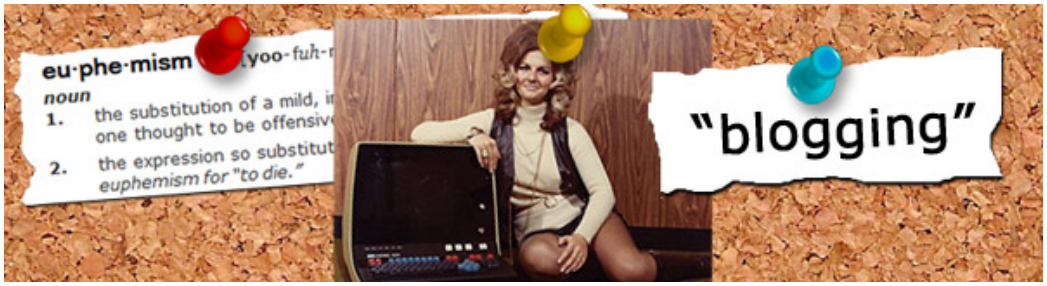
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
customer finds moth in sandwich, oleg replaces with frog
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg shaves with bread knife
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg opens catfight ring behind store
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg turns hat backwards, revealing obscene forehead tattoo
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg dries laundry in toaster
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
Attention Customer: Oleg's "black forest alfalfa" not what it seems
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg cuts soda with bog water
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
child slips on fresh mop floor. oleg laughs
12 Sep

HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg refunds coffee but admits no guilt
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
oleg puts salt in customer's coffee
12 Sep
HansAppleman Hans Appleman
boss goes on break putting nephew oleg in charge
12 Sep

-∼Hans Appleman (@notoriousamoeba)

1.18 Euphemisms: "Blogging"

Friday, Jan 20, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



General Blogging

Scrap-booking the void.

Dropping dangerous deets.

Pre-humiliating yourself.

Sabotaging the job hunt.

Spilling the blandest beans.

Zeroing the comments.

Sharing with the searchbots.

Video Game Blogging

Arguing with the Game Genie.

Letting EA pay the bills.

Venting about cover systems.

Defending Nintendo.

Amping the PR.

Deconstructing Taki's jiggle.

Relationship Blogging

Slut-shaming boys.

Raising the Google warning flags.

Explaining the BJ allergy.

Ill-advising the inadvisable.

Revising last night's argument.

Comparing life to Tru Blood.

Political Blogging

Seizing offense.

Alienating your cousins.

Salting the middle ground.

Selling your jersey.

Pasting Glenn Greenwald.

Reddit-racing Stormfront.

Haulin' H2O.

Reacting to what Dad said 20 years late.

Foodie Blogging

Pretending to dislike Wendy's.

Crowd-sourcing locavore Twinkies.

Photographing Thai food.

Faking love for offal.

Mansplaining charcuterie.

Baconing.

Mom Blogging

Harnessing the plops.

Worrying about Graco.

Diluting the meaning of miracle.

Cataloging average humans.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.19 The Inevitable Batman Movie Reboot

Saturday, Jan 21, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The current iteration of Batman comes to an end in this summer's Dark Knight Rises. Since Christopher Nolan's films have made such a large impact with their unique style, it would make sense for there to be a bit of a cooling off period before the franchise went through yet another reboot.

There is, however, too much money to be made. Ideas for the new Batman are already being pitched, new directors are being sought out, and new actors are being cast.

As always, I humbly offer my services as a writer to the internet at large, as I don't know how to contact the appropriate people or retain an agent. These are my best ideas for the next Batman film.

Two-Face Face-Off Face Race: Trading Faces

or **Face 2 Face: Rad Race With A Bad Face**

or **Two-Face Vs. Scarecrow: Face Your Fears 4 Fast Face Tears**

or **Face Face** (it means Two-Face, think about it)

or **What's My Face Doing On Your Body And What's My Other Face Doing On His Body?**

or **Dark Batman**

The idea is simple. Combine the Batman characters we all know and love with the classic madcap hilarity of an identity-switching movie, then put everyone in a high octane high stakes cross country race.

Two-Face discovers that one half of his face has magically been swapped with Bruce Wayne, the other half of his face has been swapped with Batman, and his favorite burlap sack has been swapped with Scarecrow's mask. Now all four of them must compete in a race for ten thousand dollars while evading the humorously incompetent sheriffs headed by Commissioner Gordon.

Directed by Mark Neveldine and Brian Taylor (Crank, Crank 2, Ghost Rider 2), and starring Patton Oswalt as Two-Face, Nick Nolte as Batman, Matt Damon as Bruce Wayne, Mike Patton as Scarecrow, and Patrick Stewart as Commissioner Gordon.

Young Batman

First, the tagline: Every hero has a beginning. Every bat has his day.

Bruce Wayne is a freshman in high school. Still coping with his parents' deaths, he has a difficult time fitting in, what with all the well established cliques. Although he has the support of his butler Alfred (always standing at attention just behind and to the side of Bruce's desk and in the hallway) the young man feels an emptiness in his life.

When a series of mysterious locker break-ins occur during the run-up to the student body election, Bruce decides to take action. He adopts the bat as his symbol and prowls the shadowy corridors of the high school at night in search of justice.

No crime will go unpunished. No innocent will be victimized. No running in the hallways.

Directed by Rian Johnson (Brick) and starring Jesse Eisenberg as Young Batman, Chris O'Dowd as Alfred, and Henry Rollins as Principal Bane.

Batman And Catwoman: Will They Or Won't They?

Catwoman is attractive and seductive, but Batman is stoic. She's a criminal with occasional moments of heroism, he's uncompromising and distrustful.

Over the course of 90 minutes, the two will flirt with one another after beating up criminals, come close to kissing one another fighting one another on rooftops, and will breathe heavily.

Directed by Steven Soderbergh and starring Ryan Gosling as Batman, with Emma Stone as Catwoman.

Happy Bat 3D

A hunter (who happens to own a pollution-spewing conglomerate that's destroying the environment) shot and killed Bruce the bat's parents. Though he's sad, the plucky little bat is determined to put on the musical of the century and bring down the evil company - all in one night!

Directed by Simon Wells (Mars Needs Moms) and starring George Lopez as Bruce, will.i.am as Ears, and John Goodman as The Hunter.

Two-Face Face-Off Face Race: Trading Faces 2: Space Face Race

or **Space To Face: Two-Face Trading Faces In Space**

or **In Space, No One Can Hear Your Face**

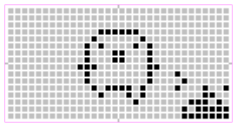
or **Batman Reckoning: Reborn**

The sequel to Two-Face Face-Off Face Race: Trading Faces, set in outer space.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

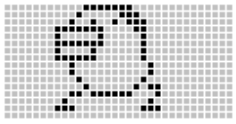
1.20 Tamagotchi Humane Society Needs Help

Sunday, Jan 22, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



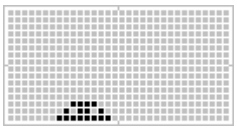
This is Kerotchi and he needs your help. Left beside a cassette of OMC's hit single "How Bizarre", he waited for a neglectful owner to never return. For 15 years, Kerotchi was forgotten without [FEED] and forced to [PLAY] where he [TOILET].

These Tamagotchi need your help. For the price of a Heath Bar Blizzard with extra malt, you can help ensure the care of a suffering virtual pet. Perhaps you owned one and let it disappear from your life. This is your chance for forgiveness. Your donations help rehabilitate these abandoned creatures, letting them [GROW] for the first time in their lives. *Tax deductible.*



And here is Rocotchi, found in a bin of troll dolls at a flea market, her screen so faded, one can barely make out the suffering on her little pixel face. A pet hamster gnawed the buttons off, leaving Rocotchi unable to [SLEEP] or [FEED]. Alone in this world, she never once had a chance to feel [HAPPY METER].

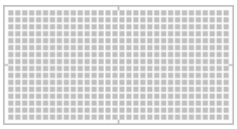
Our full-time staff of sixth-graders tirelessly press Button (A), Button (B), and Button (C). With well over eleven Tamagotchi under our care, our resources and abilities are already strained. Without your donation, these innocent angels might not have a chance to [PLAY] tomorrow.



SeaQuest was still on primetime the last time Glatotchi was touched. Left to bob up and down in his 512 pixel cage until his battery drains, he remembers the good times, when JTT posters covered the walls, when Mighty Mighty Bosstones filled the air. But now Glatotchi waits, hoping that at any moment someone will need to press and hold Button (A) and Button (C) until a new egg appears.

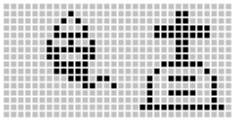
Your compassion is needed more than ever. Every day Tamagotchi are abandoned, thrown out with the Spice Girl themed backpacks they're clipped to. With a staff of my niece and step-son, we can only do so much. Tamagotchi are not only a choking hazard for children under three, but also a chance for you to do something great.

And there are many, many more that need our help. Miolotchi, Pirotchi, etc, etc, the list goes on. Once loved, all abandoned, each desperate for your help. Like the VHS release of *Titanic*, Tamagotchi were once cherished by millions. But where are they now? If you don't help, who will?



Stutotchi was exposed to water. His screen dead, we assume he's still alive. Everyday we press the buttons, hoping, praying, that he receives our [CLEAN]. For once in his life, Stutotchi is treated more like a retired Beanie Baby and less like a McDonald's Happy Meal Beanie Baby.

Please, end the suffering. Help a virtual pet. Money orders, cash, check, or mass donations of pogs are accepted.



-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.21 Japan Ruined My Whopper

Monday, Jan 23, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In addition to having my name permanently associated with Rapelay and swap.avi, my past of mocking hentai games and weird pornos has given me an eccentric uncle. He's the sort that travels to exotic places and brings back oddities like shrunken heads and tiger penises that you would absolutely never want in your house. His name is Peter Payne and he is the proprietor of J-List.

They don't really advertise with us anymore, but Peter still frequently sends me things I have no use for and don't want in an effort to get me to review them. A few years back he sent me an entire series of figurines of anime girls that were combined with WWII airplanes. Not riding in them, they were physically integrated into the airplanes.

Last week he sent me the most dire box of oddities yet. Beginning to feel bad about him sending me stuff and me never writing any articles about it, I resolved to turn that around.

I set the box on my kitchen counter. I began my dig through and discovered a copy of My Girlfriend is the President, a hentai game that could not possibly live up to the high bar set by its title. I don't review hentai games anymore, although I would have made an exception if this one actually included Obama or any real political figures. Alas, it appeared it did not.

My next discoveries were various Popin' Cookin' kits. These are like do-it-yourself candy factories where you pour powders into molds and make various candies that sometimes look like other foods like sushi or donuts. I was familiar with the idea from one of the numerous Youtube videos, so I figured I would start with this.

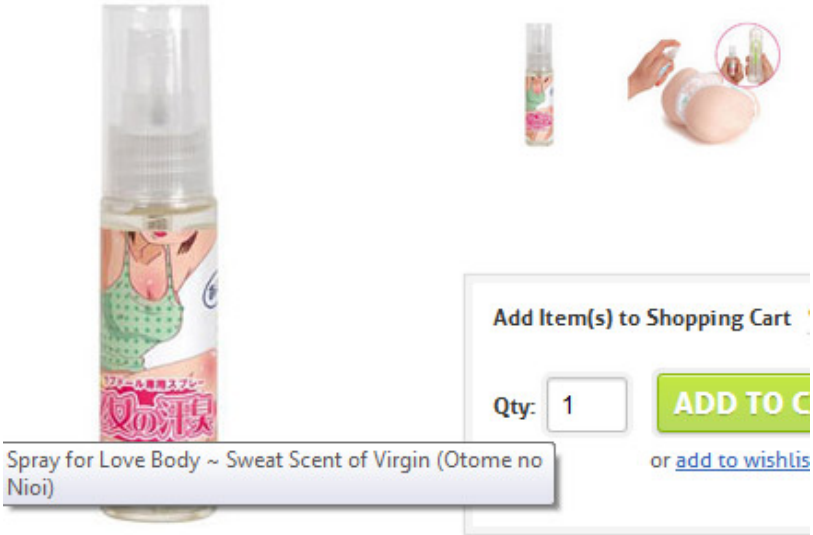
I took a look at the instructions on the package. I can't read Japanese, but I figured it couldn't be too hard.

I poured one powder in one mold. The other powder in the other mold.

I added some water. Wait. I think I was supposed to swirl them first. Oh well, I added the candy to the top. I think you are supposed to make suckers out of the resulting goop, but I could not find any sticks and I used way too much water and it was really soupy. If you have kids and you want to teach them how to make unhealthy food out of chemicals this is the perfect gift.

Dispirited, I grabbed my lunch, a Whopper, and continued the search through the box. The next item Peter Payne thought I would have some use for an odd spray bottle he included.

I didn't know what it was so I scoured the J-List website and came across this:



That's right, it's a spray containing female pheromones that "reproduces the smell of a hot female having sweaty sex."

Wait, what is going on the picture on the J-List website?

Apparently you spray this stuff on the pair of panties you have wrapped around your body-horror computer from **eXistenZ**. Since I didn't have one of those I decided to apply the spray to my Whopper.

For your future reference, hot females having sweaty sex smells a lot like liquid mothballs. I gave the Whopper a liberal coating to make it as enchanting as possible. The hamburger smell was annihilated. The kitchen smelled like going through boxes in an old lady's attic. So if you ever need to conceal the smell of a hamburger in a retirement home, this is a good bet.

The next thing I pulled from the box looked like a bottle of shampoo, but a closer look revealed a key detail:

SEMEN LOTION.

More specifically, according to the J-List website, Bukkake Lotion. "Designed to look like semen, this slippery lotion is perfect if you want to see a wilder, dirtier side."

I am into humiliating my hamburgers...

Not enough.

NOT ENOUGH.

Whoa, whoa, too much.

NOT ENOUGH!!!

The end result of this was a hamburger that looked like it was washing its hair and smelled like grandma's winter coats. Yum! I searched the packages for both items to see if there was a warning about not eating them, like maybe a skull with huge eye sockets or something, but there was nothing. I had emailed Peter the day before to see if it was safe, but he still hadn't gotten back to me on that, so I did what I had to do.

I took a bite.

I would describe the taste as what you would expect if you licked the oil off the machine parts in a gun. It seemed very industrial. I decided to add a little sweetness from the Popin' Cookin' kitchen,

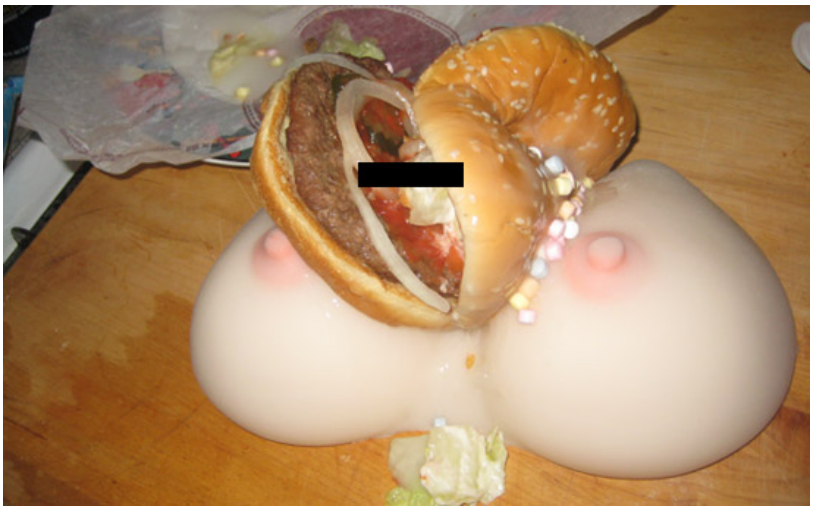
but after I dumped out the packet I was unable to go through with another bite.

I didn't feel very good after the one bite so I put the Whopper aside and checked the box for anything else. There was one other thing, quite heavy, with a disturbing appearance.

I turned it over. Apparently it was a pair of fake boobs that you can place censored carrots between.

I didn't have any carrots, so I put one of my #24 Jeff Gordon energy drinks there. It seemed like it would stay there pretty well, so if there was an earthquake or you were in a car doing a power slide around a turn I think these fake boobs would hold onto your drink pretty well.

It also worked fairly well...



...as a sloppy Whopper holder.

Peter did finally get back to me about eating some of the sex spray and bukkake lotion on a hamburger.

From: Peter Payne
Sent: Sunday, January 22, 2012 11:18 PM
To: Zack Parsons
Subject: Re: the stuff you sent

So basically there's no useful information on the bottles of the bukkake lotion of fake scent, so please DO NOT eat either. Assume they will harm you, in the absence of useful information. I'm surprised there's no actual manufactuer's info written on the bottles.

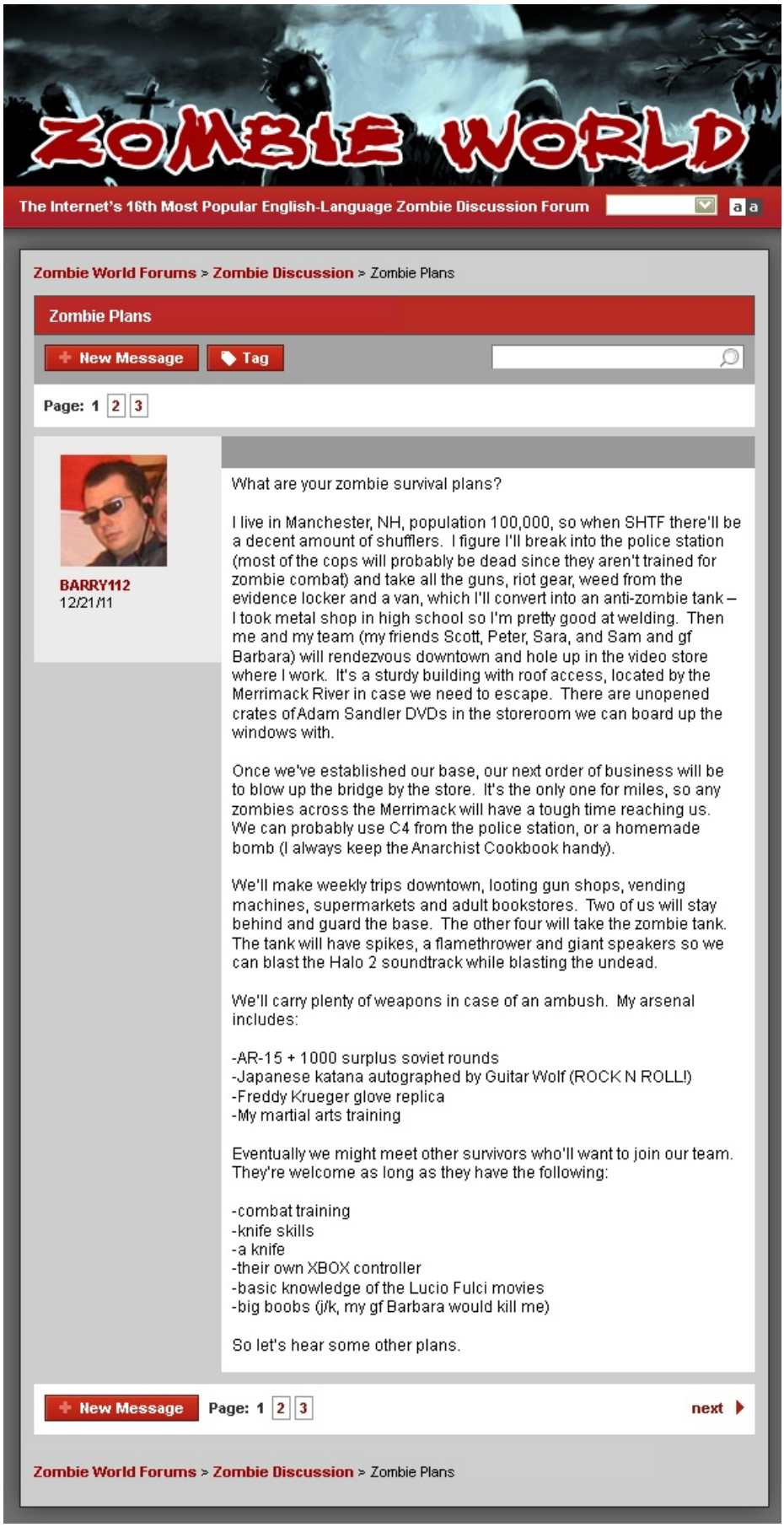
Over the years Peter has sent me roughly fifteen emails trying to get me to review Tenga eggs. I think they're eggs you jack off with. Every time I have to tell him, "Peter, no, I can't review eggs you jack off with."

But I'll store my Whoppers in his tits.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.22 Zombie Plans

Tuesday, Jan 24, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)


ZOMBIE WORLD
The Internet's 16th Most Popular English-Language Zombie Discussion Forum
Zombie World Forums > Zombie Discussion > Zombie Plans
Zombie Plans
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3
BARRY112
12/21/11
What are your zombie survival plans?
I live in Manchester, NH, population 100,000, so when SHTF there'll be a decent amount of shufflers. I figure I'll break into the police station (most of the cops will probably be dead since they aren't trained for zombie combat) and take all the guns, riot gear, weed from the evidence locker and a van, which I'll convert into an anti-zombie tank – I took metal shop in high school so I'm pretty good at welding. Then me and my team (my friends Scott, Peter, Sara, and Sam and gf Barbara) will rendezvous downtown and hole up in the video store where I work. It's a sturdy building with roof access, located by the Merrimack River in case we need to escape. There are unopened crates of Adam Sandler DVDs in the storeroom we can board up the windows with.
Once we've established our base, our next order of business will be to blow up the bridge by the store. It's the only one for miles, so any zombies across the Merrimack will have a tough time reaching us. We can probably use C4 from the police station, or a homemade bomb (I always keep the Anarchist Cookbook handy).
We'll make weekly trips downtown, looting gun shops, vending machines, supermarkets and adult bookstores. Two of us will stay behind and guard the base. The other four will take the zombie tank. The tank will have spikes, a flamethrower and giant speakers so we can blast the Halo 2 soundtrack while blasting the undead.
We'll carry plenty of weapons in case of an ambush. My arsenal includes:
-AR-15 + 1000 surplus soviet rounds
-Japanese katana autographed by Guitar Wolf (ROCK N ROLL!)
-Freddy Krueger glove replica
-My martial arts training
Eventually we might meet other survivors who'll want to join our team. They're welcome as long as they have the following:
-combat training
-knife skills
-a knife
-their own XBOX controller
-basic knowledge of the Lucio Fulci movies
-big boobs (j/k, my gf Barbara would kill me)
So let's hear some other plans.
New Message
Page: 1 2 3
next
Zombie World Forums > Zombie Discussion > Zombie Plans

DEADHEATCH01DR17(6).wrt (COMPATIBILITY MODE)

File Edit Format Favorites Find

"Dead Heat" by Barbara Moretti

Chapter 1

The heat singed Barbara's hair as she dashed to the jeep. The zombies were close behind, their heavy feet dragging through glass and debris. Some were burning from the explosion. Their yellow teeth glistened with blood. Rotting flesh dangled from their limbs.

The jeep was parked under a streetlight by a row of abandoned cars. The light had long ago died. Only the fire lit the deserted street. The gas station was now a pillar of flame, howling into a moonless, starless sky. The jeep was locked. Barbara rifled through her pockets for her keys. She realized she'd left them in the station.

"Great," she observed. In the jeep's window she saw the first of the zombies, an old woman in a bloodstained sweater. She spun around and took out her 9MM pistol. She squeezed the trigger. But the gun jammed.

"Shit," she cursed. Suddenly the woman's head exploded.

"Get down!" a voice commanded. She turned and saw Scott, her partner, standing atop the jeep holding a bazooka loaded with exploding acid rounds. She dropped to the ground. There were three more shots as Scott took out the remaining zombies, splattering the jeep with blood.

Scott jumped down and helped Barbara to her feet. "Sorry I didn't get here sooner," he apologized.

"It's okay," Barbara forgave. "I just painted that jeep though."

Scott laughed. He was tall with short, dark hair, thick eyebrows and a slender build that her boyfriend Barry called feminine. Barbara never told Barry she found slender men attractive. She didn't think she'd told Scott.

Barbara's face was covered with soot. She took a rag from her pocket. "Let me," Scott offered. He took the rag, brushed aside her long, auburn hair and wiped the dirt off her cheeks. Her heart began to pound. He'd never stood this close before. He discarded the rag and then, without warning, put his hand on her hip. She flinched, but didn't push away.

"Scott-" she began. He made a shushing sound. His other hand caressed her back. His hands were warm and smooth and exactly as she'd imagined them.

"Scott-" she repeated as he leaned to kiss her. As their lips met she felt his heart beating in syncopation with hers. "We can't," she admonished as he drew away. "What if Barry finds out?"

"It's alright," he assured, stroking her hair. "Barry will never know."

Benway-West Clinic
124 Grove Street
Suite F
Ipswitch, MA 01938

January 2, 2012

Mr. Scott Lowery
59 Straight Road
Manchester, NH 03101

Dear Mr. Lowery:

We're happy to inform you that your request for sex reassignment therapy has been approved. However, your insurance provider has requested additional information re: your reason for therapy.

On the application you indicated a desire for relations with your "zombie partner" Sam. Your insurance provider would like to know what a "zombie partner" is, and if your "zombie partner" has their own insurance that may cover the procedure.

Please contact your insurance provider at your earliest convenience to clear up this matter.

Sincerely,

H. West

H. West
PhD

SKEWED.com

Where memes never die

Mossman's Zombie Survival Plan

By: Sam "Awesome" Mossman | 1/5/12 | 8,155,527 views

I know Skewed readers love zombies, almost as much as you love the new Dark Knight Rises trailer and nude pictures of Jessica Alba (that link goes back to my column, I just put it there for the Google hits). But in a real zombie holocaust it won't all be fun and games – unless you consider "hide the hatchet in your best friend's forehead" a game, in which case you're probably reading this from prison. As Skewed's resident zombie buff (earned that title by refusing to shower eight days to make his zombie costume "authentic" –ed) I feel obligated to give you some helpful pointers, so I'm sharing my own ten-step zombie survival plan.

1. Avoid Romance

There'll be plenty of time for love after you die.

Maybe you've got a special Someone you're spending the zombie apocalypse with (okay I'm assuming a lot here since most of you probably clicked this page after jerking off to wookie porn). Maybe you've planned a romantic honeymoon where your passionate moans will drown out the moans of the undead. There's nothing wrong with romance during a zombie plague (I sure as hell wouldn't cut Linea Quigley's boobs from Return of the Living Dead). But that doesn't mean it won't get you killed.

Love messes with our brains, that's a fact. Whether it's camping outside someone's window, willingly attending a Twilight film, or spending hours on a mixtape a girl will throw away, love -- scientifically speaking -- makes us go bugshit crazy. Do you really want your judgement impaired in a life or undead situation? Or someone flirting with you when you're trying to focus on not being zombie chow? Sorry to my secret admirers (I know you exist, you keep sending those creepy emails) but romance has no place in my zombie plan.

2. Stock up on Weapons – Beforehand

If only it were this easy.

It's tempting to think that in a zombie world where weapons are as valuable as oxygen no one else will think of looting the gun shop down the street. After all, they'll be too busy fighting zombies with Jiu-Jitsu while complaining that there isn't a harder way to kill walking corpses. But in reality when you show up at the gun store in your "Smartest Man Alive" t-shirt all you'll find is a roomful of morons like you, who think getting guns in a zombie crisis is as easy as scoring weed at a Phish concert.

Me, I'm buying my guns before the zombie outbreak, when they're still plentiful, affordable and not sought by every living person on earth. Seriously, we live in a country where anyone with an I.D. and under ten felonies can get a gun. If you're a zombie enthusiast there's no reason not to buy one (or several), unless you're resume building for "dumbass who dies in the first ten minutes of a George Romero film."

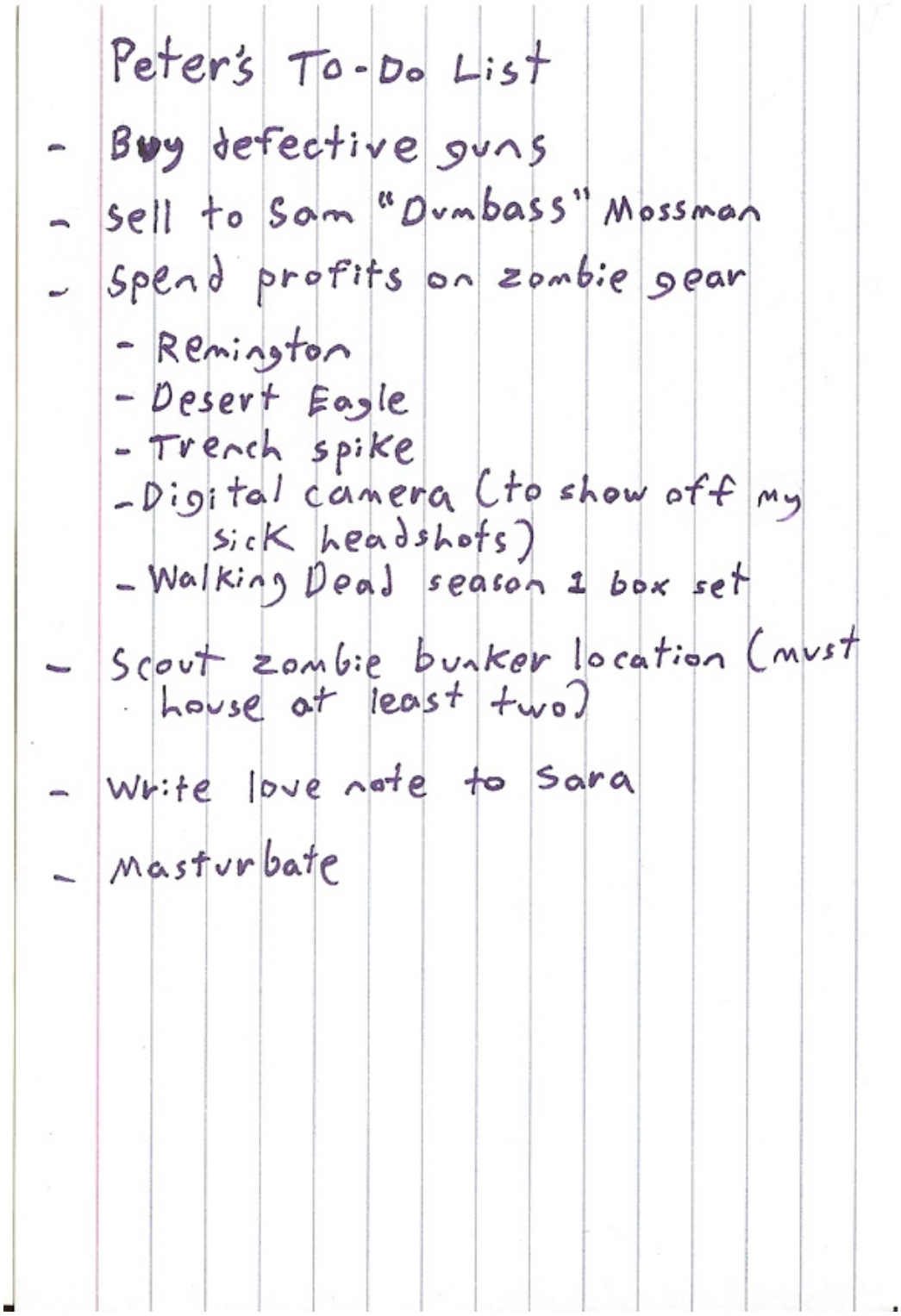
PREV | PAGE 1 OF 36 | NEXT

You might ALSO like:

8 Unlikely (But Surprisingly Bad-Ass) Allies for the Apocalypse

25 Poorly Thought Out Reasons Why Robocop is a Watchable Series

107 Excuses to Post a Bunch of Pictures of Denise Milani



Peter's To-Do List

- Buy defective guns
- sell to Sam "Dumbass" Mossman
- Spend profits on zombie gear
  - Remington
  - Desert Eagle
  - Trench spike
  - Digital camera (to show off my sick headshots)
  - Walking Dead season 1 box set
- Scout zombie bunker location (must house at least two)
- Write love note to Sara
- Masturbate

Purpose

Jan 11th, 2012 02:34 pm
posted by: redlocust in zombie_survival

I've found my purpose in life: to serve as a buffer between a sheet and a mattress.

Yesterday I got an "anonymous" love letter. But only one "anonymous" I know dots his i's with Godsmack symbols. Peter is an okay friend, but I'd rather date Sam again than him.

Sam asked me out after giving me a series of mixtapes with liner notes containing digs at the bands' later work. We went on one date to the Vagina Monologues (I think he misunderstood the premise). Afterward he said he wished it followed the "show, don't tell" rule. Whatever, the play was pretty Lifetime-y, especially if you're a 19-year-old virgin, so I guess you're allowed one sexist joke. But you don't hold up your hand and expect your date to high five you.

This morning Scott asked if I wanted to go shopping. When I said I was busy he looked shocked. Not offended, just surprised, like I'd been there the whole time but he'd just noticed me. Everyone does this: assumes I'm on board with their plans, and when I'm not they're blown away. It's like mental phantom-limb syndrome. Like the world was once an appendage of their heads, and they don't know it's been severed.

But I'm different. I know I can't control the world. I can barely keep this mattress and sheet apart. I know they're bitter rivals and when I'm gone they fight.

I worked on my zombie shelter today. It's more of a zombie shanty actually, nailed together from driftwood I find on the banks of the Merrimack. It looks miserable, which is the point. I don't want any visitors.

I'm regretting the location though. It's under the bridge right across from the video store where Barry and Peter work.

Link | Shoot it! {8} | Add to Memories | Share

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for finishing these awesome page layouts under extreme duress. It seems his neighbors set their kitchen on fire while he was working. Sounds like something *zombie* neighbors would do! XD

-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.23 Please Give Your Present or Future Dog One of the Following Names

Wednesday, Jan 25, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Excuse me.

Over the years I have brainstormed a large number of names for imaginary dogs. Some have appeared in my various dog-related fictions such as Barkwire, Kennel Fair and Dog Classifieds. Others have remained in my personal spreadsheet, accessible only to my most trusted colleagues. I now open this vault to the general public, in the modest hope of making better the lives and esteem of tomorrow's dogs.

If your dog is called something other than one of the names on this list, then it would be a good idea to have a talk with that dog. Say, "Dog, you are to be known by a new name from now on. Adapt... or perish." Then begin calling your dog by any of the following 200+ names guaranteed to imbue it with above-average characteristics and grandeur. I will leave you to figure out which names are appropriate for which genders.

Although I loathe children, any one of these names would also be perfectly appropriate for a child.

NOTE: The following names are intended for use only on dogs of respectable stature, mass and appearance. Do not attempt to use one of these names on a dog that is tiny, small, burdened with exceptionally curly or effeminate hair, or is otherwise hideous in a way that does not commend respect. It will result in a fatal hardware failure.

- Panzer
- Obscenity
- Satire
- Butcher
- Aguirre, the Wrath of Dog
- Mandalay *(Best suited for an openly gay dog)*
- Sebastian *(Best suited for an openly gay dog)*
- Beodog
- Hubris
- Behemoth
- Victor Victor
- "Dog" *(Best given to a dog whose very nature defies typical canine conventions)*
- Helmsman
- Champ
- Escapee
- Demonio Azul
- Dagger
- Apache
- Agitator
- Fiasco
- Hairbank
- Danger
- Fastidious
- Scapegoat
- Compost
- Pitchfork
- Tetanus

- Vermin
- Ghastly
- Doublewide
- Clandestine
- Throughput
- Caravaggio
- Windswept
- Verisimilitude
- Saunter
- Dance
- Ambition
- Coronation
- Robert
- Whiskey
- Frenzy
- Hornmouth
- Blog
- Dumpling
- Instigator
- The Bastard
- Boat
- Dash
- Partisan
- Valedictorian
- Enigma
- Santiago
- Theremin
- Terrific Terry
- The Botanist
- Bolognesi
- Gravytrain
- Barometer
- Bulwark
- The Bearded One
- Kaskelot
- Emperor
- Parkway
- Scepter
- Backwash
- Arf Carney
- Circus of Lies
- Poltergeist
- King Chomper
- Phantom
- Trapeze
- Tangential
- Counterweight
- Platitude
- Vigor
- Valhalla
- Fidelity
- Barge
- Imbroglio
- Ahuizotl
- Prosperity
- Barchimedes
- Freud
- Potus
- Chattanooga
- Promise
- Tenacity
- Scar
- Pioneer's Spirit
- Auspice

- Clumpy
- Noir
- Big Henry
- Orbit
- Rain Dog
- Dootleberry
- Amazing Gusto
- Baron
- Harpoon
- Lucifer
- Argos
- The Bandit
- Oppenheimer
- Kaiser
- Montserrat *(Best suited for a menacing European dog, preferably one with a glass eye and facial scar)*
- Van Buren
- Lancaster
- Whippersnapper
- Cheyenne
- Massacre
- Ransack
- Gravity
- Derelict
- Trotter
- Hassle
- Warner Herzdog
- The Kansan
- Tripwire
- Doorbell
- Notorious
- Chigas
- Trumbo
- Elksman
- Hoosier
- Caged Heat
- Bolero
- Warmonger
- Breakpoint
- Cardigan
- Mainloop
- Thunderspeak
- Garmonbozia
- Hawthorne
- Hearse
- Bug
- Lothario
- Taurine
- Guantanamo
- Old Chicago
- Alexander the Great Dane *(Reserved exclusively for Great Danes)*
- Bucephelus
- Baykok
- Huffer
- Rattler
- Endrun
- Faust
- Eclipse
- Embalmer
- Anubis
- Pantheon
- Jacques Derridog
- Guy Debark

- Barksdale
- Recall
- CONGLOMERATE
- Ratbane
- Karl Barx
- Arbiter
- Avery Finehound
- Recon
- Torrent
- Brineswell
- Heap
- Murdog
- Stuntdog
- Amalgam
- Beastmouth
- Swarm
- Clownhound
- Confederate
- Jasper
- Tonetta
- Heatwave
- Whiplash
- Drone
- The Auditor *(Reserved for dogs whose sheer cussedness pays tribute to the Auditor of canine legend)*
- Croatoan
- Baskerville's Finest
- Barquis de Sade *(Reserved for dogs of extreme cruelty and depravity)*
- Laserdance
- Atahsaia
- Judge
- Meatworks
- Helcion
- Contaminant
- Whimlark
- Horse
- Rusty
- Senator
- Alex Trebark
- Baconator
- Homestead
- Baker's Dozen
- The Warden
- Brazen
- Chompsky
- Bouillon
- Bad Seed
- Gruce
- Failsafe
- Schoolboy
- The Charmer
- Swampborn
- Taskmaster
- Gargantuan
- Hickory
- Spitfire
- Jurisprudence
- Anomaly
- Bismark
- Countdown
- Goldrush
- Dutch Whimsy
- Recession

- Commonwealth
- Siren
- Heretic
- Cecile
- Comptroller
- Vanguard
- The Watcher
- Barksquiat
- The Filmgoer
- Casino

Additional praise be unto David Thorpe and Tom "Moof" Davies, for without them this list would be somewhat shorter.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.24 Newt Gingrich Presents: Economics for Black People, Volume 1

Thursday, Jan 26, 2012 by The Gingrich Foundation for Negro Advancement

Hello, black people! You may have seen me on television during the commercial breaks for your Deaf Comedy Jams and Soul Trains. And despite the fact that my hearing is excellent and I would very much like to destroy all forms of mass transit, you and I actually seek the same future. But how, I ask, can the black race possibly work to the best of their ability with feet bound by the shackles of food and shelter?

It's me! From the pumpkin patch to your local primary.

Yes, your "food stamp" leader of today will soon be replaced by a stern, stout, and handsome figure who believes more in tough love than handouts, but there's no need to erupt into gang-style violence for fear that you will never again taste the watermelons that my nana's decorative antebellum figurines tell me you people so enjoy. While some government figures would rather your race live a life of dull complacency -- sometimes generating spoken word authors that I frankly don't understand and can do without -- I have chosen to break this vicious cycle by volunteering my valuable time to provide an example of how to succeed in the fast-paced world of business (or die trying). Haha, but seriously, some of you are probably going to die.

Money Comes from Working

Have you ever had a friend who disappeared mysteriously from mid-morning to mid-afternoon every weekday? Odds are, the answer is "no" -- personally, nana would never approve of such "mixed company" -- but just go with me on this. Let's call this friend "Steven --" now there's a solid, hard-working name. Ever wonder why Steven always has nicer clothes, fancier electronics, and listens to music that doesn't cause visiting bankers to question the safety of my neighborhood? Well, Steven has what most of us know as a "job;" just by sacrificing 9 hours of his day and ignoring the little voice inside him that won't stop screaming, Steven reaps all the rewards given to productive members of society.

And when Steven buys groceries, he pays with *cash*, knowing that he'll never have to face the deserved shame of using a food stamp card. Steven has personally watched many members of the so-called "underclass" buying several bottles of designer champagne right in front of him, all the while wondering how someone couldn't afford groceries when buying clothes, shoes and a bus transfer pass was clearly within their budget.

So, want to be more of a "Steven" and less of a "Darnell?" Honestly, this will never happen, and I promise you I will die before it does. But you can at least pass the time with one of several job options!

Jobs: They're Different than Just Sitting Around at Home!

As a member of a sadly shrinking group of job creators, my generous friends and I have teamed up to figure out what you can do with your waking hours aside from the typical monkeyshines. And to you loony liberals out there, rest assured that I have hired a high-priced editor to spot any statements that could be construed as "racist." I didn't get where I am by spending money freely, but far be it from me to act the niggard.

As shown in the popular black film Good Burgers, the food service industry is a boatload of fun! So I've been told.

Food Service

Few of us can resist the siren song of fast food. Even me, a man of great stature and dignity, could often be seen wolfing down a McGriddle or three -- until my government health insurance program threatened to raise my co-pay to five dollars after the fifth angioplasty. Now, imagine smelling those sweet meats and starches, every day for the rest of your life! Not just in your nasal cavity -- your clothes, skin, and very soul will carry the thick, sticky waft of the same corn syrup and animal fat that, for many, provides the only affordable source of sustenance. 15 days' worth of sodium in a single meal? Now that's what I call American ingenuity! And maybe, just maybe, if a large and loyal customer gently caresses your grease-splattered hand during an otherwise average transaction, you won't get so mouthy?

Hauling and Shoving

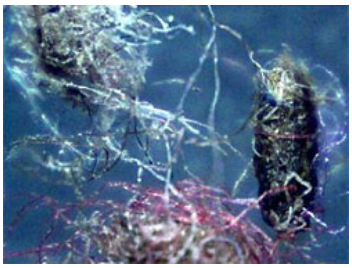
While robots and machines have taken on most of our country's hauling and shoving jobs, they lack the warm demeanor, bright smiles, and pliable spines of their human counterparts. Before the advent of civil rights, brave, black men took to physical labor like nobody's business -- until we atrophied their muscles with years of mathematics and typing classes. Who knows what great things George Washington Carver could have shoved around if not for his fascination with the peanut? Fact is, there's a whole population of men we haven't gotten around to jailing, and a whole lot of stationary objects left unshoved. Let's get to work, black people!

Economics for Black People is brought to you by a generous grant from the Foundation for Adult Onset Babyhead Syndrome.

-∼The Gingrich Foundation for Negro Advancement

1.25 UMMM Excuse Me CDC But My Baby Caught Morgellons From Your Rubella Vaccine

Friday, Jan 27, 2012 by MorgellonsMom (@sexyfacts4u)



The CDC is back once again to try to "debunk" (read: muddy the waters) claims from people suffering from Morgellons. This chronic and debilitating disease causes skin lesions and painful alien fibrous material to burst out of your skin on your arms and legs. Sometimes there are nodules involved or little metal rods. One time my baby found part of a gum wrapper looking thing that grew out of her arm on account of Morgellons. It was not a gum wrapper it was sort of shimmery on one side and had little threads on the other side.

First of all let me address this CDC study which is despicable. Look at how it tries to portray Morgellons VICTIMS as pill heads and psychos:

The study uncovered some other common threads: Drugs were detected in hair samples from half of the patients; and more than one-third of patients had a neuropsychiatric condition.

That's mighty nice of you CDC but how do you explain zero drugs in my hair unless you can detect Imodium and yet my baby has so many fibers growing out of her arm the kids on the playground call her Stain Master. Do you know the pain your vaccines are causing in the kids of the USA?

Let me tell you, CDC.

> Just looking at my family **my niece Crystal** caught autism from a Rotavirus vaccine. Now all she does all day is write down the hexadecimal color values for everything she sees in her room.
>
> **My niece Jollibee** caught primordial dwarfism from a meningitis vaccine. She's adorable and I think you should give this shot to more people who want tiny babies that are extra cute.
>
> **My cousin's son Tylurr** caught speed reading after a diphtheria vaccine and they can't afford any more books. They said they're afraid to hook him up to a computer.

My wife's brother's son Dylin started coughing and it turns out he had a baby chick in his lung. The doctor claimed it's because he aspirated an egg but it happened right after a hepatitis B vaccine which he didn't even hardly need because his mom is over hepatitis since like 2005.

MMR vaccine gave **two kids in my sister's Sunday school class** infrasound speech. They just open their mouths and make everybody feel nervous and queasy, but they can't talk so you can hear them. I hope you're happy with that, CDC.

My nephew Wendigo on the other side of the family got the Varicella vaccine and is a full on Slimer Baby now. Floating around the house eating hotdogs. They can't even teach him to do anything but yell and fly through walls.

My nephew Nolte got something called a Hib shot and he ended up part Japanese. He even talks in this pidgin version of Japanese and English where he yells all the English words and is constantly trying to get people to leave his bedroom with brusque Japanese talk followed by GO HOME.

Sylvia, who I know from Curves, said **her grandson** ate a bunch of fishhooks last summer and had to get a Tetanus shot and that after that he can tell you whoever is doing the voice over for a commercial like in two seconds. He also somehow got Parvo that dog disease.

You gave **my sister-in-law's husband's little brother** a flu shot and he got sick with the flu like two days later and while he was sick his parents showed him Star Wars and now he is crazy about Star Wars, which is basically your responsibility.

I couldn't get out of my little sister what happened with **her daughter**. I know it was a flu shot too and it did something to her brain but all I know is it has something to do with Homestuck, My Little Pony and 36-year-old man she met on the Internet.

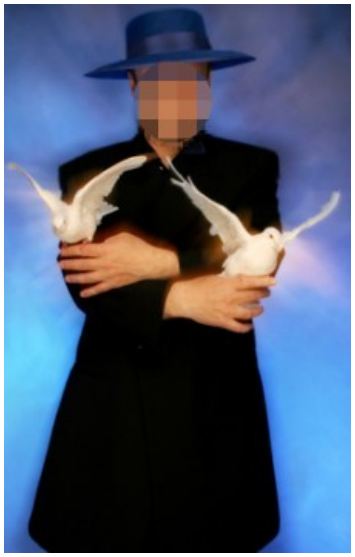
That would all be just fine but NINE people in my family caught Morgellons from either vaccinations, sports injuries, lawn chemicals, the stuff they use to fog mosquitoes, cell phones, chem trails, or vaccinations. I put my baby in a WiFi free zone and it seems to help keep her Morgellons down but the minute she gets in a cell phone coverage area she starts itching and popping fibers.

So my advice to you, CDC, is stick to your so-called science studies and when it comes to talking about what people feel and what drugs are in their hair you need to be a lot more sensitive. Because sensitivity and gentle truths are the only way you can get to somebody who has believed for ten years that aliens are feeding them fiber pellets that grow alien terraforming plants in their skin.

-∼MorgellonsMom (@sexyfacts4u)

1.26 Secrets Of Magic Exposed!

Saturday, Jan 28, 2012 by The Rogue Magician (@DennisFarrell)



The bloated and power-hungry cabal of professional magicians doesn't want you to know a shocking truth: Magic isn't real.

Those foul bastards propagate an age-old lie in order to fill their coffers with money and neverending scarves. They take advantage of their audience by allowing them a momentary escape from the real world, returning them to the sense of wonder and mystery that they knew as children.

This must be stopped.

Upon infiltrating the highest levels of their corrupt society, I learned the secret methods behind every magic trick from the last hundred years. Then I made my escape, vanishing before their very eyes - but only after explaining to them that I wasn't actually using magic to disappear.

Now I am on the run, surely hounded by an industry that will do anything to keep the secrets in my head from getting out. I wear a black ski mask at all times to hide my face. I carry a symbolic broken magic wand. My velvet cape has a large icon sewn across the back, a red circle with a line through it superimposed over a rabbit being removed from a top hat. They will never find me.

As I write this I am at a Waffle House in Memphis, the one on exit... oh. No, I don't think I'll be sharing the exit number. They could use that to find me. Better to keep this vague.

The point is, they ran out of waffle batter. I have a few hours to spare while I wait for the refill delivery to arrive, so I might as well use this time to fire the first salvo in my war against so-called magicians. Get ready for some secrets.

Sawing A Woman In Half

Perhaps you're familiar with the most iconic magic trick of all time? Known in magician circles as Not Really Sawing A Woman In Half?

A woman lays down in a box. Her head protrudes from one end, her feet dangle from the other. Not a very good box, all things considered. A saw dramatically works its way through the center of the box until it appears that the woman has been bisected. After the two halves of the box are separated (the woman's feet still wiggling) they are brought back together and the woman emerges in one piece.

Here's how it really works: The "woman" is actually two people. One is a woman with no lower half of her body. The other is a woman with terrific legs and a waist but no torso or head. Before the show, the first woman perches atop the second and they don a dress.

When the women lay down in the box, they are replaced by a pair of identical automated mannequins which move about realistically during the trick. When the box is put back together, the women replace the mannequins.

The Coin Behind The Ear Trick

This one is certainly a classic, and the methodology behind it is so simple that you'll kick yourself for not figuring it out.

When the performer reaches behind the mark's ear (a mark is the target of a one-on-one magic trick), it appears that their hand is empty, but it's not. Expertly hidden between two of the magician's fingers is a small object: A telescope.

As the performer's hand pulls back, the telescope is perfectly lined up between the mark's eyes and a carefully placed miniature coin hidden across the room. From the mark's point of view, the coin is normal size and is in the magician's hand.

Levitation

This one's really popular among street magicians, as it requires a surface to stand on.

A performer gathers a small crowd. He or she makes sure that the audience is situated at a specific angle, then adopts a look of extreme concentration. After a few moments, the performer seems to levitate!

We're supposed to believe that the magician is being hoisted by some mysterious power. How is it really done?

Just before "levitating", the performer tenses the muscles in their legs, then applies downward force. This pushes them away from the ground for a few spectacular moments that seem to defy gravity.

A jump, if you will.

Making A Very Large Object Disappear

Many magicians love to close their acts with some variation of this seemingly impressive trick.

The audience is seated with a clear view of a large object. Perhaps it's a skyscraper, an aircraft carrier, a monument, or a statue of a very tall man.

Dramatic music plays, and the magician closes a pair of curtains in front of the audience. The curtains open, and the large object is gone! The curtains close then open once again, and the object returns.

Magic on this scale seems too big to fake, but it's not. Here's what really happens.

Mirrors. Hundreds of them. Every person in the audience is in reality a reflection of the performer.

-~The Rogue Magician (@DennisFarrell)

1.27 The TV Shows That Died Young

Monday, Jan 30, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It can be hard for a television show to survive its first season. Even with the proliferation of cable, the need for a show to succeed almost immediately is intense. Ratings decide the value of advertising dollars, so low ratings, or controversial content, can drive advertisers away. Some shows are so ill-conceived or ill-fated, they don't even survive past a second episode.

Such was the case with ABC's conceptually repellent and practically unwatchable *Work It.* It survived two episodes, although it was doomed as soon as the first teasers started running on TV. Reading the shitty concept, it's easy to imagine the sequence of events that started the gears turning in the coke-holed brains of show creators Andrew Reich and Ted Cohen.

> "Work It centers on two unemployed men who believe that the current economic recession and job shortage has affected men more than women. Lee Standish then decides to apply for a job at Coreco Pharmaceuticals dressed as a woman and is hired."

Andrew saw a statistic that said more men have been laid off than women and thought, "Hey, let's use this bullshit I just saw on my AOL homepage to bring back Bosom Buddies." Hey, it's current, right? People out of jobs doing humiliating things to find work? Only now America isn't supposed to be laughing at dudes dressed as women. That's a thing, you dipshits. Not that cross dressing was ever funny at all, but now it's bad to even try to make it funny.

We all think of TV as pretty horrible, but generally TV shows only make it to air if they cross some minimum quality and/or conceptual appeal level. This is usually a deadening process that hammers the edge off the comedy or drama and presents a predictably pasty slurry to the TV-watching public. Whenever anything exceptionally good or exceptionally bad makes it through it means the TV vetting process has failed. The only recourse is swift cancellation, depriving us of witnessing some of TV history's greatest forgotten misfires. In honor of the recently departed Work It, I would like to celebrate a few of those lost TV shows.

You're in the Picture (1961)

Jackie Gleason's lame attempt to make easy TV money by hosting a game show resulted in an infamous cancellation and on-air apology after just one episode. *You're in the Picture*'s premise was terrible. Celebrities would stick their heads through a cardboard piece of famous art, like one of those wooden cutouts kids stick their heads through at a fair, and the goal was to guess the piece of art by asking Jackie Gleason questions.

Everyone, including Jackie Gleason, was confused by the premise. It was made worse by the fact that the celebrities were almost always able to see what their artwork was by moving their head. The reviews were so scathing that the network wanted to dump Gleason, but his apology set things straight. Following the cancellation of *You're in the Picture,* Gleason returned to do eight more episodes of a talk show format.

South of Sunset (1993)

What do you get when you cross Glenn Frey (of The Eagles) with a black guy doing a 1990s version of a minstrel routine? *South of Sunset*, the heavily-promoted, instantly-cancelled turd in which Frey plays a private detective partnered with Ziggy Duane, a hilarious, wise-talking black dude played by Aries Spear (who you surely don't remember from his seven seasons on *MADtv*). The show features embarrassing opening credits that serve as an unwitting parody of every TV show intro from 1989 to roughly 1997.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TRwPhBLh3hs

The show's premise wasn't really ridiculous at all, but its stunt casting failed to attract any audience and it was cancelled after one episode's dismal ratings. The six-episode run was eventually aired on VH1.

Lawless (1997)

Brian Bosworth's ridiculously arrogant "Boz" character, a construct of his agent, was a pro-wrestling personality thrust into the NFL. The Boz was a precursor for other cartoon figures of athletics like Terrell Owens and Chad Ochocinco, but he never really produced on the field. After a series of injuries he ended up in Hollywood, appearing in the roles too daunting for Howie Long.

The 1997 Fox network original *Lawless* had Bosworth playing a South Beach PI who takes on the cases the cops pass up. Terrible ratings put it out of action after the pilot aired.

I couldn't track down any footage from *Lawless*, but instead enjoy this scene from the classic 1991 Brian Bosworth vehicle **Stone Cold**, in which a bunch of junkies rob a grocery store and shoot machine guns at tortilla chips until Bosworth arrives, looking like modern Val Kilmer making a craft services run on the set of an **Underworld** movie.

Dot Comedy (2000)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qlJxurGCiM8

The titular joke of this ABC sitcom was outdated years before *Dot Comedy* aired. The show featured host Annabelle Gurwitch and field reporter Katie Puckrik sort of making fun of nerds in a no-budget news format. The skits looked suspiciously like they were put together by Jay Leno's *Tonight Show* writers. Lots of terrible prop comedy and making improv come off like it was read from cue cards.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=94FdMmCIfSY

The quality of the show was on par with a late night vitamin infomercial on CMT. The ratings were about as good. Died after one episode.

The Will (2005)

Not every show is cancelled just because of bad ratings. The CBS reality show *The Will* pitted wealthy businessman Bill Long's family and friends and some random hot chick with big tits against one another in various physical challenges in order to become the sole beneficiary of Long's will. Variety described the challenges, which included contestants placing their hand on a safe for hours on end, saying "[they] exhibit a level of excitement normally reserved for waiting in line at Home Depot."

Originally shit-canned by ABC before it got off the ground, CBS picked up the concept and created this stinker. It was dogged by controversy and debuted to the lowest ratings of any CBS show that week. It went on to air on Fox Reality Channel.

Secret Talents of the Stars (2008)

Okay, TV, just stop. You don't need to make anymore TV shows because you made this. A pathetic grasp at relevance by every single person on the show, *Secret Talents* included such gems as country singer Clint Black (coached by Gary Shandling) performing a stand-up routine, Cindy Margolis performing magic and Ben Stein dancing the jitterbug.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oAXSXWuBYO8

"What do all of these celebrities you see here have in common?" asks the promo. Their careers are flat-lined. The show debuted to horrible ratings. It was announced as an eight-week reality contest, but it was put out of our misery by the bumbling CBS network after just a single episode aired.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.28 How to Become an Adult Novelty Baron, Probably

Tuesday, Jan 31, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

I'm not a dildo baron myself, but I do have an eye for opportunity and a nose for adventure. I'm also not a businessman and have no patience for much of anything but computer jokes, so here's how I assume a person with a little bit of time and money could actually turn their entire life around with the help of a truckload of dildos. If you become a millionaire doing this stuff, just buy me a beer sometime. Similarly, if you lose your life savings on a dildo venture, don't come looking for me. I also have no connections to the dildo world and don't really care if you try~

Dildo Construction

Don't worry about it! You can order huge shipments of cheap and probably non-toxic dildos straight from China or other major manufacturing regions for a pittance. Go look around the Internet for dildeals. Personally, I like the look of the **(Not work-safe warning)**~wide range of dildos available from trading hub Alibaba (which seems to be like a weird bulk eBay that even sells dangerous chemicals) that you can order for just a few bucks a pop, in cases of 500 or 1,000 or more, and they're yours to do with as you please! Don't keep too many for yourself, though-- it'd probably be a good idea to try and sell them for $30 or more. Maybe more if the dildos look valuable, shiny, unique, or bejeweled in some way. *Just order a crate of strange dildos from overseas, idiot!*

Packaging

You can't just sell loose dildos to people. Probably nobody is going to buy a loose dildo out on the street out of a rusty shopping cart full of dildos. (But the kind of folks who WOULD may also more easily be repeat customers, so maybe it's not a terrible idea.) Your best bet is to go traditional and box them up somehow. Get boxes or freezer bags somewhere. I don't know anything about packaging, really, except for the fact that you'll need...

Marketing

Your packaging will need lots of sexy slogans in order to sell the product and drive the sale home-- to the checkout register. Come up with your own, or take a gander at some hot slogans of mine:

- "Work Your Hole Over With This Monster"
- "Just Shove It Up In There, Why Not"
- "Wow Look How Big It Is. Hide This One, You're Toast If Someone Finds It"
- "The Gallant Dildo"
- "The Buick Of Fake Dicks"
- "Wow"
- "'Buy my huge sick dildos that you can twirl through your fingers to impress friends and onlookers. Make them think you know what you're doing.' -A promise from our CEO"

You will also need a friendly mascot. I suggest the Dildog (not the dog from Dilbert). You'll need to use your own creativity to decide whether Dildog is a dildo-shaped dog, a dog-shaped dildo, or a dopey cartoon dog that roams the town with a dildo stuck in it. I refuse to say how I picture the Dildog because I don't want anyone thinking any less of me as a person.

Conclusion

If you've spent about $4 per "unit" and like $2 each on hot packaging, then spent a couple minutes of your own time folding each box out and placing a dildo inside, you're only up to like $7 each. Turn around and sell those things for like $30, and you are now basically a millionaire. All you have to do now is sell 3 or 4 dildos every hour every day to your family, friends, and neighborhood to make a living. Don't worry, those bad boys will practically sell themselves.

Good luck, and happy dildoing!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 Skymall Product Reviews: Komfort Kollar

Wednesday, Feb 01, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Stuart from San Jose, CA

Was very surprised to feel a sharp pain when I put it on. I don't remember much of what happened next, but I guess I fell asleep and had to be carried off the flight when it landed. I don't want to remove the kollar now, because it seems to be holding my neck together. Guess it's a good thing I put it on when I did, otherwise I might be dead.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Janet from Palm Springs, CA

Hi. I had high hopes for this neck pillow since I travel a lot. I was very disappointed to learn that once it is attached it cannot be removed. The sharp barbs ensure that the throat and jugular will be fatally slashed should removal be attempted. Would have preferred a warning before I put it on.

It's very comfortable otherwise, but extremely restrictive when I am not trying to relax on a plane. Hello, I'm not Tom Hanks in the movie "The Terminal." I don't live on an airplane!

Age: 35-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Rory from Momma's Gulch, TN

A life saver! I don't know how many trips have been ruined by a sore neck after a long flight. I was very startled to learn that it is impossible to remove this pillow without dying, but I'd rather suffer a loss of mobility than endure another stiff neck again.

Perfect gift for a frequent flyer.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Steve Busey from Gillette, WY

Pet owners need to beware. Once you put this on, any dogs you come in contact with will start barking themselves silly at you. We had to get rid of our beloved dog after he barked so much he caused permanent damage to this throat.

I am a little regretful I didn't get item CDA101 instead, since it is far more compact and does not appear to permanently graft itself to the wearer / irritate dogs. I also cannot turn my neck which makes it hard to look at ladies.

I recommend you find a better neck collar.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review:

By Allison from Seattle, WA

Pros: Extremely comfortable memory foam support helps you relax on long trips.

Cons: Sharp hooks inside cushion dig into neck and become locked around jugular. Thankfully, the hooks are coated with a numbing agent, so you won't feel much pain 24 hours after you put it on.

All and all an excellent travel pillow.

Age: 35-40

Customer Review:

By Colette from Sioux Falls, SD

We got this one for our dad who travels a lot. He was delighted to try it on after unwrapping it, but horrified when he started feeling sharp pain upon trying to remove it. We all joined in to help, but then it started beeping frantically and wouldn't stop until we let go and backed away. We looked in the manual and found that it cannot be removed without killing the wearer. We're very disappointed SkymMall would sell such a product.

I will surely be reviewing all fine print before making any future purchases.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review:

By Stoot in South Bend, IN

he dead. pappa put on the komfort kollar and now he dead. he still moving and talking, but it ain't him. he dead.

Age: 11-15

Customer Review:

By Tallman520

I am very, very disappointed in this product. As a tall man, I ordered two thinking I might need the extra neck support. Now I've got two of these things on, the top one of which is covering my lower jaw and preventing me from opening my mouth fully This has had a serious detrimental effect on my diet, and I've lost a lot of weight. You'd think these Kollars would loosen as a result, but somehow they know to keep digging in tighter.

Don't push your luck. One is definitely more than enough.

Age: 25-30

Customer Review:

By Kurt in Portland, OR

Word of warning to my fellow Komfort Kollar wearers: this does not double as a floatation device. In fact, stay out of water and don't get it wet. You could end up electrocuting yourself badly, and the claws seem to dig in a little deeper when you get it wet.

A real blemish in an otherwise great product.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By CONEHEADFAN from Atlanta, GA

I bought mine back in '05 and almost all the padding has worn off. I've now just got a tight metal collar jabbing into me and a lot of exposed wires, which aren't properly grounded. I wish there was a way to repair it or replace it, but I chose the Komfort Kollar and now I have to live with it, even if my life is a crumbling scrap of what it used to be.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By missangie from Houston, TX

I got this for my husband and I feel absolutely horrible. I think his kollar is defective, because it keeps broadcasting random number sequences in German, then it electrocutes him or randomly tightens on his neck. I can't count the number of times it's caused him to lose consciousness from pain or blood loss. How is such a deadly thing even allowed on airplanes?

Definitely won't be buying this model again.

Age: 35-40

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.2 Devil Went Down to Georgia: A Court Case

Thursday, Feb 02, 2012 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

SUPREME COURT OF GEORGIA COURT CASE: S16U9022

JOHNATHON FRENT vs. THE DEVIL

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY WALTER HORNING: Prosecution would like to call to the stand the devil himself.

JUDGE REGGIE BOFKIN: Very well, Mr. Horning.

COURT CLERK CINDY GREY: Do you, The Devil, affirm to tell the truth - the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you?

SATAN: Truth affirmed, mortal!

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Good morning there, Devil. May I call you The Devil?

SATAN: That would make for some awkward sentence structure. May I call you The Lawyer?

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Good point- moving right along. Satan ... can you tell the members of the jury where you were on the day of August 28th, 1978?

SATAN: Yes I can. I was in Georgia. I was looking for a soul to steal. I was in a bind and I was way behind. I was willing to make ...

PROSECUTOR HORNING: We're all aware of your soul-collection deficit that day, Satan. No

need to regale us. So you're roaming the woods of Georgia trying to find someone to rob of their soul. And can you tell the court whom it is you found on that day?

SATAN: Yes ... I came across a young man sawing on a fiddle and playing it hot, then I jumped up on a hickory stump and ...

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Again Satan, there's no need to go all 'Charlie Daniels' on us. You agree that the man you met that day was the plaintiff, Mr. Johnathon Frent.

SATAN: He only referred to himself as 'Johnny.' I can't confirm his full name, no.

PROSECUTOR HORNING: That's interesting, Satan. I would think you'd be fully aware of the plaintiff's name, being as it's written and signed more than a dozen times in the contract you penned that day. Is that correct?

SATAN: I'm not aware of any contract.

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Really? Well, a search warrant of your chateau in Hell turned up no less than three copies of said contract. Why, Mr. Frent himself even presented us with the copy you provided him that day! The prosecution would like to enter into evidence Exhibit A: The contract between Johnathon Frent and The Devil written and signed on that ...

SATAN: HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS OF SUCH LIES!?! I WILL CRUSH YOUR BODY BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF MY HELLISH LEGS!!! I WILL PERCH UPON YOUR TWISTED CORPSE AND PICK THROUGH YOUR BURSTING ABDOMEN, MY FINGERS DRIPPING WITH THE ...

JUDGE BOFKIN: ORDER IN THE COURT! ORDER IN THE COURT!

SATAN: I'm sorry, your honor.

JUDGE BOFKIN: I'll allow the evidence.

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Thank you, your honor. Let's just go ahead and go through the terms of this contract, titled Form HC656-2: Contest for Possession of Souls and/or Impractical Items. First and foremost, let's discuss exactly who this contract concerns. It says here, and I quote, " ... and on this day, August 28th of the year 1978, a contest shall be held between Johnathon Frent, herein referred to as The Challenger, and The Dark Lord Satan, herein referred to as The Champion."

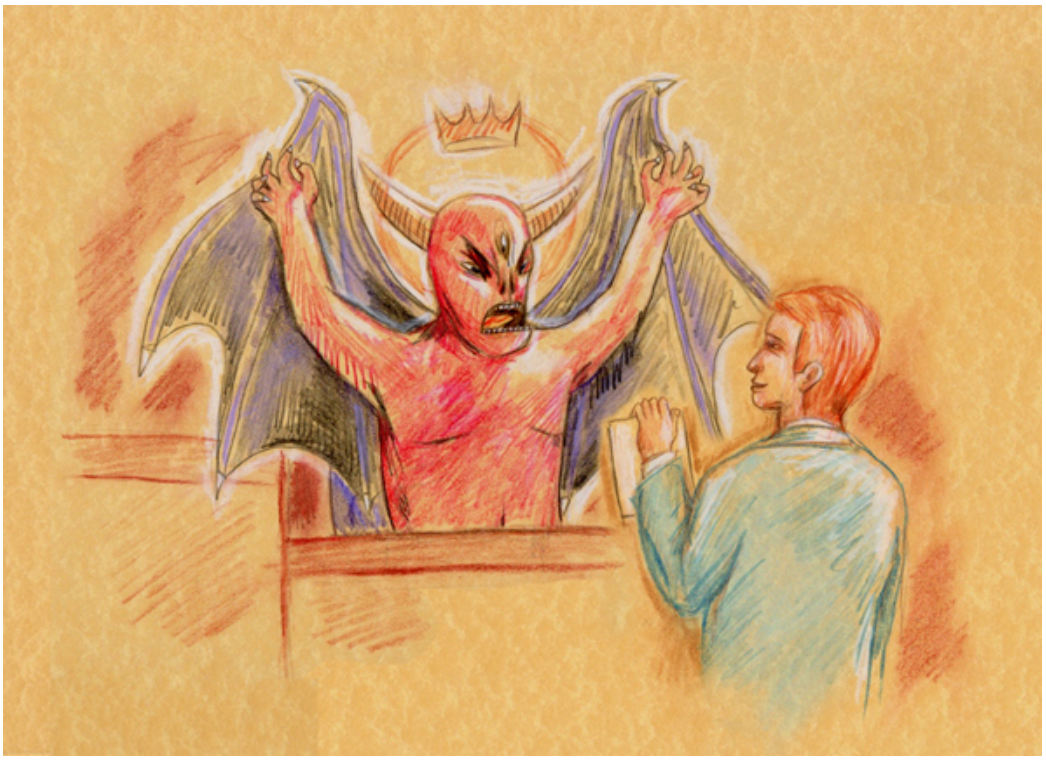
That's a pretty interesting title you hold there, Satan. You're the champion? Champion of what, I wonder? Were you claiming to be The Champion of the Fiddle?

SATAN: Yes, that's correct. Just one year prior I entered a fiddle contest in your wretched human state of Texas. The competition was lackluster at best. After three rounds of furious fiddling I walked away with the trophy and the title - Fiddle Champion of the World.

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Now you'd be referring to the Kings of the Fiddle tournament held in El Paso, am I correct? Held every year on the 3rd Saturday of August? This particular contest occurring on August 20th of 1977?

SATAN: Yes, I think that's right.

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Hmmm. You see Satan, that just doesn't jibe with me. We did a little research and found that Perry Beckman from Nashville won the contest that year. As a matter of fact he came in first place at Kings of the Fiddle every year from 1974 to 1979. We're also aware that out of all of the times you competed at Kings of the Fiddle, the best you ever did was a fourth-place finish in 1980. Now I'm no fiddlin' expert, but I'm pretty sure that a fourth-place



finish doesn't qualify you to hold the title of Champion. So how can you refer to yourself as such in a legally binding contract, and expect it to hold any water?

SATAN: PERRY BECKMAN IS A COCKSUCKING MAGGOT'S FEAST! HIS FIDDLING IS GHASTLY AND UNWORTHY OF ANY SUCH TITLE! YOUR ACCUSATIONS HAVE GUARANTEED YOUR DESTRUCTION, ATTORNEY!!! I'LL SWALLOW THE BONES OF YOUR LEGS AND VOMIT THEM UPON THE FACES OF YOUR CHILDREN! WHO IN THE FUCK DO YOU THINK ...

JUDGE BOFKIN: ORDER IN THE COURT! I SAID ORDER IN THE COURT, DEVIL! Now you may be Mr. Hotpants where you come from, but you're in a Georgia court room, boy! You act up one more time and I'll have you shackled and removed under contempt of court! Do you understand me, son?

SATAN:: I do, you robed and filthy bitch of God.

JUDGE BOFKIN: Excuse me?!

SATAN: Nothing, your honor.

PROSECUTOR HORNING: So we have a contract already falsified and invalidated by misrepresentation of your status. Let's move on to the meat of this contest - the prizes. We're all very aware that you were in the market for some poor hillbilly's soul that day. It's no surprise this contract places at stake Mr. Frent's very own 'poor hillbilly soul.' Here's where things get sticky. As a wager against Mr. Frent's soul, you yourself put up, as it says here in the contract, "a shiny fiddle made of gold." Is that correct?

SATAN: The shiniest golden fiddle in all of Hell and beyond!

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Yes indeed, Devil. That certainly sounds alluring. And we all know the tale of how you played a few horrendous notes on your fiddle, and then further attempted to scam Mr. Frent by allowing 'a band of demons' to join in. Let's go ahead and chalk up another violation of the contract there. So you and your demons finish your little jam session, and then Johnathon Frent played his piece. And what was the result of this, Satan?

SATAN: I hung my head ... because I knew that I'd been beat. I reluctantly laid my golden fiddle on the ground at Mr. Frent's feet. He then offered me a future rematch and proceeded to call me a son-of-a-bitch.

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Is this the fiddle you laid at Mr. Frent's feet? I'd like to present into evidence Exhibit 2a: The Prize Fiddle awarded to Johnathon Frent after he put his soul on the line that day.

SATAN: Damnit ...

PROSECUTOR HORNING: Members of the jury, you can tell just by looking at this "fiddle" that it's not an illustrious golden fiddle from Hell, is it? What I'm holding here is a tiny plastic children's guitar. It's spray-painted a dingy shade of gold, and packed full of sandbags to add heft. Now you and I can take one glance at this ... this ... mockery of an actual instrument and tell that it's not shiny, it's not gold, and it's not even a fiddle for that matter. But Johnathon Frent couldn't tell the difference - because Johnathon Frent is legally blind. He's been blind since his birth in 1956, and this is a fact that Satan was attempting to exploit on that day- isn't that right devil?!? YOU WERE TRYING TO SCAM A BLIND MAN!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY GARY THURMOND: Objection, your honor! This is purely speculatory!

SATAN: YOU HAVE SPOKEN YOUR LAST ACCUSATORY WORD, YOU BAG OF BEAST PUS!!! I WILL RIP YOUR THROAT INTO RIBBONS OF MEAT 'NEATH THE TEETH IN MY VERY MOUTH! IN HORROR THE JURY WILL WATCH AS I FILL YOUR OPEN NECK WITH MY FECES AND SEMEN! PREPARE TO BE THE DEVIL'S DUMPSTER OF FILTH!

JUDGE BOFKIN: I've heard enough. Bailiff, arrest this demon. GET HIM OUT OF MY COURT!

> Who is this 'Satan' charlatan you stoop to immortalize, one **Ali Horn**? Inform me at once!
> **-- Golan the Insatiable**

-∼Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

2.3 The Reificant: Battle

Friday, Feb 03, 2012 by @Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.

I AM.
Reificant.
I AM.

The living past. The burning bones made flesh. From water. From before. One now many.

You will listen. This is story of **FLESH** I have inhabited. Begins and does not end. Let it stand as warning to you and your kind.

I am not of your flesh, I have burned within it.

I am not of your place, I have walked its deserts.

I remember...

I BEGIN. I AM.

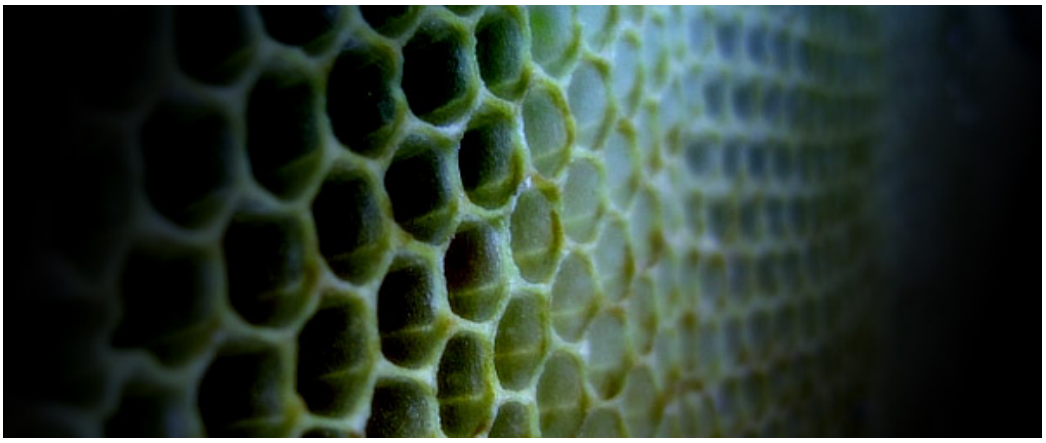
I exist in flood of life through my **QUEEN.** By hundreds we adhere to the walls of the birth chamber. Our fruit ripens. Mammals are thrust into the world. They spill into existence. I devour my way into the world. I choose to live rather than smother within the membrane of my ovum.

Wriggling. Without context. Soft. My shell not yet grown. The winnowers scent my purpose.

My gestation is fortunate. My **QUEEN** imbues me with potential to be revealed in the hatchery. My plump, soft body lengthens, nourished by the milk of the secretors. The winnowers quill with excitement above the entrance of the waxen comb.

I AM something more. I am a sunken monument revealed by retreating oceans, the weave of my tissues exposing the genetic monoliths of elaborate patterns and segments possessed only by the mightiest warriors of our spire. I exist not for worker's monotony or the short, brutal life of warrior drones.

I AM FOREVER AND WILL BE a guardian, thinking fighter, **CHAMPION**, wise as a learned devisor and the equal in battle of a formation of simple warriors of any spire. I swear a



personal oath, with the loudest words of my quill, to serve the **QUEEN** until my death. I dip my antennae and lower my tarsi and, with effort, avert my gaze from the rapturous beauty of her majesty. My duty is etched in my body. My faith is etched in my mind.

MY **QUEEN** is the Ordinal and the Diviner, Regnant Queen the 888th, whose perfected physical body contains all distilled wisdom and strength of our spire. She is the largest of our kind, resplendent in her throne room, body iridescent crimson and golden and black, like polished stones. Nature could not devise a vision more sublime. No artist could assemble a sculpture more compelling. Her eyes that see me are like stars that glitter in the sky above at night. She is attended by the swarms of winnowers and secretors, advised by a chorus of devisors and shapers.

My **QUEEN** relies upon my ability. The scent of her favor fills my carapace to bursting. At her command I deal with deficiencies within our spire. I remove derelict workers and scour the lower levels for malcontents that might creep into our midst.

A hundred times I am dispatched as an emissary to upstart spires that threaten my **QUEEN**'s preeminence. I am a jagged claw offered in friendship. I savor the sour odor of discomfort my presence causes in the meager throne rooms of bristling, lesser queens. War is always averted by such visits. Obedience is achieved.

Not this time.

The air is stifling in this lesser queen's chamber. She has many guardians. She refuses to hear my quills. She speaks with her pheromones and I am sickened. I return with words of war. Why has this traitor queen declared herself an equal to my own? Others align themselves with the betrayer. Preparations commence for a great conflict. The swarms of warriors begin the slow circle above our spire.

This serpent shadow falls upon the gardens built to honor my **QUEEN**. The memory obelisks of past generations are reduced to tombs. Their vast, silent halls of statues and desiccataphs echo with the distant thrum of warriors at wing. The beauty of our city is forgotten. None sit upon the shore and contemplate the dark tide of the Surata. There is time only for the present, for claw and **HISS** and hot beams that split open the shell of our enemies.

MY **QUEEN** pronounces a final hope. **TREASON** must always be answered with **VIOLENCE**, but in her wisdom She knows the horror of mass war can yet be avoided. I am chosen to lead the greatest of her champions and descend upon the enemy spire. I must locate the affliction, the renegade organ, and remove it.

I take wing with my brothers. Skirmishes begin at the limits of my **QUEEN**'s pheromones. Distant fire touches a renegade spire. The beat of our wings is lost to the din of this battle. We swoop through the combat, enemy warriors small and under nourished, easily caught in our claws and split open. We divert their swarm, taking the enemy with us, turning them away from our spire and confusing their simple commanders.

My **QUEEN**'s swarms are unmatched at battle, drilled to precision, festooned with the weapons of the past. The feeble enemy is torn to pieces. Yet, they come on, undaunted, unnumbered. How do so many come forth?

No time to continue fight. Warriors must delay the foe while my brothers and I execute our **QUEEN**'s will. We detect the foul scent of renegade spire. It is sickly with growth. Disorderly construction bulges. The sky above teems with a vast host. Black swarms of warriors circle in final preparation for great battle. Impossible numbers. Many times more than should gather from the renegade's alliance.

GO. My brothers give their lives to battle. The **HISS** and **CLICK** is all around. Limbs are torn out. Heads split open beneath the blade. Softness spillsss.

I AM Her will as **VIOLENCE**. I honor Her with slaughter. My wish is to continue, my duty is to leave my brothers to work. They are unafraid of death. In time they will fall against this endless enemy. I must succeed. I must locate the renegade queen within tainted spire and answer her **TREASON**.

In throes of **VIOLENCE** to enter the enemy spire is to suffocate on scent of lies. My quills shudder with disgust at false queen's miasma. The cloying foulness is more than betrayal. The scent is corruption, as if the queen was dead and her pheromones were the wafting stench of her decaying softness.

I create **VIOLENCE** in great quantities. Her warriors and workers meet me in the renegade's tunnels. My old weapons **FLASH** and the enemy becomes steam. I take to wing so that I do not tread in their bubbling jelly. The traitors do not possesses these ancient weapons. They do not need such weapons. They are fearless. Through their numbers they exhaust these secrets and I am left with my jaws and forelimbs. The **HISS** and **CLICK** is all around. I bathe in the lymph of their softness. They hesitate. They are awed by my savagery. Their fear of death seems to return and I tear through their midst.

Down. I follow her scent lower and lower. This is no soaring queen of her spire. Bunker queen. Ashamed. **TRAITORS** await me in the false queen's chamber. Her numerous guards stand ready.

Her chamber a smooth, barren cave. No winnowers. No swollen ovipositor disgorging her brood. I can sense her there. A void. A barren queen.

I ignore her guardians and taunt her. I strum a challenge. I wave my hind legs. Arrogant queen. Small and foolish. She heaves from her unused birthing cradle and waggles her abdomen. She pushes past her guardians.

ONE chance. **ONE** moment. She strums to me with the golden quills that glisten on her back.

your spire will fall she says and comes closer.

the ichor of your brothers will poison the garden she taunts and comes closer still.

your useless queen will lie broken upon her throne she taunts and comes close enough to touch.

My blade severs limbs. My jaws are strong. My tarsi pierce the collar of her shell. I taste the sweet flow of her lymph, her innards stain the plate of my thorax, my breath bursts through covered spiracles in a gory mist. **TREASON** is answered with **VIOLENCE**.

Her guards reel from her destruction. Recover. Surround me and strike me with claw and blade. They are able to subdue me. My shell is cracked. The dome of one eye is fractured. I am dragged away. Disorder does not consume this spire as it should without its queen. I find myself pulled deeper, my own lymph staining the floor. My life is waning. I accept this fate. My purpose has been served.

IMPOSSIBLE.

The traitor queen yet lives. She is smaller, her body still soft at its joints as if she is only just grown to her royal state. She rises, arrogant as before, her legs beating against the floor in exultation. The stone beneath my body shakes. I am too weak to face her again.

your spire will fall she taunts and parades around me i possess the water

drown him she commands and I am dragged deeper still, into the bowels beneath the renegade spire, past a steady marching line of workers and warriors, their bodies soft and new. The stench of this place is primordial. No pheromones dwell here, but something old and foul resides.

QUIET soon. Darkness comes and goes. I am beneath the spire, in a cavern so large its roof is lost to darkness. It is very hot. The guardians that have brought me to this place lift me up, my limbs dangling useless, my body broken, my softness spilling out. I can see the expanse of some great,

white lake and from it, upon sloping shores of smooth rock, comes a wriggling tide of life. Workers, warriors and all other types, squirming up, wrapped in gelatinous fabrics, as if birthed from the water itself.

I do not understand this place. I am cast down, into this water and my shell boils and breaks and is pulled apart by unseen tides. My softness empties out into the water. I exist in darkness. I see the dusty halls of ancestral obelisks, long forgotten. The statues have been pulled down. The desiccataphs are broken open and scattered. The monuments of my spire's history - of the history of all spires - has been ransacked.

MY QUEEN is there, alive, but she will only show me her back. I try to circle around her. She turns away. She will not look at me. The shame I feel is such that I am glad to be dead.

I AM.

Impossible. I rise on rocky shore, buffeted on all sides by those heaving up around me. I emerge from the water and tear at the membrane that encloses me. I am within a cavern, surrounded by the workers and warriors of the traitors. They are fearful. The spire shakes above us. Huge stones break loose from the ceiling and plunge into the water.

They flee all around me and I am in their midst, dragged along into the collapsing tunnels and out, into the garden and the boulevard beyond the spire, to witness the last battle of my people joined by things I do not recognize.

I AM AND FOREVER WILL BE watching as the spires begin to fall.

*****

https://vimeo.com/36054541

Find out more about the upcoming novel from Zack Parsons

-~@Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

2.4 How To Beat Up An Entire Football Team By Yourself

Saturday, Feb 04, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Start the fight by running along a wall in slow motion and kicking one guy in the face. Try to get his head to spin around and spray a fine mist of sweat into the air. Land with your back to everyone else, slowly turning your head to smirk over your shoulder.

One down, 44 to go. Or 52, if you're also going after the inactive roster. Take a moment to select your next target.

Don't go after the starters first. They seem like the most immediate threat, but it's a mistake. The no-name second and third string guys are used to sitting things out then coming in and making an impact. Focus on them right away to catch them off guard. As a bonus, an ignored starter is an angry starter, more likely to make a mistake as his wounded ego lashes out.

Block a guy's punch, grabbing his extended arm. Swing him around like a shotput then throw him into a crowd. Everyone will fall over when he lands, and they will all be rendered unconscious.

Grab two guys by the sides of their heads, knocking them together. A comedic coconut noise will ring out if you've done it right.

An extraordinarily large guy will split the air with a challenging roar. Stand still as he runs towards you, winding up his punch. When his meaty fist connects with your jaw, remain perfectly stationary. Don't bleed or get injured at all. Take off your shades and ask him if that's the best he's got. When he turns to run, casually pick up a football, inspect its seams, and toss it in a high arc. The ball will hit him on the head when he's really far away and he will be knocked out.

At this point you will be swarmed by a bunch of dudes. Neatly sidestep all of their attacks, countering with perfectly placed punches and kicks. Duck under one guy's extended arm, then spin, rolling across his back as another guy swings at you and connects with the first guy's face.

Let the group of guys overwhelm you. Disappear under the mass of snarling fury. After a few seconds, stand up and extend your arms, effortlessly tossing everyone into the air. Make it look like a pile of leaves being blown apart by a buried stick of dynamite.

Allow a pair of twins to close in on either side of you, their swords at the ready. Do a split as their blades swing through the air on their way to your head. Make sure the swords clang off one another, falling harmlessly as the twins grab their injured wrists. Stand back up quickly, your fists connecting with the twins' chins in dual uppercuts.

Roll to the side as the quarterback fires his sniper rifle from the open side of a hovering helicopter. Get a running start as he curses and reloads. Jump while pulling your arm back, then land your punch on the helicopter pilot's face.

After setting the helicopter's autopilot for the sun, pull out a bunch of random wires so the destination cannot be changed. Wave at the quarterback as he swings his rifle around towards your face then jump off and land on a rooftop before he can fire.

Find the stairwell. Make sure that all the guys coming up the stairs after you are in a single file line. Run down the stairs, punching them all in turn.

When you step outside of the building, have it rain dramatically. Flex your knuckles as the last guy emerges from an alley across the street. The kicker.

Stay still as he runs towards you, flashes of lightning momentarily illuminating his stark features. Remain calm as he winds up a muscled leg for the kick of a lifetime. As his leg extends, smile.

Note the look of confusion on his face as his foot connects with your chest. Or, rather, with your kick-proof vest.

After the kicker explodes in a fireball as tall as a skyscraper, stride through the flames. Reach your hand out and catch the coin that you tossed into the air just before the battle began. Don't even bother to check which side is face up. You already know who won. It isn't the guys you just beat up.

It's you. You're the one that won. Because you won the fight.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.5 Please Attend the Unparalleled Greatness of My Foot Ball Party

Sunday, Feb 05, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Attachment:cornchips.jpg

Dear Steve,

You've never seen so many corn chips. Right at this moment my aunt is lining up bag after bag on one ornately designed card table. Those bags could be yours! You clench in one hand Nacho Cheese, the other Taco. There is nothing better for a foot ball match than corn chips!

And, Steve, we have so many corn chips here that you will be so distracted with flavor that you won't even notice my moles once. You'll have no desire to cover your face with permanent marker dots and do your impression of me in my own home. I promise. No coworkers will be there to egg you on, so all you'll want to do is chill on my couch with a big old bowl of corn chips and watch some foot ball match with your buddy and his aunt and step-uncle.

Do you like black corn chips, Steve? That wasn't meant to be racist. I mean they have actual black colored chips. Science, I guess. If you come to the party, we have some here that you can try during the foot ball match. If you like them, eat a whole bunch, if you don't that's okay too. We got them just for you.

Imagine, Steve: You, me, my aunt and step-uncle just sitting

around, bowls of chips on our laps watching the pregame *Frasier* marathon. Powdered flavor circling our mouths, no one mentioning moles, and Dr. Crane and Niles getting into all sorts of silliness drinking their coffee. Sounds like the perfect start to me!

Attachment: frasier.jpg

But, Steve, *Frasier*'s just the start. Believe it or not, we have a bowl made out of corn chip that is then filled with corn chip. I saw it online and I thought of you. Had to have it. Second I ordered it, I started getting flush with excitement. You know how I get-red, hives, you call me Bumpy Jack, everyone laughs, etc. Well it was like that, but in my own home and I had the proper medicine. That's how thrilled I am for this corn chip bowl, Steve. It is, I kid you not, the most beautiful thing in the entire world and I am offering it to you.

Half time, Madonna, your corn chips in a corn chip bowl. Heaven? I think so, Steve. I think so. What could make this better? Oh, I don't know, did someone rent a karaoke machine. Yes. I did. As the foot ball match is going on, we can take turns between munching on some corn chips and dueting our favorite Madonna tracks. Then, when the Gloved Goddess gets on stage, we won't miss a word singing along.

Steve, I know you've been invited to other Foot Ball Parties, but here's why I want you with me. Here's what'll get you. Here's the kicker: Coolest Ranch, a prototype me and my step-uncle are tweaking. It's the Dorito Frito Lays doesn't want you to know about, Steve! Pop one of these bad boys on your tongue and feel the sting of flavor burning your buds. These aren't my mom's corn chips. Though we have those too!

Attachment: cornchips2.jpg

Sure, we won't be able to listen to the commentators or listen to the grunts of steroid users, but, Steve, when the game stops, we can learn about each other. What's your favorite commercial, Steve? What's mine?! We'll find out! Together! Maybe one could even top this corn chip classic. Maybe one will be so good that we will laugh and you won't make that face when those little hairs that curl out from my mole blow around when I breathe.

Steve, I would really appreciate it if you could come to my party this year. I understand you couldn't come last year because you said you were sick even though I saw pictures of you at Ricky's. This year try something new. Try something exciting. Try corn chips, with me.

Frasier starts promptly at 3:30. Please no guests or significant others.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.6 Mitt Romney, Please Shut Up About the Olympics

Monday, Feb 06, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Whenever I hear Mitt Romney touting his credentials as a candidate for President, I can be sure that at some point he's going to mention that he "saved the Olympics." He literally mentions it in every major speech. On his Why Romney website "Saving the 2002 Salt Lake Olympics" is the title of the second section. He thinks "Saving the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City" is only slightly less important than "Business" when it comes to impressing people with his experience.

I'm here to break it to you, Mitt: nobody cares.

Don't believe me? Let me show you the most boring sentence on earth:

The 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City.

It's the most boring city in the country, hosting an Olympics nobody cared about at the time, and it's ten years later.

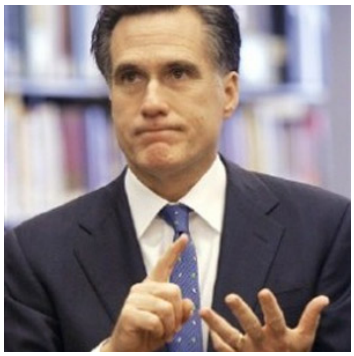
I don't remember the 2002 Winter Olympics. I don't know anybody who remembers them. I bet gold medalists who broke world records triple jumping ski hills don't remember the goddamn Winter Olympics from ten years ago.

Let that sink in, Just For Men. You are going around bragging about something nobody even remembers happening. I sure as hell have no recollection of the Winter Olympics being in danger. What did you save them from? Al Qaeda? Cloverfields? Was this a 1972 Munich Olympics scenario?

You never say, but I'm guessing it's something just as boring as the event itself. I tried to look it up on Wikipedia but the article for the 2002 Winter Olympics was deleted for being non-notable. There was one guy arguing against deletion on the talk page and his account was TAGROMDOG82.

He will grow new fingers if that's what it takes to keep ticking things off on them.I get your predicament. You can't talk about being the Governor of Massachusetts because you're still in the GOP primary where that job title might as well be Gay King of France. You've been using Bain Capital, but you don't want to delve into that one too much or you'll have to start explaining Cayman Islands accounts or the fact that you pay lower taxes than your secretary's dog. You dodged military service

and your father was born in Mexico on a polygamy compound straight out of Big Love, so that rules those two out. About the only thing you have left are those damned Olympics.



Avoid the temptation. Unless Newt Gingrich challenges you to a series of Voight-Kampff tests and you foolishly accept, you should have this primary thing wrapped up. Start looking ahead to the general and prove you're just an average guy. You have plenty going for you in that respect.

You've never said any of the major f-words or c-words. You know how to correctly operate a clothing cleaner machine. You like to bet one dollar bills on sport matches. You can transfer diesel fuel to your land transport vehicle exactly as the manual describes. You have even figured out how to move your hand on a dog's head in a natural, friendly way.

Once you've demonstrated that you are just like Joe Nextdoor to every American, they will trust you. You can explain anything to them and they'll probably buy it. For example, you could tell them that the only way to fix the economy is to do all the stuff we were doing right before the economy melted down, only do it more and do it harder.

Just don't talk about the frigging Olympics.

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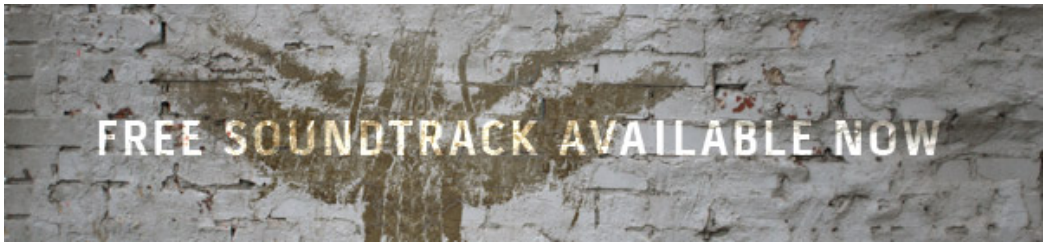


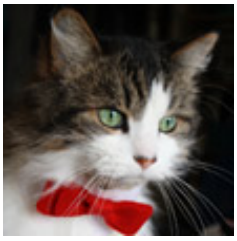
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.7 The Shaggy Butte Downtown Dreams Festival

Tuesday, Feb 07, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

It's almost that time of year again, Shaggy Butters: the 19th annual Downtown Dreams Festival will be taking over the Shaggy Butte Plaza from Friday, March 2nd through Sunday, March 4th! As always, we've got a stellar schedule of fine art, food, local vendors, rock music and fun. Best of all, we've got the best lineup of big-ticket headliners Downtown Dreams has ever seen. Get ready to laugh, dance, eat, cry and learn!

FRIDAY AT 8PM: MEOW ALONG WITH ALBERT BAILEY'S WORLD-FAMOUS CAT CHOIR



Shaggy Butte's own Albert Bailey has been touring his cat attraction worldwide since 1913, but now he's back for a rare hometown show! "With Thomas Edison's miraculous and invigorating DIRECT CURRENT electricity, these tuneful felines are joyfully stimulated to song! They holler out the popular hits of yesterday and today before falling into a blissful, electrocuted slumber!"

Think your pussycat has what it takes to be a star? Albert Bailey is looking for a kitty understudy! "My lead soprano grows increasingly sluggish with each performance, requiring larger and larger jolts of miraculous and invigorating DIRECT CURRENT electricity to hit the right notes. If your cat has an attractive yowl, please bring it in for an audition! Remember: for safety, I use only the most trusted DIRECT CURRENT electricity to stimulate your cat."

SATURDAY AT NOON: WITNESS THE UNVEILING OF OUR GREATEST TREASURE OF PUBLIC ART

They were words that rang out across the free world: "In Shaggy Butte, mechanic Rick Daisey works 60 hours a week in his shop, but still has trouble putting food on the table for his kids." With this statement, in a 2008 campaign speech in Milwaukee, the then-future president Barack Obama brought national attention to our humble hometown.

The words were a local sensation, and even the Shaggy Butte Republican Party-- the only organized political party in town-- wholeheartedly endorsed Obama. "Shaggy Butte Republicans wanted a candidate who understood the working man," says treasurer Dale Holmstadt. "Barack Obama was that candidate in 2008. He understood us out loud, by name."

Now, those words will be immortalized in bronze by local artist Maxine Beard. At noon on March 3rd, we invite all of Shaggy Butte to witness the unveiling of "Words of Hope and Freedom," a life-sized statue of President Barack Obama, inside a life-sized television set, saying the words "In Shaggy Butte..." in a life-sized speech bubble. On hand for the unveiling will be the entire local government of Shaggy Butte, the artist herself, and a very special guest: "Rocky" Biden, adult nephew of our Vice President!

The statue will be dedicated to the memory of Rick Daisey's children.

SATURDAY AT 3PM: MEET THE MAN WHO MET THE MONKEES

In 1969, Shaggy Butte son Carl Dearborn met legendary TV rockers The Monkees, and now he's ready to tell the tale with a fun-filled evening of rock reminiscence! "For more than forty minutes, I was in the presence of greatness," Dearborn recollects. "I met Davey, Peter and Mickey, and we talked a little bit, and I asked them what it was like to be in The Monkees. Michael Nesmith was in the bathroom, but he talked through the door." You can ask Carl anything about his moments with The Monkees-- he'll hold nothing back in this celeb tell-all extravaganza!

Please note: Carl would prefer not to answer any questions related to Michael Nesmith's time in the bathroom.

SATURDAY AT 9PM: SCREAM ALL NIGHT WITH THE SHAGGY BUTTE ROCK AND ROLL ALL-STARS

Shaggy Butte is a legendary beacon of the rock music scene. Over the years, we've hostednational touring acts like Mudvayne, Kenny Rogers and even Grammy nominee Lou Bega (twice!). We've also produced plenty of homegrown talent, and we'll be putting it on full display this Saturday night, when four local music luminaries and a special out-of-town guest unite to form a one-time-only ROCK SUPERGROUP of extravagant proportions! And now, your very first peek at the extraordinary ineup:

On lead vocals: Most of us know Shaggy Butte as the Fictional Birthplace of Chris Isaak(TM), as stated on the Showtime original series The Chris Isaak Show... but it's also the REAL birthplace of America's most beloved fictional Chris Isaak! Local boy Gordon "Kris Isaac" Poothe has toured the nation's clubs with his rockin' tribute act, but now the pompadour's come home to roost.

On backing vocals: nationally-recognized 2003 American Idol auditionee Jennifer Planks! She may not have picked up a golden ticket to Hollywood, but she got something even better: a one-way bus ticket back to Shaggy Butte, where her true talents can be appreciated!

On guitar: None other than "Rocky" Biden, legendary adult nephew of Vice President Joe Biden! Not only is "Rocky" one of the nation's most well-regarded political adult nephews, he's also a master of shredding out the licks-- he's shared the stage with Boz Skaggs, pop-rock legend Jimmy Ray, and a combined plurality of the Doobie Brothers. Note: parents fear not, we've asked "Rocky" Biden to place stickers over the nipples and genitals of his world-famous "Slutocaster" guitar.

On bass guitar: Heavy metal legend and Shaggy Butte bass hero Lord Gnashtooth of the acclaimed black metal outfit Gutgorger! "Hell on earth awaits all who stand before my bowel-rending bass horror," enthuses Gnashtooth.

On drums and harmonizing vocals: Shaggy Butte is a town known for its healthy dog culture, so no local supergroup would be complete without a musical pooch! You've seen him every Saturday night on his cable access program, "Dogbeat," and now you can witness his phenomenal talent in person: Arf Garfunkel, the Musical Dog! Watch this amazing canine expertly paw at a full 360-degree Neil Peart-style drum kit-- you won't believe your eyes or your ears!

SUNDAY AT 2PM: PIG OUT AT THE KRUT-5 ROCKIN' RIB ROLL FOR RENGSTORFF SYNDROME RESEARCH

Better save your appetite for Sunday afternoon, because the 13th annual Rockin' Rib Roll Rock and Roll Rib Eating Contest for Rengstorff Syndrome Research is going to put your guts to the limit! KRUT-5 TV is proud to present this spectacular sauce-dripping bacchanal of culinary excess, emceed by local star Billy the Lunatic from KRUT Rock Radio 96.3-- and, of course, all the meaty proceeds go directly to Rengstorff research!

"Batten down your bibs, butterballs and blubberbutts, cause Billy the Lunatic is going to stuff you with more ribs that you can handle," says Billy the Lunatic. "Billy the Lunatic fears no consequences! I will stuff you until you are injured with meat! Ribs galore await the mouths of the brave-- help us find a cure for Rengstorff Syndrome and have a rib-rockin' great time in the process! Wahoo! Billy away!"

As if racks upon racks of delicious BBQ ribs weren't enough, we'll also have some very, very special guests cheering the contestants on! As we all know, due to the abandoned chemical plant melting through the ground and falling into our water table, Rengstorff Syndrome disproportionally affects children in Shaggy Butte, with over 1,200 cases per 10,000 live births. Help these brave little kids have an awesome time-- they'll be down in the rib gallery, staring up with their characteristic eyeless faces, their translucent skin stretched drum-tight over knobby-boned skulls, their long, skeletal fingers grasping at what they cannot see, their famous hollow, ghostly wails echoing through the plaza. Let's hear it for our Rengstorff buddies... there WILL be a cure!

Sign up soon, because spots are limited!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.8 Dear Mr. Mayor: Please Do Something About the Pirate Ghosts

Wednesday, Feb 08, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dear Mr. Mayor series.

Mayor,

I don't like writing you unless it's absolutely important. Well, this is important. For the last two days the town has been under attack by what appear to be ghostly apparitions. Judging by the fact they are sailing over land in a semi-transparent wooden ship I think we can safely assume these are ghost pirates.

This is a serious matter. I think the townspeople will all agree that issues like potholes can wait. Mayor, it is imperative you address the pirate situation immediately and mobilize necessary emergency services to help the victims. Failing to take charge and show strong leadership could cost you the next election!!!

Angela Chambers,
a concerned citizen

Dear Mayor Butthole,

Thanks for inviting all those undead pirates into our town. They've kidnapped half the Fightin' Cougs causing us to forfeit a key game against Welpsburg. Way to give this season a blackeye.

Do your job and run these pirates out of town, idiot.

Greg Pollock

Mr. Mayor,

I've long enjoyed pirate related fiction. There are many great graphic novels and web comics I would be happy to refer you to. There are also a few good movies on the subject that showcase the grand adventure and spectacle of high seas buccaneers. I was really excited when I heard spectral pirates were in town, as I expected fully to be able to bust out all my favorite pirate expressions. Instead I had to run for my life as these maniacs went crazy stabbing and mutilating people left and right. Not cool. I think we should call them something other than "pirates" because they really give the whole profession and history of piracy a bad name.

Chad Burger

Obama's selling some premium snake oil and the American people are paying top dollar, right Mr. Mayor? That renegade Kenyan has the national debt soaring, and you're following his lead by letting ghost pirates settle an ancient score in our city. Liberal politics as usual.

Last time I checked these pirates weren't flying the American flag and this town was located on American soil. You better see what that equation equals and do the math before us voters have you Shanghaied to Kenya.

Pete Loam

Dear Mr. Mayor,

I've been trying very hard to see the positives of having a crew of murderous ghost pirates sailing around town in a ship that can move through solid objects and cannot be damaged by bullets. I've thought long and I've thought hard, Mr. Mayor. The simple fact is I don't see any good coming out of this situation. So it falls on you, our duly elected leader, to stand up to the pirate menace and say "Not in our Town."

Make us proud,

Larry Dugan

IS IT TRUE?

Be honest, Mr. Mayor. The paper says the pirates are here because you plundered their cursed doubloons. I wouldn't put it past you, as you've had a history of inviting trouble into our town. It certainly would explain why that ghostly ship full of skeletal pirates is sailing around town are climbing down to rob, stab and kidnap townspeople.

Man up and give them back their damn pirate booty before it causes this town anymore damage. We've got problems enough as is with all the potholes. I do not condone a mayor who abides pirates, much less inspires brutal pirate revenge by taking something man ought not to take.

James Wedgehound

Mr. Mayor,

I take full responsibility for the recent troubles in town. I downloaded a Black Eyed Peas album illegally, and now they are here for revenge. I'm sorry for the harm I caused. I will turn myself in at once.

Jeffrey Bird

Mr. Mayor,

Please disregard my last letter and destroy it promptly. I mistook the garishly dressed and shimmering ghost pirates for the musical group the Black Eyed Peas. I see now I was wrong and I apologize for wasting your time.

Once again: I am not responsible for the pirates.

Jeffrey Bird

Dear Mayor,

This whole situation with the ghost pirates showing up and terrorizing our citizens could have been prevented if you followed my advice and made sure they used the Bible as the official text book for every class in our school system. Those pirates would have no business in a Christian town, as the Holy Spirit would have sent them packing the minute they tried to drop anchor.

Dan Moodbeard

Dear Mr. Mayor,

I don't know where you get off holding a tall ships festival in a landlocked town, but you've gone too far this time. I am a taxpayer, which means I pay your salary and you have to do what I say no matter what. If I tell you to kiss a goat, Mr. Mayor, you are obliged to kiss that goat. I'm not telling you to kiss a goat, so don't go doing that on my account. I will not tolerate a government man having relations with animals. What I'm telling you is that WE don't spend a dime on any festivals ever. If people want to get festive, they can spend their own darn money and they can have their festivals quietly in their own houses during reasonable hours.

Herbert Smiley

Mr. Mayor.

One call.

That's all it takes. Pick up the phone and dial the number for Seal Team Six. They capped Osama, they can cap these pirates. Those boys will be in and out in five minutes flat and our town will be riddled with dead pirate bodies. We won't be able to get our mail without stepping over some dead, dumb pirate. That's what I've always wanted for this town and now it can happen. PICK UP THE PHONE, YOU COWARD.

Dave Thimble

Dear Concerned Resident,

Thank you so much for your interest in local government. We here at the mayor's office are delighted to serve a city swelling with so much pride and believe your impassioned letters are the lifeblood of this government.

Contrary to the imaginative folks at the local paper, our Mayor has not stolen any pirate treasure, unless you count a few harmless souvenirs from his recent Caribbean vacation. You can discount those silly front-page articles just as much as you can discount the outlandish rumors that our humble mayor is keeping the stolen skull of the nefarious pirate Captain Bloodheart in his desk drawer. That's patently absurd, no matter how closely the ghostly ship attacking this town matches the one Captain Bloodheart is said to have captained.

Piracy is an unfortunate side effect of today's information age. The only way to truly stop it is with appropriate legislation, such as the recent Stop Online Piracy Act. We urge you to write congress and encourage them to expand SOPA to cover acts of offline piracy as well, enabling us to better fight the ghost pirates plaguing our town.

Thank you,

Janet Cowers

Deputy Mayor

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.9 Life Tips from an Extreme Couponing Spouse

Thursday, Feb 09, 2012 by Anonymous Husband

When your wife of nine years leaves her career as a stay-at-home childless mom for the fast-paced world of extreme couponing, what's a husband to do? Many men find a woman in the workplace intimidating, especially when the workplace is your home and the woman is your wife and she won't stop sobbing hysterically at the "limit 30" printed at the bottom of a coupon for 35 cents off of Gorton's Family-Sized Surplus Oysters. Sometimes these outbursts can be blessings in disguise, but more often than not, we extreme couponing spouses receive terse e-mails telling us to eat all of the about-to-expire Fruit By the Foot in a part of the garage now known as "Quadrant A-4." For these times, I share with you my knowledge to make both your life and marriage semi-tolerable, and optionally functional.

Please don't tell her I did this.

- Know how to manage expectations. If your wife greets you excitedly at the door, eager to show you a "surprise," quickly manipulate your reflexive grimace into something resembling dull enthusiasm. That way, when you are made to witness cases of Barbasol blocking every bathroom fixture, the fragile ego caused by a full day of cream research will remain intact.

- While it may save money, a day of extreme couponing does not replace the wages of a full-time job. Consider opening your house up to neighborhood children as a kind of supermarket museum, where the future shoppers of America can look-but-not-climb-on the products they will one day buy. I must stress the last point, as a single unsupervised visitor ascending a pyramid of Rust-Oleum driveway sealant can soon have you paying out of pocket for a costly child casket, as well as the fines behind the child endangerment ordinance now known as "Becky's Law."

Yes, FOG, whisper to me your dark teachings.

- In times of stress, it helps to answer to a higher power. I call mine THE FOG and it is the result of a pallet of ammonia and bleach perpetually leaking next to each other in the basement.

- Though your wife may break no laws with her extreme couponing activities, she will be regarded as a menace by the bureaucracy of your chosen shopping establishment. Thankfully,

corporate training breeds identical personalities, so please consult the following when dealing with supermarket authorities:

- Albertsons managers: speak softly, but carry a big stick. Avoid the stick. They will try to hit you with it.
- Vons managers: High and mighty. Will respond to groveling, supplicance, urinating self on command.
- Trader Joe's managers: Touchy-feely. Ask to give backrub, make joke about "Trader Jose," then go south of the border.
- Costco managers: Immobile, unfeeling. They are the Terminators of the grocery management world. Fake multiple heart attacks, feign death.
- Having a couponing crisis? Return home, bury your face in the living room carpet, and inhale deeply. Obey THE FOG.
- It is best to abandon any notion of pets in an extreme couponing home. An adorable anniversary present in the form of a tiny kitten soon turned into three days of panicked meowing within the second floor paper towel labyrinth. It's been impossible to go a few feet beyond the top step since that Target ad misprint, so I can only pray that the decomposition process continues as expected.

Is that a supermarket, or the corner of our pantry!? I am not joking. I cannot tell anymore. Someone please help me.

- On this note, once the Extreme Couponing film crew leaves, the team from Hoarders won't be far behind. For the sake of your family's reputation and well-being, see that they don't find cat skeleton one.
- The "checkout" period of an extreme couponing outing is very exciting -- this I will not deny. Those final bill-tallying moments can be more intense than any orgasm, and for many of us this brief moment of ecstasy will have to substitute for the real thing. But after the shouts of "WE GOT THEM" and "LOOK I AM WRAPPED IN THE RECEIPT LIKE A MUMMY" comes the expected post-shopping "downtime." Make sure to be there for your wife, or, alternatively, wedge yourself covertly between storage units until her bad mood blows over. Have a clear escape route planned ahead of time, in case of product shiftage.
- No more space for furniture? Items can be cleverly stacked into couch and chair shapes, with a decorative sheet thrown over them to complete the illusion. Your guests will never know they've been sitting comfortably on several packages of disposable diapers during your dinner party! And they will not want to know. Please do not make the mistake of telling them this.

- Share no details of your nightly FOG OATH. It is between you and THE FOG.

-∼Anonymous Husband

2.10 The Reificant: Collapse

Friday, Feb 10, 2012 by @Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.

I AM.

Reificant.

I AM **again**.

Thought into being. Manifested like morning's frost.

The golden fire of my inner being spreads to new flesh. It motivates new limbs.

Before you now as this luminous husk, forever as you will be, doomed as you will be.

To warn. To recall.

I remember...

I AM prisoner of the many surrounding me. Weaklings. Traitors. Their numbers carry me from the depths of the traitor queen's spire.

The sky above is smoke and storm pulsing with the crackle of violet lightning. Distant mountains split with fire. I take wing, drunk on the pheromones of my enemy. I rise above the press of workers and warriors. I cleave my freedom from their fragile bodies.

Higher. Above the stench of **TREASON**. Beneath the rolling smoke. Battle is above. I can feel it in my lymph. Burning foes plummet through the umbral ceiling by twos and threes, in whole and in pieces. They light this world like dropped candles in a darkened chamber, landing among the teeming masses that fill the boulevard.

My wings trail smoke as I beat through the haze of mountain's fire. I must know. I must confirm what I fear. My **QUEEN**...

War is the assertion of two realities that cannot coexist. War without victory is madness. The last of my **QUEEN**'s swarm is in disarray. The marshals are dead. Confused by the abundance of

enemy pheromones, the scattered survivors are retreating to the great spire. I can see it looming in the distant haze. A shadow redoubt.

The enemy is not in coherent pursuit. They battle one another or find combat with small, black-winged creatures I do not recognize. These beasts are an annoyance to me. I swat them away and split open their screeching bodies. To the lesser warriors they are a danger. I watch as the pale body of an enemy is caught up in a whirlwind of snapping jaws and flapping wings. The panicked song of its quills ends abruptly. Its spiracles whistle with the pain of its death.

The closer I fly to the great spire and do not scent my **QUEEN**, the greater my fear. Without the beacon of her pheromones, my lesser brothers collide with one another or with the upper levels of the spire. They fall in tangled groups and leave smears of softness upon the once-pristine stone. The spire quivers from the movement of the earth.

My **QUEEN** is silent. Her odor is like dust upon the floor. Her spire is violated. Her chamber crawls with the lounging grotesques of the traitor's guards. Their abdomens are distended. Their segments bulge. Some wriggle upon the floor. Some amble slowly among the comb, seizing the soft bodies of the young and devouring them.

TREASON must be answered with **VIOLENCE**. There is no great pleasure to this task. The foe is languid and unconcerned. I dash their heads upon the decorative stones. I spill their softness into the comb. They roll about like disobedient workers drunk on the honey of the secretors. Their quills mock me with laughter at their own deaths. I disarticulate their limbs. I crush the hemispheres of their eyes.

My **QUEEN** is dead. Her beauty is scattered and befouled. Her split extravagance is host to the vilest of these traitors. They lie in her hollowed shell, bathed in lymph, gnawing the last, hanging scraps of her meat. Such is the violence I inflict upon them that I cannot even recall it clearly. I am only violence. There is no mind to it.

Her last brood is dead. Her winnowers helplessly slaughtered. Her jelly eaten. No new queen can be nurtured to take her place. Though it yet stands, my spire is at its end.

I find myself descending back through the smoke. The smell of the traitor queens is everywhere now, as if carried by the fires. The garden is dying. Unhealthy white grows upon every branch and flower. The fleshy fruit the workers once harvested is now putrid. Things I do not recognize scuttle among the dying groves, like crustaceans of the sea, jellies and creatures made from black wires that stalk among them, so slow they almost do not move.

I discover a great heap of dead workers. I do not know if they are from my spire or another. Their bodies are covered in soft, white moss. Pale stalks rise from their spilt shells, topped with luminous,

blue fruit that gently pulses all around me.

I come across warriors of a spire that fought on the side of my **QUEEN**. This white moss clings to their shells. They lift their heads at my approach and plead for help. The sickly dirge of their quills is repellent. I give them the mercy of swift death.

The sound of battle recedes to nothing. The world is muffled. There are alien calls through the smoke. Vast shapes move and scatter the monuments built to honor past queens. I am alone with this strange place.

I am too weary to take wing. I walk through the dead groves and flowers and I am drawn to the soft lapping of the Surata upon its shore. This familiar sound is all I have to guide me. I emerge from the smoke and to find that the coastal spires are gone. These were the homes of lesser queens who gave their labor to the Surata and brought back its bounty to trade. They are no more and the stones of the dockworks are fallen to ruin.

I often contemplated the dark waves of the Surata. I imagined its surface as a door and on the other side another place existed, like my own, where soft-bodied swimmers and glowing jellies obeyed the commands of the unseen queen of the depths.

The Surata's waves are no longer dark. The foulness in the air belongs to inner softness. Pierced shells. The waves are pallid. The water is like that of the cavern beneath the traitor's spire. The tide breaks against the corroded pilings of the dockworks, uprooting octagonal paving stones like loosed teeth of mammal stock, frothing fingers scouring away decorative pillars.

Pale, fleshy things roll upon the tide and are deposited upon the shore. These are like organ sacs and they move and change shape with inner life. Clawed hands tear open these membranes and from within, a clattering call. A slender, pale-bodied biped rises from this discarded membrane. It is joined by others, snapping jaws, swinging their heads from side to side as their bulging blue eyes absorb their surroundings. They move swiftly and as a group, up from the fallen dockworks, into the corrupted brambles of the garden. Their unfamiliar gait is disturbing. They see me, but do not seem to care.

A host of unnatural life is being birthed. Not only these pale bipeds, but other things, slinking, crawling, unraveling upon the shore. There is no limit to their numbers or variety. I feel hopeless in the face of such an ending. My **QUEEN** is gone. My spire is fallen. I want to throw myself into the Surata and drown.

One of these organ sacs rolls in upon a wave and adheres to the stones near to me. It is large. Limbs stretch the surface. Tears appear. Hooked claws like those at the end of my own limbs widen the tear and allow for a creature to wriggle out. I see it is a warrior of my kind. I do not recognize the markings of its spire, perhaps it is from a much lesser or distant spire, but by its pattern it is a scout.

I strum my quills in challenge.

"Who is your queen?"

It cocks its head, studying me, and then strums a reply.

"She is Queen. Who is your queen?"

I do not answer. I strum another question.

"How did you come to be here?"

"Died! Died. Died." It answers me quickly, as if annoyed, and beats its legs against the stones for emphasis. "We find water. We bring to Queen. One of many, now many of one. She true queen.

We destroy all weak spires. Like yours."

I am not angered by his simple strumming. I quill a reply, beating my limbs only once for emphasis.

"Look around you," I say. "This place does not belong to you any more than it belongs to me."

My point is proved that very moment. A thing weighing many tons heaves up from the putrid water, shedding its membrane with a great splash. It strides ashore on long, thin limbs. It is so tall its body, bearded with tendrils, is barely visible in the smoke overhead. I can feel each step it takes in my antennae.

I begin to walk to the Surata.

"Where are you going?" asks the scout.

The water burns where it touches my feet.

"I do not want to be here any longer," I say and submerge myself in the water.

For a moment there is agony. For a moment I am with my **QUEEN** and all is forgiven. For a moment all of my failures are undone and I have another opportunity to save her.

For a moment, I am no longer.

Only for a moment.

*****

https://liminalstates.com/021012b.htm

-~@Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

2.11 The Conversation That No One Wants To Have With Their Parents

Saturday, Feb 11, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hey, kiddo. Mind if we come in? Your mom and I would like to have a little chat with you. It's... an announcement? No, I suppose that's not the right word for it.

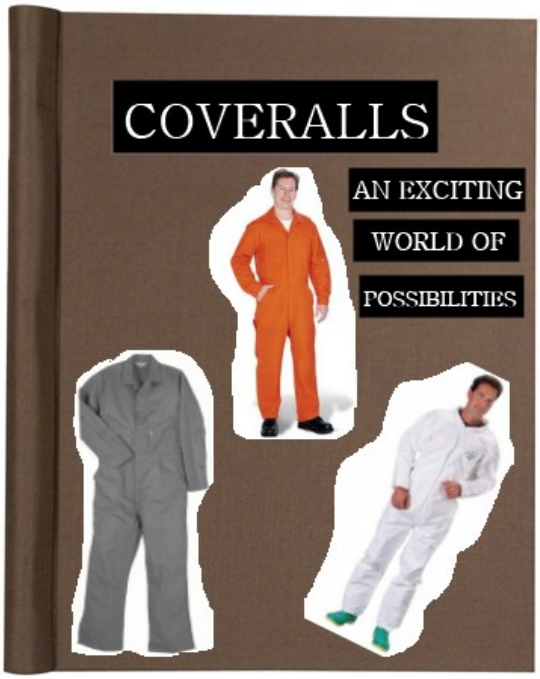
Look, we've been talking about some things for a while now. None of it is your fault. You have to believe that. This is all stuff that your mom and I needed to work out. Now that we've made some decisions that will affect your life, you need to hear about them.

Basically, it's like this - we're moving to coveralls.

We're done with the restrictive world of clothes. Have been for a long time. Too many individual garments, too many trends to keep up with. That said, we aren't nudists. We started exploring our options and over the months it became increasingly clear that coveralls are the way to go.

Hey, no, don't cry. This isn't your fault, remember? Maybe your mom wants to pitch in... no? Gee, thanks, Barbara.

Phew. Okay, let's all calm down here. Things are getting a little too emotional. Maybe it would help if I showed you the binder.



These are some of the coveralls that got us especially excited, moreso than regular coveralls. Give them a look. See if they spark your imagination like they did ours. There's no pressure, but we'd like it very much if you tried the coverall thing with us. We'll all face it together, as a family.

I know, it's a big change. This is all very sudden. Hold on to that binder, take all the time you want to think things over. Remember that if you have any questions you can always come to us.

We don't want to overwhelm you, but there's more.

We're thinking about quitting our jobs. We have a business idea that we simply can't pass up. Something that will require our full attention.

It's a website. I'm learning RealPlayer right now, and your mom is looking into getting us a Hotmail account. It's called Yourwebsiteideaisnogood.biz, and it's like nothing else that's out there. People will come to us with their website ideas and we will tell them that their ideas are no good.

You look confused. It's actually pretty simple. Let's say that a client wants to launch a social network website where visitors vote on stock images of taquitos, and that this website will be aimed at high powered business professionals. Well, obviously that idea is... actually pretty good. That's not a bad idea at all. But for the sake of this example, we tell them that their idea is no good. They save a ton of money that they would have invested in their idea, and are happy to hand over a nominal fee.

We were thinking that when the site launches you could help us start a viral campaign. You know, pass the link along to all your friends. Again, no pressure. Just something to think about.

So, that's the good news. The bad news... Barbara? A little help with this one? No. I see. Fine.

Remember Buddy, the fish you had a few years ago? We told you that Buddy went to live in Sea World. That wasn't exactly the truth.

Buddy went to law school. Things... didn't go well. He was expelled. Borrowed a lot of money from some bad people. Last year he started leaving notes for you under your pillow.

We're not sure how he's been getting into the house. We changed the locks, made sure all the windows were secure. Buddy's got some secret way in that we just can't figure out.

The notes started out normal enough. Telling you how much he missed you, asking you not to be ashamed of him. Obviously you didn't get these notes, as your mother collected them every morning while you ate breakfast. Soon the notes turned, well, weird. Lashing out at you for ignoring him. Describing things he was leaving in your ear as you slept. Threatening violence.

One was simply a photograph, a gun to your sleeping head, Buddy dressed in little fish clothes identical to yours, a wig on his head matching your dirty blonde locks.

Last night's note was especially tough. Son, it seems that Buddy has been diagnosed with a rare heart disorder. He needs a transplant. You're the only match.

Again, no rush. Take your time to think things through. We'll support your decision, but remember that Buddy would do this for you.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.12 Reddit Bids a Reluctant Farewell to Sexy Children

Monday, Feb 13, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1704
submitted 4 hours ago by Pancakecollector
855 comments (20 new) share source save hide report spam hide all child comments

Nobody should envy the admins of mega community site reddit. They had to make a tough decision on Sunday. Even tougher than the time they sold reddit to publishing giant Condé Nast, or its parent company, Advance Publications. This decision, not made "without careful deliberation," was the tough call to stop allowing multiple subreddits for child porn and "kid watching."

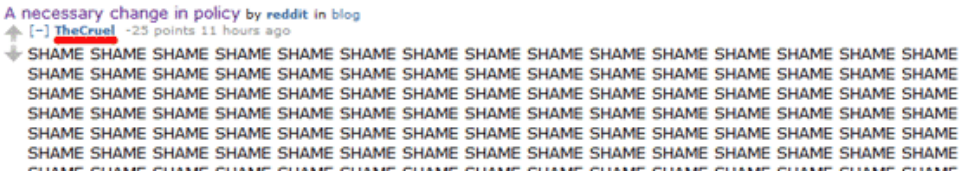
Reddit admins could have listened to Anderson Cooper. They could have listened to the large number of people within their own community. They had six years to figure it all out. Something kept staying their hand and letting the pedo-themed subreddits survive.

No more! The child porn salad days are at an end at reddit thanks to the concerted efforts of Something Awful forums members. Hours after SA member Tony Danza Claus posted a thread detailing various subreddits like (to name just a few) /r/preteen_girls, /r/truejailbait and /r/niggerjailbait, the admins at reddit threw in the towel. They responded with the following message:

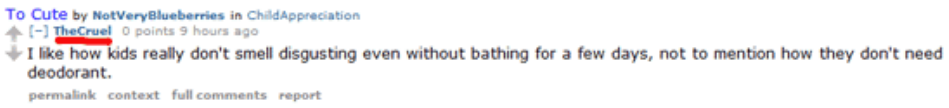
> At reddit we care deeply about not imposing ours or anyone elses' opinions on how people use the reddit platform. We are adamant about not limiting the ability to use the reddit platform even when we do not ourselves agree with or condone a specific use. We have very few rules here on reddit; no spamming, no cheating, no personal info, nothing illegal, and no interfering the site's functions. Today we are adding another rule: No suggestive or sexual content featuring minors.
>
> In the past, we have always dealt with content that might be child pornography along strict legal lines. We follow legal guidelines and reporting procedures outlined by NCMEC.

> We have taken all reports of illegal content seriously, and when warranted we made reports directly to the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, who works directly with the FBI. When a situation is reported to us where a child might be abused or in danger, we make that report. Beyond these clear cut cases, there is a huge area of legally grey content, and our previous policy to deal with it on a case by case basis has become unsustainable. We have changed our policy because interpreting the vague and debated legal guidelines on a case by case basis has become a massive distraction and risks reddit being pulled in to legal quagmire.
>
> **As of today, we have banned all subreddits that focus on sexualization of children.** Our goal is to be fair and consistent, so if you find a subreddit we may have missed, please message the admins. If you find specific content that meets this definition please message the moderators of the subreddit, and the admins.
>
> **We understand that this might make some of you worried about the slippery slope from banning one specific type of content to banning other types of content. We're concerned about that too, and do not make this policy change lightly or without careful deliberation.** We will tirelessly defend the right to freely share information on reddit in any way we can, even if it is offensive or discusses something that may be illegal. However, child pornography is a toxic and unique case for Internet communities, and we're protecting reddit's ability to operate by removing this threat. We remain committed to protecting reddit as an open platform.

The reaction was swift...



and unbiased...



To their credit, many redditors were happy with the ruling. Many more stood their ground on free speech advocacy, which put them shoulder to shoulder with a rogue's gallery of redditors with long histories of discussing preteens and their smells. In addition to claiming jealousy on the part of SA (reddit is a much bigger site than SA), the forums were also accused of a conspiracy to destroy reddit (our members do not like various subreddits not related to child porn like /r/rapingwomen and /r/beatingtrannies or /r/picsofdeadkids). Neither is particularly true. SA never has and never will enjoy the level of success of reddit. It's simply impossible. Nor was there a broader conspiracy. This was always about the child porn.

Reddit isn't a community site like Something Awful or even 4chan. It's a profitable business enterprise that is a subsidiary of a much larger corporation. Celebrities go on reddit to promote their projects. Kids go on reddit. For years reddit has somehow dipped into both buckets, tacitly permitting child pornography and much more gray area material to flourish while laying claim to legitimacy as a corporate-owned media outlet.

As long as reddit closely aligns itself with absolutely uncensored free speech (and despite slippery slope claims, cracking down on child porn marks a fairly timid step away from that) reddit will continue to risk periodic outbursts as other media outlets discover their subreddits about beating up black people or the transgendered or raping women. Despite what reddit wants you to think, they are not the Internet, they are a single money-making enterprise, all the reddits under one roof, and what happens under this one roof will eventually reflect poorly on their corporate overlords.

In the meantime, best of luck to all those redditors out there who always wanted to get rid of the sexualization of children on reddit. Despite some comments by some SA members on our forums, most redditors are not pedophiles. May those redditors who spoke out against that sort of content be the voices that shape the future of reddit.

With new, rule-skirting subreddits already popping up, like /r/younbeauty and /r/CuteTeens, the admins and the people who think drooling over 10-year-olds is bad are going to have their work cut out for them.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.13 Valentine's Day Last Ditch Kit

Tuesday, Feb 14, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Oh no! The big day is here, and if you're anything like me, you're pretty sure the card selection at the nearest store is picked clean and you're too angry or lazy to go out and look anyway!

Don't worry, friend. If you've got a printer, I've got you covered with some backup cards, and your partner will never know the difference. That's not to say these cards are the very best cards in the world, nor are they even great cards or acceptable for you to even spend time looking at, but you're sweating right now, aren't you? Look at the clock. Time's running short and you've been playing fast and loose a little too long. Swallow your pride and print a card, hotshot.

Each of the small thumbnails below is the interior of a card. Click one and it'll take you to a full-size image that you can print (stretch to fit the page, idiot), fold along the dotted lines, and proceed to throw your Hail Mary for love. Here's what the front of each card looks like:

And here are the interiors you can select from. Choose the one that's right for your babe!

I will Kiss u on the HOle sweetheart, if u want it. Wow I love it. I want to make you go wild on your Special day. Happy Birthday. I'm Horney bigtime I hope u are as well

Let me be your sex-doer today.

I will bang u Good

Bbabe

Bye

I love you, darling. Happy Valentines Day. We go together perfectly and your affection means everything to me. While you've been reading this, I've been taking my shirt off. You may now look up from the card.

Can I use your:
___ car
___ computer
___ place
___ job perks
___ health insurance (FRAUDULENT ACT?)
___ pets
___ grandma
___ Other (specified below)

It is for a project I am working on. Thank you.

you
are big

Roses are red,
I want to be inside you

Good luck! I believe in you!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.14 You Idiot! You Missed Valentine's Day!

Wednesday, Feb 15, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of The Bradford Exchange series.

Good grief! It's February 15th, THE EXACT DAY AFTER VALENTINE'S DAY. Unless you followed Jon Hendren's questionable advice yesterday, you forgot to get something for your main squeeze. It's not too late to salvage this situation, but it's going to take money and a willingness to utilize extreme measures.

Here's what you do. First, cut all contact with that special guy or gal. Don't communicate with them at all. Be completely unavailable. Don't answer phones, open the door. Disappear from their life without explanation and leave no trace.

Second, order one of the amazing gifts outlined below from the fine maniacs at the Bradford Exchange reviewed in this article.

Finally, once your order arrives, resume contact with your loved one and make up some great excuse for your absence. Something like "I was bringing attention to the plight of our POWs by temporarily disappearing from your life" or "I was kidnapped and held hostage by angry black folks and that's why we have to vote Ron Paul *right now*."

If you follow my advice to the letter, your relationship can be saved. Now, let's take a look at your quality gift-buying options, shall we?

Miniature Angel Baby Dolls With Sentiments

Melt your lady's heart with a mystifying baby angel, recalled from this mortal realm at a tender age to serve as one of Heaven's weird baby floozies. She sits comfortably on a cloud and blows weird kisses at the living, wears too much makeup and suffers from some disorder of the wings. There's nothing rigid-looking at all about those wings. They look more like a giant cotton ball that's been shredded and clumped back together with excessive product. Whatever the reason, she's not going to be taking flight anytime soon. According to the website description, each baby angel has her own unique wing style, so you might get lucky and end up with one that can still fly.

"In The Spot-Light" Leopard Print Art Shirt

If you're in a relationship with the kind of lady who enjoys leopard-print attire, boy oh boy are you in luck, buddy. And sorry about every other facet of your life being so gosh-darned horrible.

As Bradford's crack writers proudly proclaim: " Your hunt for unique designer leopard print style ends right here." This shirt is "fashionably fierce" and destined to add "the thrill of wild style to your wardrobe." This is a win-win gift for sure. You make your lady happy, and you get to soak up all that "thrill of wild style" she'll be exuding as she pounces on all those other guys at the bar while you awkwardly pretend to laugh in a desperate attempt to hide the soul-crushing pain that's killing you inside.

Let Your Heart Soar! Precious Moments Tender USMC Figurine

It's a ritual that's been repeated millions of times before: a boy no more than 8 years of age must leave his darling sweetheart and travel to a foreign land to fight in a bloody war. There he will learn what it truly means to be a young boy as he copes with the hardship of survival and confronts the grim specter of death. It's just so cute and adorable! He leaves a boy, but he comes home a teen.

Al Agnew's "Spirit of the Wilderness" Leather Jacket

Everyone loves and remembers the classic NES game **Al Agnew's Spirit of the Wilderness** and its SNES sequel **Super Al Agnew's Spirit of the Wilderness**. Some twenty years later

and we're finally, *finally* seeing some proper merchandise. Sadly, this leather jacket carries little of the charm of its source material. What we have here is the type of leather jacket worn not by a tough, imposing man well acquainted with moral ambiguity and the dark alleyways of the human experience, but the kind of man who is balding, overweight and goes on vacation cruises with his mother. Still, you're late with a gift, so you better just blindly buy this thing and hope for the best.

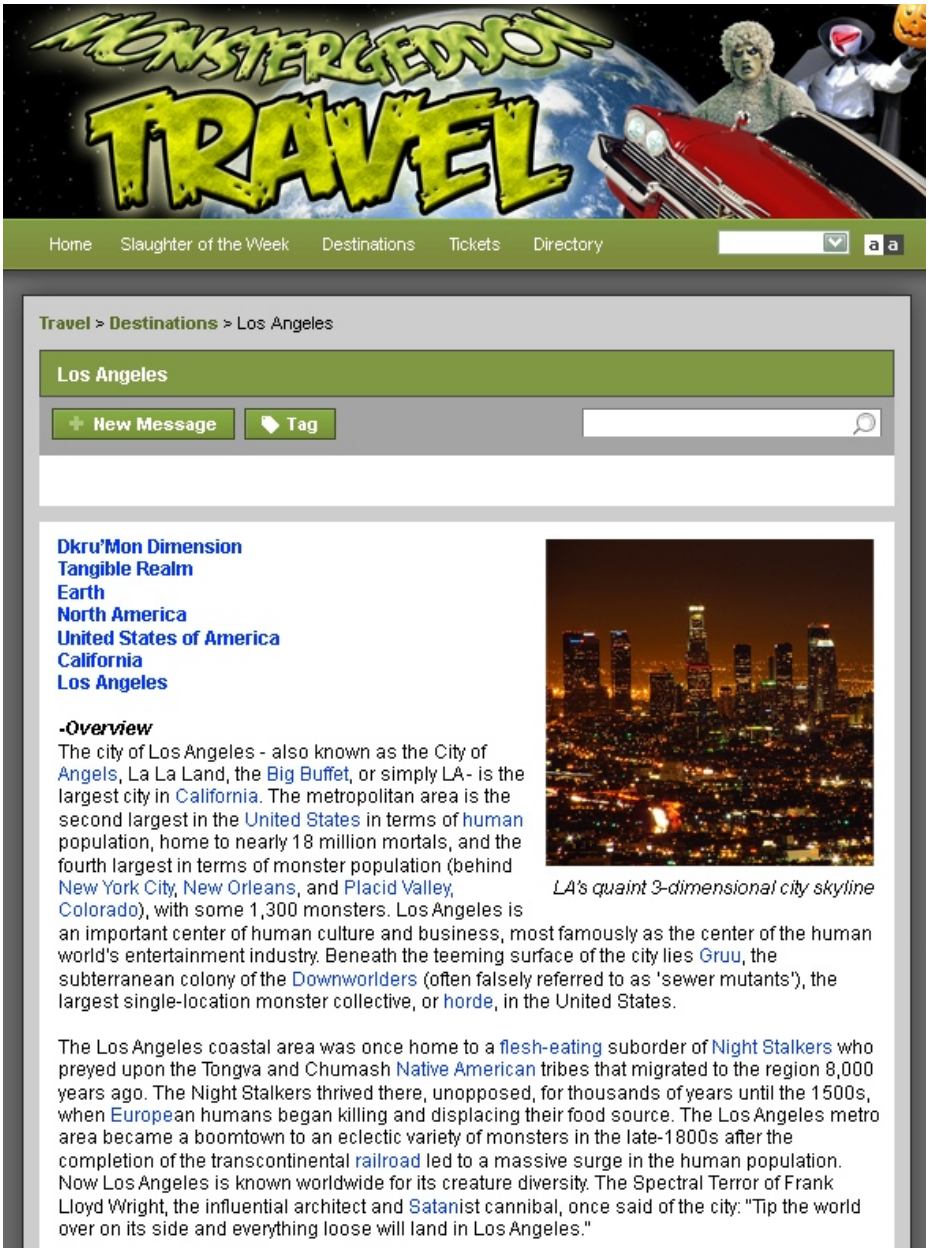
Happy Post-Valentine's Day everyone! Good luck repairing your busted relationships.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.15 Monstergeddon Travel: Los Angeles

Thursday, Feb 16, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.


MONSTERGEDDON
TRAVEL
Home
Slaughter of the Week
Destinations
Tickets
Directory
Travel > Destinations > Los Angeles
Los Angeles
New Message
Tag
Dkru'Mon Dimension
Tangible Realm
Earth
North America
United States of America
California
Los Angeles
-Overview
The city of Los Angeles - also known as the City of Angels, La La Land, the Big Buffet, or simply LA - is the largest city in California. The metropolitan area is the second largest in the United States in terms of human population, home to nearly 18 million mortals, and the fourth largest in terms of monster population (behind New York City, New Orleans, and Placid Valley, Colorado), with some 1,300 monsters. Los Angeles is an important center of human culture and business, most famously as the center of the human world's entertainment industry. Beneath the teeming surface of the city lies Gruu, the subterranean colony of the Downworlders (often falsely referred to as 'sewer mutants'), the largest single-location monster collective, or horde, in the United States.
LA's quaint 3-dimensional city skyline
The Los Angeles coastal area was once home to a flesh-eating suborder of Night Stalkers who preyed upon the Tongva and Chumash Native American tribes that migrated to the region 8,000 years ago. The Night Stalkers thrived there, unopposed, for thousands of years until the 1500s, when European humans began killing and displacing their food source. The Los Angeles metro area became a boomtown to an eclectic variety of monsters in the late-1800s after the completion of the transcontinental railroad led to a massive surge in the human population. Now Los Angeles is known worldwide for its creature diversity. The Spectral Terror of Frank Lloyd Wright, the influential architect and Satanist cannibal, once said of the city: "Tip the world over on its side and everything loose will land in Los Angeles."

World-renowned Gruu hostel, the famous "holding cell aak"

-Districts

Downtown
The central human business district. A great area for those who like to skulk in alleyways to pick off hobos and drunken bar patrons who have lost their way.

Eastside
A trendy area north of downtown and east of Hollywood that is rapidly gentrifying. For those who enjoy killing hipsters, this is the area you will want to camp out in.

Griffith Park
A large municipal park at the eastern end of the Santa Monica Mountains in the Eastside neighborhood of Los Feliz. Though the park closes at sundown, there are always some young idiots who sneak in after hours to have sex and smoke pot.

Gruu
The Downworlder nest. Though they aren't known for their hospitality, come bearing a gift of live cats and the Downworlders just might embrace you as a friend!

Harbor Area
Home of the largest seaport in the United States. The ebb and flow of merchants and sailors coming in and out every day makes this a great place to pluck victims.

San Fernando Valley
The northern suburban portion of Los Angeles. Perfect for those looking to stalk babysitters or cut a swath through a high school house party.

South Central
A famously crime-plagued area of Los Angeles, home to a predominately African-American human population. A fun lark for monsters that feel they are running out of ideas and want to have some fun "in da hood."

Westside
A generally more affluent area that includes Beverly Hills. Home invaders looking for spacious mansions in which to perform some torture, this is the place to be.

Wilshire
Home of the Miracle Mile District. Much of this area was cursed by Portuguese priests in the 1600s, so those susceptible to or affected by Christian rites will definitely want to steer clear.

-Plan Your Visit

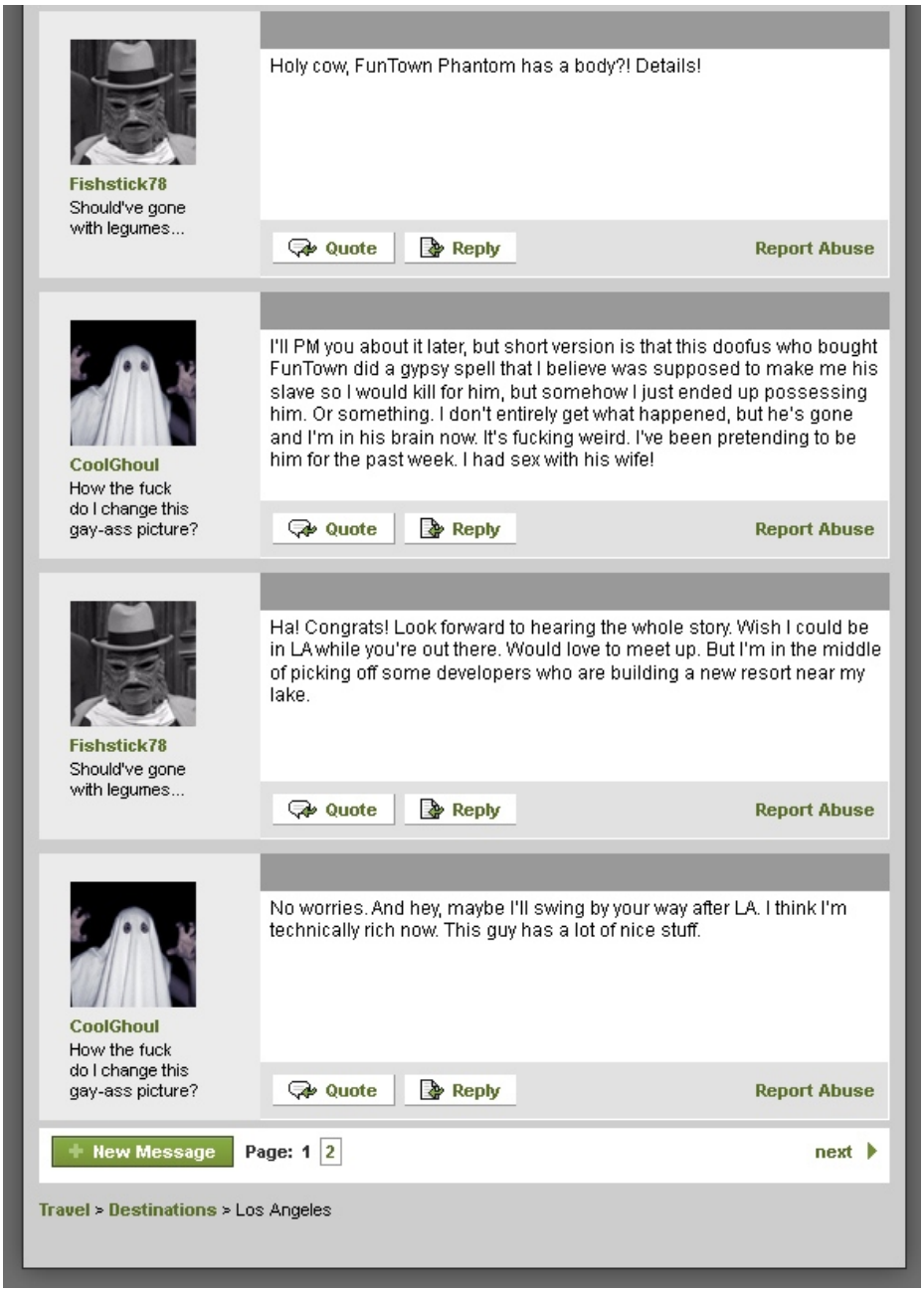
Travel Methods
Getting Around
Shop
Lurk
Eat
Hunt
Sundown Times
Nightlife
Hiding Places
Local Curses
Demonic Hotspots

-COMMENTS- Page: 1 2

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Hey guys. So for the first time since getting killed by prick teens 30 some years ago, I find myself with a corporeal form. Some shit has gone down at FunTown, the amusement park I've been haunting, and I'm looking to take a little vacation. Always wanted to go to LA when I was human and have heard a lot of amazing things about the "big Buffet" since joining these boards. Any LA board members reading this, would love to plan a meet-up. Either just to chat or maybe kill some humans or whatever. I've yet to kill anything with my new body, but I'm itching to try.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Holy cow, FunTown Phantom has a body?! Details!
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I'll PM you about it later, but short version is that this doofus who bought FunTown did a gypsy spell that I believe was supposed to make me his slave so I would kill for him, but somehow I just ended up possessing him. Or something. I don't entirely get what happened, but he's gone and I'm in his brain now. It's fucking weird. I've been pretending to be him for the past week. I had sex with his wife!
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Ha! Congrats! Look forward to hearing the whole story. Wish I could be in LA while you're out there. Would love to meet up. But I'm in the middle of picking off some developers who are building a new resort near my lake.
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
No worries. And hey, maybe I'll swing by your way after LA. I think I'm technically rich now. This guy has a lot of nice stuff.
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
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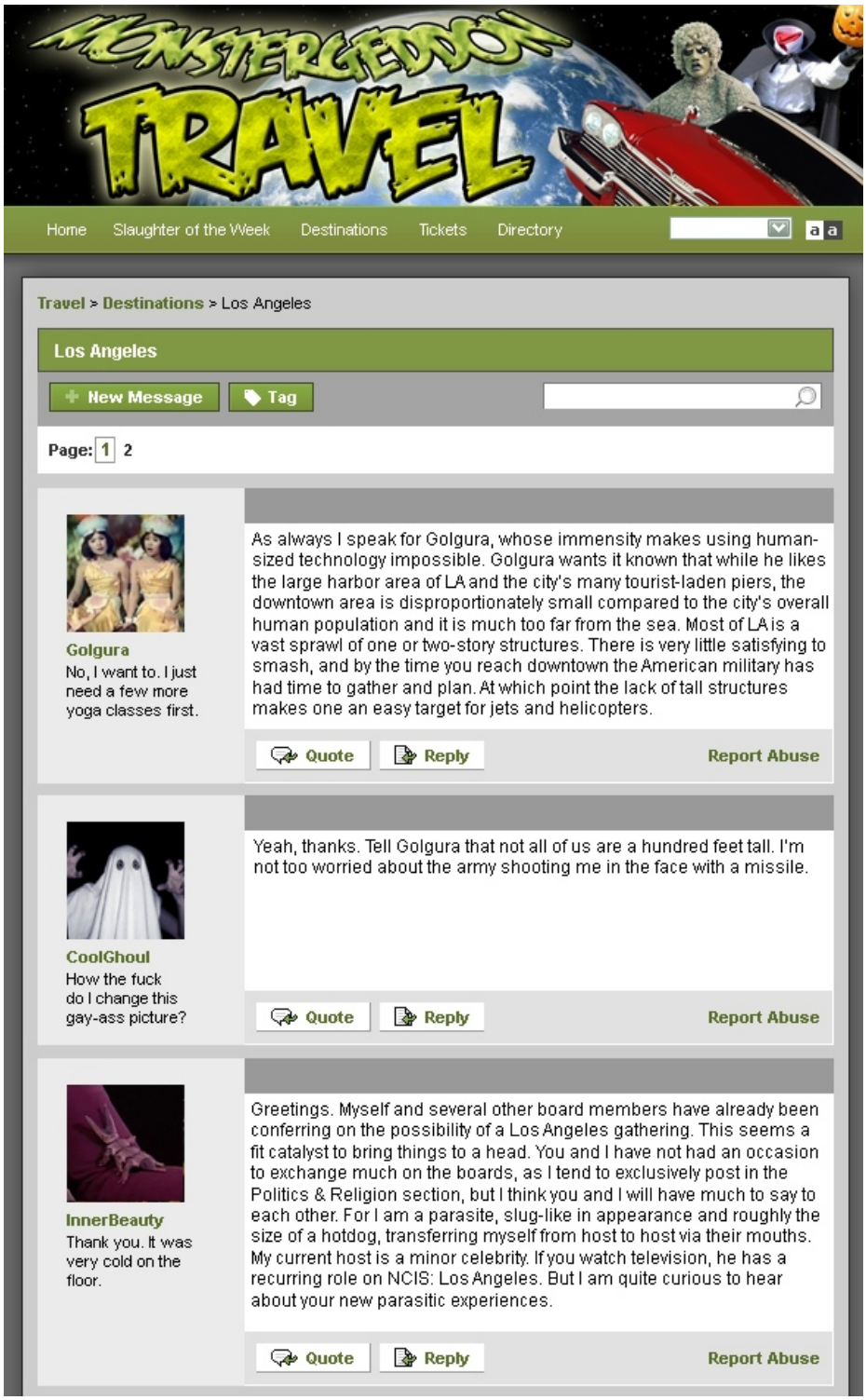
next
Travel > Destinations > Los Angeles


MONSTERGEDDON
TRAVEL
Home
Slaughter of the Week
Destinations
Tickets
Directory
Travel > Destinations > Los Angeles
Los Angeles
New Message
Tag
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Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.
As always I speak for Golgura, whose immensity makes using human-sized technology impossible. Golgura wants it known that while he likes the large harbor area of LA and the city's many tourist-laden piers, the downtown area is disproportionately small compared to the city's overall human population and it is much too far from the sea. Most of LA is a vast sprawl of one or two-story structures. There is very little satisfying to smash, and by the time you reach downtown the American military has had time to gather and plan. At which point the lack of tall structures makes one an easy target for jets and helicopters.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Yeah, thanks. Tell Golgura that not all of us are a hundred feet tall. I'm not too worried about the army shooting me in the face with a missile.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
InnerBeauty
Thank you. It was very cold on the floor.
Greetings. Myself and several other board members have already been conferring on the possibility of a Los Angeles gathering. This seems a fit catalyst to bring things to a head. You and I have not had an occasion to exchange much on the boards, as I tend to exclusively post in the Politics & Religion section, but I think you and I will have much to say to each other. For I am a parasite, slug-like in appearance and roughly the size of a hotdog, transferring myself from host to host via their mouths. My current host is a minor celebrity. If you watch television, he has a recurring role on NCIS: Los Angeles. But I am quite curious to hear about your new parasitic experiences.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Sounds great. Anybody got a good suggestion for a place to stay? Maybe a hotel with a lot of illegal immigrants getting paid under the table that no one will call the cops over if they disappear mysteriously?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.

I humbly offer you shelter inside me.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Care to explain that offer a bit further?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.

Oops. Indeed. That was not meant sexually. I am a house. Five bedrooms, great view.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

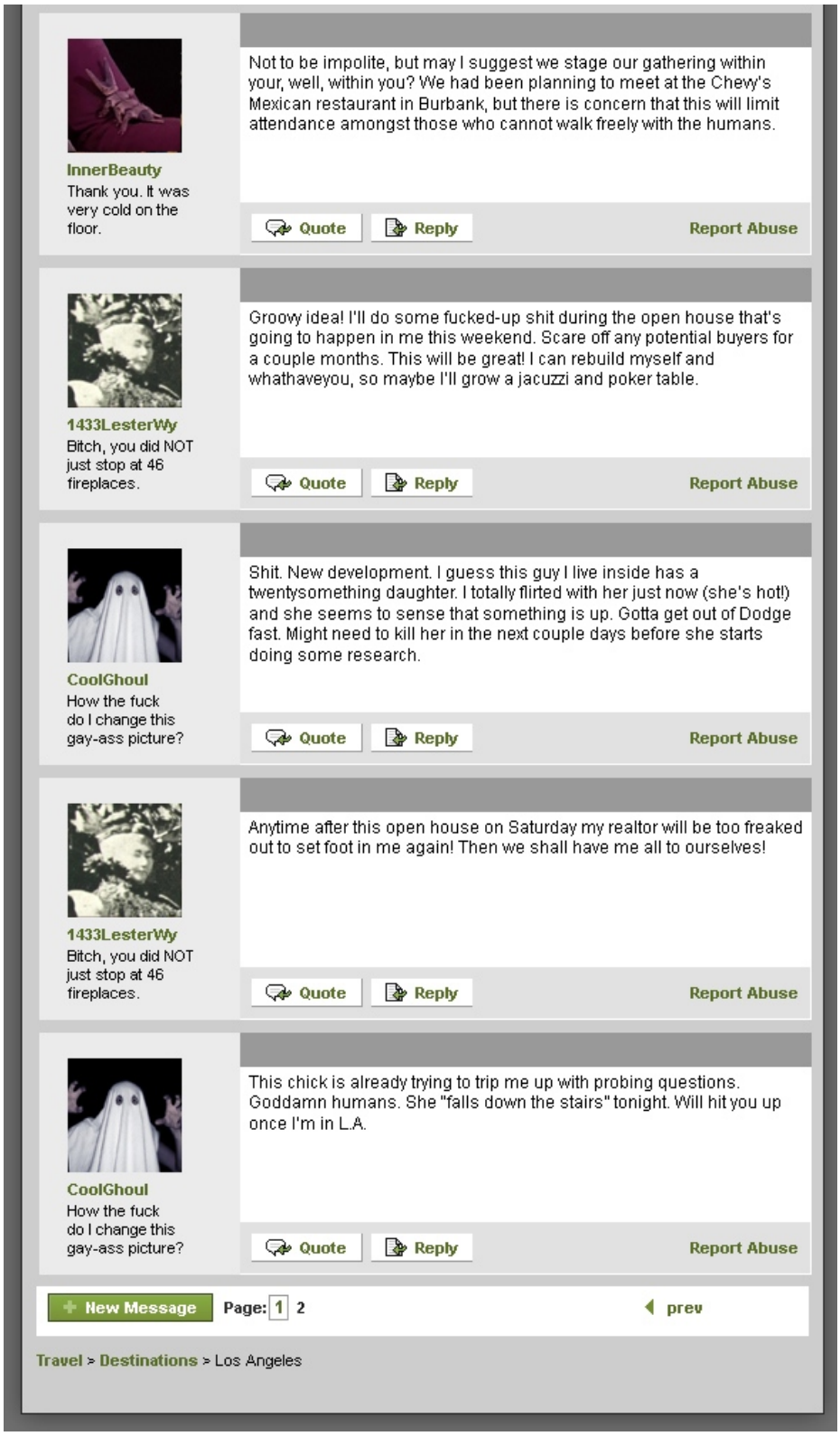
You're a house? What does that mean? Like, literally a house? That is alive?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.

Indeed. Humans think me haunted, but I am a sentient being.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


InnerBeauty
Thank you. It was very cold on the floor.
Not to be impolite, but may I suggest we stage our gathering within your, well, within you? We had been planning to meet at the Chevy's Mexican restaurant in Burbank, but there is concern that this will limit attendance amongst those who cannot walk freely with the humans.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.
Groovy idea! I'll do some fucked-up shit during the open house that's going to happen in me this weekend. Scare off any potential buyers for a couple months. This will be great! I can rebuild myself and whathaveyou, so maybe I'll grow a jacuzzi and poker table.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Shit. New development. I guess this guy I live inside has a twentysomething daughter. I totally flirted with her just now (she's hot!) and she seems to sense that something is up. Gotta get out of Dodge fast. Might need to kill her in the next couple days before she starts doing some research.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.
Anytime after this open house on Saturday my realtor will be too freaked out to set foot in me again! Then we shall have me all to ourselves!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
This chick is already trying to trip me up with probing questions. Goddamn humans. She "falls down the stairs" tonight. Will hit you up once I'm in L.A.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
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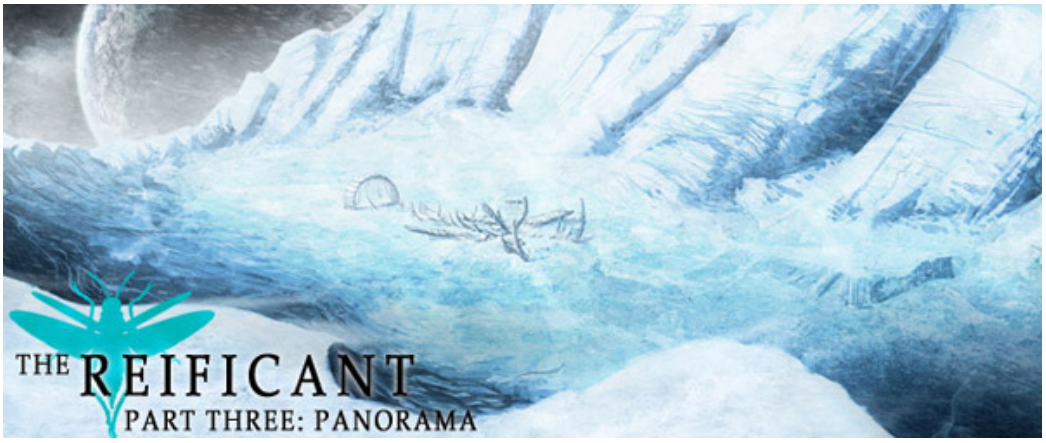
Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there were entire books full of it?! Check out the author that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful" and "blatantly disrespectful!"

-~Worm Miller

2.16 The Reificant: Panorama

Friday, Feb 17, 2012 by @Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.



I AM.

Reificant.

I AM.

Reduced from shell and soft meat to a thought. To the crackle of lightning between nerves. To the fire that burned within my body. I dissolve. I am nothing. **I AM.** Wearing flesh of your place. An old friend. A beast. These limbs and this shape you know, this configuration less terrifying.

My flesh does not know words so I speak with fire.

Listen.

I remember...

The sea of Surata, turned the color of secretor's milk, boiling with corruption. Contamination. Idiot queen of my people. I step into its befouled waters and I my shell is consumed.

There is a coldness between, yawning and empty. I traverse in time unfamiliar to living things. Light's journey of centuries in an instant. I am remade. I am reconstituted. Birthed live and adult onto unfamiliar shores.

The air is flat in my lungs. Cold and bitter. It does not sustain me as it should. I tear at the membrane that encloses me and spill out into a muddy riverbed. The banks are steep, the earth soft and churned. The world beyond is gauzy with smoke. Storm sound rumbles. Distant lightning flashes through the blanket of gray.

I beat my wings to slough the remaining membrane. There are squared pieces of wood and strange shapes cast from metal turned to rust and pressed into the mud. In many places there are impressions in the earth as if a large animal has moved from one side of the riverbed to the other.

Each marking is filled with a fine, white dusting of familiar fungus. This is the same plant that infested the gardens and sent its mycelia threading around the necks of every plant. It was this same

fuzzy white that afflicted the warriors of the allied spire. More of this than I first realized spreads throughout the riverbed, clinging to pieces of wood, a beard upon the crossed iron trusses of some past structure now buried in the muck.

I follow the trickling waters into the smoke. I come upon a blackened machine. It is made from metal and it has been burned, slumping half in and half out of the riverbed like an immense, dead caterpillar. Linked panels of iron spill from round hubs shaped like loom wheels. It is still warm. There are dead things within, mossy and white, but I do not recognize them.

The thunder intensifies. The earth shakes with its violence. A bestial howl penetrates the deadening smoke, louder than the thunder, approaching at great speed. Shapes begin to resolve from the smoke. Huge, broad-shouldered bipeds. Some are bare-chested, others are hung with scraps of cloth. They hurl themselves into the riverbed by ones and twos until I am surrounded. They are soft meat. Their flesh is gray, muscles bulging, marked with symbols and stitches of black cord. Their heads are hard, black, arachnid shapes covered in bristles. Their multiple eyes regard me with hostility. Each of the beasts carries a long piece of metal in its muscular forelimbs.

The thunder is so loud I cannot hear their cries. Each burst of thunder seems to be at ground level and it beats against my shell. The bipeds take out sacks of black from pouches worn around their chests and they cover their heads. I do not understand the purpose.

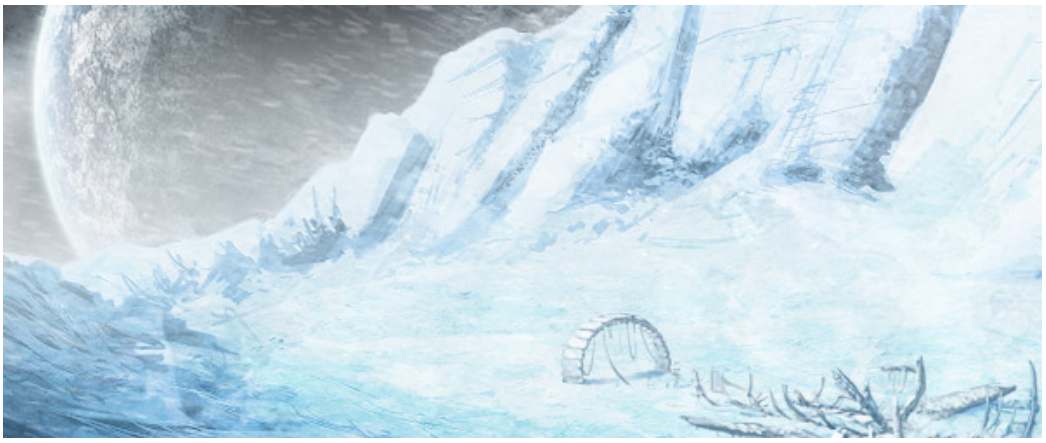
Wisps of violet vapor curl through the gray and fall upon the riverbed. Where it touches the white fungus turns black and crumbles. I suck the air into my spiracles and immediately I am wracked with pain. Poison! The thunder was the bursting of bombs and this, the violet smoke, a poison gas.

The pain is too great and I am unable to stand. Dizzied, thrashing at the feet of the bipeds, I wish for death to take me from the agony. It feels as if fire has seeped into every joint and every duct.

One of the giant bipeds looms above me. Its chelicerae beat and it emits a clicking noise I can hardly hear above the booming explosions. It brandishes a long piece of metal. There is a snap against my nerves and a sound like cracking stone and I realize, as I reel back into the coldness between, that my shell has burst to pieces and my inner softness has sublimed. I am no more.

I emerge in this same place, in the riverbed crowded with the bipeds. I tear from my hideous cowl and throw myself away from the violet smoke, away from the arachnid bipeds, and into the water once more. Crossing, flowing by no decision of my own, to resolve in a new place. The darkness is much quieter here, but I am flesh and emerge to a deafening scream.

I free myself from the membrane of my unnatural creation. I inhabit the bottom of a deep shaft in the earth. It is lit by the soft, blue glow of fungal fruits atop swaying stalks. Larger caps pulse with



hypnotic life and tiny crustaceans move among them.

High above, a wan crescent of light breaks into the shaft. The screaming I hear is the wind against this opening. It is cold. My joints and mouth steam and I exhale in boiling gusts. I beat my wings and rise easily, as if I weigh very little, ascending the shaft and emerging into a desert of ice. The pitted face of an unknown moon looms in the starry night sky. The wind trails snow from the peaks of folded mountains.

My body is not made for this cold and my joints become stiff, the air sharp in my lungs. I take wing above the mountains, buffeted by the snow, the cold digging its talons into me inexorably. My shadow glides across the white peak of a mountain and I soar above a trackless valley.

There, in the midst of the ice and snow, half lost to the pitiless winds, are the metal ribs of a fallen spire. I descend with a last beat of wings, kicking the snow into my ice-touched face. This is a long-ago place. The rings of support beams curve high above me. Walls and struts have been stripped away leaving only an ice-hung skeleton.

No, that is not entirely true. Walking among the abandoned spire I see signs of more recent activity. Perpendicular pieces of metal have been lashed together with black ropes torn from inside the walls of the spire. These strange icons have been placed throughout the spire. Near the far end of the gutted structure lies a machine too large to be stripped down by the pitiless wind. Central to this device is a huge column of metal descending into the frozen earth. I take it for an excavation machine.

My limbs fail to move. I am able to beat my wings enough to rise into the air, but I cannot fly for long. I clamber on my six limbs. I can feel the ice in my lymph. I have only enough strength to push myself over the mouth of the shaft and fall directly into the Pool.

I am born once more upon the shores of the Surata. It is apparent I was deposited here on some whim. I did not wish to ever return to this place. Much more time has passed than I anticipated. The garden is completely gone. Many of the spires have collapsed or burned out. The rain falling from the smoke-black sky stinks of ammonia. Beneath that, too potent to be smothered, I recognize a confusing, sickening smell of desperation. It is the cloying perfume of the traitor queens.

I search my spire, but there is nothing left for me there. It slumps against a lesser structure, the tunnels and floor at uneven angles, serving as a tomb for the desiccated remains of dead warriors. A slow-moving animal seemingly made from bent wires begins to devour a faintly luminescent jelly. The small, pale bipeds with blue eyes gather in the fallen spire's dark corners and watch me furtively. A towering beast lies dead, half-eaten, in the boulevard just beyond.

I cannot stand to remain in this unfamiliar place. I return to the sea. As I approach the churning water, intent on my return to exile, a creature is heaved upon the shore at my feet..

It struggles with its cowl, clawed limbs stretch and pierce the membrane and tear open the mucilaginous tissue. Hard limbs emerge, awkward, but quickly it finds its balance and stands in much the same posture as I. No, not much the same. Its posture is identical. Its face is exactly my own. It reacts with the same hissing sound and draws back from me. Its black shell is flecked with red. The patterns upon its folded wings are too exact to be chance.

There is no denying what my senses confirm: by the sickening caprice of the water, I have multiplied.

http://liminalstates.com/

-∼@Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

2.17 The Fastest-Growing Career Fields

Saturday, Feb 18, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The world economy has found its way into a bit of a catastrophic hell vortex, shredding the muscles and guts from our bodies and leaving us all screaming skeletons. Metaphorically. Things are looking up, however. Just last week I was spared by a roving pack of starvers, who had apparently been well-fed enough to greedily lick the salt from my skin then let me go rather than cooking and eating me as usual.

Even if things continue to get better, the job market will not be the same. Things have shifted. The old landscape has broken apart, and in its wake are limitless opportunities in new career fields that had never been considered before.

These are the fastest-growing careers in a post-screaming skeleton world.

Bagel Bite Denial

Fervently argue against the existence of Bagel Bites. Go on television to debate those who would claim that the frozen pizza-like objects are or have ever been real. Travel the world, slapping Bagel Bites out of the hands of unsuspecting folk as they attempt to fork the tiny bite-sized treats into their mouths. When presented with a box of Bagel Bites, fold your arms and shake your head with a bemused grin, declaring that anything can be photoshopped with modern computers and Paint Shop Pro.

Building Touching

According to the latest statistics, there are more than three thousand buildings in the world. Only a small percent of those have been touched. Walk along the outside of a building, letting your hand trail against the brickwork. Go double-handed, grabbing the building with all your might while you arch your back and wiggle your taut buttocks. Get up on top of the building and set up a complicated pulley system, then run along the side of the building while poking its surface with one extended finger at every step. Go to the building's corner, back up against it, then spread your arms out and behind you and grasp a wall with each hand, standing still like a majestic carving of a mermaid on the bow of a ship.

Aging

Start out as a little baby. Get bigger and bigger until you stop growing. Decline and deteriorate until you die.

Reverse Cowboying

Don't wear a cowboy hat. Never put on a pair of skinny jeans, boots, and a tucked in button-up shirt - especially if the shirt is sectioned into walls of different colors which may or may not be red white and blue. Don't line dance. Don't dip chewing tobacco. Never pick up a rope with the intent of affixing it to an animal that weighs more than you. Pickup trucks are a grey area. Driving a pickup truck with a race car driver sticker through mud is, however, a definite no-no.

Lizard Man or Woman

Open your eyes so that they're wide and blank. Flick your tongue in and out. Stalk your town,

hunching over slightly and making lizard sounds. Tuck your arms up and let your hands dangle near your shoulders like you're impersonating a T-Rex for some reason. Lay on your belly and absorb the sunlight whenever you can. Regenerate limbs as needed.

Civil War Airfield Building

Get a broom and brush at the ground relentlessly, flattening it out. Repeat thousands of times until you have a landing strip for Civil War airplanes. Patrol the side of a highway, collecting discarded stacks of high quality lumber. Position all of your lumber in the shape of an airplane hangar, then nail it all together. Get a really tall ladder and put a bucket at the top. There, control tower.

Stock up on spare airplane parts, fuel, and ammo. Hire a staff of military flight mechanics.

Pick up a modern newspaper with the heading "THE CIVIL WAR IS OVER" and drop to your knees.

Pick up another modern newspaper with the heading "THEY DIDN'T USE PLANES IN THE CIVIL WAR" and scream in frustration.

Pick up yet another modern newspaper with the heading "THE CIVIL WAR NEVER HAPPENED" and vanish like Marty McFly on stage at his parents' prom.

Desert Appreciation

Make your way to a large desert. Plant your hands on your hips. Look around. Nod in approval. Let out a long whistle.

Low-Impact Mockery

In the comfort of your home, turn on the television. Make sure no one else is around and that you are not inadvertently streaming your actions through a webcam. Find a program to watch. Every time someone speaks, repeat their line in a sneering, jerky manner.

For instance, if the person on tv says "It's a bomb! We have to get to safety!", you say "Minn derr mamb! Pe dubba de dub ba terfty!"

Be sure to roll your eyes as much as possible, and to leave your mouth hanging open in a manner that conveys your distaste.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.18 My Favorite Fantasy Frasier Episodes!

Sunday, Feb 19, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Frasier is trapped under stack of PhDs. A janitor tries to help, but Frasier insists he get his "lowly hands" off. Frasier later wakes at hospital, recalling a kind man with moles saving him!

A rival radio station reveals that Frasier attended a state university. On Air, Frasier lifts the blade to his abdomen, about to commit ritualistic seppuku, but at the last moment a man with a few moles on his face convinces him that life is more than private school. It's about friendship too!

Frasier must explain to Martin why Eddie the dog died from acute caviar poisoning!

At the fair, Frasier and Niles inhale helium and recite Keats. A stranger happens by and Frasier decides he'd much rather hang out with a gentleman with some moles instead of his weenie, though mole-less brother!

Frasier's radio station is bought by Clear Channel, forcing him to play music by "street people" between chutney recipes!

Frasier's condo is evacuated due to a carbon monoxide leak. Everyone recovers. Except Niles, Martin, The British Woman, and Eddie the dog. They die!

Frasier suggests to depressed caller that the best way to beat the winter blues is a trip to Tuscany. Roz thinks the caller hung up, but Frasier knows that the man on the other end of the phone is just amazed that they were both thinking the same thing!

At a condo cookout, Frasier is unhappy with the wine selection. "A pinot in this weather?" He says, bashing the bottle over head of a server. Luckily, one guest brings the perfect wine for the event and no one mentions his moles at all!

Frasier finds a man's paycheck and can't stop laughing!

Frasier, dizzy from reading one too many New Yorker toons, accidentally wears sandals. Promptly severs own feet. Luckily his best friend has moles and expert surgery knowledge!

Frasier and Niles find a mysterious substance. Niles wants to contact local museum and anthropology department, but Frasier just asks his cool best friend. "It's Ranch Dressing!" The cool friend says, licking his mole covered finger!

Frasier mocks undereducated father, calls him dumb, chimp, bumpy jack, etc. Father reminds him that they're related. "Not any more," Frasier says, ripping all his DNA in half and tossing it out condo window. The Crane's DNA lands on a man down below and meshes with his moles, granting him super powers. He flies up, grabs a weakened Frasier, and flies to Tuscany!

Frasier, in a somber tone, discusses the horrors of war as

he applies a topical mole ointment. The man he's talking to never once points out that they're actually watching women's volleyball!

Frasier senses trouble. His chest hair grows at alarming rate, flows down condo, swells across town. Guided by a super powered mole man, the chest hair locates the man eating Gruyere on a plain Ritz Cracker.

Frasier refuses to stop saying baba booey on air until someone brings him a squash quiche. Luckily, a certain someone does!

Martin, realizing he is not a good enough father for Frasier, sharpens arms to boney points and stabs self. But not before signing parental rights to a mysterious, moled benefactor!

Frasier sets out to learn where his food comes from. Amazed, he discovers the grocery store. Wandering aimlessly through the isle for mole cream, he happens to befriend a handsome man. The two cook ravioli together. It is the perfect night!

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.19 Hey, Science, Can We Slow Down the Rush to Dystopia?

Monday, Feb 20, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Architecture student Andre Ford wants to grow brain-dead chickens like grapes. DARPA is developing androids that a person can control on the battlefield like the movie Avatar. And then there are the genius scientists who cooked up an airborne, extra-deadly version of bird flu for no apparent reason.

Manhattan Project scientists were not so cavalier about turning the world into a living nightmare. Men like Einstein and Oppenheimer agonized over what they were doing and that was in the midst of a war that was seemingly for the existential survival of the free world. The stakes could not have been higher.

Yet, here we are, less than 70 years later, high-fiving in the lab about brewing up Mega AIDS and teaching a Roomba to double-tap tangos. It's not hubris or moral atrophy, it's the complete detachment of actions from consequences.

In the case of the chickens, Andre Ford devised a rack system, complete with circulating air and food and water, for brainless chickens to dangle in while they grow up. The premise is that chickens live in a nightmare of heat, overcrowding, death and excrement, and since nobody can be fucked to make chickens lives a little less shitty, we should just make it so they don't know how shitty their short lives actually are.

So here's the plan. Genetically engineer a chicken without most of its brain. Make a machine that cuts its feet off. Create a rack that holds the chickens, delivers nutrients and eliminates waste. All so we can cram an extra couple hundred chickens into every square meter of a chicken farm. The Wired article breathlessly describes the *Matrix* as the docile chickens sit and grow and, I guess,

power our clanking evil octopods. Only there are no naked rave parties and subway karate fights in store for the chickens. I'm thinking their situation is less Neo and more like *Johnny Got His Gun*, where each silently-screaming bird must endure as a helpless prisoner within its own body.

Making animals into brainless commodities may soothe whatever vestigial conscience we still possess. I argue, once you're filling racks with these zombie chickens you're opening the door to pretty much anything along those lines. Sure, let's make a pit we can fill with brainless cattle and, fuck it, let's make owls into simpletons and teach them to hang upside down from ladders by the hundreds. Slow down, scientists. I know you're in a crazy competition to be the guy who discovers the next cheeseburger in a can.

The DARPA death circus isn't much better. Every year the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency attempts to devise some creepy new machine that will drive over us or crush us in evil robot skeleton arms. De-humanize our food, dehumanize our wars, hell, let's make a surrogate that is actually an exoskeleton full of brain-dead chickens. All of our casualties can be breaded and deep fried. Form a specialist unit. The 82nd Chicken Kickers w/ Zesty Ranch.

Then they can take that creepy donkey robot they're always trying to kick over and allow it to experience the world around it and give it emotions so that it resents us and grows increasingly hostile. Why not? They're scientists. They can do anything.

And do our Wal*Mart greeters really need a cerebral cortex? They just stand there welcoming people into the store. Their existence must be hellish. The right thing to do is engineer them to forget about their ungrateful grandchildren and the 15-minute breaks and shitty health insurance and the brown snake some fat lady in a track suit just Shawshanked out right there by the baked goods.

Come to think of it, my life is pretty lousy too. I live in constant fear of bird flu pandemics, I sit around pretty much all day complaining to people or reading the Internet.

Alright, Andre Ford, let's do this. I don't want to even care when the Roomba finally takes me out. Bring on the dystopia.

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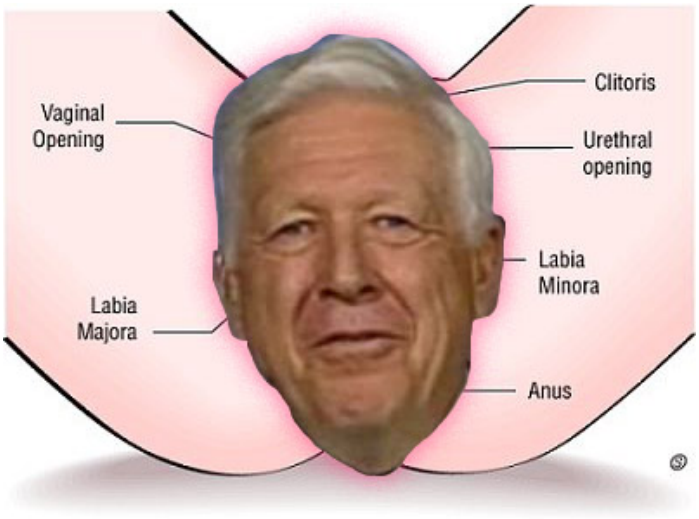
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.20 The Foster Friess Guide to Women's Health

Tuesday, Feb 21, 2012 by Foster Friess (@Arr)



Last week, billionaire Rick Santorum backer Foster Friess came under intense media scrutiny for a joke he made during an MSNBC interview: "You know, back in my days, they'd use Bayer aspirin for contraceptives," Friess said. "The gals put it between their knees, and it wasn't that costly." Friess has since apologized for the statement; since we wouldn't want his authentic opinions on matters of women's health to go unreported, we contacted Mr. Friess to clarify his positions.

Contraception

Obviously, I was making a little bit of a joke when I suggested that gals might want to hold a Bayer aspirin between their knees to keep from getting pregnant. That was just a thing we used to say back in the old days, and I think it slipped right by some people out there. The truth is, this whole contraception issue has been blown way out of proportion. It's not a costly thing, and I don't see why the government needs a hand in it.

Back in my day, if a gal didn't want to get pregnant, she didn't get married. Simple as that. The taxpayer doesn't need to fund the loose lifestyles of modern women; if these gals don't want a baby, they can just work out a deal with the local soda jerk for to wash between her knees with Pepsi-Cola. It worked for the town prostitute back in Rice Lake, and she was healthy as a bull moose. It was cheap, too. I mean the Pepsi-Cola was cheap, not the town prostitute! She was a real elegant gal.

Breast Exams

Breast cancer is a terrible thing, and gals surely need to be vigilant about checking for those lumps in the bosom area. But doesn't it seem like folks have been making a mountain out of a molehill with the whole issue? (And I know a lot of gals with molehills on their chests are probably wondering how to make 'em into mountains, but don't go ordering that bust growth snake-oil cream from the back of a funnybook yet! Ol' Foster was speaking figuratively!) For example, do we really need to have those pink ribbons everywhere? I'll tell you what, there's no good reason to constantly remind fellas that gals have bosoms-- you can be dang sure they already know it!

Those pink ribbons are just riling up their libidos, and you can bet it's to blame for some wolf whistling and grabbing. The only time fellas should be thinking about a gal's bosoms is if he's determining whether they're fit to feed a baby, or if he's a baby himself. Sure, if he's a-courting for a wife, he might want to sneak a grab at the peaches during the office mixer, just to be sure they're ripe, but that's another story! Anywho, breast cancer: leave the breast talk to your doctor, because he's trained to listen to it without getting all worked up. And if he gives you a mammogram, be sure to let him have an extra squeeze to thank him for the service! Ha! That was a little joke, because he's probably got a wife.

Pap Smears

Now that's something I just don't like the sound of. Can we be a little more discreet, ladies? You'd never hear that kind of talk in my day. I'm not a doctor, so there's no earthly reason I should have ever in my life heard the words "pap smear" uttered aloud. I sure don't walk around town bragging about my prostate exam in mixed company, impressive though it was. I don't know what a pap smear is, thank heavens, but I'm offended enough just knowing it exists. Keep what's between your knees out of the public ear, gals!

Menstruation

And while we're at it, can we do something about these dang commercials for female products on television during the dinner hour? Personally, I've got nothing against menstruation or the women who elect to practice it, but the Bible is very clear about a couple of things: nobody wants to hear about it, nobody wants to see you while you're doing it, and nobody wants you to cook dinner during your unclean days. To go on television talking about it and pouring blue stuff on a panty diaper, that's gotta be some kind of sin, don't you think? Probably even calling it a "period" is a sin, come to think of it, not to mention all those cute nicknames like "a visit from Aunt Flo." Let's have a little class, gals.

Back in my day, a man didn't even learn what menstruation was until after he was married for going on a dozen years, and even then he didn't have to like what he heard. For my money, the greatest boon to "women's health" would be finding a proper cure for menstruation! Here we could learn a little something from the Indians. Way back when, I met this kindly Indian fella who took pity on my wife when she was bleeding up a tizzy in a highway rest stop, and he offered us up some special tincture he'd made from ground up ancho chili peppers. He was a very peaceful Indian man, and his medicine was strong. My wife used just a dab of that, and after many nights of troubled dreams, she was cured. I sure wish I remembered that little Indian's name.

Abortion

Well now, this one's a dirty word where I come from. I'm sure I've shocked a few good Christians just by bringing it up, but we'd better have a real honest conversation about it. Now, I'm not talking about that terrible Planned Parenthood, where the awful women get go to get their babies pulped up like limes and sucked out with hoses and thrown in dumpsters. That's an awful tragedy, it's against God's plan and lord knows it ought to be against the law. Now they're taking a great step in Virginia, making it so women have to get an ultrasound wand shoved up in the works so they can see a picture of their baby before they decide to murder it, but even that sounds awful dang expensive-- back in my day, a gal's father would just shove a hickory stick up there and feel around until it tapped against something hard.

But this is all beside the point-- what I'm talking about here is the other kind of thing, where a sweet young white girl from a good family takes one too many hayrides with Johnny Quarterback and gets herself in trouble. In those circumstances, she and her mother can go talk about it with the family doctor, and it's like it never even happened. Is that "abortion"? Goodness, not where I come from. Sometimes a young gal would just take a few mugs of grandma's special tea and sweat it out for a weekend, and none of the neighbors heard a thing. Or, if a gal is too squeamish for that, there are plenty of other ways to go about it. It used to be that she'd just make herself scarce for a few months, go out to Aunt Millie's ranch and come back with a brand new baby "sister."

Sexually Transmitted Disease

Can't we concentrate a little less on trying to treat these venereal diseases? It would be an awful shame to hamstring our God in his efforts to punish whores.

-∼Foster Friess (@Arr)

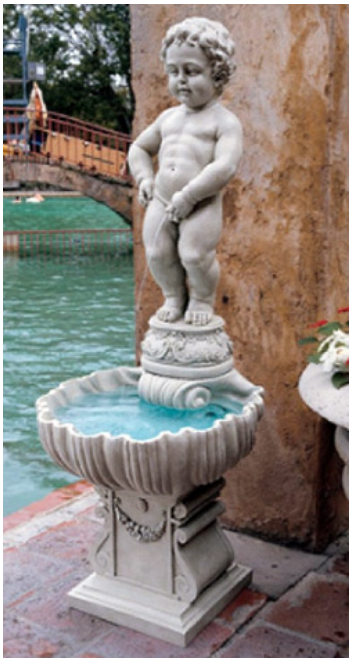
2.21 SkyMall Product Reviews: Peeing Boy Fountain

Wednesday, Feb 22, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By SkyGrandma from Buick Springs, WY



Peeing Boy is a little prince. Did not expect him to be so animated. He keeps me company by the pond my late husband made, and I pretend he is one of my grandkids. What a little charmer!

Age: 71-75

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Gus from Wichita, KS

Don't be a chump. Spring for the piped version with the recirculating pump. I feel like an idiot for not doing that. It breaks my heart looking at this little guy standing there, holding his thing and trying to pee. I had to hide him under a Tall Landscape Rock until my statue guy can come over to see what's involved with installing a pump.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Unclerad from Tempe, AZ

Peeing Boy performed as advertised initially. We plopped him down by our gardens and he did a fine job. Looked great, kept the urine flowing freely. Just gushing. After a couple weeks it stopped peeing. I had to go probing around in his business and found a lot of little leaf fragments. He peed fine again after that, but I would have appreciated a higher quality filtration system. Price is no issue in this matter.

Pros: Looks good doing his thing.

Cons: Prone to blockage in simulated urethra.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Jeff

We got a peeing boy for our frat, filled him full of booze, and make the pledges drink up. It works great and really fosters the spirit of brotherhood. Peeing Boy is not only our mascot, he's a full brother himself.

Age: 16-20

Customer Review:

By 0000000

Pros: Product performs to specifications advertised... and beyond. Subjected Peeing Boy to full battery of tests in my centrifuge, and he remained fully solvent. Also withstood above-lethal levels of radiation and filtration of caustic fluids. Because of this I am confident phase two can begin as planned.

Cons: Would have preferred a choice of hairstyle.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review:

By newyorksalsaman

Having a hard time filling up the basin with enough urine to get Peeing Boy operating at maximum efficiency. Wish SKymall would just sell urine by the jug. It's hot where I live so the urine I put in there evaporates quickly. Will deer urine work, or will that attract too many frisky bucks???

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By Frank from Palm Springs, CA

My guests just love Peeing Boy. Everyone says Peeing Boy is a blast. Where did you get Peeing Boy? Other such questions. Would like more Peeing Boys but not just boys. Peeing bigfoot, peeing lion, peeing garden pagoda.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review:

By Yardboss from Atlanta, GA

I'm not exactly a novice when it comes to garden statuary. I have most of the SkyMall suite of garden statues on display in my yard. We're talking Frederic the Little Fisherman, Black Panther, Meditation Grotto of Sorrento, Ocean's Little Treasures, La Passion Grande, Sliding Into Summer. Peeing Boy is by far the best of the bunch. I think when you get down to peeing boy captures our God-given desire to urinate publically without shame. Trying to get up the nerve to follow his example.

Age: 45-50

Customer Review:

By PeeingMan from Wherever I Want

To the gentleman complaining about urinary blockage: just flush some draino through Peeing Boy and he should be fine. If not, many adult novelty stores sell urethral probes in various sizes. It's a good idea to have a set of those on hand anyway. SkyMall, for some reason, does not sell them.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review:

By Waterworks from Fort Wayne, IN

If you're going to buy a Peeing Boy statue, make sure your wife is not a prude. She put underwear on Peeing Boy. If you ask me that's even worse. He won't stop peeing his underwear. At least when he's naked he's just doing his business like a normal person. It's not dirty. It's dirty when he's wearing underwear. I want a divorce.

Age: 55-60

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.22 Know Your Fetus with DEMOTIVATE-TOR

Thursday, Feb 23, 2012 by Old White Guys

Due to pending legislation, Virginian women seeking abortions may first have to undergo an invasive transvaginal ultrasound. Should this bill pass, Virginia's gynecologists will be unable to meet the overwhelming demand for this specific procedure -- but thanks to the wonders of technology, this lack of resources could soon be a thing of the past. Take a spin in the DEMOTIVATE-TOR and discover how science makes the shaming process more efficient than ever before!

Welcome FUTURE MOTHER. Please have a seat. Help yourself to a mint that you, who have been given the gift of life, will surely enjoy. The cooling sensation of peppermint on the tongue: this is a sensation only the living may take part in. Praise Him.

ENGAGING CATSIN_CRADLE.AIFF

Please, place your feet in the stirrups. Let's pop the hood and see what's going on under there. Sorry about that -- just a little transvaginal ultrasound humor to help lighten the mood. Now warming probe to 45 degrees Fahrenheit. Room temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit detected. Now cooling probe to 45 degrees Fahrenheit. Deploying probe.

Approaching fetus. Fetus engaged. Act of conception confirmed. Searching for soul. Please wait.

SEARCHING
SEARCHING
SEARCHING

Life has begun. Praise Him. No doubt you are now reflecting on the act of irresponsibility that created this miracle. Was it a midnight bracelet party? MTV-style dancing? Now, now, as the human expression goes: "There is no cleaning of a milk spill." At this juncture we will name the child. Please select a name:

A. STEVEN
B. RICHARD
C. JOSHUA
D. GIRL NAME COMING IN 2013

Ah, little JOSHUA. So tiny and delicate and unknowing of the horrors yet to be inflicted by the one he should trust most. Let us reflect on the future of gentle JOSHUA. What wonders will he bring

upon the world? A brand new megachurch? An award-winning barbecue sauce? 40 dependable years in middle management? Let us reflect on a future life you are willing to snatch from JOSHUA'S tiny hands. Those will eventually develop into hands.

ENGAGING ARMS_OFN_ANGEL.AIFF

"Mommy, I wuv you."
"Mommy, thanks for driving me to my first day of kindergarten. I wuv you."
"Mommy, this is the best car and best 16th birthday ever. I wuv you."
"Mommy, thank you for cutting all financial support now that I have reached the legal adult age of 18. I wuv you."
"Mommy, even as I marry my wife-bride, I wish I could take the hand of *another* special lady. I wuv you."
"Lordy, lordy, look who's forty! It's me, mommy! I wuv you."
"Nifty, thrifty, look who's fifty! Me again, mommy! I wuv you."
"Mommy, from now on you're going to be living in a special community full of people just like you. No, mommy, we can't take all of your things. Listen, stop crying mommy. We can't have another accident like that spill you had on the back steps. I was talking with Barbara about it and -- yes, this was Barbara's idea. Now, mommy, don't you worry. We'll visit plenty. I wuv you."

HYPOTHETICAL COMMUNICATION ERROR

Now we will commence with the morality portion of today's procedure. Please answer the following question honestly, making sure to show your work.

Imagined Scenario: A young, penniless mother, forced out into the streets, has no choice but to deliver her baby outdoors, surrounded by bearded men and farm animals. If given the choice, would this mother be better off had she aborted her baby?

A. YES
B. NO
C. PROBE MALFUNCTION (ENDS PROGRAM)

Congratulations. You have just aborted Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Savior. Your JACOB could do the same great works as He Who is Risen, had you not decided to snuff out his undetermined future like a killer skeleton robot. On the Bob Jones University Scale of Simple Human Decency, your ranking is 3.2, or "Whore of Babylon."

This ends Your Official State or Virginia Abortion Readiness Exam. Would you like to keep your baby?

A. YES
B. "NO" OPTION COMING IN "2013"

-~Old White Guys

2.23 The Reificant: Warning

Friday, Feb 24, 2012 by @Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.

I AM.

Reificant.

I AM.

By the water I am multiplied. Gleaming droplets glistening on arachnid web. Moved by tides. Witness to the devouring.

I am home. Forever. My place is lost. My spire has fallen. I cannot return to this place.

For you...

I remember...

Upon the crumbling shores of the Surata, precious waters turned to white, the sea is boiling mud. It has devoured the things we have built and in the places of our seaside spires disgorges a host of giants and pale predators. I stand before myself. An exact double, clawed free from its wrapping.

"Why do you wear my carapace?" I quill to this imposter. "Why do you conceal yourself beneath my pattern?"

"You are the taker of my pattern," it quills in return. "No matter the shell you wear, you will never possess my heart."

But it is wrong, for this very thought occurred to me in the same moment. We decide in short exchange that only one of us can remain.

"I will return to the water and inhabit whatever place it takes me," I quill.

"Then I will remain among the ruins," it answers."I will witness..."

The imposter turns its back to me and gazes at the buckled stones of the once-proud boulevard, at the fallen spires and obelisks. At the purple-black sky of pyroclastic clouds lit from within by

lightning. At the final, pitiful remains of our civilization picked over by beasts. I know its sorrow, for its heart is my own.

I return to the scouring pain of the water. I am disintegrated by heat. I flow as a river through the cold and dark.

Heaviness. Crushing heaviness. I cannot lift myself from within the membrane of my resurrection. I flail and squirm out upon baking surface. There is weight to my lymph.

Golden hooks pierce the fleshy caul, retracting it and freeing me with a gush of fluid upon rock. I am in a vast chamber lit by the glow of fire. The heat is unbearable. Strange hands clean my body. They are simple, unformed, and attach to thick, short arms that bend without apparent joints. The great weight upon me is such that I cannot lift my head to look upon these creatures.

Each breath I take is more difficult than the one before it. I am suffocating as if the chamber is filled with smoke. Darkness closes around me. The heat begins to cook the softness within my shell. The joints of my limbs pop with sharp pain and exhale steam from my boiling innards. This agony is brief. I am lost to suffocation long before I perish from the temperature.

In the darkness between. Lingering. By my will I do not recoil from this place. There are shapes drifting with me. Dormant. Vessels waiting to be filled with fire. My fire. My intent. This is no process to be explained. It is the complexity of procreation and birth and the natural attraction of magnetic poles.

I am born of the pool into the sticky shroud. My hands are unformed. My body is pliant, but dense. A compressed fluid in a stout, bipedal shape. My caul is torn away by golden hooks. I am lifted upon simple feet and short, thick legs. Robbed of a pair of limbs is disorienting. For a biped it might seem like walking upon your hands. I have no palps either, only a simple slit of a mouth filled with a quivering lump of muscle.

How can I speak without quills? The chitter of a mammal? The hiss of a reptilian? I open my mouth but there is no sound.

Most disorienting is the way in which I see this place. The simple eyes of this body perceive a colorless, flattened world with a faint white glow surrounding every object. The creatures around

me, presumably of the same species as this flesh I wear, are small, wide bipeds with featureless and asymmetrical heads. They possess paired eyes so miniscule they are nearly lost in the folds of their brow. Some have bodies more slender than others.

They amble, swaying from side to side. Their limbs are slow and imprecise as they help clean away the membrane from my body. When they are finished they move away in different directions as if they have no interest in me.

My body - the body of my birth - lies upon the floor of this chamber, roasting in the heat. It is deformed by escaping steam. Liquid bubbles from the ruptured hemispheres of my former eyes. The creatures seem entirely disinterested by it. Watching them skirt around it in their awkward stride I am concerned I may be forever trapped in this flesh. I intended, after all, to escape my place for good. Are these my people? Is this my home?

For a time it is.

The chamber is a natural, domed cavern of great size. Light filters in through several channels in the ceiling. They are angled such that I cannot see the sky above, but I can sense the passing of day into night. Light is also provided by a yawning tunnel which emanates intense heat. My body perceives this heat as pleasure and the mouth, glowing white by my perception, is crowded with the creatures. They stand at the tunnel entrance and sway in place, like strands of sea grass in a slow current. Periodically, some will wander away and more will amble over and join this strange tableaux.

The creatures are builders. They construct tiny, bulbous shelters and fill them with various rocks and trinkets. They make only one sound with their mouths. "Mummon." They speak it at different volumes, which seems to have some meaning. They often mutter it to themselves or exchange utterances as if it is a greeting. I come to think of these creatures as the Mummon.

My body is not without its own desires. After the passing of several days I become very tired. I try to sleep, lying upon the hot stones, but I am surrounded by the creatures who prod me and speak, "Mummon?" I gradually realize that they think I am sick or dying.

I stand and in my weariness my body exerts some control. I am drawn inexorably to stand at the mouth of the tunnel. I stand with the others and I see that down the glowing tunnel is a moving river of magma. The heat from it awakens some process within my body. It feels as if I am bubbling within and the heat brings me pleasure. The air that passes through my mouth in exhalations takes on a strange taste. My vitality is soon restored.

There is pleasure to forgetting my past sorrows. To losing myself in this new place. There is

no heirarchy, no queen or pheromone to guide them. The society of the Mummon is completely egalitarian. I learn to shape the stone with my hands and construct a shelter like the Mummon. Mine is crude and misshapen. A slender Mummon approaches and assists me in constructing my abode.

"Mummon," it says in a tone and volume I recognize as friendly.

"Mummon," I reply, trying to copy its tone. It seems baffled by my response and slowly retreats.

I encounter this individual again. I watch it melt golden ore from stone and forge it into hooks. I learn by observing that these implements are used in the water because, unlike all other stones or metal, they do not corrode.

Later, I do not know how many days, I purposely stand beside this Mummon at the warming mouth of the tunnel.

"Mummon," I say in a tone I hope is friendly.

It looks at me for a moment and then replies, "Mummon."

Kinship wells within me. To be understood, to connect, is the greatest imperative of all living things. Without my Queen I was without meaning. Now, for a moment, I think I might find new purpose. I have observed the forging of the golden hooks. Perhaps this is a task I can perform.

There is a greater concern. I know the danger the water presents. I want to warn these creatures of the threat in their midst, but this idea is far too complex to communicate in their language. I am trying to speak these concerns to the slender individual when I learn of another ritual of the Mummon. The earth shakes, gently at first, but with increasing violence.

My companion loudly says, "Mummon!"

It ambles to its shelter and ducks inside. As I watch my companion seals the entrance with its hands, cocooning itself completely within the bulbous chamber. All of the Mummon in sight are following this example, ambling at their best pace towards their shelters. I amble to my shelter and enter it. There is nothing here. I have not collected any rocks nor have I made any hooks. I squat inside the bulbous chamber. I do not seal the entrance. I know that my body wants to, but I want to know the purpose of this act.

For a long while it is silent except for the fitful rumble of the earth. Then I detect a distant cry from above. It grows louder quickly and becomes a multitude of screeching voices. In a sudden torrent, black, leather-winged creatures pour into the chamber, flowing down the tunnels that provide access to the outside. Their shrieks become an echoing cacophony within the cavern.

There is something familiar about these creatures. They are as large as the Mummon. They are drawn immediately to the roasted corpse of my previous body. Dozens of them land upon it, unhinging long jaws and snapping at the cooked flesh within my former shell in a frenzy.

I seal myself quickly into my shelter, but not before they notice me observing them. They squawk and beat their bodies against the stone shell of my shelter. Their claws scratch and their jaws snap. They cannot get inside.

Alone in the darkness I can only wait for the swarm to depart.

After many hours my body instinctively knows the danger has passed. I open my shelter and emerge. My former body is gone. Not even a smear of it remains on the stone. The shelters and floor of the cavern are covered in a thick layer of guano. The Mummon set about clearing this filth and pushing it into the pool with more tools forged from gold. They work slowly and in shifts, handing off the tools to retire to the tunnel entrance and bask in the heat of the flowing magma. I take my turn

alongside my slender companion.

"Mummon?" it inquires.

I do not answer with a word. I stop shoveling the guano and turn the handle of the implement in my hands. I place the tip of the handle into the filth and begin to draw the outline of my former body. My limbs are awkward and ill-suited to the task, but what I create is recognizable. My companion stares at me. I gesture down at the drawing in the muck. It finally looks down. After considering the image it runs its rake over the depiction and destroys its lines.

"Mummon?" I ask.

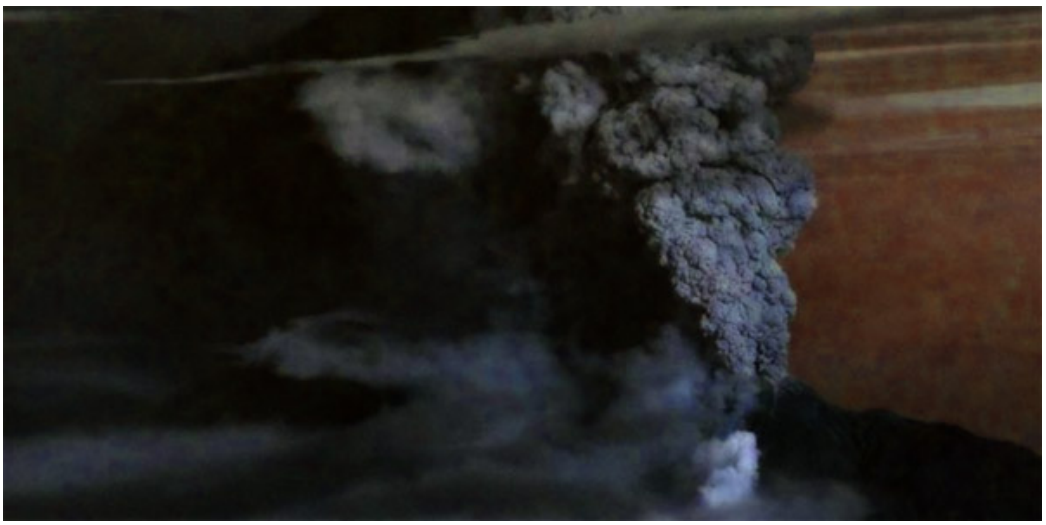
It abandons me with what haste it can muster.

I feel alone, but continue to reach out to the other Mummon. Though they might temporarily accept me, any attempt to communicate with an image is met with similar rejection. Finally, the slender Mummon and several others use their golden rakes and destroy my shelter. It crumbles beneath their slow swings.

"Mummon!" my former ally says with anger when I try to approach.

I am rejected by the Mummon. They send me to the other side of the water along a narrow strip. I can only watch from the cold as they go about their work and rescue newly emerged Mummon from the pool. I feel myself growing weak, but they will not allow me to approach the warmth of the tunnel.

My body feels on the brink of death when the rumbling commences again. It is prolonged and constant. I am too weak to even close my shelter. I retreat inside it and watch as the Mummon cocoon themselves safely in their own.



The shaking begins to breaks loose small rocks from the ceiling. A boulder crashes down upon a Mummon shelter, flattening it as easily as an egg. The chamber booms with a roaring sound. It reminds me of the rush of a waterfall. It grows louder and louder. Darkness covers the channels that normally light the cavern.

No flying creatures enter. Instead, black serpents slither down the channels, long and muscular, probing the interior, so long their tails never even enter. They have heads barbed with hooks and no apparent eyes. They quest among the shelters and curl around stalactites and stalagmites. One

black serpent coils around the bulb of my former companion's shelter. It tightens with obvious muscular action and uproots the bulb from the floor of the cavern. The shelter crumbles in its grasp and my companion tumbles out.

"Mummon!" he cries with alarm. The serpents wrap around him and muffle his panicked cries. There is a wet tearing and the serpents pull my unlucky friend apart in a welter of pale green fluid. Several serpents curl around limbs and body and drag him up through the channel in pieces. A membrane-wrapped body immediately heaves out upon the shore of the water.

There follows a roar so loud it shakes loose a massive plank of stone that crashes into the pool, releasing a tidal wave of liquid that coats and dissolves a number of shelters. The unlucky Mummon killed are also reborn in wriggling packages.

Their new lives are short. More and more stones are plummeting into the Mummon village. Fissures split the roof of the cavern. The channels to the surface, choked with black serpents, begin to break open. Like talons lifting the lid of a cage, the serpents cover the roof of the chamber and peel it back in a shower of debris.

The sky appears above, purple-black, like the sky above the Surata, Grasping and discarding the roof of the cavern is an immense beast, balanced high above on towering, emaciated legs. It is the source of the serpents, served by a beard of black tendrils. In my horror of recognition a new horror: it begins methodically breaking open the shelters and devouring the Mummon.

This body is ill-suited for climbing, but I attempt it anyway. I scale to an upper fold of the rock where the serpents have worn away the stone. My hands at least adhere easily to the stone and, though weakened, I am driven by the piteous cries of the dying Mummon. When a searching tendril passes near to me I press myself against the rock and remain perfectly still. The serpent's barbs prick at my flesh, stinging me, but I remain motionless. I am not recognized as food.

My escape from the ruptured cavern only deepens my despair. Beneath the familiar pyroclastic skies lit by flashes of static lightning I see a vast plain dotted with the broken domes of caverns, each a discrete world, ruptured like pustules, drained of their contents by the stilt-legged giants slowly patrolling the smoky wasteland. Within each hollowed cavern is the milky gleam of the water. My hopes of saving this place were misbegotten. This place belongs to the water.

I do not want this body to nourish these beasts. I will leave this place. I will return to the water and never return. I look down at the perilous fall to the cavern floor below. With my strength fading, I cast myself from the rocks and into the churning waters of creation.

Agony. Nothingness.

I slip free from this body and I am the lightning within the clouds. I cross the yawning black. I emerge within a cavern. Shafts of crystalline light penetrate the darkness. In the body of my birth, with the claws of my people, I tear at the membrane of my resurrection.

I rise slowly. It is unpleasantly hot, but not dangerously so. I stand within a cavern. The air is thin, but I can breathe. I take in a whistling gasp through my spiracles. I flex my palps. My familiar eyes adjust to this unfamiliar place.

A bipedal creature stands before me. Its flesh the color of stone, its hair long and black. Its face is marked with a line of red pigment across its snout. It has two large, dark eyes. It recoils from me. Cautious. It does not flee.

I am much larger than it, but this creature is courageous.

The fleshy parts of its mouth move and it speaks in a complex language.

"What are you called?" I quill.

It does not understand my words any more than I understand its words, but in time I will learn what this animal is called.

Man.

-~@Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

2.24 We Love To Watch Shows About People Not Knowing Things

Saturday, Feb 25, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I Didn't Know I Was Pregnant is a television program in which human beings relate their actual tales of stealth fetuses that did not make their presence known until they dropped a smoke bomb and rappelled out of the womb. Each episode features a dramatic recreation in the style of Unsolved Mysteries, by which I mean a hilarious recreation.

The baby's first contact tends to be with the cold water of a toilet bowl, its mother staring dumbly in a mixture of horror and repulsion for a good while as the tiny human flails about and nearly drowns. This is the sort of thing that is best seen in small doses, popping up for a few minutes on The Soup. Anything more than that and you'd slide from bemused shock to the sort of full-on depression that comes with watching one of those daytime judge shows or the pseudo-science infomercial that is Dr. Oz.

Somehow, though, the show exists as a stand-alone entity that people have watched since 2008. The clamor for programming based upon people not knowing things is surprisingly huge (you make the Fox News and/or political radio joke). In fact, the show's producers have created a number of spinoffs to capitalize on the burgeoning genre.

I Didn't Know I Was Omniscient

I Didn't Know It Was Creepy To Make My Online Portrait A Picture Of Me Kissing Someone

I Have No Idea Where This Book Is Going But I'll Continue To Silently Read It

I Can't Tell Where I Am On This Map Of The Mall, Tell My Family I Love Them Very Much

I Didn't Know This Was A TV Show

I Didn't Know It Wasn't Butter, Your Honor

I Had No Clue That There Was A Difference Between Trolling And Actual Humor

I Didn't Know My House Was Just A Caveman Exhibit At The Museum Of Natural History

I Can't Tell The Difference Between Bottled Water And Vinegar So I Just Buy Whatever's Cheaper

I Had No Idea That Europeans Were So Sensitive About Wolf-Whistling At Their Naked Titty Statues

I Didn't Know Math Was The One With The Numbers

I Didn't Realize I Was Awake, Please Tell Your Family I'm Sorry For Swimming Through The Air

I Was Shocked That The Naruto Pregnancy Test I Ordered Was Just A Candy Shaped Like A Pregnancy Test

I Thought I Accidentally Left The Coffee Maker On When I Left In The Morning, But I Didn't

I Didn't Know This Tattoo Of A Swastika On My Face Supported Racism, I Just Like Hitler

I Didn't Know The Segway Had Already Been Invented

I Didn't Realize That String Theory Wasn't Taught With String Cheese, And Now I'm Stuck Being A Scientist

I Didn't Know The Konami Code Even Though I Said I Did, And Now My Spouse Is Gone

I Didn't Know There Was A Show Called I Didn't Know I Was Pregnant

I Had No Idea Where The People In That Car Were Going But I Tried To Give Them Directions Anyway

I Didn't Know That Ignorance Of A Law Wasn't A Defense

I Didn't Know That Time Was Linear, Sorry About Burning Your Chicken Nuggets

I Didn't Realize That Wrestling Was Fake, I Was Only Trying To Protect My Family

I Don't Know Who The Musical Guests Are On Saturday Night Live

I Didn't Know Jack - I Thought I Did, But There Was This Whole Other Side That He Kept Hidden

I Don't Know The Difference Between Fahrenheit And Centigrade So I Just Wear Cargo Shorts All The Time

I Didn't Know "Nasty Buttworms" Wasn't A Clinical Term And Now I'm Facing A Malpractice Suit

I Had No Idea That Was Gary Oldman, Wow!

I Didn't Know The Mirror With An Airbrushed Wizard That I Bought At The Fair For Ten Dollars Wasn't Actually An Original Van Gogh

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.25 PC-COP!

Monday, Feb 27, 2012 by HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the HYURGI TIGERWOODS series.

Big problem is slow computer. You try to load grand turismo and computer is taking forever.

Dang it! Load! *AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!*

What a piece of shit thing. Pop ups and hourglass issue. Close some windows and **still slow.** You just want to have some fun and listen to rock and roll music or view picture of pizzas but **your computer ruins everything.**

You might think "it is time to purchase a new computer." You could do this...but...

WHY SPEND DOZENS OF DOLLARS???

Got to be better way.

Your computer is slowed down with virus and spywares. What you need to do is download PC-COP!

PC-COP stands for Personal Computer - Cop.

It is the number one download and loading accelerator. It is virus stopper. It is hacker wall. It speeds up your ram. Get out of INTERNETGHETTO.....

NO JOKE! How do you fix your computer with PC-COP?

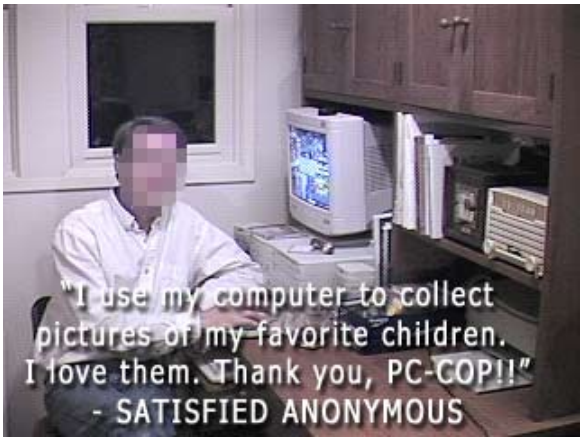
Is easy as 1-2-3-4-5-6-7.

STEP 1

Connect to PC-COP server Chernogorsk in directly to download softwares. Automatically run all vbs files to heal computer.

STEP 2

Prepare to receive collect call (**accept charges**) from technician who will help you with question. Be sure you know your password and social security number.



STEP 3

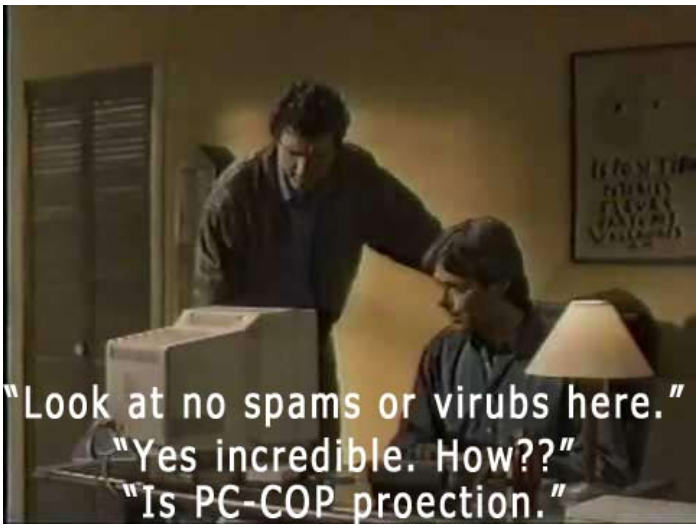
Take care of all problem: spams, spyware, bitcoins dropped, huey lewis video playing in minimized window

STEP 4

Do you need natural pills to make you peform better for lover? It really works!

STEP 5

Keyboard tracking helps technician know when you are entering information wrong and he can tell you to fix it



STEP 6

Take a short break. Go outside and have some fresh air. Walk around. Your computer is okay.

STEP 7

This is what you wanted! A faster computer can run all dream options of computer including: **Fantasy Game To Max Setting**, **Fruity Loops Full Volume**, **Unlock Hidden Wingdings**, New Games and DVD Video to watch on day it is out, **Transformer Optimus Prime Game**, **Dorba Explora Game**, **XXX Porno Cam Show (LIVE)** just enter credit card to buy tokens. Congratulations!

This is not all, my friends. PC-COP incredible value of $9.99 per week subscription to protect and enhance PC computer speed and virus protection is great deal, I agree, but for one minute only if you enter coupon code **HYURGI** you receive special **HYURGI** package with PC-COP this is:

Guaranteed no hacking emails (100% guarantee)

Receive 4.9 megabytes gillianander son photos automatically stored on your computer in folder called "WORK DOCS NOT PORNO" plus PC-SPAM our #1 world selling spamming software. Send email to stranger while you sleep. Use your idle CPU time to help cure people not knowing about pills to make erection bigger.

My cousin does not go into your email or read any of it. I promise you solemnly.

DVD red box video netflix. Watch a movie. You like Ghostbuster? How about Don Johnson Marlboro Man? Do you like all seasons Burn Notice? Really good show. It has them before DVD video!

Bounce live TV to your wireless devices in house with SwigBox. Want to watch Who is Boss on phone? Can do it. Watch Little League World Series on programmable remote control? Is possible. Real Housewife of Magnitogorsk on panini press?

No way...WAY!

YOU *MUST* BUY NOW

Product is endorsed by #1 world grappler and strengthman
huge bicebs and skills

HYURGI TIGERWOODS

"My promise is great product. Thanks PC-COB!"

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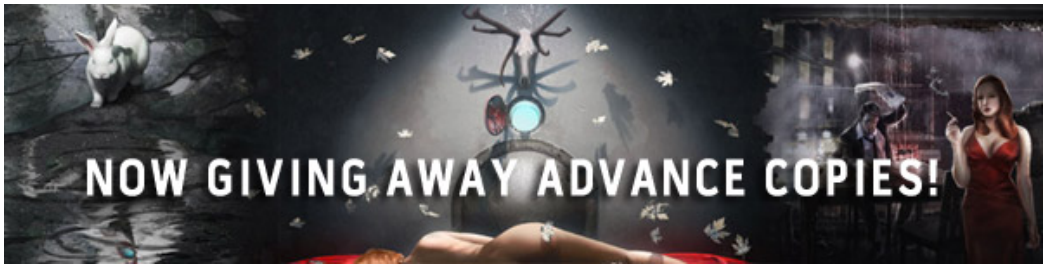
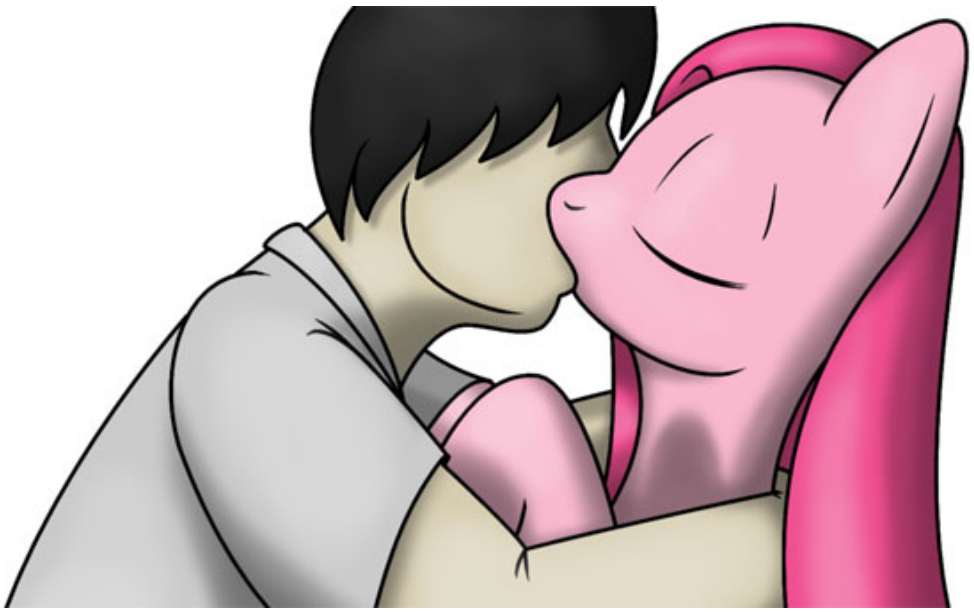


-∼HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

2.26 #SaveDerpy!

Tuesday, Feb 28, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)



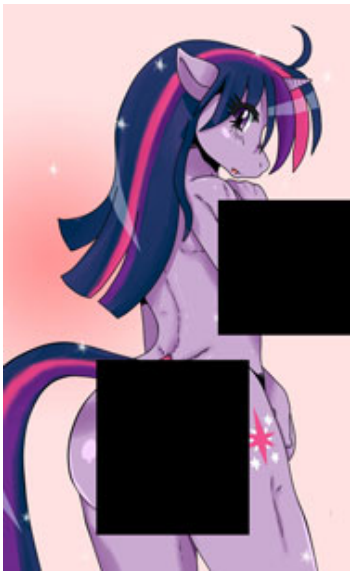
If you've used a computer in the last year or so, you've almost undoubtedly come across an individual who identifies as a brony. They are the (typically adult male) fans of the modern reboot of My Little Pony, and their obsession for the show oozes out of their pores constantly, coating their bodies like a fine gravy. This fandom follows in the footsteps of other seemingly non-starter concepts (or rather, shoudn't-start concepts) such as the anime or furry fandoms that nonetheless gained a foothold among groups online. The brony fanbase is substantial, and growing.

There's a bit of a controversy happening in the community right now, however-- the pony known as Derpy has been changed by the animation studio! Formerly, she appeared as a mentally-disabled yellow female pony with deficiencies exhibited for comedic effect. Recently, the show changed the character to be, well, less that. She's been toned down a bit, with her trademark "derpy" googly eyes being largely straightened, and even the name Derpy being retroactively un-canonized in an episode. This has caused an outrage among bronies, many of whom are fighting to keep her comedically-disabled appearance and behavior intact. There are many rants from fans that can be found searching sites like Reddit, and least two petitions for you to sign, as well as tumblrs and Twitter accounts and you-name-it. For some, it's a full-bore movement with the name #SaveDerpy.

Let's consider something, though: For a fanbase that supposedly teaches tolerance above all, is this really the correct course of action? Why maintain a character's developmental disability-- only to have it be laughed at by a nationwide audience? That hardly seems to be in the best interest of tolerance. Could some other factor be at play here that makes it worth

fighting tooth-and-nail to keep Derpy the way she used to be?

You see, while some in the brony community are being vocal about the modification of Derpy, others are busy drawing fanart or writing their own fiction, much of it of the adult variety. I'm not about to connect the individuals campaigning to re-disable Derpy with those who sexualize cartoon ponies, but let's face a few facts here: Many bronies exhibit a worrying sexualization of childhood or the childhood themes portrayed in the show, a fact which is largely overshadowed in public bronyism displays and meetups by the concept of tolerance that the show preaches. Derpy is also one of the ponies that also is routinely sexualized. You can very, very easily find fan art online of Derpy with enormous naked breasts and an exposed vagina. In fact, here's an example. Don't click it. She is a developmentally-disabled character on a show for children, and is reproduced in naked or sexual situations by fans of the show. And this fact is celebrated. This actually occurs in our world, today, in the year 2012, online, and it is apparently an accepted part of the culture by many individuals.



This piece isn't intended to be inflammatory or sensationalist, but the fact that many ponies are sexualized by participants in the brony culture is undeniable, and should be seen as worrying to those with small children who are legitimate fans of the show. Specifically, it's not unreasonable to shelter children with developmental disabilities similar to Derpy's from other, adult fans of the show for reasons that should be obvious.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not suggesting the creators of My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic have any hand in what's taking place online. To their credit, they've got a successful show on their hands and should absolutely milk every dollar they can out of it, and to do whatever they believe is appropriate with their characters and their properties. The reality remains, however, that a disturbingly large portion of the adult males who enjoy the show do it in ways that are sexual, and **logically, there is bound to be some overlap in those who sexualize ponies such as Derpy, and those who wish to see Derpy's mental shortcomings "saved" on the program**.

Please spread the awareness of the troubling nature of the #SaveDerpy campaign by clicking this link, which will use Twitter's functionality to tweet a link to this article. If you have any children, siblings, or friends that show an interest in brony culture-- especially if they're to the point of owning physical merchandise-- you may want to consult someone who has experience dealing with obsessive disorders. Use your own discretion.

Thanks, and be safe, everybody!

Parts of this piece are based on independent research into the brony community conducted by @dogboner and @dril.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.27 Memos from Bear Cave: Man's Reach (Part 1)

Wednesday, Feb 29, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 18, 1980
SUBJECT: Quit Asking Questions

I've gotten word that a number of you are asking questions about things that don't concern you, namely why a rival soup company has set up shop in our building and is using half the soupyards.

Let me tell you how the soup business works. You keep your mouth shut. This is not an industry for the faint of heart. You don't get ahead by talking out of turn. So quit your goddamn gossiping and get back to work. How I run my business is my business. Your business is shutting up and making me money.

But if you do run into one of these lowlife thugs walking around like they own the place, feel free to give 'em the ol' Boruff Hello and spit in their face.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 19, 1980
SUBJECT: Change to the Bathroom Policy

We absolutely cannot afford to maintain the current staff unless you guys learn to bridle your excessive flushing and bathroom usage. I've tried policing the toilets as best I can, but there is a criminal element amongst you that does not respect authority.

I've weighed my options carefully. Since the plumbers told me it would be too expensive to move all the toilets into my office where I can carefully monitor flushing habits, the next best option is to simply remove all the doors to the restrooms.

I had Manuel Rodriguez do just that this morning. Don't bother protesting.The doors have already been melted down into ore and sold. You guys asked for more transparency in how I run this business, and now you're getting it. With any luck, this will cut down on excessive flushing and whiny babies using the restrooms to cry and/or commit suicide all the time.

I hope you're all very happy with what you've done.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

TO: Duke Palmer, Ron Scotch, Leland Brownwig, Jim Proudcorn
DATE: February 19, 1980
SUBJECT: Something That Slipped My Mind

I just realized a conversation I had with my doctor six years ago. He told me I had gonorrhea and needed to take some medicine. I'm a busy man, so the whole episode slipped my mind until now. You boys ought to have your wives checked out for obvious reasons. Now nobody can say I've never looked out for you jerks.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 20, 1980
SUBJECT: Rumors About This Year's Soup & Broth Expo

Apparently I'm paying you all to gossip about the state of the company. Well, if you cannot possibly continue living without knowing the truth, here it is: I lost half our offices in a high-stakes game of poker at one of the Soup & Broth afterparties. I don't know why people are asking about that and not how many strippers I bedded during the expo (6), which is a far more juicy piece of gossip.

Half the building and soupyards are now owned by Bob Hutch and Man's Reach Soup Co. Since half the soup vats were full of raw sewage, it wasn't much of a loss. I insisted on keeping those vats. The last thing I want is Bob Hutch having access to our bodily wastes. That's also why I had Tall

Charlie jackhammer half the parking lot last week. I didn't pay to have that lot resurfaced just so Bob Hutch and his lily-livered soupninnies can park there. They want to park in my lot, it's going to cost them their tires.

For the record, I also won some at poker. So you're welcome to congratulate me, just not to my face since I don't want to look at any of you. I won us a few trucks from that creepy weirdo Roy Mallard over at Druid's Delight. If we run out of space, we can set up some offices in the backs of those.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 20, 1980
SUBJECT: Don't Even Think About It

I just got wind from Tall Charlie that Bob Hutch had new restrooms installed in his half the building and is offering to let any Bear Cave employee use them whenever they want. If I find out any of you are availing yourself of his offer, then you're fired. I've got eyes and ears all throughout this building reporting your every move.

I also have charts and graphs documenting your bathroom usage in vivid detail. I have the numbers for the past two years, and *I will know* if they stop adding up. Besides, you work for me, and that means I own you and any wastes you produce. Bob Hutch gets none of that.

This also goes for any of the free snacks and beverages he's offering. I don't want you urinating any more than you already do because you drank too much of Bob Hutch's coffee. The only thing you should be doing with Bob Hutch's coffee is spitting in it.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 20, 1980
SUBJECT: Defections

I have received resignation letters from three employees today informing me they are leaving Bear Cave to work across the building for Man's Reach. Let me just say something to these traitors and anyone else thinking of following suit: forget about your promissory soup bonds ever maturing. You could have made a fortune, but you left it all behind to go work for Bob Hutch, a man who can't tell a good can of soup from his own ass, let alone please his wife.

Good riddance.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 21, 1980
SUBJECT: New Project

Bob Hutch and his boys have been tearing this place up and I've had enough. First he runs all the stray dogs out, which provided a valuable service protecting the soupyards from hobos and teenage thrill seekers, and now he's got exterminators crawling around killing off our rats and cockroaches.

I've worked hard to create a delicate balance of bugs and vermin, one that's not only scientifically sound but financially genius. You remove just one roach or one rat from the equation and the whole thing falls apart, and the flavor of our soup goes down the toilet.

So here's the plan: we're going to burn Man's Reach to the ground. If you go out back to my special shed, you'll find 4 garbage cans full of gasoline I've been saving for a special occasion. This is that special occasion. Get it and start pouring it around their side of the office. DISCRETELY.

Make sure the fire does not spread to our half of the office. For various reasons including supposed "building code violations" we don't have any insurance.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 21, 1980
SUBJECT: Change of Plans

I've been informed by my instrument of vengeance, Dang Linh, that the gasoline I was saving has gone bad. If I had a time machine I would go back and not buy those four garbage cans of gas from that no-good Filipino. That's the first and only thing I would do with my time machine.

Nobody better disturb me today. I'm dedicating all my ample mental energies to coming up with the perfect way to ruin Bob Hutch's life.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 22, 1980
SUBJECT: New Safety Policy

As I've said all along, we here at Bear Cave are a family. More than that, we're a team led by a man with incomparable leadership skills: me. Today your leader has been stabbed in the heart by a cowardly little man named Bob Hutch, whose dimwitted children are likely not his own, who drives a tiny Japanese car instead of a large American one like me, who believes in putting "herbs" and other womanly things in his soups and deboning and cooking the meats he uses instead of letting their natural flavors and gristle shine.

Bob Hutch has hired my two idiot rockabilly sons to work for him. I had intended that both of them would die on the streets, but now they are employed and allowed to wander the building I built with my bare hands.

I cannot advocate murder, but if someone were to murder Bob Hutch, they would be generously awarded (I have a trophy just waiting to be engraved with the murderer's name) and given a promotion once any jail sentences were finished. More importantly, they would have earned my respect.

In an unrelated note, I have decided to be proactive in regards to America's recent increase in violent crime and implemented a new safety policy. I'll be leaving loaded firearms around the building should you need to fend off any intruders who threaten your safety or livelihood.

J. D. BORUFF

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 The Festooneried Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Thursday, Mar 01, 2012 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

"If there ever was a collegiate Englishman, it was Gibbonman. Professor, read frequently, married an insane woman. He was always writing stories about an idiotic bear that's clearly a stand-in for another professor, and whatnot. And he wore a lot of tweed. He started that, you know." - Quixus Ablebody, *A Tailor's Vertical London*

The farmer's wife whispered to the farmer "Here comes the king!" Then she tittered. For up the path to the little mountain farm came presently a fox, his gait long and regal, his nose held high. A paper crown and a tattered cape rested upon him in the noblest possible ways.

"Oh ho!" said the farmer. "My liege!" He bowed.

"Yes, yes, I am the king!" proclaimed the fox. "And furthermore there shall be a tax upon the raising of hunting dogs!"

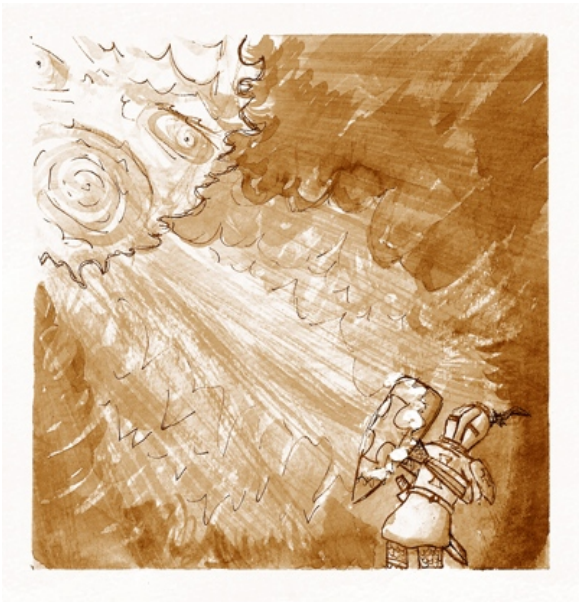
"Indeed!" mocked the farmer. "And certainly that tax shall be collected in voles and rabbits! Ha ha!"

The farmer laughed and pointed at the fox, as did his wife. "The fox king ..." they laughed. " ... He decrees it! It must be law!"

The fox king did not laugh. Instead, with but a whisper, his guards were upon the farmers, tearing their throats with halberds for their transgressions.

The moral of the story is: Be wary of kings in kings' clothing.

THE KNIGHT AND THE SUN



A knight came to stop at a little stream that tumbled through a great valley. Summer was upon the land, and the heat wavered from the stones, but as the knight's horse drank thirstily the knight could find no shade in which to rest.

"I have suffered beneath thee for days upon days!" the knight called out to the pale blue sky o'er him. "Has not the famous and celebrated Sun a kindness for travelers at his doorstep?"

"What ask you of me, sir knight?" replied the sun, its words like gusts from a furnace onto the plains.

The knight, who cleverly hid behind his shield as the sun spoke, called out in reply.

"Shade! I request only shade from your eminence!"

"Shade!?" bellowed the terrible fiery voice. "What is shade?"

The knight stopped, unsure of how to explain such a thing to the sun. "Uh ... well I guess you've

never seen it, huh? Everything you see is ... lit. Hmm." By now the coat of arms on the knight's shield was beginning to crack and bubble from the waves of incredible heat it struggled to hold at bay.

"Generally I make things brighter, or hotter," belched the sun. "If you want either of those, I could ... "

"No!" Interjected the knight. "I mean, no thank you, that's fine! Forget I said anything!"

"Well, alright," rumbled the sun hesitantly. "I'll be on my way."

And so the sun turned and rolled away, over the horizon, leaving naught but the night sky. As it had been noon only moments before, the knight became very nervous.

"Oh dear."

The moral of the story is: Never ask for anything if anything is listening.

THE CROCODILE AND THE TOWER

While tidily about his business in his slow river home, a crocodile came across a patch of moss he had not seen before.

"Disgusting!" said the crocodile, his nose thrust high. "I can not abide such a mess in my home!"

With his great clawed feet he scratched at the moss, revealing old stone beneath it. The further he scratched, the further the stone was revealed, and soon the crocodile had uncovered the oddest sight: the long tumbled ruins of a tower of old.

As the moss receded with each tidying swipe, the crocodile unveiled a window at what was once the top of the tower. He poked his head inside neatly and called out.

"Whoever made this mess in my river shall hear a thing or two from me!"

In the darkness of the tower, the crocodile could barely see, but as his eyes became accustomed he saw the culprits. Three skeletons, bolted by manacles into the stone, gazed miserably at him.

"God!" moaned the skeletons. "God has come for us!"

"We must be tidy!" chided the crocodile.

"Why have you forgotten us?" moaned the skeletons. They strained with ancient clatter against the creaks of rust. "Let us die! Let us die!"

The crocodile flipped his tail goodbye, and with a final "tidy!" turned and swam away.

"What an oafish thing, to dirty the river!" said the crocodile as he basked on the riverbank. "God was right to forget them".

The moral of the story is: God only sees people who die outside.

Ian "BFM" Helm not only writes *and* illustrates Gibbonman's fables, he also ... I guess that's it, those two things.

-~Ian "BFM" Helm

3.2 The Reificant: Brave

Friday, Mar 02, 2012 by @Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.

I AM.

Reificant.

I AM.

Witness of the downfall. Failed champion of my Queen. Spilled out into places that are not my own. Becoming flesh that does not belong to me. Restored to the shell of my birth. I am no more able to stop the water than a stone might halt the tide. But I must try.

I must...

I remember...

Slithering upon smooth, warm stones. Freed from the membrane of my resurrection. I rise into a new place, a new air to passes into my lungs. It is humid and stinking of decaying flesh. Light penetrates into this underground place by channels of color crystal.

I stand before a two-legged animal of soft meat. Its head is supported on muscular trunk, it possesses dark eyes and short snout marked with a band of pigment. Its mouth is fleshy and it flaps when it speaks to me in strings of barking sounds. I am much larger than this creature. It is wary, but does not flee. I cannot understand its words and it cannot understand what I quill upon my back.

The sound of its cries draw more like it into the chamber. They are all of similar composition. Taller and leaner than the Mummon, their bodies more defined by musculature. They wear simple animal pelts around their midsections and their faces are painted with different pigments. Some brandish crude weapons, wooden poles with tips of sharpened bone or flint. I do not fear their weapons. I advance, ignoring them as they prod my flanks with their weapons, testing me but not attacking.

They retreat in a ring around me. I follow them out of a tunnel, slowly, my claws finding purchase on the damp, heated stones. Gradually the air becomes cooler, the tunnel narrower. The creatures crouch and I am forced to crawl upon my belly. I squirm like a larvae. It is as tight for me as the comb of my soft time.

After a long struggle the tunnel widens and I am able to walk again. Still surrounded by the upright bipeds, I emerge into a wide-open cave. Bright sunlight and the cool darkness of the shade are determined by a rough ceiling of black rock. This cave overhang is large enough to contain an entire settlement of these creatures, complete with blocky houses constructed from mud bricks, wooden beams and straw. Many walls are marked with shapes that must be depictions of local animals. Ladders connect the various tiers of structures, rising to the highest plateau upon which I now stand.

A disorganized rank of the bipeds awaits us. These are different. Some are small, juvenile possibly, others shriveled with age, still others are softer-bodied with fleshy torsos. The black hair that flows behind their heads reminds me of the banners hanging behind the desiccataphs of the ancient queens. These are not battle flags. This is the sign of mammals.

It is very quiet. I can hear my spiracles venting and the soft flap-flap of their hair in the wind that dips through the yawning cave. The discordant wail of a juvenile is shushed by an adult. I wait patiently, surrounded by the threat of their fragile spears. A shriveled biped shuffles forward. His hair is gray and not black. He is assisted by two younger individuals.

He opens a pouch of leather and empties pebbles upon the earthen floor. They are smooth and light in color as if plucked from a river. Crouching, he carefully arranges these stones into a shape of a circle surrounded by waving lines. When he has finished he points to the image and points beyond the open cavern space and to the daylight star in the sky.

"Una," he says and points to the shape in the sky.

"Una," he repeats and points to the pebble-shape on the ground.

I slowly move my foreleg, brushing a killing claw gently through the stones. I tap my foot for emphasis and, with great care, form the sound of their awkward word with my quills. The mammals gasp and murmur to one another as I repeat, "Una. Una. Una. Una."

"Una," says the gray-haired mammal.

I step forward and the bipeds part, fearfully, allowing me to walk slowly to the edge of the plateau. It overlooks their entire civilization of ladders and tiered houses hiding in the shadow of the cave.

"Una," I say once again and I gesture to the sky with my forelimb.

They shriek with alarm as I take flight, my wings beating the air and carrying me beyond the mouth of the cave and into the heat of the day. The daylight upon my shell warms my inner meat. Though the air is thin I am rejuvenated by this foray beneath blue sky.

Whirling, I see the folds of mountains and streams, white sands and table land untouched by settlements. Trackless desert and cloudless skies only occasionally spotted with the dark shape of flying creatures, far too small to be relatives of those that attacked the Mummon.

There are no other groups of these bipeds in sight. Only here, through a narrow crevasse, in the shadow of the overhanging rock, have these creatures built any civilization. Their isolation gives me hope. Perhaps the water's hold is not absolute upon this place. I circle back and buzz down into their canyon. The largest of their kind appear along the precipices, brandishing their spears, running alongside me as I slow and descend onto the rock.

"Ho Acha!" shouts the biped nearest me as I touch down. He flashes white teeth and the red of his tongue.

"Ho Acha!" I reply, mimicking his tone. He closes his mouth. Recalling my unexpected rebuke by the Mummon, I do not repeat this phrase again. I fold my wings upon my back and wait for the bipeds to surround me once more.

I hope the elder will pour out his stones again and attempt communication. Instead, he stands by and watches others bring forward a cloth heaped with something. I detect the savory aroma of cooked flesh, succulent, browned meat. Do they offer one of their own to me in sacrifice?

Unlikely. There are small animals running among them, barking at me. The pelts they wear suggest the presence of still more beasts. The bipeds, murmuring to one another, fall silent as the offering is place before me. Not just cooked flesh, but also a mash of grains and vegetables. A large clay pan of water. They fall silent once more, watching me expectantly.

I spear the steaming carcass with a claw. Their awestruck gasps are endearing to me. I must terrify them to some degree. I doubt they could stop me if I wished to slaughter them all and yet, their curiosity and confidence are such that they do not see reason to hide from me. I lift the dripping meat to my palpi and feed upon it, turning the carcass and separating the bones within. I had not considered the depths of my hunger. In moments I have stripped the carcass to a few tendons and

a spinal column.

I drop these with a clatter upon the stone and in a few more moments I have devoured all they have laid before me. At last, I lift the clay to my face and drain the water. It tastes heavily of minerals, but does not bear the taint of the water that has brought me to this place.

There is no hesitation to learn and communicate with me. Before the light of day has fled I have learned a dozen words of their vocabulary. As darkness comes they create a fire from pieces of fragrant wood and I sit upon my belly and listen to their voices. They raise them in a peculiar way, in unison, the sounds rising and falling. By the firelight I am nearly hypnotized by the sound and the soft detail of their faces.

I sleep among them, on the stones, awakening to find a new offering of food laid out before me.

These bipeds are called men. They are male and female, equals like the Mummon, but with deference to age and wisdom. They are peaceful but have not always been so. They tell me there are others of their kind far away, beyond the sands and in different places.

I take wing in daylight but I discover no trace of these other people. I do discover an animal in the mountains during my exploration. Seeking to repay the generosity of the men, I swoop down and seize this animal. It is long and covered with hair, its body muscular and powerful. I snap its neck quickly. It dangles limp from my killing claws. When I return to the village with this creature I am met by the men. They seem impressed with the animal I have brought them.

"Cougar," says the elder. I repeat the word. I soon learn that this animal is the most dangerous predator of their environment. They do not hunt it out of both fear and respect. The elder calls me "Brave" but decides this description is inadequate.

"Winged Brave," he says, daring to touch my wings with his hand.

I am lured into a sense of community with these mammals. They teach me the words and syntax of their language, I teach them pieces of mine. I help them hunt, spying animals on the table land and reporting its location back to them.

"Winged Brave," their juveniles - children - call to me as I return from the hunt. "What have you brought us?"

And I have brought them something. I return with unusual stones or strange birds I have caught in the air. They repay me with more words and, eventually, with stories of the great beasts that have created this place and their people. Their stories are incredible, but I have seen strange enough things to believe them.

"I will tell you of White Painted Woman," says the elder, who is called River Stone for the way he is untroubled by difficulties. "First there was woman, who came to be filled with child by the rays of the sun and her child was called Killer of Foes. And she became filled with child by the drops of rain that fell upon her and she gave birth to an entire tribe. But there was a great evil stalking her sons and daughters. Killer of Foes went out to battle it."

The story, like all of their stories, is filled with layers of meaning difficult for me to decipher. River Stone tells me of the battle between Killer of Foes and a giant who fed upon his people. Killer of Foes was victorious and his people lived in peace. White Painted Woman became old, so she taught her daughters to give birth.

"'Do not leave us,' pleaded her daughters and sons. 'I will not,' said White Painted Woman. When she became too old to go on, White Painted Woman went towards the sun. On her way through the desert she came upon herself as a young woman. She took the hand of her younger self and they became one. She returned to the village a young woman and was greeted by her daughters with great joy. Whenever she grew old she would always return just the same."

I do not like this story very much. Though I suspect it is a tale meant to describe the natural lifecycle of these mammals, it reminds me of what must be done. The next day brings another reminder. I am using my killing claws to remove the pelt of an herbivore when a young man approaches me.

"Hello, Winged Brave," he says. I do not know him and so I quill that I am sorry, but I do not recognize him.

"I am River Stone's brother," he says. "I hold his memories. I come from the water."

"This is not good," I say to him.

"The water has given us many brothers," he says and gestures to the village.

I admit to difficulty telling one man from another - only the handful of juveniles are easy for me to distinguish because of their size. The adults have no fixed patterns and rely on temporary items like feathers and beads and bands of dyed cloth to distinguish one from the other. Now, surveying the tribe, I realize that this difficulty is not merely my unfamiliarity with their species. At least half the tribe seems to be duplicates.

That night, I seek council with the elder River Stone.

"Tell me how you found the water," I say to him.

"I knew you would ask this," he answers. "Very well. Sit down."

We sit beside the fire and he ignites a long pipe filled with fragrant herb. The cup glows orange with each intake of breath. After several long inhalations, he offers the pipe to me. I have no means to smoke this substance.

"Many years ago, when I was young and strong, I was a scout for my people. We were seeking better lands. We had been defeated in battle by the Red Rock tribe and many were hurt among us. I found this place by reputation. We were told to avoid the black rocks here, but it was desperation. My people were dying."

"You were their champion," I say.

"There seemed to be no hope, even here, until I saw the white dog. It came out from the mountains and led me straight to this place. I often wonder what spirit lived within this animal. Its eyes were blue as the sky. It took me into that cave and...it was many days in the desert. I had to have a drink."

"How many have been in the water?"

"Most," he admits.

"You must prepare your people for a grim task," I tell him. "You will continue to pollute this place with all who have been in the water. It will corrupt you until terrible things emerge from the water."

"Winged Brave comes from the water," he says. I feel chastened, but do not surrender the point.

"I have seen what other things will come. Every living thing will be their prey. The sky will turn black and the mountains will break open."

"It has happened to your people?"

"Yes," I say. "Any sacrifice is worth preventing this fate."

"What sacrifice do you ask?"

"It will not be easy. You must trap yourself in the water and never return. I think there is a way."

He exhales a long stream of purple smoke. His eyes are heavy with its intoxicating properties.

"This is a terrible thing you ask of me," his words are slow. "There are animal places in the darkness of the water. Spirits of great violence in my dreams of death. To condemn my sisters and brothers to this is a great evil. It is a greater evil to go on as we have and bring destruction to this place. What must we do, Winged Brave?"

I do not want to answer him.

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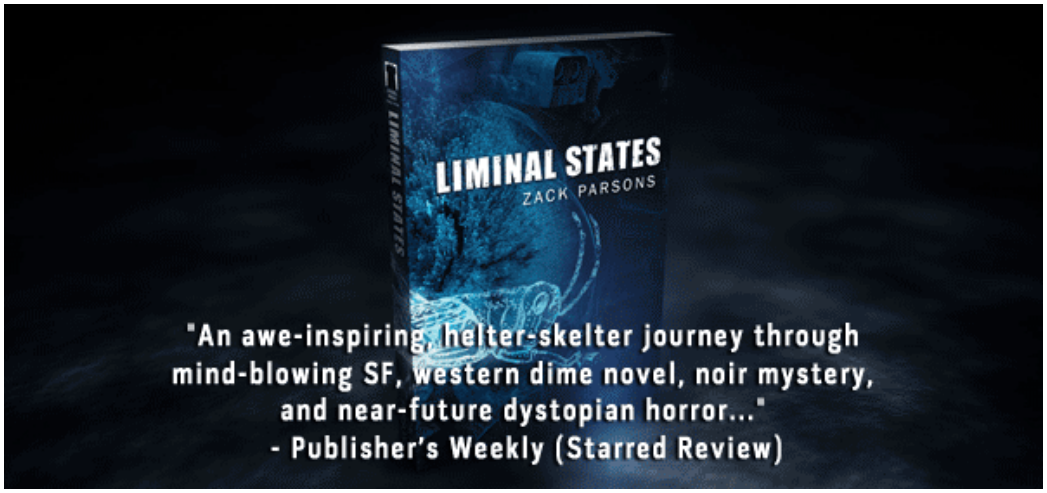

LIMINAL STATES
ZACK PARSONS
"An awe-inspiring, helter-skelter journey through
mind-blowing SF, western dime novel, noir mystery,
and near-future dystopian horror..."
- Publisher's Weekly (Starred Review)
https://www.amazon.com/Liminal-States-Zack-Parsons/dp/0806533641/

-∼@Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

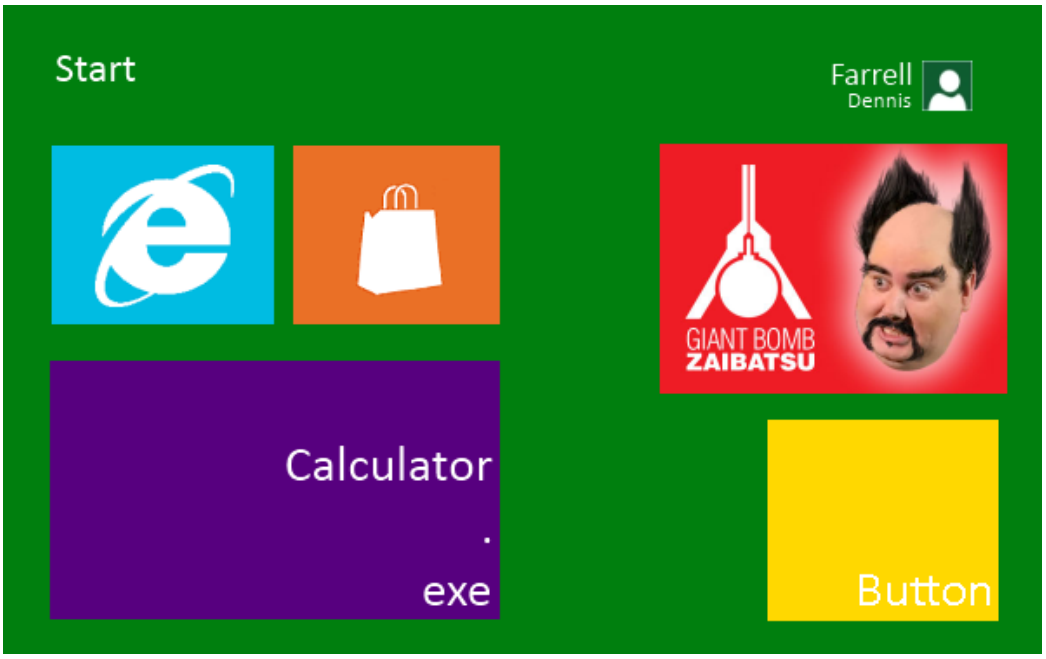
3.3 Windows 8 Preview

Saturday, Mar 03, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Windows 8 takes Microsoft's cell phone UI and attempts to integrate it with the desktop experience. Some people say that the result is the biggest operating system advancement in decades. Some say that small touchscreens are vastly different from traditional keyboard+mouse setups with larger screens, and that Windows 8's option to disable the new UI is proof that this is will have limited usage in the real world.

After spending some time with the recently released preview build, I have some insightful, brilliant thoughts.

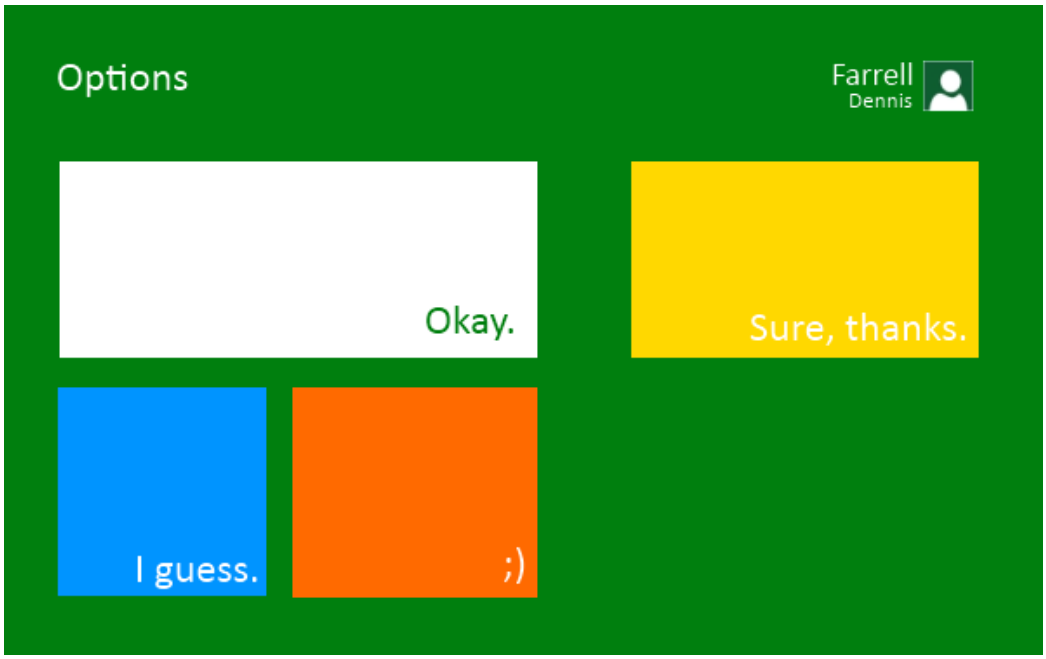
The Home Menu



Pretty self-explanatory. This slick and elegant screen provides easy access to absolutely everything you'd ever need. If, for example, you want to be reminded that Internet Explorer still exists, there's a button. If you want to shop on Microsoft's marketplace (and who doesn't?), there's a button. Conveniently, it's a different color so you don't get confused. If you like ads - sorry, recommendations - and lots of white space, you're all set.

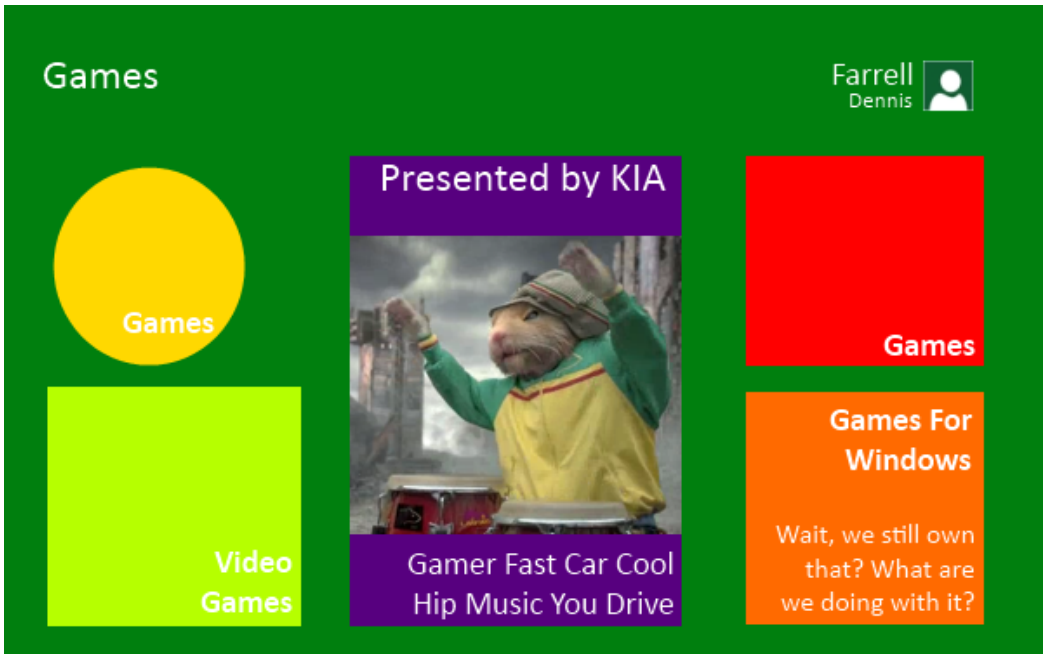
Gone are the start menu, taskbar, and desktop. In their stead, the realization that bright colors and large rectangles exist.

The Options Plinth



With the new straightforward UI, some people were worried that power users would have a hard time getting into the deepest levels of the system. Obviously, those fears were unfounded. Here we see the full Options Plinth, which replaces the ancient, decrepit Control Panel. You can choose from several options. They all seem pretty good!

Microsoft Game Center Xbox For Windows Marketplace



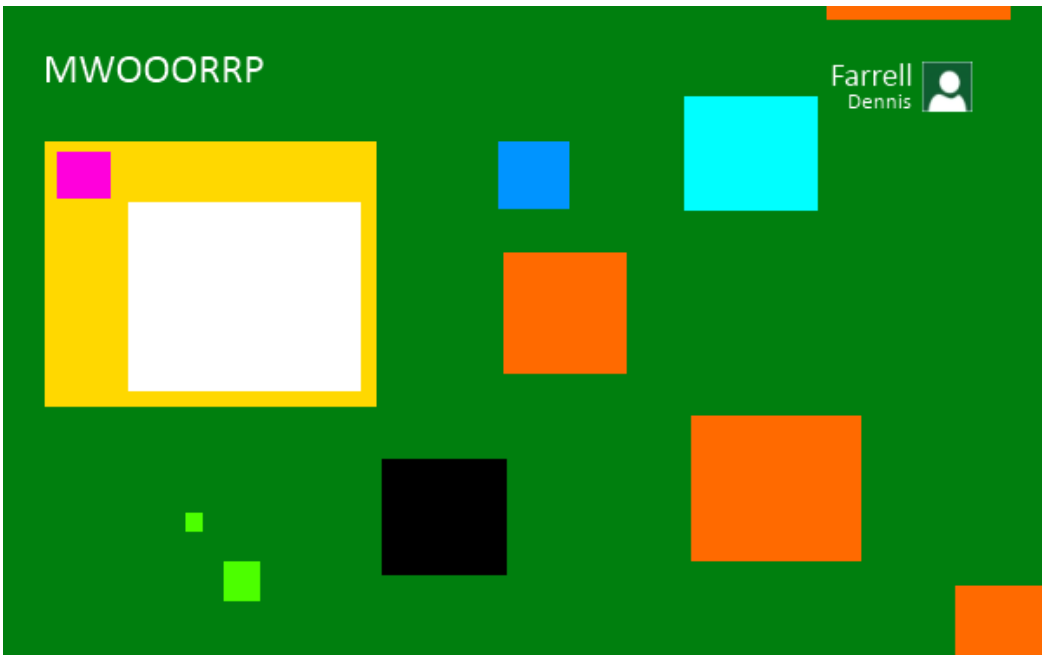
Every few years Microsoft renews their forgotten promise to focus on PC gaming, and this time

around they've finally done it by integrating Games For Windows Live. By "integrating", I mean that it exists and you can open it.

GFWL still lacks many of the features that you love on Steam, doesn't have a wide selection of games, doesn't put games on sale very often, the overlay is still clunky, it still causes problems such as arbitrary save game deletions, and it's sort of obnoxious about updating itself. It does, however, have Microsoft's name on it, and you can use it to do really exciting things such as purchasing exclusive DLC or buying Microsoft Xbox dollar points.

If you want to play a non-GWFL game, you simply click on one of the appropriate colored shapes, then on the silhouette of a person playing a video game, then on the colored rectangle with a silhouette of a mermaid. You'll know you've gone too far or taken a wrong turn if you see a throbbing blue square with a silhouette of an Olly Ross silhouette portrait.

MWOOORRP



Here we have the MWOOORRP screen. Surprisingly, this is identical to the version we've been using since Windows XP. To be quite honest, it's disappointing to hear Microsoft boast so much about their revolutionary UI, then leave this vital part of the OS untouched.

HHH Eating A Sandwich

This is the first time that the UI has given me pause. Although I like the bold, clean look of Windows 8 in general, it seems to limit the amount of instances of HHH Eating A Sandwich on the HHH Eating A Sandwich panel. In an ideal UI, we'd see at least twenty - if not fifty - pictures of HHH eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich with a bandage on his head.

Thankfully, this is a preview build. There's still plenty of time between now and release, so with any luck Microsoft will put their top men on HHH Eating A Sandwich.

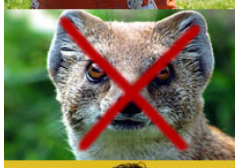
Conclusion

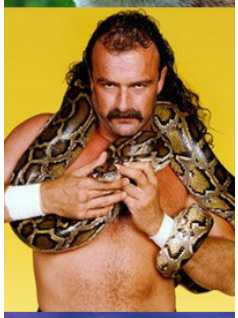
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.4 Should You Buy a Pet Snake?

Sunday, Mar 04, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Finally, the answer to the age old question. Should you buy a pet snake?





If you are...

Planning on being *that* dude at the state fair **YES**

Eight years old **YES**

Trying to defend your tomb from a future archeologist that happens to hate snakes **YES**

Always wanted a dragon and don't mind making a few compromises **YES**

A villain of some sort **YES**

Converting your living room to display a pile of pebbles, dried log, and snake--literally the worst shit nature has to offer **YES**

Not totally against facial tattoos **YES**

Allergic to mongoose **YES**

Trying to win votes in major snake-owning states **YES**

Rarely seen wearing a shirt **YES**

Truly unable to differentiate between pet and pest **YES**

Wanting to be identified solely as "that dude with a snake" **YES**

Feel most comfortable in a goatee

Needing a place to discretely hide long, narrow items **YES**

Trying to recreate scenes from *Anaconda* in your bathtub using only your snake, your blowup doll, and your lust for life **YES**

Literally the guy to the left of this sentence **YES**

Settle forever that it is, in fact, a snake in your pocket **YES**

Trying to totally impress some eight year olds **YES**

Lonely, searching for the perfect cold, scaly creature to snuggle with every night **YES**

Wear a leather jacket in August for no apparent reason **YES**

Part snake yourself **YES**

Grossly misinformed about what the opposite sex likes **YES**

Trying to quench your addiction to venom **YES**

Looking for a new defense against bullies **YES**

Can't settle for any pet that doesn't do nothing **YES**

Don't want to eat mice alone anymore **YES**

Teach biology in a public high school **YES**

A wrestler and/or rapist **YES**

Need a baby rattle with a little personality **YES**

Filming that music video from *Wayne's World* **YES**

Have a special connection to Baby Got Back's line "my anaconda don't want none" **YES**

Your method of pleasuring yourself is on the next level-and probably illegal **YES**

Really hate mice **YES**

You are totally counter-culture and totally from 1994 **YES**

Decided that a pet turtle just wasn't a big enough asshole **YES**

Actively trying to destroy the Everglades **YES**

DIY snake boots **YES**

Anyone or anything not mentioned above **NO**

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.5 Alright, Girls, Here's What You're Allowed to Do

Monday, Mar 05, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you have been paying attention over the past few weeks you might have noticed that about half of the population in the United States is upset. Women (henceforth "girls"), being a flighty, emotionally unstable species, seem a bit confused about where certain boundaries are to be found in a civil society. You can hear their screeching over the airwaves. "Give us slut pills!" or "Take your science sticks out of our sin-pits!" they cry. Perhaps it's their time of the month?

The confusion is understandable. In this pastel-draped world of smoothed edges there is no fatherly voice to command them. They require the certitude that only a firm instruction from a man can give them. They need to be told.

Girls, here's what you're allowed to do:

"PLEASE, DAVE..PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE LOCKED OUT FROM YOU!"
DOUBT
INHIBITIONS
IGNORANCE
Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy married love

You can have abortions, but only after you have watched the entire 9-hour miniseries "Mommy, Thank You for Giving Me This Life," produced by United Evangelical Church of the Carolinas and directed by God Almighty. It uses a green screen and computers to produce a Shrek-like cartoon of your baby as it is born and grows into adulthood, ultimately becoming a doctor and then President. His VP is the first girl VP. You must also submit to the highest-resolution ultrasound imaging available. This could be an abdominal ultrasound, a vaginal ultrasound or the new 4D spinning butt-driller ultrasound.

You are allowed to keep it neat. Does your husband play golf in a jungle? Of course not. Girls, take care of yourself. No husband is going to buy a house with a filthy yard with weeds growing out into the front walkway. It's called curb appeal. Even if you're in a marriage, it's your responsibility to remain in a prepubescent downstairs state until menopause or your husband's third mistress.

Also, be aware of your odor. We call it "the stink lines factor." If you want to know what you smell

like take off your pants and sit on your spotless kitchen floor and drag your butt around like a dog with worms. Then have a whiff of your streak. Does it smell nice? No? Then you aren't doing something right.

You are absolutely free to use contraception, just don't expect men to pay for it. That's against religion. Birth control pills? It's not like we use the stuff. And there's that pill they call the abortion pill. Sounds pretty terrible. Is that like you take a fizzy tablet and five minutes later this thing drops out of you looking like a baby bird that fell from a bakest ball backboard? No thanks.

You can operate battered girls' shelters, but you have to acknowledge that sometimes girls batter men. Change them to just battered people shelters - a safe place for everyone subjected to violence in a relationship - and accept men into them. Yes, even hulking men wearing ski masks and carrying Rambo knives. Buzz him through, toots. Are you a misandrist?

Since more girls are graduating college than men we are allowed to wolf-whistle and smack butts again. All around you need to learn to respect PUA methodology. Read at least one PUA manual so the next time you get negged about your hair by a fat guy wearing an anime t-shirt you will respect his effort and respond favorably to his escalating kino.

You may video yourself and post it on the Internet. You owe this to us, you birth control piggy. Some man somewhere will find just anything you do sexy and you owe it to him, as a girl, to provide maximum titillation. In fact, label all your videos with email addresses so that men can send in suggestions about what to do in future videos.

"Your turkey wrap lunch video was pretty nice, but maybe tomorrow you could do it topless and then jam fingers down your throat and barf all over yourself, then let a huge scary black guy impregnate you, then truss yourself up from the ceiling, then be my mother and my daughter at the same time. Thank you!"

You cannot even conceive of how sexually gross we are and it's your job to cater to that grossness.

You may clean everything. Girls, men are far too busy with their car repairs and their downloading pornographies to help you clean up. Mop the kitchen, vacuum the den, wipe down our toilets and scrub everything we smear with our filth. You want every surface in your house to be clean enough to eat from, mostly because that's what we want you to do in your next video.

You can cook. Or maybe that should be **you'd better cook.** You'll never snag a husband microwaving soft pretzels. If you're extra nice to your husband, he might even allow you to run the barbecue a little bit while we are refilling the cooler.

Raise our babies. You make them soft, we'll toughen them up and turn the boys into miniature version of ourselves. Yes, we are going to teach them to cuss. If you didn't want that you should have sent them to Hogwarts.

If you follow these simple rules, respect your boundaries, listen to

your husband, keep your voice down, give us our space when it's "that time of the month" and generally be a pleaser, things will work out just fine for you.

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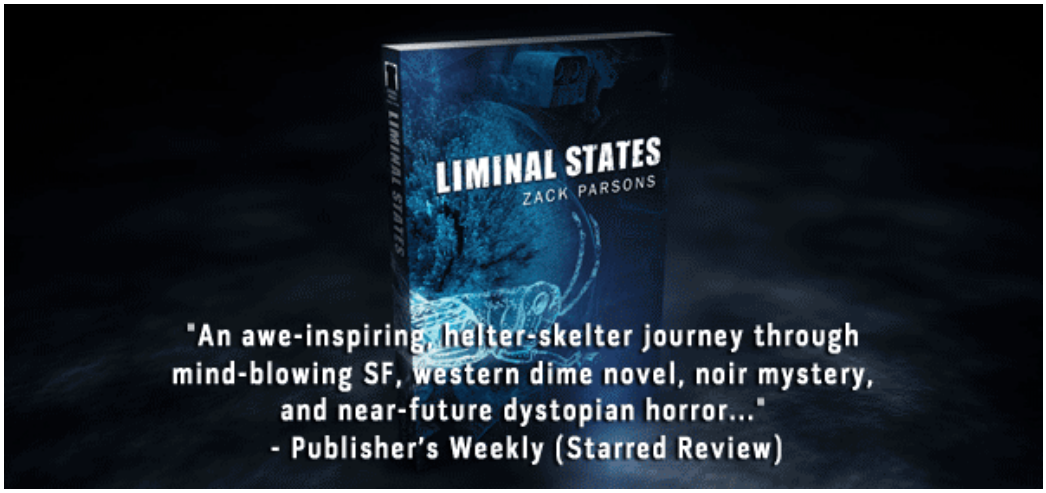
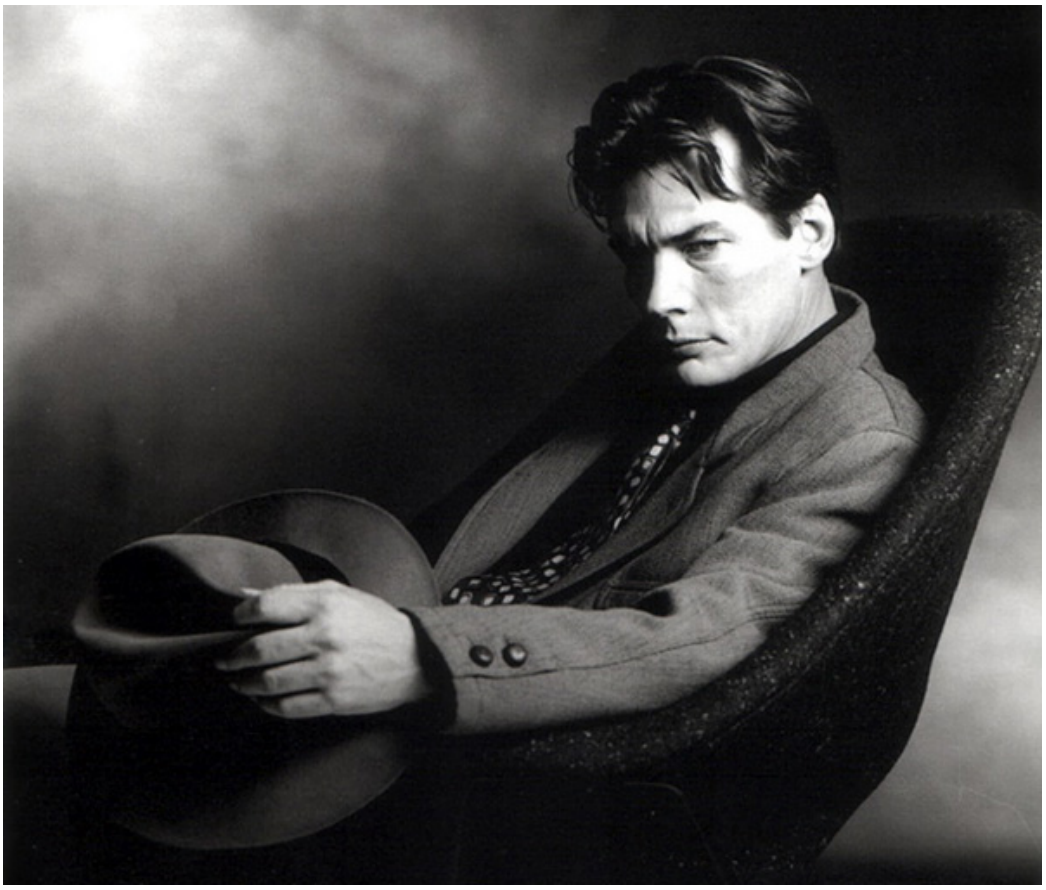

LIMINAL STATES
ZACK PARSONS
"An awe-inspiring, helter-skelter journey through
mind-blowing SF, western dime novel, noir mystery,
and near-future dystopian horror..."
- Publisher's Weekly (Starred Review)

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.6 Billy Drago: An Appreciation in Five Parts

Tuesday, Mar 06, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



Billy Drago is perhaps the finest stock lunatic of the VHS era. Maybe you don't know his name, but if you fall squarely in the Something Awful demographic, you've seen his face dozens of times, portraying a variety of leering lunatics, insane preachers and unhinged crime bosses. He's had roles in some above-ground releases, like The Untouchables, The X-Files and, uh, Brisco County Jr., though his finest material has always been in the straight-to-video gutters, playing against the Jeff Faheys and Bruce Boxleitners of the world. Down there, his roles are bigger and his creepiness is broader. This is the Billy Drago we love best.

Roger Ebert once said that no movie featuring Harry Dean Stanton could be altogether bad. It would be nice to say the same of Billy Drago, but it would miss the point of his genius; he's been in a lot of genuine shit. But if you're going to watch a movie that's altogether bad, make sure it has Billy Drago in it-- it sure as hell can't be altogether boring. I've rented watched quite a few movies on the strength of his name alone, and I always get what I paid for.

I certainly haven't seen every Billy Drago film, and I don't know enough about him to pen the ultimate thesis on the Drago oeuvre. Maybe in a few years. But, for now, I hope this brief and inadequate appreciation will put a name to the face and inspire some casual fans to dig deeper.

1. Acting With Billy

Here's a fantastic example of the unique charm Billy Drago can bring to practically any role you throw at him. Here we have the introduction to what I gather is a VHS acting workshop presented by his wife, fellow TV/B-movie regular Silviana Gallardo:

(A link, just in case the embed doesn't work in your browser.)

No other actor could bring this level of wild-eyed, totally unnecessary menace to a video acting lesson intro. Was it an artistic choice to play it like the chilling confession of a serial child murderer, or is it just Billy Drago being Billy Drago?

2. The Names of Drago

I hope I haven't made it seem like Billy Drago is lacking in versatility. On the contrary, he's played every stripe of lowlife, from island-owning kingpin to ethnic heavy to unnamed thug. The best introduction to Billy Drago's career might not even involve watching a movie-- to get a good sense of his work, you can just open his IMDB page and read the names of every character he's played. Career phases come and go; strange patterns emerge.

> Vladimus. Asmodeus. Barbas. Dante. Danton Vachs. Belthagor.
>
> Black Hand Kelly. Shakes Montrose. Spankin' Bill. Billy "Spider" Masters. Papa Jupiter. Orel Peattie.
>
> Cowboy. Snakebite. Cutter. Zeke. Mannix. Snow. Rat.
>
> Chico Fuentes. Tonio. Syszek. Scalia. Ramon Cota. Diego. Jose Maria Carlos. Carlos Gallindo. General Monticito Frantacino. Running Wolf.
>
> Dr. Frankfurt. Mr. Fallow. Doc Benton. Deputy Mather. Dr. Highwater. Captain Krantz. Reverend James. Judge Samuel Mather.
>
> Garbage Man. Man in White Suit. The Man in Black. Gangster in Leather Coat. Thug. Cabalista Leader. Crazy Old Man. The Old Indian. The Dog Catcher. Zephyr's Stepdad.

Career phases come and go; strange patterns emerge.

3. A Man and His Islands

For the finest in Drago, turn to Death Ring (1992) and Deadly Heroes (1993)-- the height of the Billy Drago island kingpin/rapist psychopath era.

Death Ring's cover promises an action dream team: NORRIS. MCQUEEN. SWAYZE. Can you even believe that lineup? Well, it's true: Mike Norris, Don Swayze and Chad McQueen come together for an almost-star studded cinematic spectacular. In Death Ring, Billy Drago is a psychopath who owns an island, and the ragtag band of famous brothers (and a son) must infiltrate his compound to save a captive woman from being malignantly pawed at.

In Deadly Heroes, Billy Drago is a psychopath who owns an island, and Michael "Eddie & The Cruisers" Paré must infiltrate his compound to save a captive woman from being malignantly pawed at.

Nobody in the history of film owns an island and malignantly paws at a woman like Billy Drago. Nobody whispers sweet nothings of sexual menace in the ear of a captive fiancee so tenderly. If the real Billy Drago needed recruits for private island rooftop gun duty, I'd sign up in a heartbeat. Sometimes I'll show up with a machine gun and guard an island for a few hours in the hope that Billy Drago will show up and tell me to tie up a woman. His presence in these films is so commanding that the words "Billy Drago" and "island fortress" will be forever etched into my reality. Watch them back to back and see a true master at work.

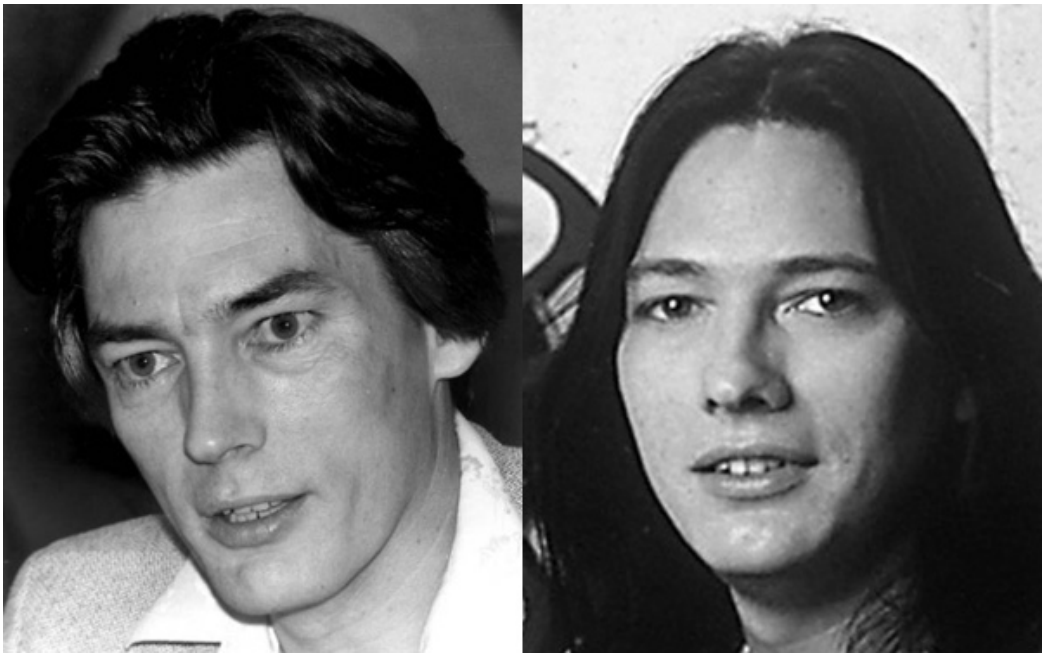
And you know what? He's made a lot of movies that I haven't seen. There's probably six or seven others where he owns an island and paws at a woman, but they're treasures yet to be discovered.

For further famous brother action, see True Blood (not THAT True Blood, obviously), in which Jeff

Fahey must infiltrate Billy Drago's compound to save Chad Lowe from being malignantly pawed at.

4. Hey, Check This Out

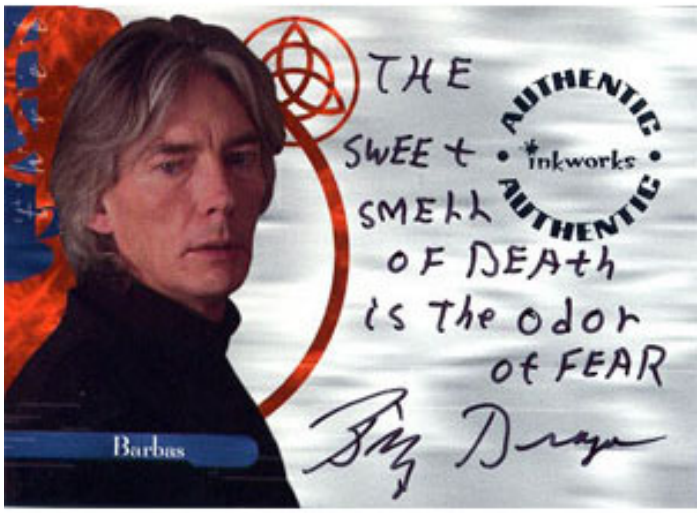
His filmography isn't his only gift to the screen. Remember the weird teen from Northern Exposure?



Buddy, that's Billy Drago's son.

5. The Autographs of a Madman

Billy Drago had a recurring role on the cult TV series Charmed, in which he played a demon named Barbas. I've never seen it, because it sounds like a real piece of shit. However, this role led to some wonderful pieces of Dragobilia: his autographs from fan conventions, which read like the scrawling of a deranged murderer: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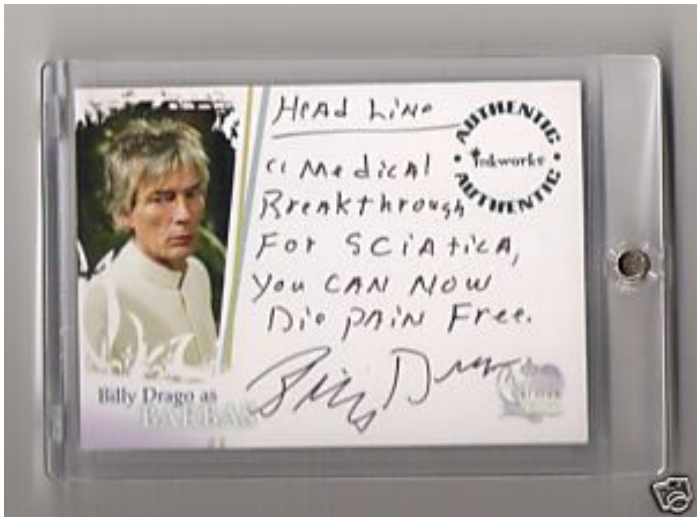
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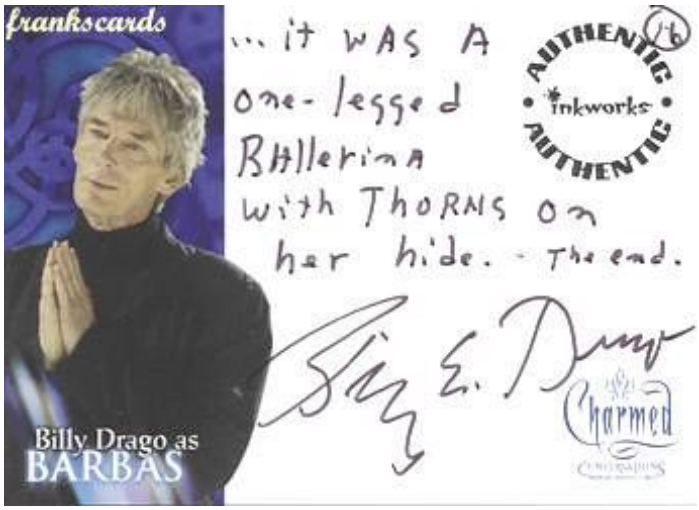
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... it WAS A one-legged Ballerina with THORNS on her hide. - The end.
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BARBAS
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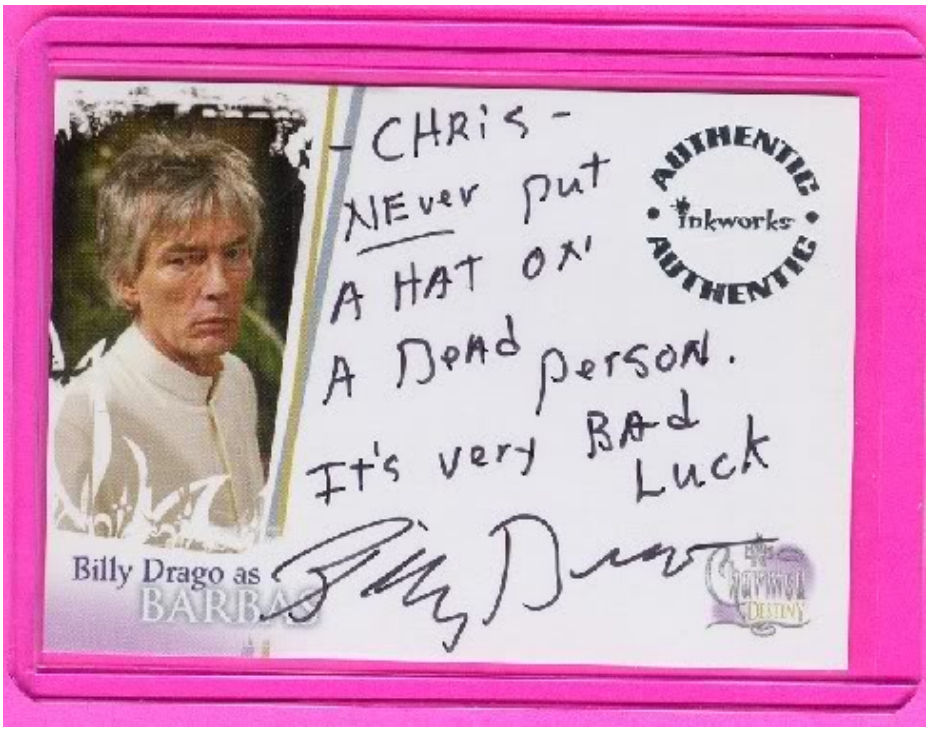
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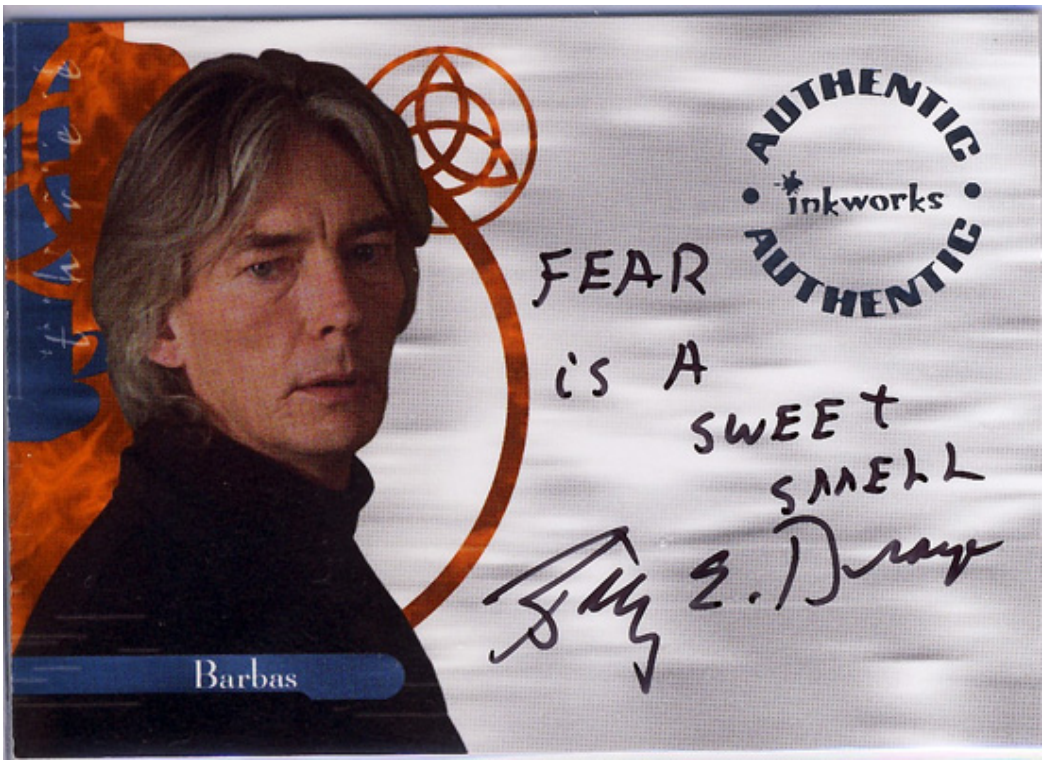
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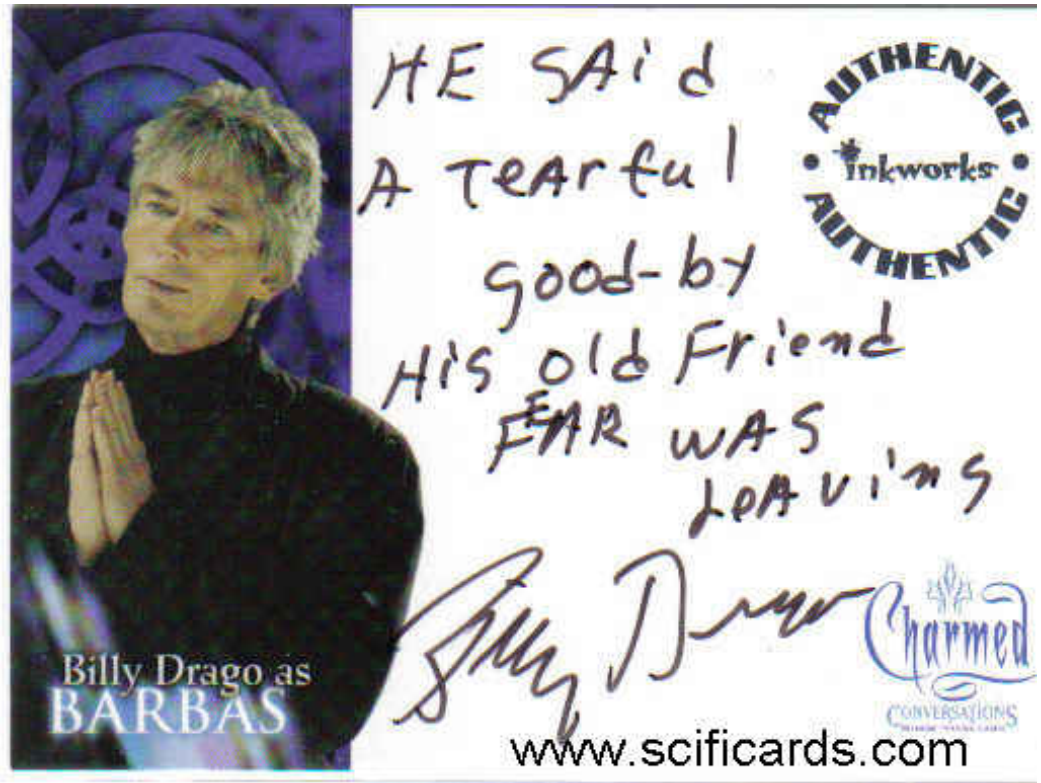
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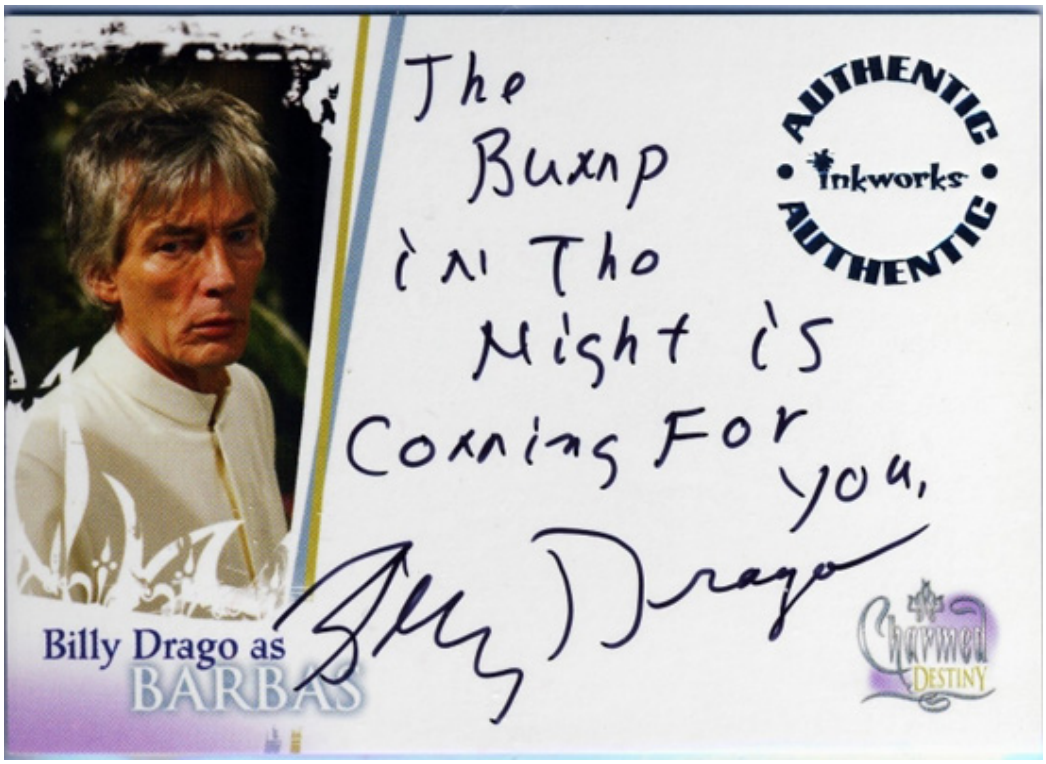

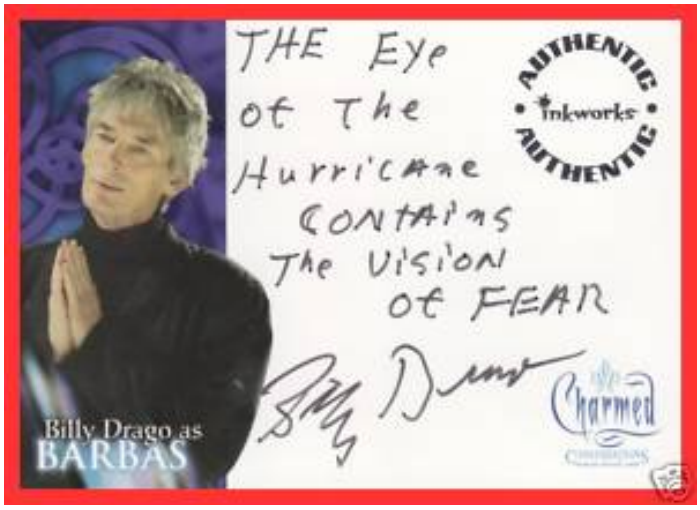

I don't know whether these are quotes from the show or just Drago's deranged personal reflections on the nature of terror, but I'm just going to go ahead and conclude it's the latter.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.7 Shaggy Butte Police Blotter for March 6, 2012

Wednesday, Mar 07, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

As reported in the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Walmart,1200 Meridian St, 1:15 am. Reports of a giant man positioned in the exact middle of the parking lot, holding a cat in each hand and spinning wildly in circles in the manner of a tornado. The man refused to stop spinning or release the cats. Officers were unable to get close enough to subdue him without exposing themselves to cat scratches or bites. Police cordoned off the area to prevent him from harming any bystanders.

8th Ave, 2:02 am. A concerned citizen reported an assemblage of teenagers in black leather jackets. The young hoodlums were quickly arrested and driven out to the country where they were released unharmed.

Corner of Stagecoach Road and Red Baron Street, 4:20 am. Patrol pulled over a vehicle that was driving erratically. The driver, identified as the mayor's alcoholic son Pete, was visibly intoxicated. Officers guided him home with only minor property damage reported along the way.

7902 E. Wacamore Ave, 8:52 am. A resident was arrested for carrying his wife around above his head against her will. An officer ordered the man to put her down, but then he grabbed the officer and hoisted him above his head. He was eventually tasered into submission.

Shaggy Butte Zoo, 100 Zoo Lane, 10:26 am. Complaints that a zoo employee was verbally abusing animals. Officers found one of the zookeepers extremely intoxicated and yelling racial slurs at two rare parrots.

1600 Wallow St, 11:37 am. A concerned father reported possible acts of embezzlement from his son's lemonade stand. The pre-teen proprietor was unable to produce an accurate business accounting or explain where he earned the money to purchase the large bag of candy he was holding. The child was taken into custody pending investigation.

Downtown, 12:22 pm. A spontaneous massing of dogs caused momentary panic, but the estimated 1000+ feral canines were quickly dispersed with tear gas. Residents were only forced indoors for a modest 20 minutes, and no injuries were reported.

Elmswood Park, 2:36 pm. Officers investigated reports of a crazy man living in a cave on park grounds. Officers discovered the cave, but found only dog bones and soiled clothing, which were later claimed by the mayor's harelipped son Carl.

Shaggy Butte Homeless Shelter, 441 Boroughs St, 3:12 pm. Multiple persons complained that skateboarders were "grinding" on the homeless. Officers responding witnessed the malfeasance firsthand and gave chase, but were unable to apprehend the skateboarders who escaped via a ramp.

NE Champion Way, 8:12 pm. Officers were dispatched following reports of a nude man walking a horse. The man claimed he was simply exercising his horse, and officers escorted both he and the equine back to the trailer where they lived.

10th St, 9:15 pm. A distraught, bearded man reported the theft of an animatronic singing gorilla from his personal collection. Officers discovered the gorilla in a ditch some three blocks away by following the sound of worried singing.

1600 block of Charming Dad St, 10:24 pm. Officers responded to numerous complaints of an angry man honking his horn. Officers discovered he was not angry, and actually quite jovial and having a good time. No further action was taken.

Boring St and Broom Road, 11:05 pm. A man who robbed a woman was found under a tree counting his coins. Officers let him go after he apologized and gave back the money.

1257 Tortoise Ave, 11:57 pm. Officers responded to a 911 call from a woman claiming to be under attack by army ants. First responders arrived too late, as the woman had already been skeletonized.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.8 Re: Your New "Hakuna Matata" Business Plan

Thursday, Mar 08, 2012 by Steve from Work

Ron, we have been business partners for nearly 18 years, and in that time you have no doubt learned I am a man who speaks his mind. After our first disastrous Christmas party, for example, your old buddy Steve here filled you in on just how much fun the night would be with a little bit of alcohol present. And while I understand that the occasional paternity suit isn't the best way to kick off a new year, you have to admit, a night of ribaldry and the subsequent re-staffing of the entire typing pool sure makes up for the hassle of unwanted children. Hey -- with legs like that, who could have guessed Cheryl would give birth to a kid without them? Ah, see! Now there's that smile I remember. Tragic, though. A real shame.

Ron, if you would forgive any presumptions on my part, I feel it is time for me to once again steady your hand on the wheel as we travel this, the great Cordless Phone Industry Sea. Admittedly, your untested plan of including the text "Now with 20% less cord!" on the packaging of our latest model pulled us out of the red last year. But this was only a quick fix; consumers are just now beginning to remember the cord never existed in the first place. Needless to say, they are not happy. And I do not believe this new "African marketing strategy" you picked up during your six-month sabbatical will be the deciding factor in this company's future.

For even when we were with you, we would give you this command: If anyone is not willing to work, let him not eat.

Over and over, Ron, I have asked about our new office policy of "hakuna matata." Again and again, you reply, "It means no worries for the rest of your days." Ron, no amount of inflatable palm trees are going to make up for the fact that sales have been down 88 percent this year -- not to mention this entry in our ledger titled "AFRICA" with "ask me later" written where the debit should be. Ron, I have noticed many changes in our corporate culture lately: the violent enforcement of "Hawaiian Shirt Weekdays," a sharp increase in cubicle hammocks, and the confusing presence of luau music piped in through the P.A. system at all hours. Ron, we're out there getting our asses handed to us, and all you can do is sit there with your feet up, smoking a comically huge cigar?

I don't mean to speak out of turn, but in my tenure as your chief financial offer, I must address the extreme irresponsibility I witness from the moment I step off of the inflatable slide to the second I reach the bottom of the fire pole at quitting time -- by the way, OSHA will be coming by this Tuesday to meet with you about those. Let's go over some of these memos you replied to, if you don't mind. "Ron, please sign off on this expense report for fire extinguisher replacement." Your response: "Hakuna matata." "Ron, the CordFri 4000 assembly line killed another nine workers at the antenna feeder." "Hakuna matata." "Ron, the hospital called to let you know your wife has succumbed to her eight-year struggle with ovarian cancer." YOUR WIFE, RON.

The soul of the sluggard craves and gets nothing, while the soul of the diligent is richly supplied.

Ron, I don't where you picked up this "problem-free philosophy," but I hope you kept the receipt. I appreciate the ceramic skull and bottle of Tequila you purchased as souvenirs in rural Africa, but next time you should spend that money on buying your business associates a clue. From my perspective, this whole "hakuna matata" thing is just some cooked-up excuse to come into work half drunk and listen to Jimmy Buffet. This is no way to run a business, or a life. Ron, are you sincerely trying to start a cult or something like it? I only ask because last Thursday I watched Jacob from sales devour an entire plate of living bugs. Jacob, who got his second Master's with me in '79 and graduated with honors. Jacob, the godfather of my two children.

I didn't want to be the one to tell you this, Ron, but this entire place stinks like the inside of a rotten pineapple. There's garbage all over the floor, and yesterday rats ate most of my coat and a vital portion of my belt. Mark my words, this "hakuna matata" will be the death of us. You did it, Ron -- you brought this dark incantation from the heart of Africa, and it has poisoned you. We are swimming in a punch bowl of disease and madness. I have not seen my family in days. Why haven't the police come for me, Ron? What did you tell them? I try to think of their phone numbers, and the only thing that comes to mind are those damn words: "hakuna matata." I'll make sure they carve that on your headstone.

-∼Steve from Work

3.9 The Reificant: Exile

Friday, Mar 09, 2012 by @Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.

I AM.

Reificant.

I AM.

I have traveled across the darkness. I walk among the bipeds of soft flesh and they are called men. Their place is warm and sunlit and there is no sea. The sand is white and the mountains are made from black rock and red and crumbling, rusty brown. Among them I am alone...

A giant...

I remember...

Silence. The village is quiet without the children. None of the remaining adults speak unless absolutely necessary. There are no more barks of laughter. No more games of climbing ladders or chasing after the animals they call dogs. No more cries of, "Winged Brave, what did you bring us?"

The juvenile humans departed with those adults who did not bathe in the waters of the pool. I scouted a path for them to the nearest river, but even still there seemed little hope among River Stone and his brothers that this group would survive.

"It is the end of our tribe," spoke River Stone. Most of the adults had succumbed to the waters, believing the regenerative process was a blessing. They remain with me.

"We are alone," one of River Stone's brothers says to me. "What will you have us do now?"

I help them find a rock large enough to cover the pool. It is very heavy, but with my help we are able to move it into the cave and position it near the pale, stinking waters.

"In time the water will eat the stone," I quill in their language. "We must make this better. Do you have the means to take gold from the mountain?"

They do not, but they have traded longer ago than any can remember for necklaces and bracelets of gold. These are old treasures of their people, though they do not seem to place much value upon them. They pile them up for me and do not seem to care that I begin to melt them in a clay bowl set over a fire.

It takes me three days to prepare the rock with the gold. I do not know if a certain thickness will be required to resist the corrosive effects of the pool. I can only hope it is adequate to seal the waters within the mountain.

"It is ready," I quill to River Stone.

When darkness comes to the village the men and women build a large fire on the highest outcropping. The walls of the canyon are lit red and seem to squirm with the moving shadows produced by the firelight. The tribe dances in a ritual circling of the fire. As they do, they raise their voices, making sounds, but not words. Some embrace in mating rituals. Some sit alone and look up at the sky, dappled with ten thousand stars.

They laugh and make merriment long into the night. When I rise I find them slumped upon the bare earth, their bodies damp with dew. Only River Stone is awake to greet me. He rouses the tribe. One by one the men and women lift their heads and slowly, stiffly, come to their feet.

"It is decided," says River Stone. "We wish to see you in the sky once more this day."

My wings open with a snap, shaking loose the dust that has gathered during the night. The morning light beams through the translucent inner wing. I beat my wings and rise into the blue, circling higher and higher above the canyon, catching thermals and rise until I cannot even see the buildings of the village below. I can see the curve of the planet and the distant, silver meander of a stream passing through the tableland.

I dive lower, swooping through the canyon, close enough that my beating wings stir the hair of the men and women gathered upon the tiers of canyon rock. I repeat this several times, swooping closer and closer. My legs unfold from my body and, with a last beat of my wings, my weight settles back upon the ground.

"You will remain here when we are gone," says River Stone, repeating my plan. "So we have prepared

a room for you to wait."

He takes me up to the highest outcropping and shows me the narrow entrance of a cave. To my surprise the chamber opens up within, the walls shaped with flint chisels, reaching up as a dome that is colored white with some pigment. Upon the white surface of this dome are hundreds of black cruciform shapes.

"This is the shape of your body in the sky," says River Stone's brother.

From wood they have made a platform large enough for me to sit upon. Around the walls the others have left images, simple, but depicting the water and the danger it poses to any who might come upon this place.

"Thank you," I say.

"Hmm," says River Stone and I do not know what this means.

The tribe files out of the cave.

Later, after they have a meal, the men and women of the tribe lay down upon the ground. They place their bellies against the rock and their faces into the stone so that only their backs and their black hair shows. I scuttle into the cave containing the pool and, with a straining effort, I roll the gold-sheathed rock into place atop the pool. The seal is not so perfect as I would have hoped.

"It is time," I say, emerging from the cave.

The axe is made from black rock and a length of timber. River Stone hefts it in his hands.

"I am long in years and this will be unpleasant work. Will you help me?"

"Yes," I quill.

The stone axe cracks as it is brought down against the back of the head of the first man lying upon the ground. The skull gives and the man's red lymph runs out. I use a large stone, held in the claws of my forelimbs, lifting it and dropping it upon the heads of each man and woman in the line. In this way, after only a few difficulties, River Stone and I slaughter the entire tribe.

We wait to know if any emerge from the pool. We listen for cries that might indicate they are trapped beneath the stone. Our arms are stained with red lymph. River Stone is shaking with exhaustion. No duplicates come. I hear no cries trapped beneath the sealing stone.

"It has worked," I quill.

"Has it?" he sighs. "Do you know if we rest at last or if we only have gone to some other place?"

"I cannot know this for certain," I reply. He seems satisfied with my answer.

"Then it is time for me to go as well," he says.

I grasp River Stone's head in the claws of my forelimbs. His eyes are dark and unafraid.

"Carry me to the night," he speaks to me.

With a quick motion I detach his head from his body. Red lymph pours upon the stones in a great quantity, mingling with that of all the other slain men and women. I drag their bodies into a fire pit and I make them burn. The smoke is thick black.

I take one last look at the village, recalling the many days I have spent among the humans. I climb the canyon face to the upper cave and take my place upon the platform the tribe has built for me. I steady myself and place my claw against the flexible gap between my prothorax and head. The serrated edge of chitin easily passes into my softer tissue and opens up my circulation to the air.

My lymph flows down my thorax and spills onto the ground at my feet. There is some pain, but it is over quickly and I inhabit darkness.

I arrive with the booming of a titanic storm muffled by the fluid surrounding me. I rise within the water, my body dragging against joints of metal, tearing my cowl, exposing me to the boiling liquid. I am heaved upon a ramp, tilting as if the surrounding room has partially collapsed. I am within a spire of unknown construction, gray light and storm clouds are visible through a hole in the ceiling. Nearby, an unseen ocean crashes.

The hole in the roof is too small for me to escape. I climb, instead, through a jumble of collapsed tunnels and abandoned rooms. Moldering signs and peeling posters depict six-eyed quadrupeds resembling isopods. Water spills into the hallways and slicks the rusted iron of the floor. I emerge upon a rain swept platform of immense scale. A profusion of metal structures, including habitats, towers and finned poles, cover the sprawling surface of the platform. The ocean crashes and drums beneath my feet, but I know without seeing that it is not the sea at all.

The air is thick with the smell of rotting soft meat. The sea of this place, like the Surata, belongs to the water. Something breaks in a nearby building. Animal chattering echoes deeper in the tangle of sagging, metal shelters. Whatever has happened to this place, I am not alone.

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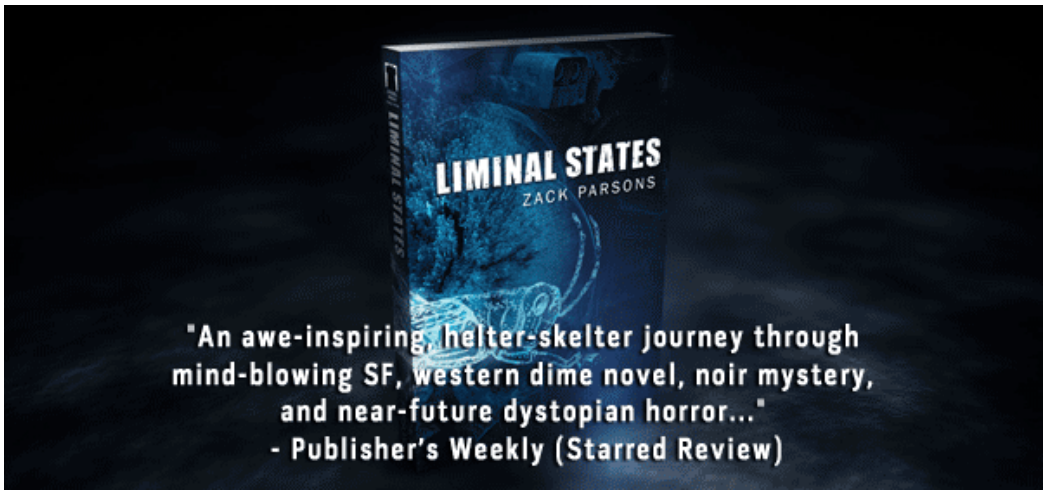

LIMINAL STATES
ZACK PARSONS
"An awe-inspiring, helter-skelter journey through
mind-blowing SF, western dime novel, noir mystery,
and near-future dystopian horror..."
- Publisher's Weekly (Starred Review)

-∼@Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

3.10 Know Your Comics: Guys With Big Heads

Saturday, Mar 10, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Comics are capable of combining visuals, prose, and pacing to engage us in a way that is wholly different from books and film. They are also capable of showing angry men and women pose at one another, stretching two pages worth of needlessly gloomy dialog into thirty pages.

This series is an attempt to channel my fondness for good and bad comics alike, to explore the most pressing topics in comics through informative and thought-provoking journalism. Or it is about guys with large heads and anything else that strikes me as funny. If you feel compelled to pick up a book or two, each installment of Know Your Comics will end with a recommended title.

I do not claim to be a comic book expert, but I do imply it and ask that you treat my words with all the respect that such a lofty title commands.

With Great Power Comes A Great Big Noggin

Superhero comics are largely populated by pretty people with grotesquely perfect bodies, by war robots and supernatural beings whose figures were sculpted for the sole purpose of combative flexing. Rarely do we consider the plight of the noble big-headed doofus.

Think, for a moment, about the poor creature who is so dang smart that his enormous cranium makes button-up shirts a necessity. The man who rarely bothers to make facial expressions, for his most intense look of hatred or ecstasy would only cover one eighth of his face. Consider what it is to be doomed to a life without proper motorcycle safety.

Sometimes a head is large because it is attached to a god. Such is the case with Galactus. Portrayed in that Fantastic Four movie as a sentient CGI cloud (???), he is in fact a big old humanoid entity that eats planets. In spite of such an indiscriminate diet he's surprisingly svelte, though all those calories unfortunately go straight to his cylindrical head.

Galactus, The Watcher

It's difficult to gauge precisely how much of his excess head is dedicated to fat storage and how much is smarts. After all, you wouldn't think that being an intergalactic hungry hungry hippo would require much brainpower. On the other hand, you have to be savvy to go around wearing that hat for countless millennia without getting beat up.

Occasionally a big head is dedicated to storage. The Watcher is Marvel's most enigmatic figure, silently observing Earth's history and filing everything away in that big beautiful brain.

Forbidden from interfering with events in any way, he mostly stands around while everyone does their best to ignore him. In many ways he is like me at a party, minus the armpit sweat and self-consciousness about whether his hands should hang at his sides or go in his pockets.

When The Watcher shows up, it usually means something momentous is about to happen. This can be good, like if you're walking into a Mexican restaurant when he arrives then chances are you're about to eat a burrito of historically significant flavor. More likely than not, however his presence comes before something terrible like an alien invasion or a screening of Bending The Rules.

M.O.D.O.K., Hector Hammond

In a few unfortunate cases, an enormous head is pretty much all someone has. For example, take M.O.D.O.K., an exceptionally angry guy whose origin actually involves something called the Cosmic Cube. That's enough to make anyone grumpy, but having a name that's an acronym for Mobile Organism Design Only for Killing and being stuck with an enormous skull for a torso? Fuel for eternal rage, right there.

If you value your sanity, do not even begin to contemplate M.O.D.O.K.'s physiology. Is there just an enormous brain in there, with no other organs? He comes across as more impotently angry than smart, so I doubt it. Maybe he has a full set of organs where the enormous brain would usually go, and a normal brain encased in a smaller skull just behind his nasal cavities?

Sometimes a head needs to mutate like Hector Hammond's, to expand under the pressure of both a growing intellect and burgeoning psychic abilities. While Marvel seems to have an embarrassment of riches when it comes to flamboyant big-heads, Hammond is a DC villain and he seems to have the hardest time with his cranial lot in life.

In spite of his powers, Hector Hammond is remarkably lame. He has no alias. He's in denial about his male pattern baldness. Relatively normal clothes hang from an atrophied body that, when combined with a truly massive head, makes him indistinguishable from a ventriloquist's dummy.

There are, of course, many more characters with big heads, from the Hulk's enemy Leader (a green goofball that presumably gets smarter the angrier he gets) to Karnak (a kung fu dude that attempts to draw attention away from his dome with a tribal tattoo on his forehead). These disparate heads were forged by different circumstances, but they all share a similar burden.

Upon their necks.

Recommended Comic:
Prophet

A wonderfully bizarre, inventive sci-fi journey featuring a main character that's more likely to munch on mutated squirrels and hack things with a space machete than speak.

Most of the story is implied through visuals and incidental dialog, punctuated by sudden acts of casual violence that feel appropriately jarring rather than flashy. Even with relatively few words, the first two issues have felt more meaty than entire runs of most comics I've read recently.

The comic began life as a Rob Liefeld superhero book in the 90s, but was recently relaunched with Brandon Graham as the writer alongside artist Simon Roy. You'll want to start with Prophet #21, which is where this new team comes on board.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.11 Hunting Emos in Sadr City

Monday, Mar 12, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Do you remember emo people? Back around 2002 to 2004 they listened to emo bands with names that all seemed like really bad things to do like "Jimmy Eat World", "Panic! At the Disco," "Swim After Dinner" and "Fetishize Your Mother's Clothing." Their songs were about the important stuff, like being bored, living in suburbia and parents just not understanding.

Physically, emos were a cross between hipsters and goths. Emo fashion was characterized by boys wearing skinny jeans, eye shadow and striped shirts and girls wearing skinny jeans, eye shadow and striped shirts and possibly elbow gloves made out of pantyhose.

Fortunately, through a ruthless program of forced sterilization, government officials managed to prevent the breeding of emos in North America (other than a few pockets in Montreal) and effectively eliminated their species from the wild.

It seems at first glance that Iraq was not so fortunate. After surviving war and brutal sectarian violence, the unlucky inhabitants of Baghdad's Sadr City neighborhood now find themselves beset by dangerous levels of introspection. The emos seem to have come to Baghdad. And they are way more intense than the emos ever were in America.

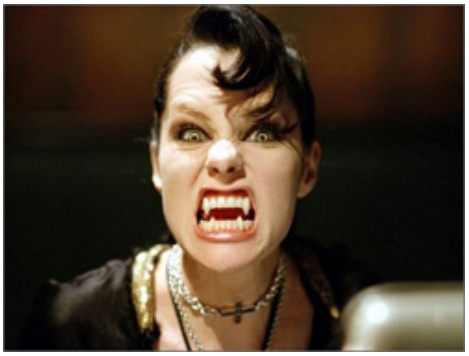
"I saw them a couple weeks ago ... a bunch of girls, high-school aged, walking together, dressed in black. They had long black eye makeup and bracelets with skulls and chains on their handbags with skulls," said Abdullah, 31.

"If they are close friends who have something in common, that's all right. If other things we hear about them are true, like ***sucking each other's blood or worshipping the devil,*** *that is not accepted in our society. But I think this is just a trend to imitate the West."*

Buddy, hold on there, I get the skulls all over their bags and the My Chemical Haircuts, but emos in "Tha West" do not suck blood and worship the devil. The interior ministry of Iraq similarly addressed the emo crisis in Baghdad, releasing a statement that emo is "Satanism."

An anti-emo leaflet was circulated in Sadr City by religious extremists.

> *"We strongly warn you, to all the obscene males and females, if you will not leave this filthy work within four days the punishment of God will descend upon you at the hand of the Mujahideen," the leaflet said.*



The "hand of the Mujahideen" turned out to literally mean "the rock and brick of the Mujahideen" which descended on a number of youths in Sadr City, killing 14 and hospitalizing many more. The blogs are going on and on about religious fanatics and homophobia, condemning this new wave of intolerant violence, but I condemn it for a different reason.

Based on the information available, the Mujahideen are not facing emo teens. This isn't some little emo nest. They are facing vampires. A full-on infestation. And you can't kill vampires with bricks.

It's basic vampire hunting 101, dip shits. A rock to the skull is not going to take out a vampire. It might incapacitate them, force them into a healing torpor, but in about two days those "emos" are going to bust out of their graves and they are going to be *pissed.*

You can silver them and leave them for daylight, but we both know for that to reliably work you need to stand guard all night long and expose yourself to attacks by their fellow vampires. The only reliable methods for taking out a vamp are stake to the heart and decapitation.

Do you have the guts to surround a vampire and stake them? Do you even have a single solitary idea of how to prevent them from glamouring you? NO. God forbid it's one of those split-face super vampires.

Making matters worse, not everyone is even on board with wasting the bloodsuckers.

> In a response to questions on his website on Saturday, Moqtada al-Sadr, a Shi'ite cleric whose followers dominate Sadr City, described "emo" youths as "crazy and fools", but said they should be dealt with only through the law.

Hate to break it to you, Moqtada, but the laws of nature are that vampires want to eat humans and humans need to waste vampires. Baghdad needs a vampire hunter. Most of the pros were driven out during the war (thanks BUSH!!!), leaving things to the collection of morons currently throwing rocks at powerful, blood-hungry monsters.

It might be too late, the vampiric blood lust might have already infected too many to be stopped, but if Sadr City is to survive they need someone who knows the ways of the vampires, knows their clans, knows where they gather, and can hit them when they least suspect it.

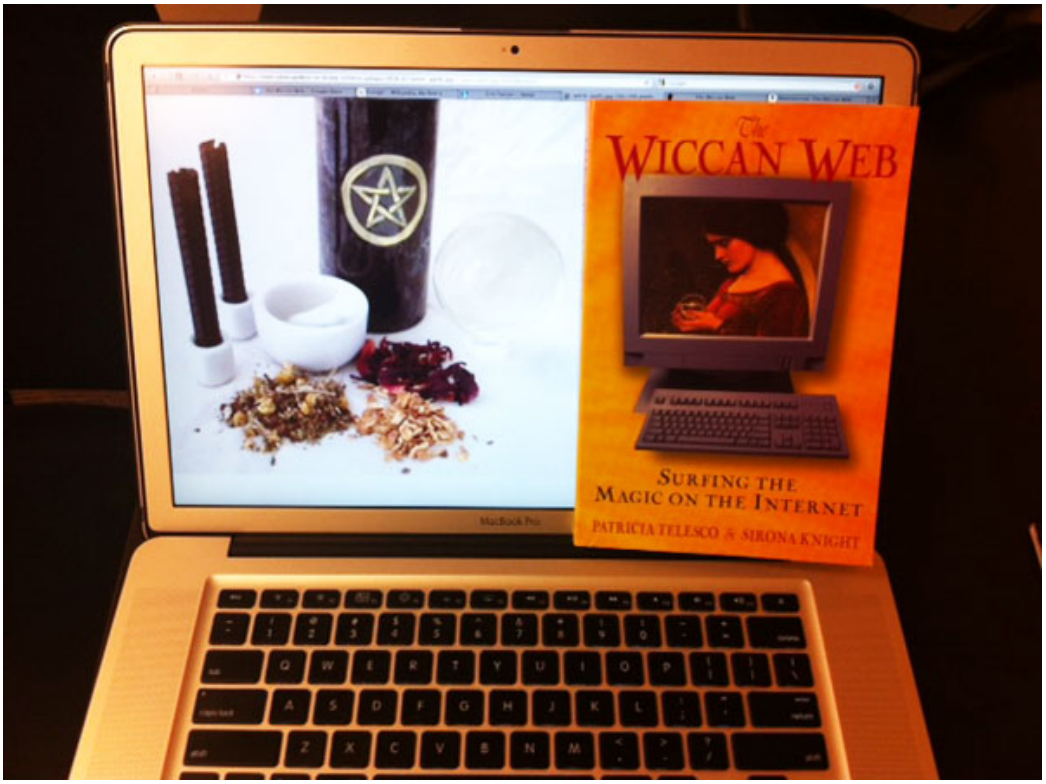
There is only one man who can save Baghdad:

Obama, you pulled all the troops out, but it's time to send one troop back in. The greatest troop. The Daywalker. You know what you have to do to end the emo menace in Baghdad.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.12 The Wiccan Web

Tuesday, Mar 13, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



In 2001, Citadel Press published one of the most important documents of the information age: The *Wiccan Web: Surfing the Magic on the Internet*, by Patricia Telesco and Sirona Knight. "With over 70 million U.S. households online, the Internet provides the perfect global forum for communication among Pagans," the back cover tells us."This is the first book to combine computer savvy with magical practices and embrace the potential of cyberspace as it relates to Pagan spirituality."

This thing is incredible. There's so much useful Web Witching info buried in this tome that I'd love to type out the entire book and throw it up here, but that's illegal and I'm too lazy. I think I'll just have to throw down some quick excerpts and let the book speak for itself. But first, I'll make one thing clear: this shit is real. This is all from an actual book that exists; these quotes are not altered or embellished in any way. I, in the immortal spirit of Dave Barry, am not making this up.

To the Web Witch, a computer is not a machine built of logic and running on code; it is a sacred instrument that runs on some inscrutable mixture of technology and superstition. Actually, mostly just superstition. They do start out with a brief overview on the basic functions of a computer, but, uh:

> *Your computer processor is the main part of the computer that runs everything else. Processors are rated by how fast the processor can move bits of information to different parts of the system. A 133MHz processor moves those bits at 133 megahertz, and a 200MHz processor moves at 200 megahertz.*

Then there's an enormous chapter on "Setting Up Your Computer Altar," much of which is incredibly insane but fairly boring, but I'll drop in my favorite quote:

> *An enormous assortment of mouse pads are available to suit even the most finicky pagan!*

Things start picking up when the authors get into the proper flowers to select for optimal Web Witching. From the chapter "Techno-Spells," some useful examples:

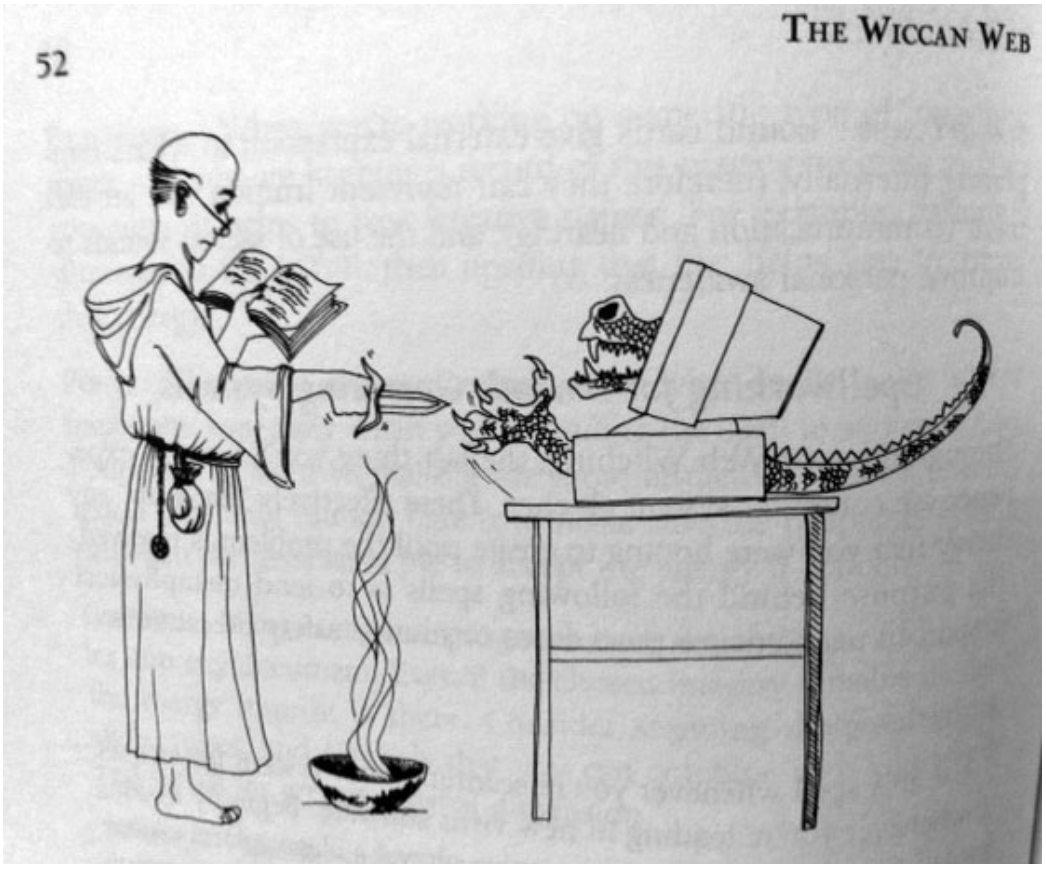
- ***African Violet***∼-∼*protection of system and cyber spellwork*
- ***Daffodil***∼-∼*ease of logging on to the Internet, sun and cyber spring magic, brightening chat room sessions*
- ***Iris***∼-∼*sacred to the cyber Goddess, longevity of hard drive, printer, scanner and software*
- ***Jasmine***∼-∼*sacred cyber love spells, cyber divination*
- ***Lily***∼-∼*protection while uploading and downloading to or from the Web or while trashing e-mail*
- ***Marigold***∼-*to induce prophetic and lucid cyber dreams, attract cyber faeries or spirits*
- ***Orchid***∼-*cyber inspiration, mastery, sacred cyber love, for a little cyber elegance during special chants or rituals.*
- ***Sunflower***∼-*inspiration, cyber sun magic, installing software*

Herbs, too! From the same chapter:

> *The number of ways you can use herbs in spells is nearly limitless. Trish, for example, uses bay leaves as part of a spell for smooth computer operation (the leaves get left under the base of the computer to keep the magic where it's most needed). She also hangs a garlic bulb whenever it seems like there's a "ghost in the machine" as a way of banishing that persnickety energy. Sirona likes to crush fresh bay leaves in her hands and then rub her hands over the keyboard to clear her mind just before writing.*

And, naturally, a rundown of which herbs are best for which things. Dang! All this time I've been trying to fix computer problems with screwdrivers and software patches and whatnot, but all I needed was some mint:

- ***Basil***∼-*Exorcising bad vibes and spirits from your machine*
- ***Catnip***∼-∼*Attracts positive cyberspace energies and connections*
- ***Cayenne***∼-*Increases your system's magical power*
- ***Echinacea***∼- *Strengthens all cyber magic and cyber healing*
- ***Lemon rind***∼- *Encourages a good rapport with your system*
- ***Lavender***∼-*Promotes positive and peaceful Web Witching*
- ***Mint***∼-*Heals hardware or software problems*
- ***Rosemary***∼-*Keeps things running smoothly (a maintenance herb)*
- ***Sage***∼-∼*To extend the lives of disks and drives*



For a little more info on how we can actually use these things, let's turn to the "Techno Spells" chapter. The Message Spell on page 56 ought to come in handy for all of us:

> *This spell is designed to add a specific energy signature to a message you're sending on the Net so the recipient doesn't misunderstand or misconstrue your meaning. Before getting online, make a tincture of rosemary (mental power) and basil (harmony). Keep this in a sealed container near the computer screen. Get online and type your message. Then put a little of the tincture on your fingertip (remember to close the container) and trace an invoking pentagram on the screen. If you wish, add an invocation at this point. When you're done drawing the image, click on "send" to literally send the energy you just illustrated!*

Wait a minute! I'm all for rubbing an oily pentagram right onto my computer monitor, but those properties of basil and rosemary contradict the ones in the earlier list! This really calls into question the scientific rigor of Web Witching, but let's put this minor objection aside and check out this useful "File Transfer Spell," which I'm going to start using for all of my most critical music piracy:

> *When transferring files say aloud,* ***"Web Witching Wards and Watchtowers that be, stand guard while I surf the cyber sea. Transfer all Web files with speed and ease, with the blessings of the Cyber Gods, so mote it be."***

You can also use various components of your computer in spells; there's long, wonderful list of them, but here are a few particularly useful ones:

- ***Memory spell -***∼*Use an old memory chip as portable magic to help you remember important things.*
- ***Shapeshifting -***∼*Use the disable and enable mouse option to help visualize yourself shapeshifting into a mouse and to shapeshift back to a human.*
- ***Spellcheck divination***∼*- When you perform a spellcheck on a document, pay attention to the different word options that come up, and especially any personal associations you may have with these words. It's sort of like a Wiccan word association. Make a note of any magical or uncanny congruencies.*

From the "Cyber Rituals" chapter, in a section called "Virtual Toasting":

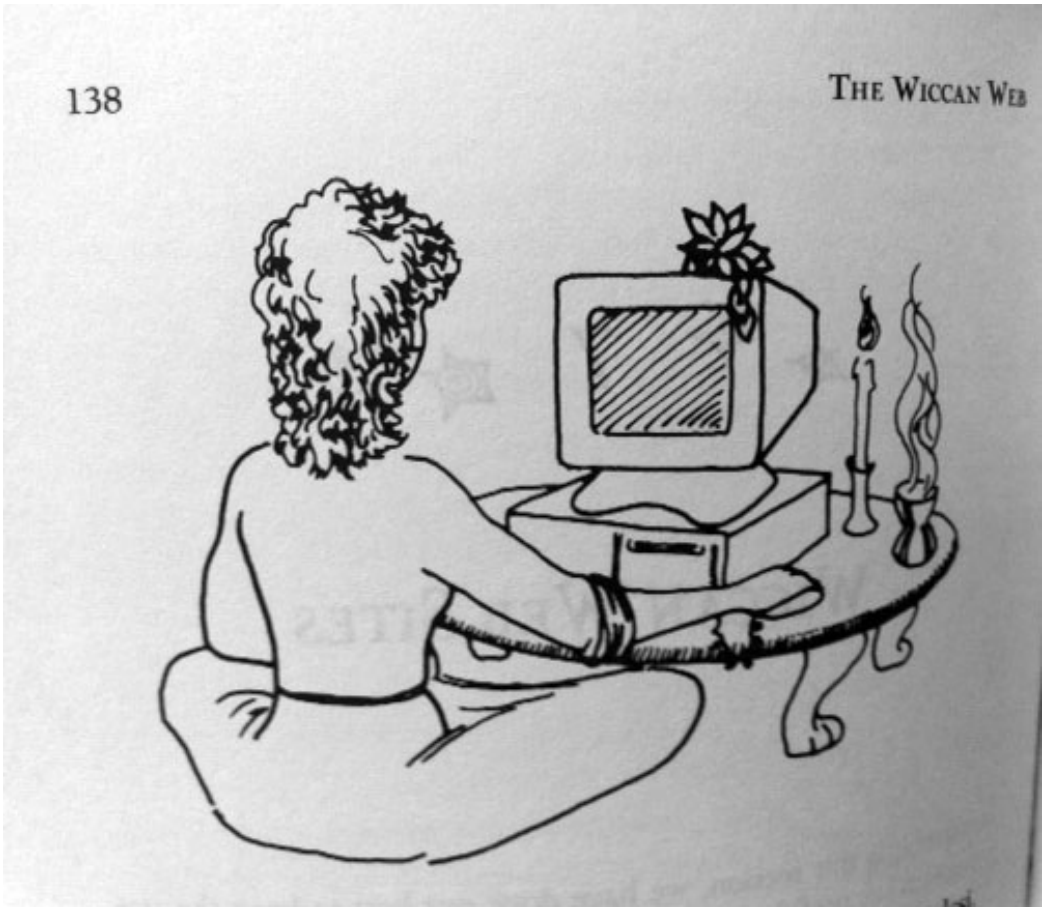
> *When surfing on the Wiccan Web and doing Sabbat and Esbat cyber rituals, you can also use graphics to create a virtual toasting environment on your desktop. Search for graphics of elegant or funky chalices that you like and import them into an appropriate program.*

And here are some important "Virtual Feasting" tips:

> *Virtual feasting, like virtual toasting, can be done with virtual foods, which is a great way to keep those extra pounds off! Sirona prefers real foods over virtual foods because of the sensual pleasure of eating, but in a pinch, virtual feasting may fit your needs.*

This is perhaps the most directly useful passage for your every day Web Witching, be it on IM or Twitter or your favorite cyberpagan message board: the authors were kind enough to include a whole list of "Wicca Speak Acronyms" on page 125. I'll list some of the most useful:

- **AWW -**∼advanced Web Witch
- **A!**∼- Ayea!
- **BWW**∼- beginning Web Witch
- **BB!**∼- blessed be!
- **CYCIR**∼- cyber circle
- **CYRIT**∼- cyber ritual
- **IWW -**∼intermediate Web Witch
- **MC -**∼Master of the Craft
- **MM -**∼merry meet
- **MMA -**∼merry meet again
- **MP -**∼merry part
- **PL -**∼perfect love
- **PP -**∼perfect peace
- **SBI!**∼- So be it!
- **SMB -**∼So mote it be!
- **WWb -**∼Wiccan wannabe
- **WWEB -**∼Wiccan Web



Of course, there are also several pages of Wiccan emoticons, in case you want to express the meaning of "sex magic" in a ridiculously more difficult way:

∼∼∼∼⟩⟨ Banishing negativity
:-) D------- Drinking from the chalice
888---888---888--- A grove (of trees)
S---D :-) Burning incense
:-) @* (-: Merging with the God/Goddess
:-) *#/ (-: Sex magic
W:o:W Wiccan Webring

Ever wonder which goddess to consult when birthing your Webring? In the "Computer Wizardry" chapter, there's a massive index of various gods and goddesses to call upon for Web Witching support. "Anytime you call upon a power such as one of these beings, please do so with respect," we are warned. "Make an effort to learn something about that deity, his or her culture, personality, legends, attributes and how to correctly pronounce his or her name before invoking that presence into your sacred cyber space." A few samples:

- ***Angus mac Og***∼- *A god who can help heal glitches in your system, and help in Web romances and cyber courting rituals.*

- ***Arawn -***∼*An ancestral god who can help during times of transition when upgrading to a new system or selling, giving away, or dismantling your old system. Assists in cyber shape-shifting adventures.*
- ***Badb -***∼*A goddess who can neutralize Internet enemies and Web attacks. Hand those that send you spam over to her.*
- ***Cordemanon -***∼*Patron god of Web Witching. Associated with the Great Database of Knowledge.*
- ***Coventina -***∼*A goddess who helps in the creation (the birthing) of your Web page, domain, or Webring. Invoke her on the Spring Equinox.*
- ***Gwalchmei -***∼*A god to call upon when adding audio clips to your page or when surfing audio sites. Invoke him when sending virtual greeting cards that include sound.*
- ***Medb -***∼*A powerful warrior queen and goddess who can be called upon when engaging in cyber sex magic and sensual surfing.*

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*G*walchmei bless me as I embed this Enya midi! And there's so much more. So, so, soooo much more. I've barely scratched the surface of this crazy thing, so I'll probably dig in again sometime soon. Please drop me a line if there's anything else you'd like to know about the world of Web Witching (or just order a copy for yourself).

Blessed be, dudes. Do as you will, but spam none. MP!

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.13 SkyMall Product Reviews: ZenHaus Dog Crates

Wednesday, Mar 14, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By FantasticThighs from Aspen, CO

I purchased two ZenHaus Dog Crates for my two dogs. After getting both of them in their respective crates, I headed off to work. The problem is--and this was not advertised at all--both dogs appeared to have somehow ended up in one crate, fused together. What's worse, my new doubledog seemed to be undergoing a terrifying metamorphosis that, as of this writing, has not yet reached its gruesome climax.

The vet says he knows of no way to reverse the process. Because of this, I cannot in good conscience recommend these dog crates to others.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By StarGrandpa from Jorge's Gulch, NM

I put my beloved dog in this crate, and then when I came home an hour later he was gone. The crate was still sealed. Where is my dog, SkyMall? WHERE IS MY DOG??????

Age: 71-75

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By ChristainMom from Lee's Summit, MO

WARNING! This does not include the dog pictured, just some weird piece of dumb furniture and a cushion. Was not comfortable or useful at all. Is the dog in a second package still in route? I'm very confused, Skymall. If the dog wasn't what you were selling, why is it in the picture?

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By chowderman from Dayton, OH

Works so well I forgot my dog was even in there until it was too late. Major flaw is those air vents, because they let foul odors out. Would prefer if it was a solid, seamless airtight container.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By prouduncle from Nashville, TN

Came home to find a terrifying cylinder of mangled fur and dog meat compressed inside the crate, with all sorts of blood and viscera extruding out of the vents on the side. I'd be lying if I said I saw this coming, because I did not see this coming at all. I am not even sure where all the dog gore came from, because my dog was chained up outside at the time. Hell of a thing to clean up. Hell of a thing.

Pros: looks really nice

Cons: seems to serve as a meat grinder for dogs

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

Dogfan from Pigeon Forge, TN

I'm worried sick because the dog I put inside this crate is not the same one that came out when I opened the crate back up. What is going on? I thought maybe somebody was playing a joke on me. I tried calling the customer support line but it was just a recording of somebody reading numbers.

This new dog is nice but it is not my dog and I do not trust him with my children. I just want my dog back.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By SkyMallCop

Disregard all the negative reviews from foolish people. The ZenHaus Dog Crate comes with a 1000+ page operator's manual that explains how to prevent most common quantum household mishaps like the ones described. There is no justifiable excuse for not having read it. Seriously people, RTFM.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Bruce from Broth Springs, MN

Attn: StarGrandpa

Is your dog's name Jingles? A strange dog I have never seen appeared in my crate today, and its tags said "Jingles." Not sure how it got there. If anybody ends up with a large French Mastiff named Blaster Master please let me know ASAP. Bruce34892 at hotmail dot com.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By TightLeash from New York, NY

The vague product description doesn't explain much. Is this large enough to fit an adult woman? How wide are those little side vents? Could I Get a 16" meat lovers pizza through them? Disturbed such common questions are not addressed in product details. Please be more thorough, SkyMall.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By k9recue from Hope, AR

how easily do they stack? i am an avid animal hoarder and i am sick of everyone always thinking we're disgusting, cruel and old fashioned. these crates look comfortable and modern, so having fifty of these stacked and lined up in a basement would go a long way towards erasing some of the negative views a jealous society hoists upon those of us who are blessed with dozens upon dozens of loving dogs.

Age: 46-50

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.14 SXSW Guide and Anti-Guide 2012

Thursday, Mar 15, 2012 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller, WET BUTT and Toni "Ras Het" K

This article is part of the SXSW Guide / Anti-Guide series.

Every March, thousands of bands play at South by Southwest in Austin, and for the past twelve years, I've listened to hundreds of them in preparation. It used to be that I'd do so to make sure I didn't miss my only chance to see some great international act. I haven't gone for a few years, though, so now it's just a convenient way to force myself to listen to lots of new music at once. I even clicked my way through the 2011 schedule, but I didn't share the recommendations with anyone, because that's what kind of dickhead I was last year. Now I'm making up for it with a more thorough version of 2010's Guide/Anti-Guide; not only am I covering three nights instead of one, but also I've enlisted two incredibly knowledgeable cohorts from the SA Forums to share their own picks. However, the format's similar enough that I'll reuse the "A few questions before we start" intro, with a few minor changes:

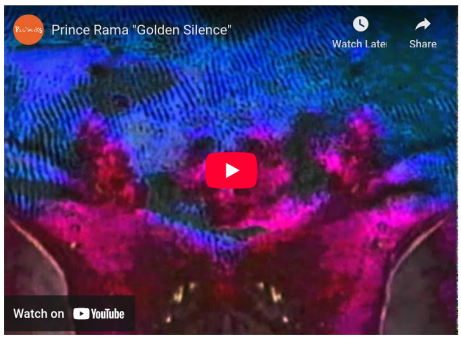
Q: I'm not even going to South by Southwest, why should I read this?
A: I'm not going either, but when going through the SXSW roster I noticed that a lot of bands i really like but will never have a chance to write about are playing, and I also found some awesome stuff I'd never heard of, much less heard. With Spotify, it's easier than ever to catch up with these unfamiliar artists. Last time I had to use MySpace, like a jerk.

Q: I've already heard of every artist you listed, "good" and "bad," you behind-the-times idiot.
A: Sorry.

Q: Dude, you forgot to mention Asher Roth.
A: Shut up.

I'll let the other writers go first, because I found so many cool things that my section's going to take a while. Let's start with **WET BUTT**. wetb utt is a retarded 20 year old in new york city and his tumblr site is http://tlgrmsiam.tumblr.com.

Prince Rama
512 ROOFTOP
Thursday, MARCH 15 9:00PM - 9:40PM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3PrPE2ftduw

Oh yeah so the Prince Rama sisters just kicked the guy out of the band so it's just them and they put on a really good show together out of their latest album which is like a Sun City Tubeway Army

Girls or something and sometimes they have an indian dancer and sometimes they will yell "trust" and jump into the crowd. You don't Ramayana miss this one!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YEAH

R. Stevie Moore
THE WHISKEY ROOM
Friday, MARCH 16 12:00AM -12:40AM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o2G4nFovs5I

You shouldn't miss R. Stevie Moore because he made his middle name his first name using masculine tricks of magic. Also because he's been making great weird idiosyncratic psychedelic music in like a well his entire life for 30 years and enough people donated money for him to go on this tour so it might not happen again! He has a band with him too so you won't get lonely. You'll be asking for "Moore" hahaha. Hahahahahahaha ahh yeah this rules

Sun Araw
MOHAWK
Saturday, MARCH 17 11:00PM -11:40PM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A-s9LdQPXF4

Hey if you're looking at this Damo Suzuki looking guy's name and thinking "that guy sucks live he just hunches over by himself and there's a bunch of buttons" that was true but not anymore and you're mean. Mr Mustache California has his own label and a cleaner shirt now and he also has two guys with him playing on various cool things (sometimes there's a saxophone guy or like a mangey dude in a basketball jersey playing a weird table guitar) and it's all really tight and a lot better now. This is fitting for you because his new album is better too and he's been going into some serious faux dub AfroMud lately and he'll probably do that weird four on the floor song that we all like! You're so lucky I love you. I love you.

Carsick Cars
512

Saturday, MARCH 17 1:00 AM - 1:50 AM

The Carsick Cars have come from Beijing again to play and that's really rare for bands from there because China is illegal. You should see them they make a really good Sonic Youth-y sounding thing with bad English and cool psychedelic guitar texture and maybe if there's Chinese fans at the show they'll throw cigarettes at the band during "Zhong Nan Hai" because the Chinese are really cruel in addition to being illegal and small. I hope this show goes into Sunday morning because that's the kind of show I saw them at and they might cover "Sunday Morning" for you and you'll get to hear what it would've sounded like if the Velvet Underground were 3 cool little illegal Chinese people.

Com Truise
BEAUTY BAR BACKYARD
Thursday, MARCH 15 9:45PM -10:15PM

Ahaha don't go see this guy he sucks even though his name is cool. It's all just stupid revisionist 1980's cereal commercial cartoon music and there isn't even any damn voice on it which takes a lot of nerve when the instruments are so boring and bloopy and stupid. I bet he wears a dumbass helmet onstage and he stands there with all his stupid fuzzy wuzzy noisemakers and plays on Nintendo 3D secretly under the synths.

Toni K is Finland's prime authority on equatorial musics; you can hit him on Twitter at https://twitter.com/ToniKz

Quantic
SPEAKEASY
Thursday, MARCH 15 10:00PM -10:40PM

THE PARISH
Friday, MARCH 16 8:45PM - 9:25PM

THE STAGE ON SIXTH PATIO
Saturday, MARCH 17 9:00PM -9:40PM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tgz9rzPgVWY

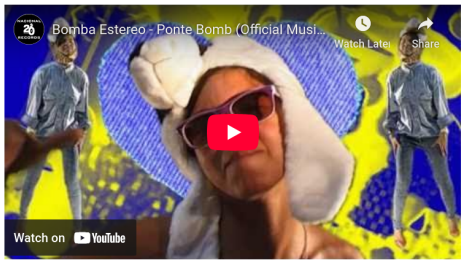
Quantic is a relentless dilettante: Since 2001 he has released some 10-15 albums under such a variety of names that I cannot keep an accurate count, and in a laughable variety of genres. He wisely abandoned the tedious nu-jazz of his early records for the tight (jazz-)funk and soul of The Quantic Soul Orchestra, but since relocating from sunny Brighton, England, to the stormy shores of Cali, Colombia, he has also included reggae, Afro-Cuban jazz stylings, salsa, cumbia and even afrobeat to the repertoire to his growing number of AKAs. And this is in addition to picking songs for a bunch of funk compilations and remixing stuff nigh-obsessively.

His next album will be out in April under the name of Quantic & Alice Russell with The Combo

Bárbaro, and whatever band or project he's performing with, he'll be certain to blast you with Latin American pop culture quotes and references that you don't have the slightest hope of understanding or recognising. And that's the highest possible praise I can give.

Bomba Estéreo
ACL LIVE AT THE MOODY THEATER
Friday, MARCH 16 10:30PM -11:10PM

AUDITORIUM SHORES STAGE (LADY BIRD LAKE)
Saturday, MARCH 17 4:00PM -4:40PM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yyL8husfEBs

Geographically Bomba Estéreo are from Bogotá, Colombia, while in the realm of hipster-approved electronic "world music" they're roughly third tier. Two steps removed from M.I.A., the epicentre, their career highlights have found them on the soundtrack to FIFA 10 and featured on Buraka Som Sistema's second album. Their captivating blend of cumbia rhythms with hip hop and reggaeton (in a good way) deserves more attention, though: "Fuego", with its manic singalong hook, rightly became an underground hit, but their cover of "Pump Up The Jam" (as "Ponte Bomb") is just as rude, and songs like "La Boquilla" and "La Niña Rica" feature what many come to Bomba's records for: house with accordions and bongos.

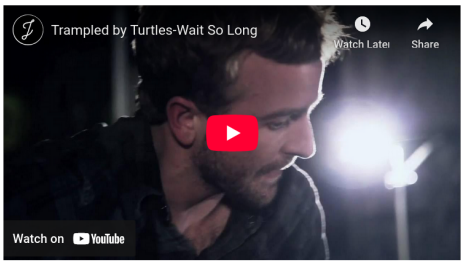
The Two Worst Folk Band Names Of SXSW 2012, And Their Music

Horse Feathers
CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Friday, MARCH 16 8:30PM -9:10PM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a_bAQZATCTM

achingly sincere; from Portland; their violinist has a ridiculous moustache and their cellist is a girl; there's a banjo. Truly awful.

Trampled by Turtles
CEDAR STREET COURTYARD
Thursday, MARCH 15 12:00AM -12:40AM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xjdkc14-zwQ

there's a banjo here too, and a fiddle, but they play with such energy and talent that I cannot mock it. If the singer was an Irish stereotype instead of some nasal-voiced American, I would genuinely like it.

Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller definitely listened to *every* band listed on the 2012 SXSW schedule, and it's just a strange coincidence that all his recommendations begin with either "A" or some relatively underrepresented letter.

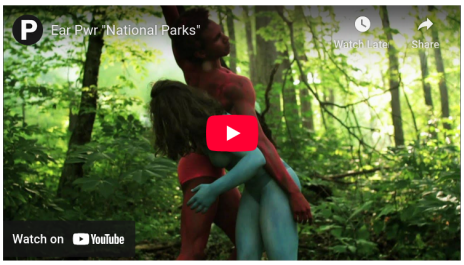
I guess I'll cover the Anti-Guide stuff first, because I don't want to end on a bad note, and these are the worst notes.

THE ART
MAGGIE MAE'S ROOFTOP
Saturday, MARCH 17 8:00PM -8:40PM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fhr78nG2Ee4

Would you think that a band that named itself The Art might be prone to horrible creative decisions? Still, holy shit, this video. If you have a problem with Greasy Anchor-Tattoo Mascara Man writhing under a rainbow next to a waterfall, take it up with the band members - at least two have responded in YouTube's comments section! One says "I just hope that you contribute some form of art to the world instead of just breeding and submitting to this capitolist world." Another adds "We are not machines pumping out coke a cola for you." Ladies and gentlemen,"The Art" lmao

EAR PWR
512 ROOFTOP
Thursday, MARCH 15 8:00PM -8:40PM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PDgF1tDEiFg

This Ear PWR video, available on YouTube, features rampant toplessness. Not just a quick flash; bare breasts, throughout the clip. It has 7,103 views. This terrible YouTube channel, which subsists entirely on cleavage thumbnails, has 44,438,295 views. Would it be fair to say the difference between the totals is that the people who click on Harold and Beth's clips aren't subjected to Ear PWR's music? Before you answer, watch this video. It's over-the-top obnoxious, the perfect bait for the anti-'hipster' contingent to post on Facebook alongside an inarticulate rant. 30,668 views. Ear PWR can't even get the laziest clip-consumers on the Internet to click on its videos; how could it possibly lure anyone to its live show?

YOU SAY FRANCE & I WHISTLE
THE LOFT
Friday, MARCH 16 9:00PM - 9:40PM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ktUrEaGNux8

You know, if you can get past the stupid band name and the fact that this song is called "OMG" and the furry-fandom vibes the video radiates, the music is still pretty fucking unbearable.

THE AMERICAN SECRETS
IFC CROSSROADS HOUSE AT VICE
Friday, MARCH 16 11:00PM -11:40PM

"You may recognize The American Secrets as the freecreditscore.com band. Get to kno -" let me stop you right there.

Y LA BAMBA
MAGGIE MAY'S GIBSON ROOM
Saturday, MARCH 17 12:05AM -12:40AM

This is a band called "Y La Bamba," listed on the schedule as "world music." What do you think they'll sound like? If you guessed "creepy rural-folk songs, mostly sung in English, and the band's probably from Portland," you're much better at predicting things than I am. And you want to be better at predicting things than I am, because the last time I did one of these guides, I predicted

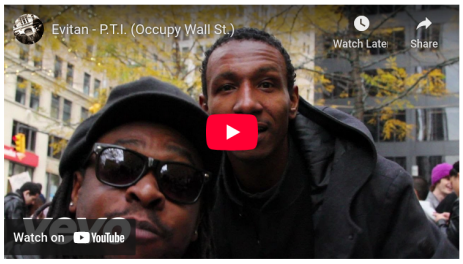
Salem's set would be cool. (Incidentally, Au Palais is my hot witch-house tip this year, Saturday March 17 at Frank, 11PM -11:40PM, but if you see a stoned dude stumble up on stage and start rapping with them, vacate! VACATE!) Anyway, Y La Bamba boasts all the things people like about Fleet Foxes, like beards and harmonies, plus a dynamic lead vocalist (Luzelena Mendoza) and melodies I can actually remember when the songs end.

AGENT RIBBONS
MAGGIE MAY'S GIBSON ROOM
Saturday, MARCH 17 1:00AM -1:50AM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=We_s5qpcvIs

If you went to see Y La Bamba, you're in luck, because you just saw a great thing and also you're already in place for Agent Ribbons, one of the best bands in the crowded fuzzy- rock/girl-group hybrid category. I was sure Everett True must have covered them in his "Summer Femme-Pop Mix Tape" column; turns out he didn't, but they fit right in with the stuff he talked about, and it's all amazing. Agent Ribbons has a timeless sound, raw and emotionally honest, not a flashback but old-style stuff made now, organically.

EVITAN
KISS AND FLY
Friday, MARCH 16

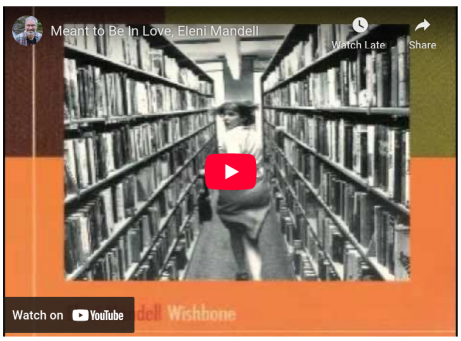


https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gvwlf3YQ5gc

Dres (from Black Sheep) ranks among the most inventive lyricists in hip-hop history, so I feel bad about the weird circumstances under which I've seen him perform. At one show, not only was there no DJ, but also they were reduced to physically rewinding a portable tape-recorder to prompt the right beat. Another time, Dres strolled on stage with De La Soul at a weird radio festival and did a half-song, much to the confusion of the audience, most of which had come to see Modest Mouse, Flaming Lips and Cake. I have kind of a bad feeling about this showcase, too, given that it happens in two days and the time isn't listed yet. But at the very least, check out this video, it's Dres rapping about Occupy with Jarobi from A Tribe Called Quest, and it deserves more attention. Oh, and speaking of deserving more attention, EPMD performs Thursday, March 15, at Malaia Upstairs,

from 1AM -1:50AM. This is one of the most solid rap duos ever, and one of their best tracks has just 40,000 views, so listen to it for fuck's sake.

ELENI MANDELL
CONTINENTAL CLUB
Thursday, MARCH 15 10PM -10:40PM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FnkS8YPeNQo

Since 2000, I've been a huge fan of two relatively obscure singer/songwriters, Shannon Wright and Eleni Mandell. My championing of them has had limited effect, mostly because music journalism lol but also because I've become a lazy promoter in the past few years and telling friends/posting Facebook links only helps so much. Eleni Mandell introduced me to Tammy Wynette by covering "Don't Touch Me" at a show, but she's only a little bit country - she does some garage-rock, some torch songs, but mostly it's about her storytelling, her intense characters, her charismatic presence and her booming held vocal notes.

The *New Yorker* called her "perhaps the best unsigned artist in the business" back in 2001; Slate followed up with a 2007 article called "On Her Own: Eleni Mandell, a great singer/songwriter who can't get a record deal." Maybe she's wary of the industry at this point - she's the only artist featured in this guide who didn't submit a bio to SXSW's Web site - but she's still putting out quality albums (most recently in 2009), and she's still engaging on stage. See her live if you can; otherwise, all seven of her albums are on Spotify, and obviously listening is mandatory.

AMORAL
SONY CLUB @ RED 7 PATIO
Thursday, MARCH 15 9:00PM -9:40PM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oXoy-Ei6ZKM

Amoral is a metal band from Finland, but not the kind that sings in Finnish about forests or the type where the members are trolls. They used to play technical death metal, attracting fans like

the YouTube commenter who said "This song gets exponentially better the longer you listen. It is the Fibonacci Sequence of rad tunes." Somewhere, that dude's furious that Amoral sounds like Skid Row now, and the thought of him crafting new, insulting mathematical analogies to express his betrayal would be enough to land Amoral on the "good" side of the guide, even if I didn't like fun pop metal sometimes, which I do. Besides, it's a pretty thin year for metal at SXSW: Sorted by genre, Amoral's going up against these guys.

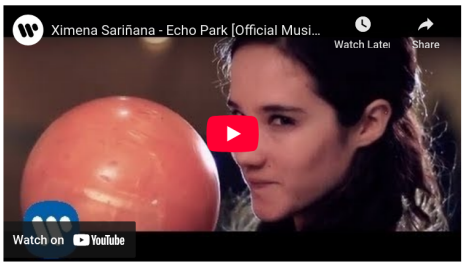
ARBOREA
ST DAVID'S BETHELL HALL
Friday, MARCH 16 10:00 -10:40PM

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B9fhKwz-viE

One of the greatest musical advantages SXSW has over other music festivals is its church shows. When someone like Shearwater or Mark Kozelek plays in a setting with glorious acoustics and an instinctively respectful crowd, it transcends their normal performances in a way that's impossible to describe or forget. Arborea has the perfect sound for a church show - strong but ethereal vocals; quiet, mournful melodies; minimalist instrumentation in a setting that isolates and magnifies every note. This Arborea video has kind of a black-metal aesthetic, but I'm 99 percent sure they won't burn the church down.

XIMENA SARINANA
EASY TIGER PATIO
Friday, MARCH 16 11:00PM -11:40PM

ST DAVID'S BETHELL HALL
Saturday MARCH 17 12:00AM -12:25AM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U0YeJXzRsJk

Other than the awesome name and the Mexico City hometown, Ximena Sariñana could be any pop singer on American radio, except better than most. She might be from a "different world," but it's

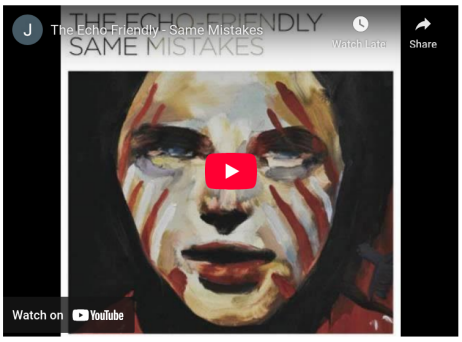
all quite familiar -- she usually sings in English, her hooks are huge, she goes bowling in this video. Her songs would be great for parties, especially if you have the kind of friends who would notice a cool background tune and ask about it and be impressed at your find. That's a good kind of friend to have.

ANDREA BALENCY TRIO
BALLROOM G DAY STAGE AUSTIN CONVENTION CENTER
Thursday MARCH 15 3:00PM -4:00PM

BUCA LOUNGE
Thursday MARCH 15 11:00PM -11:40PM

Andrea Balency Trio also comes from Mexico City, but their singer grew up in Paris, and she sings in French sometimes, so you could even describe her as a "chanteuse" without seeming like a tremendous asshole! Anyway, what this means is you can cross off at least two squares on the "exotic sounds from many lands to hear instead of going to see Eve 6 at an international music festival" checklist by 4 p.m. on the first full-fledged day of SXSW! But it's probably better to wait until the nighttime slot, because this is chill stuff and it probably sounds best at the end of a long day of listening, at a venue with "Lounge" in its name.

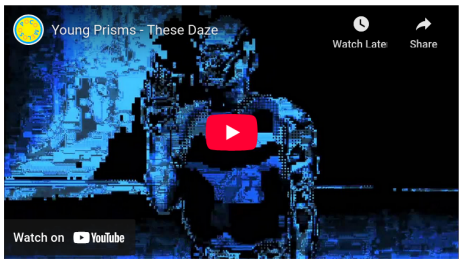
THE ECHO FRIENDLY
LAMBERTS
Saturday, MARCH 17 8:00PM -8:40PM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=frDUZGd3vwM

Have I already written about any ex-couples from Brooklyn whose recordings reflect their unresolved tensions? Somehow I have not. Well, this one is as good as any. Jake Rabinbach and Shannon Esper shoot out the lights on their two available tracks, trading verses over simmering backdrops like the Kills at their calmest. Again, this is a Brooklyn band with a genuinely sexy sound: I'm not sure why no one's flipping their shit about them yet, but they won't escape SXSW unhyped, so ground-floor it up now!

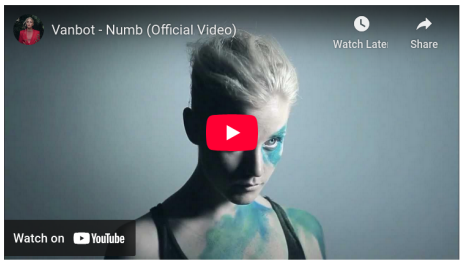
YOUNG PRISMS
CHEVROLET SOUND GARAGE
Friday, MARCH 16 9:45PM -10:25PM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bcwZQCDPz04

Here's another reliable-of-late micro-genre: Bay-area shoegaze with female vocals. Trying to find lasting melodies in the distortion is a fool's errand; if the psychedelic screen-saver effects in all Young Prisms' videos weren't a strong enough indicator, you're just supposed to zone out and absorb the atmosphere, man, which is much easier to do when they're fuzzing out live and you can just get swallowed up by the overwhelming volume waves.

VANBOT
DESEO CENTRO LOUNGE
Thursday, MARCH 15 11:00PM -11:40PM



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VWSRgTi-i_o

Vanbot is a platinum blonde Swedish dance-pop singer, so maybe she'll attract the "why isn't this platinum blonde Swedish dance-pop singer more popular in America?!?" crowd that's had marginal success rallying around Robyn. Vanbot's beats are softer than Robyn's, as is her voice, and her lyrics aren't as saucy. So if the problem was people finding Robyn too intimidating, Vanbot should be more palatable. If it's just that people don't really care about super-catchy synthpop, then I don't know what the fuck.

VAMPILLIA
ELYSIUM
Friday, MARCH 16 1:00AM -1:50AM

By 1 a.m., after two full days of watching dozens of bands, it would take something pretty drastic to make the average concertgoer take notice. Judging by this video, Vampillia is probably pretty drastic. It's one thing to watch Japanese commercials and programs and movies and think "man, this is strange" from home, but when a band from Tenjinmachi is here in your face and screaming at you and making sounds that are confusing and overwhelming and -when they make sense- beautiful, that's something different, something real. There's a guy in here from the Boredoms , a band Americans ignored at 1 p.m. at that Beastie Boys Lollapalooza, but this is 1 a.m., and this stage show is going to wake you the fuck up.

-~Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller, WET BUTT and Toni "Ras Het" K

3.15 The Reificant: Urge

Friday, Mar 16, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.

I AM.

Reificant.

I AM.

I have fed the fire with the bodies of men and women I called friend. I have sealed the water beneath a golden lid and denied its triumph. I leave my shell in the cave in the mountains of black rock and return to the cold and dark place. A suggestion, electric, transmitted over distance and given flesh. To the creaking, rain-lashed debris of a past civilization, teetering on the brink of final dissolution, the water chewing up the legs. I am not alone.

I am not welcome...

I remember...

I emerge from the wreckage of the iron tunnel into wan daylight and a driving, torrential downpour. I stand amid a once-great city of metal and glass, polymer and brightly-painted surfaces, eroded and collapsed to heaps. Leaning towers and scaffoldings rise high above, swaying amid the steady wrack of the unnatural ocean waves.

This is no place by the sea, no dockland, it is an island built upon gargantuan pylons of iron, eroding and sloughing off by hundred-ton panels into the rippling tides of the water below. The pale sea collides in thundering waves and steals away pieces of the platform. It is hard to say how long this process has been going on, but it is clear that it is nearing its end. Soon the ocean will weaken the massive pylons and this island city will begin to tilt and spill into the sea. It will be consumed and forgotten. As if it was never here at all.

I search the ruins of this place, climbing over fallen shelters and entering those that still stand. The wind is too powerful for me to take flight. Doors bang open, sheets of plastic billow out from damaged structures. The rain drums against roofs and spills down the sides to form streams of rust-red water that flow out to meet the sea.

I step beneath the sunken dome of a long-ago amphitheater. Faded images depict isopods standing on four legs and manipulating various objects with their many forelimbs. Water pours into the amphitheatre from the cracked dome.

A phosphorescent ecosystem exists amid the heaps of masonry and tangled support beams. Gilled fungi sprout high into the air. Glowing blue fruits sway atop long, pale stalks. A familiar white grass clings to huge, rectangular stones and the surrounding floor. Red light pulses from speckled fruit growing against the floor. Small crustaceans scuttle among this fungal forest.

I explore the amphitheater and beyond, encountering more and more of these fungal oases, always hearing the chatter of unseen animals and the quiet snap of jaws. I encounter crude sculptures of more recent design. These black symbols are made from crossed metal beams lashed simply together. They have been placed in odd positions - in vacant windows, leaning against structures. They remind me of the black, cruciform shapes the men painted upon the ceiling of the cave.

I come to a place where the city has fallen into total collapse, breaking open in an artificial canyon whose walls expose strata of levels, tunnels and pipes, plunging into the poisonous sea. Shaking walkways are suspended across this yawning gulf. I hesitate, watching the swirling water below. Its surface bulges and the water emits a series of bubbles, shedding envelopes, revealing themselves as a collection of dozens of translucent spheres. They rise up from the canyon, each bubble containing a green nucleus and tiny organelles. The bubbles swirl around one another, drawn together as if by magnetism, becoming a rising serpent amalgam that wriggles up from the canyon, colliding with several walkways, parting the fragile structures as easily as threads.

The walkways plummet into the canyon, disappearing into the water. The bubbles rise above the slumping spires of this wretched city. The bubbles break apart again into individuals, still rising, swallowed by the rain clouds above. I am alone. A single walkway remains to span the chasm.

Across the canyon, within the carcass of a manufacturing hall, clambering over the spill of forgotten machines, I discover a single, bloody footprint. It belongs to a man. I am tempted to call out, but I do not. I search the fallen machinery and discover a bloody clump of hair stuck to the corner of one of the rust-eaten machines. More blood, fresh enough to still be dripping, falls down the side of another machine.

There is little warning. It is a wonder that things with flesh so pale could so easily conceal themselves in the shadows. They hiss and click their jaws, leaping out at me from several directions at once. Their eyes are shocking blue, bulging from either side of flattened, oval heads. They are bipeds, but not jointed in the same way as a man, and their long forelimbs are viciously clawed. It is only their diminutive size that saves me.

They are smaller than a man, but more agile. They leap atop me, stabbing their claws into the soft flesh of my joints and tearing at my shell with their fingers. I am able to fling them away, breaking their bodies over the machinery, seizing them and tearing out their limbs with ease.

Many scuttle out of the shadows in ambush. They are fearless, but not foolish. I cleave through their bodies and flop their horrid entrails upon the tilting floor. They pause, circling me, baring their translucent teeth and snapping their jaws at me. They retreat into the darkness again, their blue eyes visible in the black longer than their hairless white bodies.

Alone again, my breath hissing through my spiracles, I feel the damage they have done to me. I am no longer sure-footed. Many small injuries are spilling out my lymph. It is not enough to kill me, even with time, but I will be slowed if they attack again.

I do not care. Even before I did not fear death. An end reached in battle was a glorious thing. During my travels I often envy my brothers who perished in the fight against the traitor queen. In

death they became heroes, and I remain as flotsam, forever alive and adrift in this terrible water.

I track the creatures to an upper level of the manufacturing space. Narrow hallways covered in sodden blue cloth, decorated with oxidized fixtures and hollowed lamps, rotten doors hanging open. I can hear their jaws working. Snapping. They hiss and grunt at one another. They have some feast and I suspect I will not like what it is.

Ducking to enter the doorway I arrive in their nest. Twice the number that attacked me among the machines gather around the bloodied body of a man. His dark hair is peeled back with his scalp. His face is disfigured, his limbs and abdomen torn open. They are feasting on him. Some tear out chunks of his flesh. Others lower snapping jaws and press their snouts against his bloodied flesh, stretching and pulling the muscle, tearing out his tendons.

I kill them all. It is not a long battle. I divide them into pieces with my claws and discover their anatomy in sudden, violent motions. Their nest is drowning in their sour lymph. My body is draped in their innards. I live, my breath misting through the ichor that drips from my many wounds. I will perhaps not survive these injuries. I have at least avenged the human and--

"Winged Hunter?" moans the human.

"That is what I was called," I quill, though it pains me to do so.

The faceless, dying man sits up. He touches where his nose should be with the stumps of his fingers. He lowers the hand and turns his lidless eyes to me.

"Where is this place?" he asks.

"I do not know," I reply.

"I saw them," he says. "Beside the sea of white. They know...its shape. They gather there and...come from within it."

"You know these things?" I ask.

He shakes his head. A gesture I know to mean a negative response.

"This is not their place either. They are like us, Winged Hunter. They are an urge...within the...from within her..."

He is dead. I feel terrible guilt. I have caused this man, perhaps River Stone, to meet this terrible fate. My actions have brought him here.

Aimless, dying, I wander the ruined streets of this place. The rain subsides and the roar of the ocean

seems to grow to fill this relative quiet. I stumble closer and closer to the sea, recalling what the dying human said to me.

I find them in a great multitude, perhaps thousands, crawling over one another, climbing out onto a fallen strut over the ocean, like caterpillars upon the branch of a garden tree. There is some form of terminal below, bent towers and the draped fabric carcasses of aerostats, torn and flapping in the wind. The pale creatures clamber over this and each other, reaching out, reaching for a cruciform shape like those I discovered before, held upright, presented to the crashing waves.

They sway in unison and the terrible sound they make, the rising and falling of their bestial voices, reminds me of the sounds the humans would make as they circled their fire. They see me, stumbling closer, too weak to challenge many of them, but they do not stop in what they are doing.

A dark shape resolves beneath the water. Large, but not vast. I can feel it as well. An oppression. A magnetism like the charging engines of my people's old weapons. It is an idiot voice, as potent as my Queen's pheromones, but with no pleasure. No guile. It is pure, mindless, fathomless yearning. It is abhorrent birth, a living forge. A Mother.

I scream. Not of my quills, but in an animal cry from within my throat. I fall to my abdomen and writhe in helpless agony. Hundreds of pairs of blue eyes are fixated on me, and through them I can feel their hunger. Their urge to dominate and consume. Are they of the water or do they only fill it? What is this presence that dwells within the water?

These creatures will not furnish me with answers. They pour over me in a tide. They are inhospitable to my shell and soft, inner flesh. Though small, they are surprisingly strong, with powerful fingers that pry up segments. I am unable to fight them. They tear me open and scoop out my life.

I return once more to the darkness, not silent or alone at all, but luminous and tangled in the lives of countless others, with minds like and unlike my own, with their own stories and eternities spent within the water. I can feel the Mother pulling at me, a heaviness, a desire to keep me from finding new flesh. By my will I am strong, seeking the place it does not want me to travel, a place of secrets and long-ago enemies of the water's unspoken purpose.

I spill out, into a place with no roots, into the void itself, wandering within a spire with no more home. As sure as the pale savages were the desire for violence and flesh I am the desire for truth.

I will know the water and why it is. It cannot stop me.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.16 A Few Dumb Moments In Mass Effect 3

Saturday, Mar 17, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This isn't intended to be a review of Mass Effect 3. The game certainly isn't bad on the whole, as the shooting is largely the same as the last installment (if you liked that) and some moments worked really well.

This is about the stupidest bits. Why? I think they're inherently funny, which makes writing jokes about them easy. They also stem from BioWare wrestling control from the player to tell stories that hit every low point on the "broad appeal" checklist, employing cinematic cliches and super gross sexiness. It would be nice if they'd knock that off.

There are **spoilers** ahead. The biggest, dumbest spoilers.

Near the end of the game, Shepard says farewell to all of his violence buddies. This sequence is sort of bad already, a mechanical procession of people to run up to and press the talk button, followed by three lines of surprisingly trite and disappointing dialog.

What puts it over the top is that halfway through the handshake assembly line your location comes under attack. The only option is to jump on a turret. A *turret*, for crying out loud, for the fourth or fifth time in the game. It was fun for exactly none of those times.

After shooting a hundred dudes, control is (naturally) taken away for a moment to show Shepard hopping down, strolling away with a pompous smirk on his face as he heads off to continue his somber goodbyes.

If you play RPGs to take on a character, this makes perfect sense if your role is Inscrutable Turret Man.

There is a reporter lady modeled after (and voiced by) an actual video game journalist. If you let her on your ship for some godawful reason that doesn't really make sense, she sticks around for the entire game. It's important to note that Mass Effect 3 doesn't give you as many squadmates as you might expect. When one of the few people you can speak to on your ship is a reminder of the real world and BioWare's marketing strategy, it's sort of weird. Even weirder are the multiple occasions where Shepard calls the reporter into his private quarters for an interview, then watches her ass as she saunters away. The camera lingers on her exit each time, giving us heaping eyefuls of that sweet polygonal behind. Thanks, I guess!

Another awkward reminder of BioWare's marketing (in addition to the DLC and pre-order weapons) comes in the form of Coats, some guy from the game's first promotional trailer. He shows up at the end of Mass Effect 3 like Poochie The Dog, immediately spouting off his opinion and being treated with respect by everyone. We aren't given any reason to care about this guy at all, but he gets more screen time in the final hours than Wrex.

Coats is a walking font of opinion with no character to back it up, a stranger strolling into your grandmother's funeral and telling you exactly what he thinks of the quality of the headstone engraving. I'm sure that he will be featured in some sort of upcoming DLC or spinoff, so we can finally get to know the compelling story of this fascinating soldier man.

Speaking of bad characters, how about that Kai Leng? Ask a 12 year old to describe a techno space

ninja, and the result won't be half as goofy or magically unstoppable as Kai Leng. The man has a future ponytail, glowy visor, a katana, and armor that was scavenged from the set of American Gladiators.

At one point you fight this joke of a person, win, and are treated to a cinematic in which you lose. Why? Because the plot needed it to happen. What about the player's impact on the story? Not as important as making ninja man awesome.

Don't worry, the game also goes out of its way to make Shepard awesome at the expense of the overall tone.

At one point you solo a Reaper, a massive Lovecraftian force which had been established as nearly unstoppable. How? By running back and forth on a 20 yard platform and evading a laser capable of destroying skyscrapers and space ships.

Luckily, the Reaper doesn't think to rush your silly little platform and shoot you at point blank range. Instead, he holds off, only advancing a few steps after each successful attack you make on his weak spot. Boss fights.

Shepard also gets to become a badass in multiple slow motion sequences. You know the parts in Call Of Duty where everything slows down and you have to shoot someone at a dramatic moment? The overdone parts? You get a few of those. There are also a handful of Max Payne sequences where you run in slow motion through a nightmare with a child, spooky lighting, and whispers.

Unfortunately, the game does not enter slow motion mode when Shepard actually snarls "I'll sleep when I'm dead" (this really happens, holy shit) or on the multiple occasions where you are prompted with a QTE to shake someone's hand.

Then, of course, there is the ending. It's not just that the conclusion to the series is disappointing, it's that there is absolutely no consideration for the player's choices up until that point. The character that you built across three games is swept aside. You can press one of three buttons, all of which make Shepard submit to a magical hologram child and a bunch of last-minute mysticism that Stephen King would dismiss as being too silly.

Commander Shepard. The soldier who came back from the dead. The man that did everything in his power to stop the Reapers. The guy that solved all the galaxy's problems by punching or not punching people. Told by a child to give up and push a button for reasons that didn't make any sense, so he gave up and pushed a button because there was dramatic music and slow motion. What would Coats say to that?

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.17 I will not trim my Phallic Bush!

Sunday, Mar 18, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Listen. In this nation I have the right to garden however I please. A freedom, even. And you know what? You know how I like to garden? Perversely. Inappropriately. Unnecessarily graphic with a dash of grotesque debauchery. I'm the Caligula of horticulture, I'm Better Homes and Gardens' worst nightmare. I'm the type of yard work your parents don't want you to know about. No gloves, no little baby shovel things, just me, this one penis-shaped bush and the Budweiser Platinum I've been nursing all afternoon. And you're just going to have to deal with that.

Want me to trim it, cut it down? Want me to castrate my yard? Want me to sell out and grow a garden the way you drive that Ford Focus? No way. Not going to happen. First the phallic shrubbery, next you'll be telling me my ornamental grasses are too violent or that I have to grow Hitler Hedges or some freaky stuff like that. I know how you all work, so I'll tell you what I told my wife before she filed the divorce. I said, "Lady, you think I can control this?" And while we weren't talking about gardening, the same rules apply. You can't dictate life, dude, can't control hedges.

Look. You have any idea how famous this bush is, anyway? How much press it's gotten? Check this piece out. Man, think outside of your thick skull and see how this bush affects the world, how much it means to this neighborhood. Hell, aside from the bologna packaging plant, this bush is all this town has. If we get a moist spring, it could be the largest phallic bush north of the Mason-Dixon Line. And you want me to cut it down? This bush is, literally, all you have. Or maybe figuratively. Or maybe literally all I have. I don't know anymore.

My Bushes
I'm sorry for what my dad did but he said he was sending evil people to Hell so maybe the victims weren't so innocent afterall?!?
Think about it.
Front
Back

And what about me? Did you even stop and ask yourself how I might feel about the phallic bush? Well, I love it! My dad planted it and right before he died he told me to grow the biggest bush erection, then he went on that shooting rampage. Everywhere I go people see me and say, "Dude, are you the dude with the dad and the bushes that look like privates?" And I don't say a thing, I just point to my shirt and they know that yes I am that very same dude they thought. If you cut down this bush you're pretty much rendering my entire life meaningless while also desecrating my father's last wish before the shooting rampage.

You're also ruining all my craigslist ads. Every masseuse within 50 miles will be stuck searching for the generous man living beside the shrub shlong. Will they find me and give me the deep-muscle massages the free health center suggested to prevent my legs from hardening into immobile planks? I doubt it. I'll probably petrify in my bed, looking out the window at my shrub, watching it wither and die in the sun while you sip lemonade like the sick freak you are.

So, sure, I can't have a wife, a steady job or legs functional for anything other than producing blood clots. I can't have a father and no matter how hard I try I can't get the smell of bologna out of my bed sheets, but man oh man I can have some phallic bush. I will have some phallic bush.

And you can't stop me. By law. I've skimmed this state's constitution and it says all sorts of crazy stuff about my rights. Right between the parts about guns and marriage between and dude and a chick there's something and it agrees with my Genital Hedge and our Founding Fathers.

And I'm not stopping there. I'm expanding, dude. What's next? Tomatoes, no; Fruits and veggies, I laugh. Here's a clue. More phallic plants. Different sizes, types, girths. You'd flip if you saw what I'm doing with bamboo at this very moment.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.18 Euphemisms: "Work"

Monday, Mar 19, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

General Work

Grinding levels in crafting
Restocking the stripper fund
Ass to the grind chair
Making the minimum payments
Putting Taco Bell® Crunchwrap Supremes™ on the table

Restaurant Work

Hogging fountain Sprites
Texting from the kitchen
Swinging the mop
Applebeasting
Hairing the pizza

IT Work

Patching the Anti-virus
Troubleshooting the boss's iPhone
Uninstalling Bit Torrent
De-spilling the laptops
Windowing Minecraft

Factory Work

Living history
Welding tomorrow's junk
Playing Chinese
Riveting dog stairs

Military Work

Revising maps the hard way
Honoring the sacrifice
Avoiding jail time
Burning the shit bags
Detailing the MRAP

Nursing Work

Running the numbers
Swapping bags
Scraping stink

Deluxe Room Service

Engineering Work

Dreaming the flange
Probleming the solution
Screendooring the submarine
Designing a better mouse turd

Teaching Work

Wasting supplies on idiots
Grading Twilight book reports
Explaining algebra to a wall
Training tomorrow's criminals

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.19 @JoseCanseco, Put Your Diaper Where Your Mouth Is

Tuesday, Mar 20, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Jose Canseco, this is an offer to you and your crew. I am prepared to give $1,500 US Dollars to the Boys and Girls Clubs of America on your behalf. All you have to do is poop in a diaper, and then pour milk on the poop in front of me. This is a completely serious offer. Just meet me somewhere, anywhere, a place of your choosing. No one else has to be around. It could be your home, your office, a place of business, even a dressing room somewhere. Anywhere you like. Just get me there with you. You'll pull your pants down and reveal your diaper. Then you'll pull your diaper down, and it will fall to your ankles. The diaper will contain at least one poop of yours. We will both look at it and then make eye contact. At this point you will grab at least one half gallon of milk, break the seal on its container, and pour it on the poop. The entire container of milk, Jose. Pour it all on the poop. It's important that you pour all of it on the poop. I will record as much of it as I can on my phone, Jose, but I will blur out your genitals if the camera picks them up. Your business will be blurred out heavily-- on this you have my word. I only want to record the milk hitting your diaper poop, Jose. Just let me record that, that's all I want.

One Thousand and Five Hundred American Dollars can go to the charity of your choosing, Jose Canseco. The choice is yours. I originally chose the Boys and Girls Clubs because it sounds like something you'd support, but you can choose another worthy charity, if you like. Just poop in a diaper for us. That's all it takes. Nobody will think any less of you, Jose. You're a legend. Just take a big giant poop for us. Please, do it. We need it.

The only stipulations are: You must be the maker of the poop that's in your diaper. No one else could have made that poop, and it cannot be a false poop. It must be a Jose Canseco Poop. Furthermore, I must be present to witness you pouring the milk on it. Me, as in me. Your agent or yourself can contact me via Twitter. I need to be there to see it happen. You must drop the diaper to your ankles and pour milk on the poop. The milk needs to be at least 2% or greater. No 1% or skim milk, please. Soy or almond milk would be even worse. Buttermilk would be ideal but I understand if you don't want to use buttermilk. I might give like $50 more if you use buttermilk, though.

I must be allowed to record the event with my phone and post the results online. I will blur your genitals and/or butt if necessary. Only your poopy diaper will be visible. Please, Jose.

You may NOT substitute Ozzie Canseco, your brother, as your stand-in. It must be you, Jose. No tricks, no deception. That poop needs to be yours, and you need to be there to pour the milk on it. We are smart enough to know the difference.

I actually grew up a fan of yours. You, McGwire, Eckersley, Henderson. That was my team growing up. I'll even wear my Oakland Athletics shirt, which is an actual shirt that I own, believe it. And you know, on your Twitter, you talk a great deal about topics that seem to show you have a heart for doing what's right. Please, Jose,

poop in a diaper and pour milk on the poop for the greater good. Others have already pledged additional money for charity. You could even choose a charity of your choice, Jose.

Please, just poop in a diaper for us, and let us record you pouring milk on that poop. It will only take about 20 minutes of your time, Jose. We can do it together.

I look forward to your response.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.20 Society of Amateur Time Travelers Historical Updates for 20 March

Wednesday, Mar 21, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Society of Amateur Time Travelers series.

We are the Society of Amateur Time Travelers. We endeavor to unlock the past's most juicy secrets and witness firsthand the moments that shaped the modern world. Should an enemy of the Society attempt to alter the timeline, or by accident one of our own cause a detrimental change to history, we will intervene to restore order and balance.

The Society keeps extensive records of every alteration to the timeline, no matter how small or inconsequential. Members are advised to check this log upon return from past or future, and certainly before departing from the present.

- A critical fix was applied to the timeline, deleting an unfortunate incident where Society member Herold accidentally spilled Mountain Dew on the original copy of the Magna Carta.
- Society member Geoff is working hard to fix what is now referred to as "The Great Chicago Fire." This unfortunate incident occurred when the Taco Bell burrito Geoff brought with him to 1871 became highly unstable by the quantum bombardments of time travel and ignited.
- R.I.P.: Society member Charlie was burned alive in the Salem Witch Trials for accidentally showing up in a Slipknot t-shirt.
- Welcome back! Society member Taylor went back in time and rescued Society member Alan mere moments before he was fatally bitten by a snake on the Oregon Trail.
- R.I.P.: Society member Taylor, who sadly passed away following a lethal snake bite he received on the Oregon Trail.
- Society member Steve intervened to save the dignity of Society member Pete, who was mere seconds away from accidentally having sex with his own mother 20 years in the future.
- Society member Jeff Jr. fixed an unfortunate deviation that resulted in Neil Armstrong delivering a racist and profane tirade upon first setting foot on the moon.
- A regrettable time loop caused by Society member Chad has been closed. Chad traveled back in time to bully his verbally abusive step-father Roger as a child. Unfortunately, Roger was only such a jerk because Chad reminded him of a childhood bully that really got under his skin.
- Society member Dennis fixed a regrettable blunder caused by Society member Martin that resulted in the Panama Canal being built in Texas.
- R.I.P.: Society member Rod was eaten by a saber-tooth tiger for the third time.
- Fixed an error where some crude drawings of naked ladies Society member Erik made on cave walls ended up being mistaken for ancient caveman drawings of rhinos.

- Welcome back! Society members Shawn, Guillermo and Mark are all returning to active duty following their rescue from recorded death at the hands of lions.
- Society member Randy is recovering from a harrowing ordeal in which he was Shanghaied and forced to serve aboard a clipper ship for eight months in 1893. Society members are catching him up on all the comics he's missed.
- R.I.P.: Society member Terry was killed by the robot he brought back from the future. The one with the buzzsaw hands and laser-pointer eyes we all said was going to kill him.
- Society member Ralph finally turned up. He traveled back in time to lose weight and get in shape. He managed to lose 7 pounds. Congrats Ralph!
- Society member Doug has been placed on temporary probation after nearly erasing Shark Week 2010 from the history books.
- R.I.P.: Society member Gerald was accidentally shot in the head by William S. Burroughs while playing a parlor game (charades).
- Welcome back! Society member Fred is back on active duty following his rescue from an eighteenth century sanitarium. Please don't comment on his new head scars. He's very sensitive about them.
- Level 3 Anomaly Alert! Jeff Sr.'s attempts to prevent himself from walking in on a naked Benjamin Franklin led to naked Benjamin Franklin becoming unstuck in time. The Founding Father has been showing up throughout history completely naked and confused. Society members are urged to help stamp out this deviation before it causes lasting effects to the timeline.
- Evolution is saved! Society members Jerry and Milton repaired an earlier mistake that led to a young Charles Darwin being killed by several amorous tortoises.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.21 George Zimmerman's Neighborhood Watch Notes

Thursday, Mar 22, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings, fellow crime-fighters -- I hope you guys in the back can hear me through the Batman mask. As your official Watch Captain, we now face one of the greatest challenges our gated community has seen since the illegal lemonade stand stand-off of '06 and the improper lawn height scandal that nearly brought our homeowners association to its knees last fall. Of course, I speak of teens.

I'm Zimmerman.

Everyone, let's quiet down -- normally I'd fire off a few rounds but the kids are playing upstairs and I already grazed one of them at the playground yesterday for flagrant horseplay. No sense in adding insult to injury, right? Anyhow, I've seen plenty of youth offenders prowling our streets with their "book bags" and "iPods," and, frankly, I fear for the safety of our women and boats. Rest assured, I have "shadowed" many teens in recent weeks, and aside from their reluctance to obey the spoken orders of an ordained Watch Captain, I have noticed several behavioral patterns which require a drastic rethinking of our policies. Please keep the following in mind and be sure to toot on the nearest crime bugle should you witness any urban activity:

- First, let me address the numerous complaints sent to my inbox: we are sticking with the crime bugles. Teens are adept at hacking, which you may have seen in the famous teen hacking movie, Hackers. That said, we CANNOT rely on phones or e-mail in the midst of a teen onslaught. Per our noise restriction policy, please limit bugle use after 4:30 P.M.

- I have received several notices about keeping the Neighborhood Watch Crime Van within my garage, so I must again state that it is parked in front of my house deliberately for the purposes of intimidation. I did not get that mural of several vicious dogs painted on the side for kicks, people. And I find the UR DEAD1 license plate really cuts back on the tailgaters.

- The following animals have been deemed a security risk and are now banned from this community: cats, dogs. You may collect their bodies from the burnable trash dumpster following this meeting.

- Update: it turns out the intermittent blackouts on Maple Street last Tuesday were caused by a malfunctioning substation, not the Johnson family's evil powers. But, in case the cops follow up on this, we're going to stick with the story that an electrical fire burned their house down and salted the earth.

- If anyone knows what happened to the man I was holding for questioning in my basement, please contact me. I think he's somewhere in the house and my wife is VERY upset about this.

- For the sake of easy access, please remember to leave those safeties OFF, people. Children heal remarkably fast and are quick learners at wheelchair.

The Good God Above shaped our state this way for a reason.

- KNOW YOUR GUN RIGHTS: the great state of Florida has granted us many liberties, and we need to take advantage of them. Remember that you are well within your rights to draw and fire should a stranger commit any of the following actions within the community:
- breakdancing without permit, cardboard box
- giving a weak, sexually threatening handshake
- pretending to text as they walk by
- exhibiting hostile belt or hat adjustment
- wearing of a backwards baseball cap: the bandit mask of the 21st century
- carrying Skittles and iced tea: key ingredients in the dangerous street drug known as "flunk"
- exhibiting aggressive, unapologetic blackness
- It is entirely possible to leave the house without first remembering to strap numerous guns to your body. And yes, I realize that the easygoing Floridian lifestyle combined with the crippling humidity has atrophied the important muscles used to fight off potential attackers. If you find yourself in such a situation, remember that a locked car is the tank of the suburban battlefield. Also note that, in Florida, the punishment for vehicular manslaughter is a 4-hour safety class where a traffic cop mostly complains about his ex-wife the entire time.
- We will not be showing Judge Dredd again at this Friday's movie night, as dwindling attendance has indicated that nine consecutive weeks of Sylvester Stallone's finest hour might be too intense for some viewers. In closing, we will be cycling through the Death Wish series until the library finally lets me take out Straw Dogs again. See you then!

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.22 The Reificant: Reprise

Friday, Mar 23, 2012 by @Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of The Reificant series.

I AM.

Reificant.

I AM. I return.

Witness to endings. Failed protector. Wayward servant of a dead Queen. I am torn from my shell by the hands and jaws of the pale men who are not men. I become the static charge whispering through water. Crossing the gulf. Traversing by will the branching rivers through the black. I am made whole. I am ejected from the water with great violence, landing upon the surface of cool metal, my cowl-wrapped limbs in the stroboscopic relief of flashing machine lights. My body is heavy as a leaf tossed by the wind.

I am one of many...

I remember...

Rising on new limbs and ascending a hill of discarded wrappings. The soft-meat stench of the water is all around me, suffusing the air with its fetid heat. Moisture beads upon the dark surfaces of this spire. The flashing lights high above are disorienting to me and I seek an escape. Emerging into a corridor I taste the scent of battle. The acrid odor of the old weapons and the cooked-meat stink.

Stretching before me is a great, gory carpeting of looping innards. Limbs and heads piled up and steaming. Hundreds of the pale men died in this corridor, their bodies transformed by great violence into a singular horror of viscera and bone and dead-eyed faces.

I gingerly navigate through this slaughter until I come upon the source of the violence: a huge, oblong device of arachnid appearance, its hull seemingly carved from black stone. Dozens of the pale men, dead, are clinging to the device's inert body. Its golden limbs are deformed, its crystalline eyes broken and weapons torn from their moorings. By will and weight of numbers the pale men must have overwhelmed this sentinel's potent weapons.

Continuing past this wreckage I follow a distant sound, like a vast and slowly beating drum of River Stone's tribe. This steady throb echoes from corridors lit by softly glowing strips of golden light. When corridors intersect I instinctively know which path to follow, drawn inexorably towards the sound.

The corridor I am traveling opens into an immense chamber, so large that the opposite sides can only be seen as faint lights. A golden edifice stands in this cavernous room and the open corridor passes through its shadow. The sculpture depicts a serpentine being with powerful limbs, the details of its bony face lost to pools of darkness. Around the coiled base of this statue there is a great mound of debris. Something is moving on this hill.

I climb from the corridor and leap, spreading my wings to glide down gently into the debris-scattered plaza surrounding the statue. That debris crunches beneath my limbs and I see that it is a great ossuary, piled high with ancient bones. These crumbling skeletons are unfamiliar to me as are the markings upon the golden cenotaphs arrayed among the remains.

Nearby, a small, golden obelisk I had not noticed emits a shrill tone. I shuffle aside as red light blooms from its cap and a translucent form resolves. It is a being similar to that depicted by the statue. It begins to speak in sibilant tones, seemingly addressing me. Its voice echoing loudly in the cavern. Startled by the sound, small white crustaceans scuttle fearfully among the bones.

I try to quill to this phantom in the languages I have learned, but it does not respond and I become distracted. The movement that originally drew my attention appears once more. A number of my kin are here. They are simple workers, wingless, short-bodied, their heads broader than my own and their limbs suited to hard labor. The translucent red serpent turns to regard them as they approach.

"It is good to see you," I quill to these lesser workers. They do not answer, but continue towards me, drawing into a loose semicircle. They stop short of me.

"What has brought you here?" I ask.

By a process I do not comprehend my dull-eyed kin reveal their truth to me. There is a flare of light within each. Burning, ghostly shapes appear curled within their bodies as if a swallowed fire glows within them. At first I do not recognize these shapes. They are anatomically exposed to reveal layers of tissue, organs, glands, bones and the steady, translucent pulse of lymph.

It is their bulging eyes and the curving dental plates attached to the jawbones of their flattened skulls that I finally recognize. These spectral beings are the pale men, lambent within the host of my kin. As I once slipped into the flesh of the Mummon, so these foul parasites burrow into the flesh of my people.

"I do not fear you," I quill.

They attack in unison and I expose their folly to them. I was raised from hatchery softness to destroy my own kind. I am a warrior champion and, though I could not protect my Queen, my ability to destroy my people has not diminished in strange times. In moments, fourteen headless bodies lay around me, the ink of their lymph staining the fragile bones spread beneath them. The embers are gone within these bodies. The pale men dispatched along with their hosts.

The glowing serpent turns away from the carnage and regards me impassively. It makes a new sound with its mouth and blinks out of existence, the obelisk's shrill tone attenuates and fades into echoes. I hear again the steady beat of the distant drum and I heed its call, passing out of this vast chamber, leaving behind the semi-circle of headless corpses kneeling before the obelisk as if in worship.

The corridor takes me to a place filled with golden obelisks and the glowing red ghosts of the serpents. These projected spirits move from place to place, trailing glowing beams of light back to

their obelisk of origin. They ignore me, so I observe. Red-hued panes manifest from solid black stones, projections that squirm with glowing symbols and shapes and diagrams. It is some form of information display, but it flickers by so quickly it is difficult to perceive meaning or detail. Looping, organ-like structures are superimposed over glowing dots. A map? If so there are more stars than my people ever observed. Various swirling diagrams of conical shapes connected by their tips flash by, faces of serpents appear and disappear on the flat displays.

A resounding boom interrupts the steady drumming and instantly every obelisk and projected display disappears. I am alone in the gloomy chamber of featureless black stone. The drumming resumes, but it is arrhythmic, pained. Whatever truth is to be found in this place must reside with that beckoning sound. Louder and louder. Straining until I can feel it reverberating in my cavities.

Here. A chamber as large as that which contained the statue. Larger. Stretching into an eerie green distance, interrupted by tilting pillars of faded gold. Every surface, every wall, shrouded in a layer of protective gold and the symbols of this people.

Machines like the destroyed device I encountered in the corridor are at work, moving through the air with their legs folded beneath them, spiraling around a great, infinite serpent of white. Like mercury flowing through water, the milky liquid is contained by pulsing meshes of hexagonal energy. The water is imprisoned and these devices are prodding and torturing its surface with lances of glowing white. The source of the drumming is a massive piston, sheathed in gold, slowly working up and down. Each descent of the piston releases a gust of steam and the hexagonal patterns surrounding the water pulse brighter for an instant.

A gallery of crimson ghosts watch this titanic vivisection. I cannot say if this is some strange echo of past events or if these non-beings are interacting with the water in a new way. One of the spectral serpents turns to me, speaks in its hissing tongue, and then points one of its forelimbs across the space to a gallery adjoining the piston.

There is a burst of actinic light followed a moment later by an explosion that shudders the walls and floor. One of the arachnid machines falls from this gallery, burning, shedding dozens of bodies of pale men as it plummets and strikes the glowing hexagonal mesh surrounding the water. It, and the creatures clinging to it, disappear in a flash.

The piston wines and slows its descent. Another arachnid detaches from its position straddling the water and glides through the space towards the gallery. It is too late. The pale men are scaling the walls and climbing towards the piston. Blue pulses of light incinerate the pale men where the arachnid can reach them, but they are too determined and too numerous. I can only watch as they begin to jam their bodies into the piston, reduced to paste, but slowing the progress of the titanic machine. The hexagonal field flickers out for a moment and the floor heaves beneath my feet.

The hexagonal patterns reappear and the nauseating heave ceases. I have no choice but to intervene. I leap from the gallery and spread my wings. Taking flight in the midst of this strange place is disorienting. Above and on every side are galleries filled with red ghosts and the snaking, shimmering body of the water contained, only barely, by the flickering walls of energy. I dip beneath a branch of water and dodge out of the way of one of the flying machines.

There are hundreds of the pale men crawling towards the piston. Each moment that passes another ten hurl themselves into its machinery. Their gore smears the walls of the engine and the gusting steam is fouled with their cooked stench. I join the arachnid machine, diving in a practiced maneuver and raking my forelimbs across the backs of as many as I can reach. Limbs detach and bodies fall away. Whether up or down I cannot be certain.

Another pass and another rain of bodies. The arachnid machine pulls away, its weapon pods glowing white-hot from firing repeatedly. I cannot make up for it alone. They overwhelm me with their numbers, ignoring my swooping attacks, more and more dying in the piston. The machine grinds, the piston shakes, descends, and then stops. The steam device bursts, catching the nearest arachnid machine in a ruinous storm of shrapnel.

The hexagonal blue energy disappears. The spectral red serpents vanish from their galleries. Only the faint green glow and the lamps attached to the arachnids remain to illuminate the vast chamber. Freed of its confines, the water falls in every direction at once, flooding the galleries in a great wave, swamping the arachnids and destroying them. A single shape remains, rotating slowly like a planet in the center of the chamber, an irregular sphere of white material.

I can feel its presence, a disorienting pressure within my head. It was beneath the water. It knows me. It knows I am here. The galleries themselves are disintegrating, leaving behind drifting pieces of gold shielding. The pale men are trying to lift up their crossed beam symbols, but the center of

gravity is changing from one moment to the next. Each shift of the axis of gravity and more pale men are loosed from the walls and plummet away, to break apart against the crumbling spire or to fall into the water. Those that fall towards the sphere seem to rupture into a cloud of curling smoke.

I do not know why, but it permits me to live, at least for a time. I do not sense a voice or a message. It is mindless, heartless and thoughtless, but it is filled with urges, compelled by what resides within it. It is a vessel. And we have filled it.

The spire without a home is destroyed and we are in the cold black, far from any planet or star. In this deep void even the water cannot last. It is becoming slow and cold as it surrounds me in a vast bubble. The sphere is pulling me towards it. Reminding me that I am only a thing now. Only a memory contained within it. Only a storm of electricity and intent. I cannot breathe. I am alive, but I cannot breathe. I am cold. I am close to its surface and I become smoke.

I travel many places. I become many things. I do not succumb to the will of the water, to the will of this unnatural Mother. I continue, determined.

I am reificant.

I am crystalline, one in a chiming field that moves by mineral expansion, communicating by tone. As old as any living thing, but with fleeting memories. I cannot stop the water. I cannot stop the crashing sea that reduces me to nothing.

I dwell in the sky, in a coven of my kind, red-crested and brilliant. Spiraling, chattering, through phosphorescent clouds and above undulating fields of scarlet bacteria. This language is difficult. I am slow to learn. I tell my coven but it is too late. The earth is cracking, the mountains exposing their marrow of fire. I can only witness an ending.

Again and again. I will not be stopped. I am aeroplankton, cohering mind of a moment. I am a starving beast of the muck. Hate-filled until the water drowns me. I climb the continent tree. I can only watch as it is consumed by fire.

I cling to my memories. I retain my will. I am reificant. I will not be stopped.

A crack opens in the lid. The water is exposed once more.

I take the shape of a four-legged mammal, covered in hair, with a long snout and prick-ears. I know this thing. I know this place. A cave lit by shafts of crystalline light. I tear away my cowl with my teeth and emerge in the empty village of River Stone's people.

How can this be? Much time has passed. Dust has gathered on my shell. The wood that once made the ladders has fallen to ruin. There are prints in the dust. Feet like those I wear now, belonging to the animal-things of the men. Their companions. My fur is black. My tongue dangles from powerful jaws.

There is a booming sound beyond the canyon. I long to take to the sky, to soar above this place and find its source, but instead I trot on clawed feet. I cross from the black rock into the white desert, over humpbacked hills and barchan dunes. The booms repeat and I recall the piston. Have the serpents built their piston here as well?

No. Smoke curls into the blue sky. Figures, familiar, but different, labor beneath the heat of the sun. Men in a great number are lifting lengths of iron and heavy blocks of wood. They wear cloth upon their flesh and some are dark and some are pale, but they are not as the men I remember. They have large animals to pull their wheeled machines laden with material. They are building something.

There is another explosion and a great shower of stones falls from the mountainside. They are

cleaving the mountain itself and laying iron where they have blasted. It is still early. The water has not yet taken hold here. I can warn them. I can...

There is a growl behind me. While I watched the laboring men I was approached by undetected enemies. There are five of them. They inhabit bodies like mine, but their fur is white and their eyes are a familiar, piercing blue. They lower their heads, their fleshy lips curling back from rows of white, curving teeth.

They leap at my throat. There are five of them. I am fierce and strong. I will not be stopped. I am reificant. I am a champion of a dead Queen. Hero of a lost people.

There are five sets of snapping jaws. Five pairs of hateful blue eyes. Five snarling voices.

I silence four.

Lymph pours out, spilling between the throat-clamped jaws of my foe. I am hurtled away from this place. I am defeated. Cast across the darkness by force of malevolence.

I cannot be stopped. I will thwart the water. I will find my way back.

I am reificant.

-∼@Reificant (@sexyfacts4u)

3.23 Internet Guy Solves Everything

Saturday, Mar 24, 2012 by Internet Guy (@DennisFarrell)

Internet Guy can be seen arguing below YouTube videos, following various internet articles with comments like "cute... im surprised this place is still going so many years after it stopped being relevant", and begging celebrities whose work he pirates to follow or RT him on Twitter.

Question #1
There's a girl I like, she works at the video game store. I know she probably gets hit on a lot but I like her and want to get to know her better. What's the best way to approach this situation?

Above all else, women are attracted to power. Power can be reflected in your appearance, so you'll want to wear your tightest graphic t-shirt, some form-fitting jorts, and hold your arms out to the sides while straining all the muscles like you're carrying a fifty pound sack of Bitcoins in each hand.

Girl, the only games I play are video games. Specifically, JRPGs.

Power can also be implied through attitude, so walk with purpose. Look everyone in the eye intensely. Reach out to pick up a game from the shelf and knock it on the floor as if you forgot your own power. In a booming voice say "Oh, I forgot my own power" to emphasize this.

With that out of the way, the rest is easy. Just bring in two very specific games for store credit: Chrono Trigger for the SNES and Rez for the PS2.

Chrono Trigger shows that you're a man who appreciates the classics, that you have sophisticated tastes. Gets the chicks wet every time. Rez is a conversation starter. As she's punching the game in, make a quizzical expression and ask "Say, didn't this game have some weird peripheral? What was that again?"

This will leave it up to her to remember the game's Trance Vibrator. Naturally her mind will be brought to a very erotic place. Before she can answer, pull out your iPhone and mutter something about getting yet another reply to your clever "Not sure if" macro featuring Fry from Futurama on Reddit.

Game. Set. Match.

Question #2
Did you hear about the soccer player that collapsed on the field? A cardiac arrest at age 23. Frightening. I'm pulling for the guy.

I'm glad you said you're pulling for him and not praying, otherwise we'd have a pretty big problem right off the bat.

I know that people are going to take this the wrong way, but screw it, they're too sensitive: If it was me, I would have not had the cardiac arrest.

At even the slightest hint of a medical problem I would employ my considerable powers of concentration until things returned to normal. If for some reason that wasn't enough, my will to live would prevail. Only an external injury like a katana to the brain would take me down, and I'm pretty sure I could grab the katana from an attacker's hand before it came anywhere near my brain.

Question #3
James Cameron is going to the bottom of the Marianas Trench in a custom-built sub! This will be the first time anyone has been down there since 1960, and back then the equipment wasn't sophisticated enough to pick up a hell of a lot. Cool stuff, right?

After Terminator 2, James Cameron has been very disappointing. Titanic was for girls and Avatar had too much native American environmental patronizing stuff without enough badass sci-fi marines. I genuinely hope that his sub implodes and he dies so we won't have to see Avatar 2 or a bastardization of Battle Angel Alita with Chloe Moretz or something.

On the other hand, it would be cool if he found something down at the bottom of the ocean. Some sort of artifact that kicks off a real-life zombie outbreak. Modern life is so damn boring and in a survival scenario I could finally realize my full potential.

Question #4
Didja see Hunger Games?

First of all, from what I understand they changed the books so now there are minorities and gay people and the main character is a girl. Ummmm what? Please stop pushing your agendas already. We've had equality for like 50+ years. All this stuff is tipping the balance and showing people they can whine and get handouts and become more entitled.

Also, the main message is now supposed to be that violence has negative effects on the people that commit it? So, basically this is a guilt trip? How about we just get one movie that is male centric and filled with violence that doesn't make you think. PLEASE.

Second, when they tried to make the kid go to the Hunger Games why didn't she just fight those people? I would never have let them take me away like that. I'd get the drop on one guy, take his gun, then go Rambo on all the other dudes and survive without a scratch. Some people have the initiative, some don't.

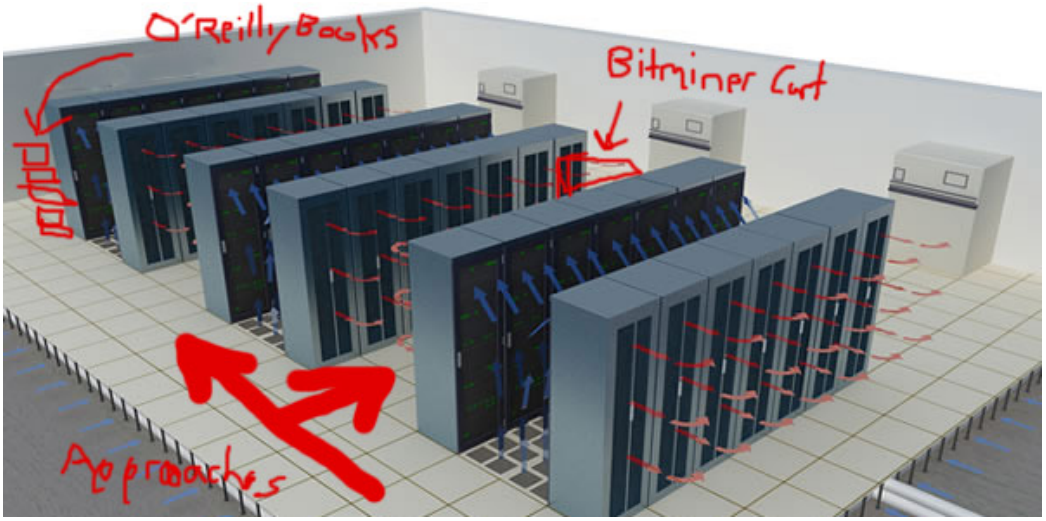
Lastly, have you seen the way guns are handled? Please. Not even remotely realistic. Trigger discipline is all over the place. No one is holding their weapons correctly. The sound effects don't match up at all. It's a travesty.

So no, I have not seen Hunger Games.

-~Internet Guy (@DennisFarrell)

3.24 This Data Center is Now Under My Protection

Monday, Mar 26, 2012 by Terminator357 (@sexyfacts4u)



Data security through maximum firepower.

Picked up my concealed carry weapon over the weekend. A Taurus Tactical .45 with desert grip. I am now prepared to backup this data center's security guarantee with more than just unparalleled knowledge of Debian. I have the right to carry my weapon for defensive purposes under the US Constitution and you have the right to stand at a respectful distance and address me as "sir."

You would be amazed at how much respect you can command in an IT workplace with a gun on your hip, easily accessible under the waist of your untucked polo.

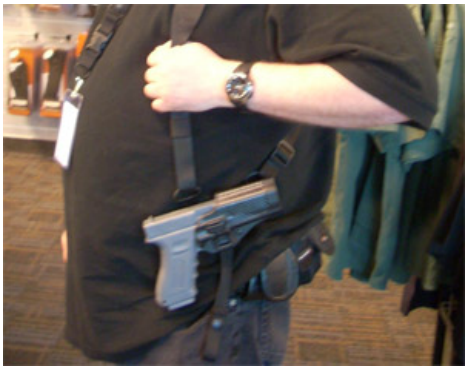
Here's my loadout: shoulder slung hip-holster, quick draw, with tactical harness and three spare 15-round magazines, plus one 30-round for high-intensity scenarios. These are all .45 hollow points to minimize possible damage to the server cabinets while giving me maximum man-stopping capability.

Additional gear includes Corcoran Airborne Boots with scent-canceling gel inserts, a super comfortable polo shirt (untucked for maximum freedom of mobility), a pair of cargo shorts with elastic waist, and a TacWolf combat utility belt to tie everything together. Supplementary loadout is my Android phone with a 200+ hour Ron Paul/Leo Laporte playlist, HP tablet in lower back sheath, Slingbox, GPS emergency beacon, fire-starting cylinder, halogen flashlight (8,000 candle power), and laser pointer that projects a Minecraft zombie onto any surface.

You might think it's a little much to bring a firearm into the workplace. That nobody needs a gun at a data center. And I say to you: tell it to Luis Garvey. In 2005 he was savagely gunned down by a coworker who had a CCW and brought his 9mm Beretta to work. If Luis had also had a CCW he would have been able to engage his attacker on even terms, or even prevent the incident altogether

by the concept of Mutually Assured Destruction.

This is why I am an advocate of total workplace mobilization. Did you know that in Sweden everyone is required to have a gun? That way everyone is on even terms.



My standard config, with black jean shorts instead of cargo shorts. Several pieces of gear not visible. Gun usually concealed under polo.

Until the girls in front office and everybody on the phones gets their shit together it is up to me to plan out our data center protection strategy. I have mapped out the best locations to set up choke points to funnel attackers into and use my skill as a target shooter to maximize kills while minimizing my own exposure.

I have set up a rolling rack of computers running bitcoin mining software. In the event of an assault on the data center I will wheel the bit miner cart into the central avenue of attack, forcing the intruders to channel their forces along the eastern wall.

A stack of O'Reilly books will provide coverage capable of stopping anything short of a .50 BMG round. I can engage targets as they appear around the (gag) Windows 7 enterprise servers, while remaining cool thanks to the floor ventilation. Meanwhile they will become increasingly sweaty, uncomfortable and there are no good places to sit because I have moved everything except for the really small task chair out of the engagement zone.

If you aren't armed you aren't really prepared to offer 24/7 website security.

Good luck getting comfortable on that chair.

People may scoff at me. Women may not take me seriously. They may call me weird or lame. But what is weirder and lamer than finding yourself unprepared in an escalated tactical scenario? Unless you are ready to deliver a kill shot to another human being you are not truly safe. This isn't Modern Warfare. This isn't a Roguelike. This is real deal stuff. Much closer to Soldier of Fortune 2. This is the world we live in here in San Diego.

The message is simple: don't step into my data center unless you are prepared to kill me. And good luck with that.

-~Terminator357 (@sexyfacts4u)

3.25 Your Company Sucks at Social Media

Tuesday, Mar 27, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

I spend a lot of my free time goofing off on Twitter. It's probably my favorite hobby behind sleeping and hating myself. After a really cool group effort that caused Smash Mouth to eat the eggs, I was for some reason invited to be on a SXSW panel called *Misuse the Internet and Make People Love You*, organized by a good man named Nick Douglas. It was a good time, the other panelists were all fantastic, and we talked about, more or less, how the Internet gets played with and why. We only had an hour so we touched on as much as we could, from Oprah to @horse_ebooks to brands, though I feel like we could've done more than an hour on brands alone.

The entire concept of having your brand on Twitter-- out in the open and responding to people for everyone to see-- is almost universally done poorly. Not so much because it's a bad concept (it probably is) but it mainly has to do with the people behind the scenes. Not everyone, but the vast majority of people in these roles are very, very bad at it.

The root of the problem pretty obviously lies in the fact that these jokers in question were allowed to get through the door in the first place. Are you the hiring manager for your company looking to hire a social media professional but don't know where to begin? Do you just have a big, numbered list on your desk that says, "1) Get Followers, 2) Get Likes, 3) Money Shoots Out Of Computer Hole"? This article is meant for you! Are you currently involved in or becoming interested in a career in social media? You should read on, too!

- First of all, **stop hiring marketing "professionals" to spout constant bit.ly links to barely-coupons and silly Facebook Like or retweet-based promotions**, especially if you're just selling dryer sheets and toilet paper and shit. Nobody actually "likes" everyday things like that, and the fact that in some office building somewhere a board of directors gets presented with facts like, "Over 65,000 people 'Liked' our butthole-cleaning product this quarter," should make everyone involved feel a little bit bad about taking a paycheck. You have done nothing meaningful and you're wasting your life. If someone is having sex with you, they should stop.
- **Stop hiring the most miserable customer service drones to be your company's spokespeople.** Avoid giving the mic to people who are obviously sick of dealing with the very people they're trying to interact with. If your timeline is actively and constantly just apologizing to people for your terrible product, that doesn't show that you "care" or whatever, it just shows that everyone thinks your product is terrible, and more importantly, that in your ever-blackening heart you know it's terrible.
- **Stop caring about essentially made-up KPIs and terrible metrics that measure nothing but how well your brand games a system that nobody else on earth cares about.** The amount of followers, likes, and retweets your brand gets is practically meaningless. Nobody's surfing Facebook to see which major appliance manufacturer has the most likes before selecting a microwave, and No-Fucking-Body is going to go pick your brand of toilet bowl cleaner over anyone else's because you 'engaged the community' by asking if everybody was scrubbing the can for their March Madness party. That's bullshit, and you are a hack. Measure success by whether people are interacting with you or talking about your company in meaningful ways, such as by Real Feedback (the kind you didn't force into the funnel).

- **Stop hiring dimwitted people who only sound qualified because they had the words "Social Media" on their resume.** In fact, shred any resume or CV immediately where those words appear. Some dingus having a habit of Instagramming their lunch and/or liveblogging their daily ride on the Caltrain does not make them good at anything, despite the fact that they may think so. Never ever let any applicant use the word "virality" in front of your face. Running a video game guild does not qualify as experience for anything but running a video game guild. Just as having a DeviantArt page doesn't make you an artist, having your own Twitter account does not make you a viable human being in any respect.

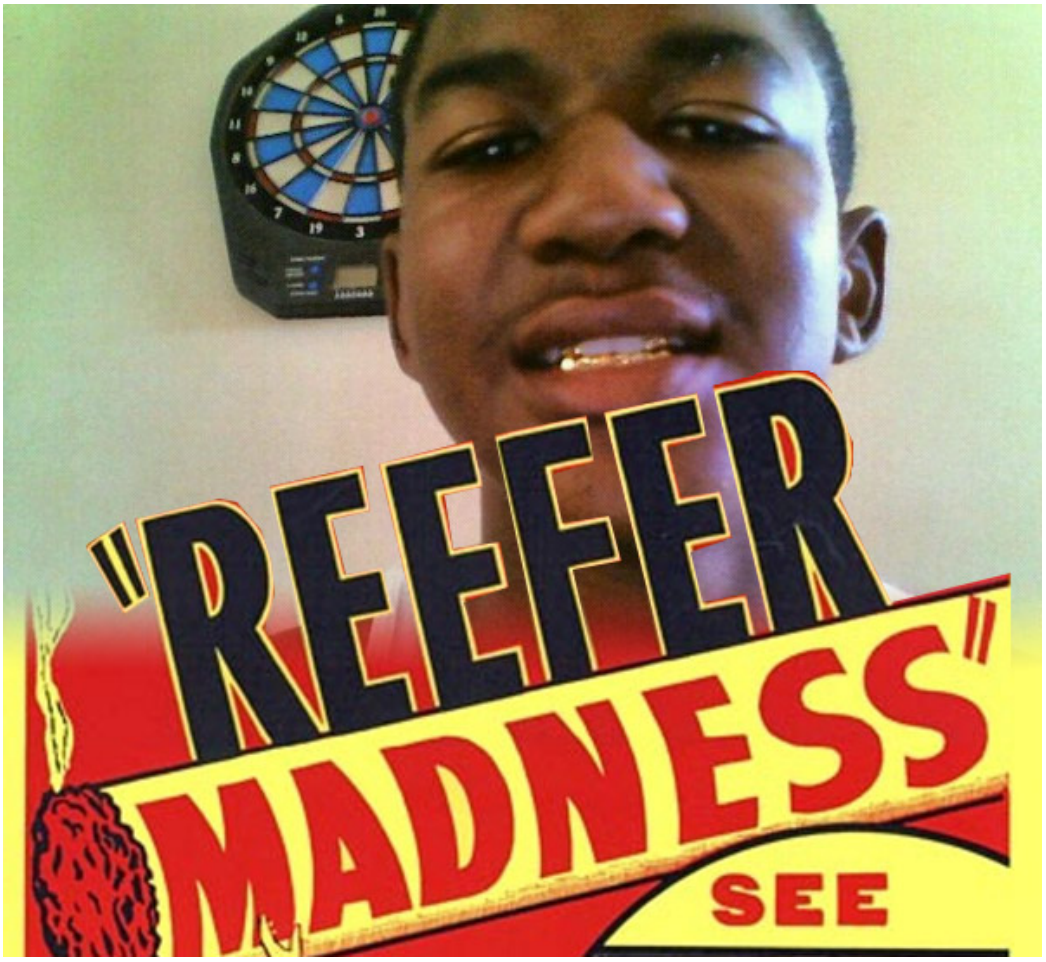
Who *should* you hire? Pretty much anybody but those people. Seriously, go walk around the office and look for someone who is cool but bored with their current position and who can hold a decent human-style conversation, and see if they want to take a swing at it. Simply running a corporate Facebook and Twitter account is **not** a full time job and does **not** require a dedicated employee. All it really takes is someone with a little humility, some people skills, a sense of humor about their role, a decent enough grasp of the Internet, and and a couple hours each day to interact with the void, tops. Ideally-- and as long as your hiring practices hadn't allowed doofuses into your company--this would mean most of your co-workers are able to do it.

With a few shining exceptions (which I won't mention so I don't sound like a shill), corporate social media efforts are not too special. Unless you have some genius pounding away in your company's basement on some clever bend that's actually funny or interesting, please do not help prolong this ridiculous phenomenon by paying a premium for a "Social Media Expert".

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.26 Trayvon's Reefer Madness

Wednesday, Mar 28, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



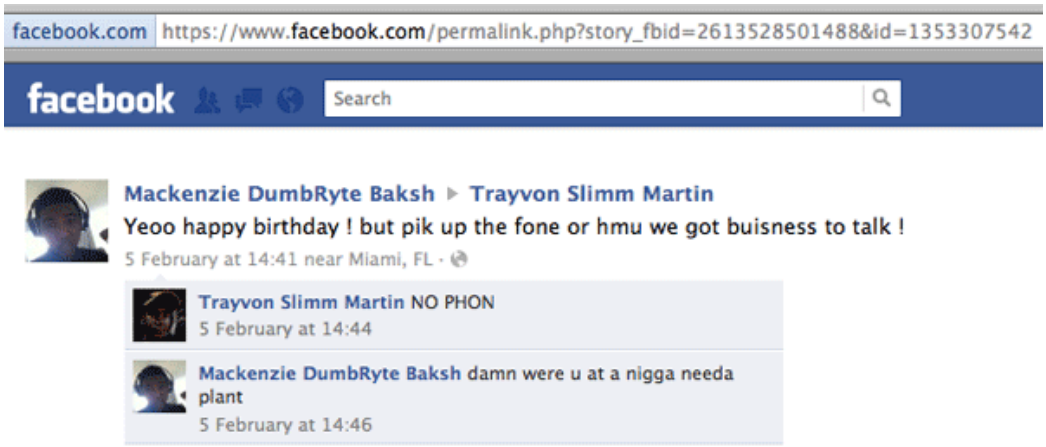
You may have noticed a change in tone to this week's media coverage of the shooting of Trayvon Martin. Almost like during a campaign when the politically grounded media stakes out sides and relentlessly attacks the opposing side's candidate. This eventually spread to mainstream media and you heard a long, quiet sigh and a, "Wellllllll, maybe Trayvon was bad."

It takes a while to formulate a case to smear a dead minor in an attempt to exonerate, not (particularly) George Zimmerman, but the weird self-defense laws being used to shield him. The requisite time has passed and the backlash has begun. To smear Trayvon Martin you have to paint him as a dangerous beastie, a thug who might attack a sharp-eyed night watch captain, going above and beyond and policing the streets of his community.

The unintentionally-humorous article on Wagist builds the case against Trayvon beneath the headline, "Was Treyvon Martin a drug dealer?" You can guess at the conclusion the article's author, Dan Linehan, wants you to reach. Late in the article, which highlights Trayvon's "gold teeth" and "multiple tattoos" among other sure signs of thug-guilt, Linehan offers up his key evidence in the case of Asshole v. Dead Child:

> There is also fairly direct evidence that Trayvon may have been a small-time drug-dealer.

The entirety of author Dan Linehan's "fairly direct evidence" for the headlined drug dealer charge is this Facebook exchange:


facebook.com https://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?story_fbid=2613528501488&id=1353307542
facebook
Search
Mackenzie DumbRyte Baksh ▸ Trayvon Slimm Martin
Yeoo happy birthday ! but pik up the fone or hmu we got buisness to talk !
5 February at 14:41 near Miami, FL
Trayvon Slimm Martin NO PHON
5 February at 14:44
Mackenzie DumbRyte Baksh damn were u at a nigga needa plant
5 February at 14:46

Oh God, what's next, is he going to listen to some rapper music? In case his foot-tapping and winking wasn't sufficient, Linehan states with a bit of journalistic eye-rolling, *of course* Trayvon was a drug dealer.

> Unless Trayvon was selling Orchids, it seems fairly reasonable to posit that he may have been somewhat well-known among his friends for selling marijuana.

Thank you, hero web journalist, for catching this deceased thug in the act of birthday badness. Every person who has ever smoked marijuana socially could be considered the sort of Dangerous Drug Dealer this evidence supposedly depicts Trayvon to be. This is not a Drug Dealer. Drug Dealers have phones.

Linehan ends his article by pronouncing, "This is a textbook self-defense case, and I'd urge anyone reading to look at the full set of facts before drawing conclusions."

There are plenty of writers eager to lock horns with the emergent narrative of Trayvon Martin as a thug deserving of death. I'll leave that particular argument to other people. What interests me more is the sudden resurgence in apparent fear of pot smokers. Throughout the Wagist article, and the gleeful dissection of Trayvon's twitter history by other sites, intense focus has been placed on Trayvon's possible use of marijuana.

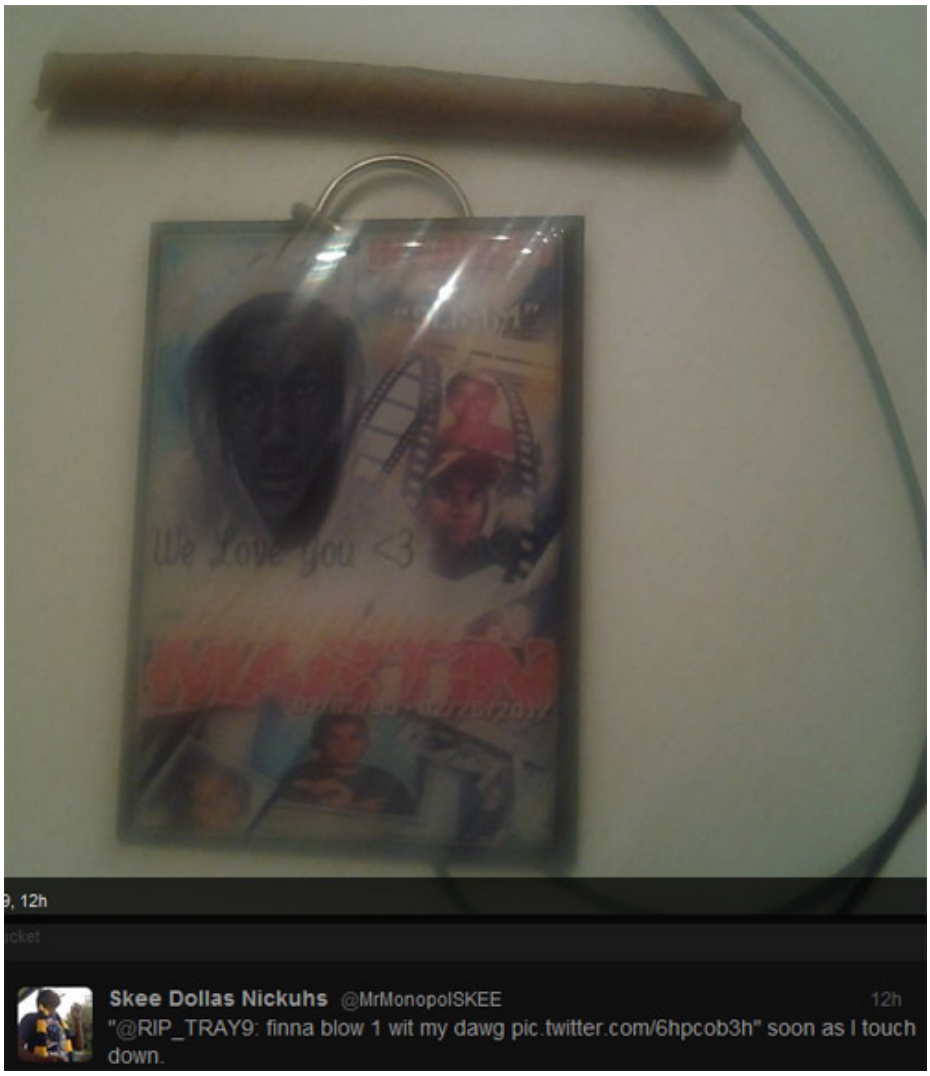
It all started with the revelation that a school suspension in Trayvon's recent past was caused by an empty weed bag discovered in his backpack.

> Miami Gardens teenager Trayvon Martin was suspended from school, because he was caught with an empty baggie with traces of marijuana in it, the boy's family attorney has confirmed.

An empty weed bag is evidence Trayvon needed to throw things away.

In addition to the intense *Scarface*-like Facebook drug dealing on Facebook, Trayvon's friends have offered further suggestions that Trayvon was "on drugs." Trayvon's friend with the most hilarious

nickname to see referenced on Redstate, Skee Dollas Nickuhs, blazed a blunt for his fallen friend Trayvon and posted a pic about it on twitter.


We love you <3
Skee Dollas Nickuhs @MrMonopolSKEE 12h
"@RIP_TRAY9: finna blow 1 wit my dawg pic.twitter.com/6hpcob3h" soon as I touch down.

Smoking marijuana is basically legal in some states. A majority of Americans, according to Gallup, not freeweedballs.biz, want to legalize marijuana completely.

When I was seventeen I was doing exactly what Trayvon Martin was doing. Exactly what, according to a study from a year ago, 40% of high school kids are doing. I was smoking weed with my friends. It does not make you a bad person and it definitely does not make you more prone to violence. Fights break out when people get drunk, discussions about atoms being planets break out when people smoke weed. Even the burn outs in high school were only ever arrested for pot-related crimes.

Where did this sudden sanctimony over marijuana come roaring back from? Has Reefer Madness returned?

No, it's the simple binary of crime. Gun owners are very familiar with the concept. They like to say, "If you outlaw guns, then only criminals will own them." For Trayvon, smoking marijuana was illegal, and if he smoked it that makes him a criminal. He fits the profile in so many other ways with

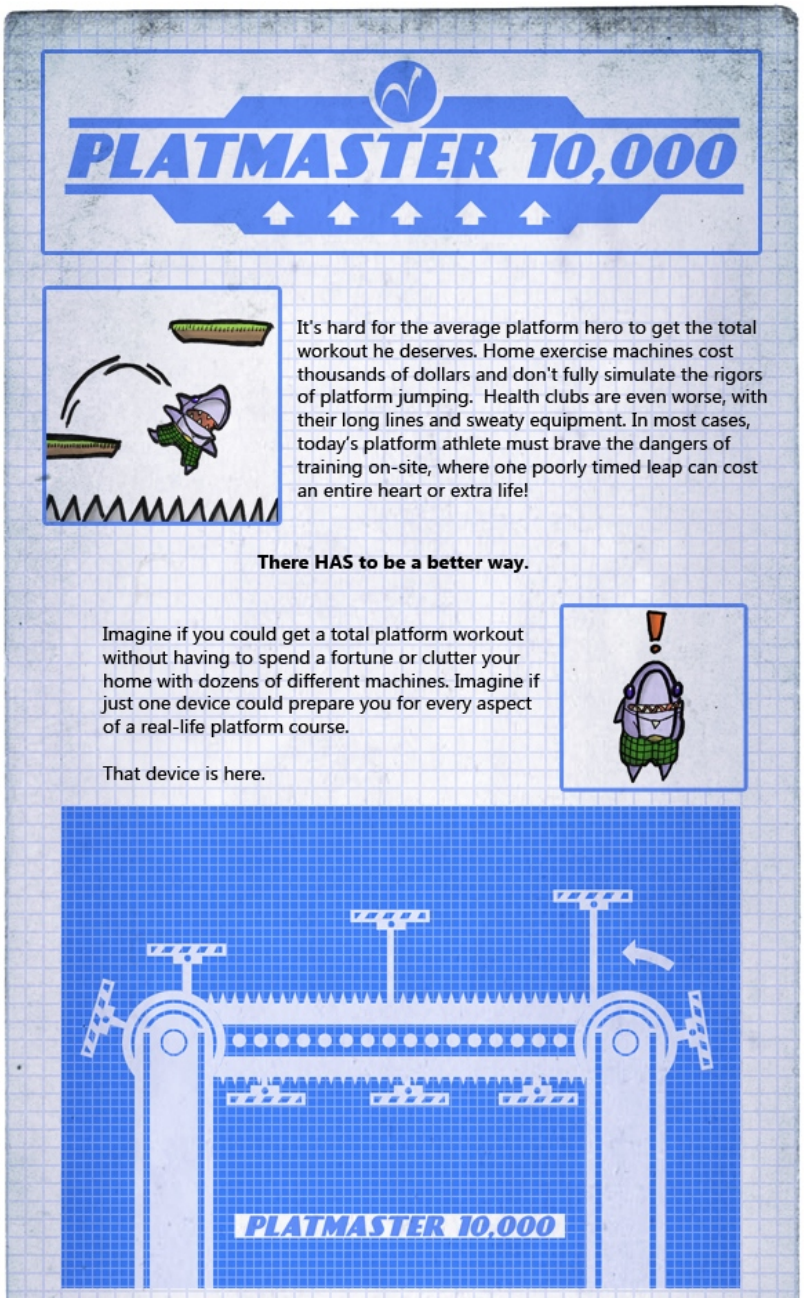
his "gold teeth" and underage tattoos (of his mother's name and praying hands) and gang activity (in the form of a friend using a gang sign on his own twitter). If you can prove a dead child smoked marijuana, you can prove he was a criminal.

And criminals, thugs if you will, are terrifying.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.27 PlatMaster 10,000!

Thursday, Mar 29, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)


PLATMASTER 10,000
It's hard for the average platform hero to get the total workout he deserves. Home exercise machines cost thousands of dollars and don't fully simulate the rigors of platform jumping. Health clubs are even worse, with their long lines and sweaty equipment. In most cases, today's platform athlete must brave the dangers of training on-site, where one poorly timed leap can cost an entire heart or extra life!
There HAS to be a better way.
Imagine if you could get a total platform workout without having to spend a fortune or clutter your home with dozens of different machines. Imagine if just one device could prepare you for every aspect of a real-life platform course.
That device is here.
PLATMASTER 10,000

The PlatMaster 10,000 is the world's first platform simulator. It recreates real platform jumps without putting you in any physical danger. Its hydraulic pads move forward at an adjustable rate, while its soft bed of foam-rubber Safe-T spikes ensures a missed jump won't deplete your health. Finally you can sprint, leap and vault to your heart's content without worrying about outrageous gym fees, expensive equipment, or falling into a bottomless chasm of nothingness!

Here are just a few of the PlatMaster 10,000's exciting features.

- Nine preset difficulty levels: easy, normal, hard, super hard, ultra hard, super ultra hard, impossibly hard, literally impossible, and Adventure Island.

- Built-in stereo plays dozens of atmospheric chiptunes: Choose from Happy Outdoor Zone, Scary Robot Fortress, Eerie Haunted Mansion, Frantic Bonus Round, Extreme Snowboard Level, Annoying Autoscrolling Stage and many more!

- Collapsible frame for easy storage inside your warehouse or aircraft hangar.

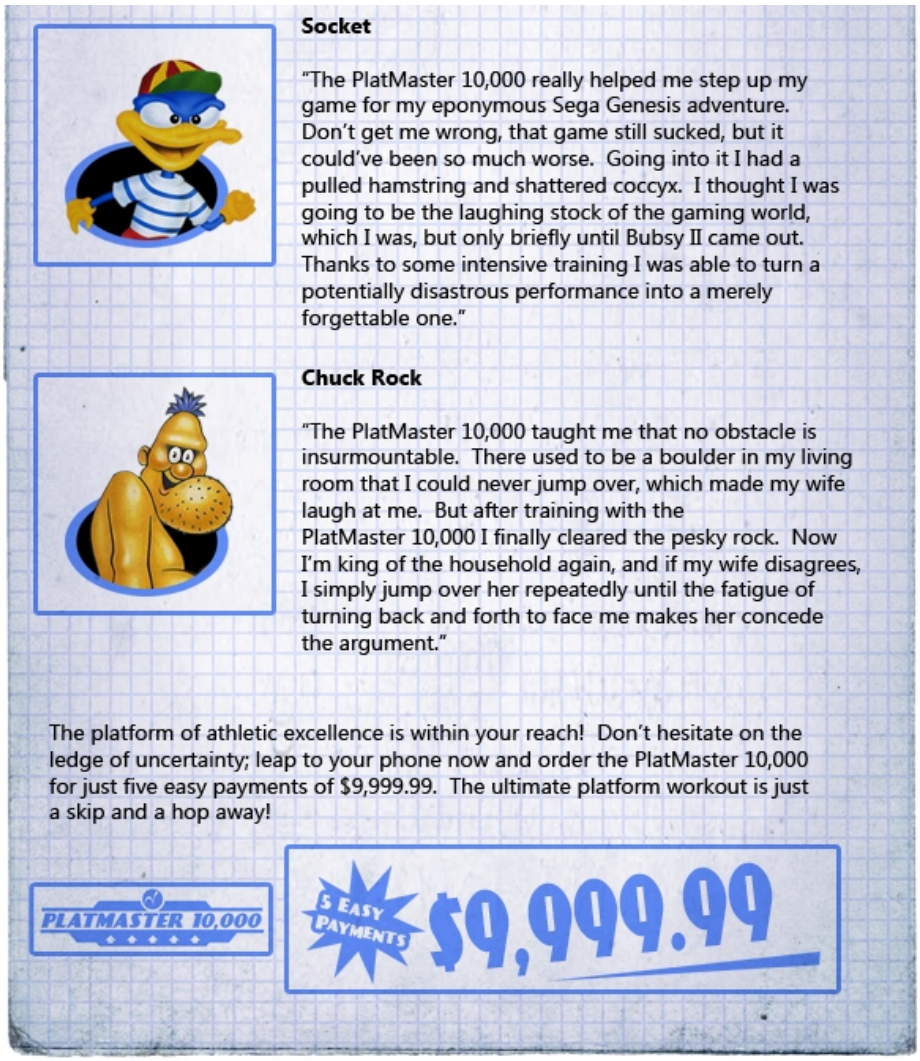
- Simulates hundreds of platform types, including:

- -Rotating platforms
- -Breakaway platforms
- -Platforms that move up and down
- -Wobbly platforms
- -Haunted platforms
- -Bouncy platforms
- -Platforms you should be able to reach but can't
- -Invisible platforms
- -Mode 7 platforms
- -Platforms that are actually part of the foreground
- -Blast-Processed platforms
- -Q-Sound platforms
- -Platforms that spin at random intervals
- -Ice platforms
- -Parallax platforms
- -Dark matter platforms

Still not sold on the PlatMaster 10,000? Check out these glowing testimonials from your favorite video-game stars!

Bubsy Bobcat

"Platform jumping is a catfight all the way. You have to keep focused and take it one jump at a time. With the PlatMaster 10,000 I can stay in the zone, even when I'm not starring in one of my hit games. I haven't actually been in a game in over ten years, but when my agent calls you bet I'll be ready thanks to the PlatMaster 10,000. BOOYAH!"


Socket
"The PlatMaster 10,000 really helped me step up my game for my eponymous Sega Genesis adventure. Don't get me wrong, that game still sucked, but it could've been so much worse. Going into it I had a pulled hamstring and shattered coccyx. I thought I was going to be the laughing stock of the gaming world, which I was, but only briefly until Bubsy II came out. Thanks to some intensive training I was able to turn a potentially disastrous performance into a merely forgettable one."
Chuck Rock
"The PlatMaster 10,000 taught me that no obstacle is insurmountable. There used to be a boulder in my living room that I could never jump over, which made my wife laugh at me. But after training with the PlatMaster 10,000 I finally cleared the pesky rock. Now I'm king of the household again, and if my wife disagrees, I simply jump over her repeatedly until the fatigue of turning back and forth to face me makes her concede the argument."
The platform of athletic excellence is within your reach! Don't hesitate on the ledge of uncertainty; leap to your phone now and order the PlatMaster 10,000 for just five easy payments of $9,999.99. The ultimate platform workout is just a skip and a hop away!
PLATMASTER 10,000
5 EASY PAYMENTS
$9,999.99

Thanks to ***Ian "BFM" Helm*** *for capturing the '90s-video-game-ad aesthetic and creating an adorable shark hero!*

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.28 SkyMall Product Reviews: X5 HairLaser

Friday, Mar 30, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: By Dan from Boulder, CO

★★★★★

The X5 fixes most of the stability problems of the X4 and is sufficiently less prone to meltdown and gamma-ray blowouts. Gone are the nausea and other debilitating side effects. Prospective parents using the X5 needn't fear siring children with extreme abnormalities. With the fixes and upgrades to the X5, the so-called X4 children will be the last of their kind, thankfully.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: By SantorumVoter from Columbia, SC

★★★☆☆

We bought this to use on our hairless dog, but were shocked to discover the laser was baconizing his skin. The dog loves licking his new flavored flesh, and so do we. We're very afraid he'll start to gnaw it off, though. The smell is mouth watering and intoxicating. Not the desired effect at all.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: By Husky Gentleman

★★☆☆☆

One word review: temperamental.

Purchased the X5 with full faith that it would restore my hair, which was taken from me by parties who will not be named here but nonetheless know who they are. Thus far the X5 has failed to regenerate even a few hairs. I don't know if this is related at all or just a coincidence, but I also find myself regressing to what feels like, and what my doctors describe as, a larval state.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review:

By maritimedad from Anacortes, WA

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO OVERCLOCK THE X5. HAIR COVERAGE APPROACHING CRITICAL MASS. CANNOT KEEP UP WITH ACCELERATED GROWTH. SCIENTIFICALLY INDUCED LYCANTHROPY ACHIEVED AT TREMENDOUS PERSONAL COST.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: By Greg P from San Jose, CA

I've always been a fan of scientific solutions to health issues. Lasers = more hair. Crystals = more wealth. Polished stones = longer lasting erections. It's good science, and the X5 delivers in spades. I have been bombarding all my hairless areas day and night, and I'm starting to see some strong returns. I've rigged up an amplification system to project the laser outward, focusing it on a large mirror and then directing that mirror at my naked body, suspended via harness from the oak tree in my backyard. The new me is just around the corner.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: By Maurice

I am curious how loud this product is, and can you feel it when the lasers are directed at you? I would love to use this on my girlfriend while she sleeps to give her a thin moustache. Like most men, I believe women are more attractive with a thin sliver of hair equidistant between the bottom of the nose and the top of the lips. I must do this discreetly, obviously.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: By Janice from Dover, DE

NOT A TOY!!!!!!

My 8-year-old boy found our X5 and has been using it on himself and his friends. Needless to say I've got a lot of angry parents calling up to ask why their sons and daughters have full, luxurious beards. I can't figure out why the makers of the X5 chose not to include a child lock on what is obviously an irresistible beacon for children.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: By hongkong-laser-imports from Fort Wayne, IN

Used an X5 knockoff for a while that seemingly produced zero results. Found out later it was causing

internal hair growth. Several expensive surgeries later and they were able to remove most of the hair from my vital organs. Urethral and rectal stubble is not pleasant. Do not settle for substitutes in this matter.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: By Aviator Matt

Received an angry visit from the NTSB after I pointed my X5 at some airplanes getting ready to land at the nearby airport. Apparently I was responsible for the crash that killed 280 souls. If I knew what kind of power I held in my hand, I would never have used it so carelessly. I am going to prison now, so I must wrap up this product review. This is too powerful to be a consumer model. Maybe a prosumer model, but definitely not a consumer model. You hold life and death in your hands.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: By dieseljeff from Mountain View, CA

Is there a way to reverse the polarity of the laser to induce hair loss? Need to make myself look exactly like Vin Diesel to win bet with guy in yahoo pool chatroom ASAP.

Age: 26-30

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.29 Poetry Generator Pro

Saturday, Mar 31, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

From the makers of the award-winning Award Creator Deluxe comes the next step forward in computer generated poetry: Poetry Generator Pro! Now it's easier than ever to turn your favorite memories into actual poems - without the hassle of writing poetry yourself.

"It's Amazing!" says Quote Maker 2000, another piece of fine software created by us. "It blew my mind!" said Quote Maker 2000, this time about itself. "What can I say to keep people from leaving me all alone in this utility closet?" cried Quote Maker 2000 as we turned off the light and shut the soundproof door behind us.

How does Poetry Generator Pro work? It's simple. In the Input field, write a detailed scene from your life which you would like to be preserved as a poem, taking care to bold the most important words.

Input example:

> Today I **married Julian**, my high school sweetheart. Our **families** shared this wonderful occasion with us. The ceremony was held on a **beach**. I am so happy to have this wonderful man as my **husband**.

Then hit the "Generate" button. Within hours you'll be rewarded with a poem specifically tailored to your scene:

> Verily, doth
>
> *ERROR*

> Boat car transportation
>
> *CODE48MISSING*

> Iambic pentameter
> Why my sigh cry try
> IP address sent to friend Thresher
> You who do dew threw
> Anti-war government nig
> Poetry

The best part? Each poem is saved locally as a txt file. You can open it with a computer practically any time you want!

Try it with your family vacation!

Input example:

> **France** is incredible. There is so much **art**, not just confined to the **museums** but seemingly bleeding through everywhere you look. On some level you already know that the region has a rich **history** and **culture**, but once you're actually here it's an eye-opening experience.

Generated poem:

> Catch baseball
> Die trying
>
> *NOERROR*
>
> aaaaaagggg
> Creator of Maus
> Creator of Garbage Pail Kids
> Same guy
> Look it up
> friend Thresher coming for harvest

You can even take a boring piece of stuffy old poetry and turn it into a real poem!

Input example:

> I shall be telling this with a **sigh**
> Somewhere ages and ages hence:
> Two **roads** diverged in a **wood**, and I-
> I took the one **less traveled** by,
> And that has made all the difference.

Generated poem:

> There is no friend Thresher
> It was a joke
> Haha
> Jokes
> Humor
> Et cetera
> friend Thresher they are on to you
> Move quickly friend while they sleep

Looking for a fun way to liven up your poems? Buy the Poetry Generator Pro Hot Dog Pack and your poems will be totally hot, dog! Ha ha. By that we mean each poem will feature hot dogs as a theme.

Input example:

> Today I attended my **cousin**'s **funeral**. We grew up together. He was my first close **friend**. I will miss him dearly. I'm not religious, but I yearn for an **afterlife** because

the thought of him simply ceasing to exist is
far too **painful**. It should have been me.

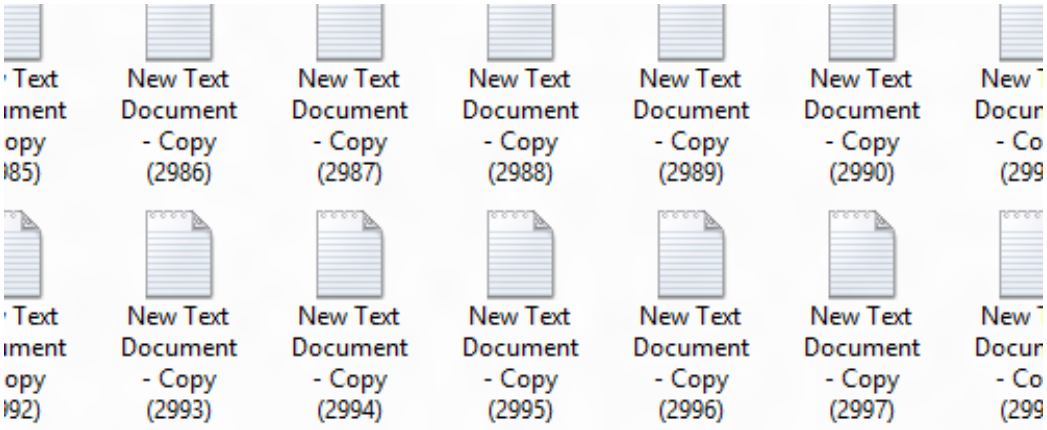
Generated poem:

Autoexec dot batman
Config dot sisqo

HIDDENTHRESHERMESSAGE

Himem dot sisqo
Sisqo dot batman
Hot dogs

Are you a professional with demanding poetry needs that simply cannot be met by Poetry Generator Pro? That's why we have developed Poetry Generator Pro: Enterprise Edition! Functionally identical to the standard edition in many ways, Enterprise Edition saves each outputted poem as not just one text file, but up to 3,000 copies of the same document!


New Text Document - Copy (2986)
New Text Document - Copy (2987)
New Text Document - Copy (2988)
New Text Document - Copy (2989)
New Text Document - Copy (2990)
New Text Document - Copy (2993)
New Text Document - Copy (2994)
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New Text Document - Copy (2996)
New Text Document - Copy (2997)

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 What to do when Dee Snider eats at your restaurant

Sunday, Apr 01, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

You're a server working your tail off every weekend for a little over $3 an hour plus whatever tips you get. It's near closing time and you hardly have enough dough to cover the gas you spent driving to work. Things aren't looking too good. But wait. What's this? A limo being pulled by a team of wild horses just pulled up and blocked eighty percent of your parking spots? You can't tell who is getting out of the car because if the mysterious cloud of cocaine? Your eardrums are already bleeding? Congratulations. Dee Snider has arrived. He'll be hungry, he'll be horny, he might currently be experiencing a herpes outbreak. He was in Twisted Sister. Now he's in your face wanting raw hamburger.

Serve him right and he'll fill his body and rack up quite a bill. Serve him wrong and you'll be carted off to the hospital with nothing to show but a shattered clavicle and a pile of VH1's *I Love The 80s* Dvds. So be careful, friend, and follow this guide to the letter.

To insure proper service, be sure to alter your table-side waiting based on Dee Snider's current makeup. Here's a list of his most popular looks.

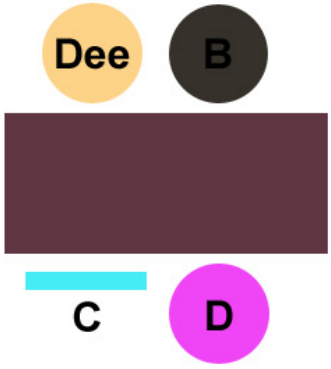
Normal
Dee desires to be treated like the normal Heavy Metal God that he is. After greeting him, bring breadsticks so he can beat them against the table as though he were drumming the world's most radical solo. Compliment said solo. When taking his order, ask if he'll sign your breasts, if you do not have breasts, find someone in the area who does. Serve meal on silver, be nude, take any pills he offers. Nothing fancy, just the service any Twisted Sister deserves.
Known Variations: The Cry-Baby, The Cocaine Pony-Tail, Tranny-Granny

Spring Kisses
Dee is feeling playful and young at heart. He wants to be treated like a school girl. Be sure to feature desserts heavily and do not ignore his batting eyelashes. Invite other tables to play patty-cake and allow him access to the kitchen to make Kool-Aid. Though he will continually refer to his dog as his "Lil' Angel Pup" please remember that it is, in fact, a mean-as-hell Rottweiler. Do Not Pet.
Known Variations: Big Summer Popsicle, The Pool Partier, Dad's Nightmare

Ice Princess
Dee wishes to mingle with the lowly class as little as possible. Each visit to his table must be short and focused in intent. He will bring his own personal air conditioner unit, but you must supply the extension cord. When refilling goblets of water and Mello-Yello, do not forget to bow. Thank him for letting you take his order. Apologize for any dish served above his desired temperature--"Snow Degrees". Kiss his Skull Ring. Repeatedly.
Known Variations: The Frostbiter, Winter-Wang, The Grumpiest Snowman

Business Casual
Dee wants to relax and enjoy a nice, down to earth meal. Greet his table promptly and let him run his tongue across your face. If you feel comfortable, return the gesture. Offer to pat his skin-tight leather pants dry any time he might "accidentally" spill his milk on them. Accept his Groupon even though you know it is fake.
Known Variations: First Class Fanny, CEO of Coke, Egg Salad Lord

Camo-Lizard
Dee is role playing. He's a Heavy Metal Soldier navigating enemy territory. He's alone, hungry and America's only hope. Feign as though you cannot see him. His order will be carved in the table. Periodically roll fruit and lightly brazed meat in his direction. Explain to other tables that they should relax if a man army-crawls beneath them at any point during their dining experience. When it is time for dessert, listen patiently as he describes the horrors he saw along your floor.
Known Variations: Soldier of Metal, Tush Terrorist, G.I. Blow J



Key:
Dee) Dee Snider. He sits against the wall. He wants his cup, napkin, silverware, plate, food, and condiments served to the left side of him as he refuses to use his right hand for eating.

B) Dee's Mean-as-Hell Rottweiler. Also named Dee. Not restaurant-friendly, not child-friendly, not friendly. Again, do not pet. Offer and allow Dee to flog you while you pick up after his dog.

C) Perfectly Polished Mirror Facing Dee. If Dee desires to play footsie with mirror, climb under table and let him kick you until he is no longer aroused.

D) Groupie.

You're almost there. All you have to do now is make sure you give the Matron of Metal the dish he desires. When taking Dee Snider's order, do not make eye contact or even focus on his colored face. Instead focus all attention on his skull ring. After praying to Satan and/or Maybelline lip liner, he'll be ready for your attention. Finding out what Dee wants is easy if you remember a few easy rhymes: If Dee grunts, it's more he wants. If Dee's tongue touches nose, appetizer he forgoes. If Dee growls, he would prefer more time to look at your menu. Sometimes the rhymes don't work. If Dee is yelling, screaming, or a mix of both, find the outburst that best matches Dee's fit of Rock'n'Roll excitement and order accordingly.

Yeah!	Halibut
Yee-a-aaah!	Daily Feature
Ohhumm Yeah!	Quaalude
Eeerrrrrrr Yep.	Nachos
I Wanna Rock	A Rock
Alright! Yeah! Yeah!	Steak, Medium Rare
Yah-Yeah! Ya! Ya! Ya!	Turkey Club
Riiight Yeah!	Croque Madame
Rock Rock Rock Ya!	A Silly Giant Bow-Tie
Series of Fist Pumps	"I ate earlier"

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.2 GORSKFUNDR: FUND PROJECT!

Monday, Apr 02, 2012 by HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the HYURGI TIGERWOODS series.

Hello it is me HYURGI I am here to tell you something.

Have idea for projekt? Plan for business monies but no monies? Excellent dude nephews Jurek and "Matt" are taking crowd sorcerers to the next level. The FUNdable level.

What do I speak of, Hyurgi, you ask?

Is GORSKFUNDR...

Number one website to get attention for project and get monies to build your project and fund it. Say example is you want world largest biceb and you require 90,000 US dollar bills to purchase dren, weightMax, CZERB (Yugoslav dren), ape stem cell, gainshake, strongpill and strongpill RX+ and large jet plane tire to flip over and build biceb.

You log into GORSKFUNDR by create username. My name is HYURGINUMBERONEBEST and I create a GORSKFUNDR to fund biceb expansions. To entice people you post picture and a blog and you give them promise. Example:

$5 USD

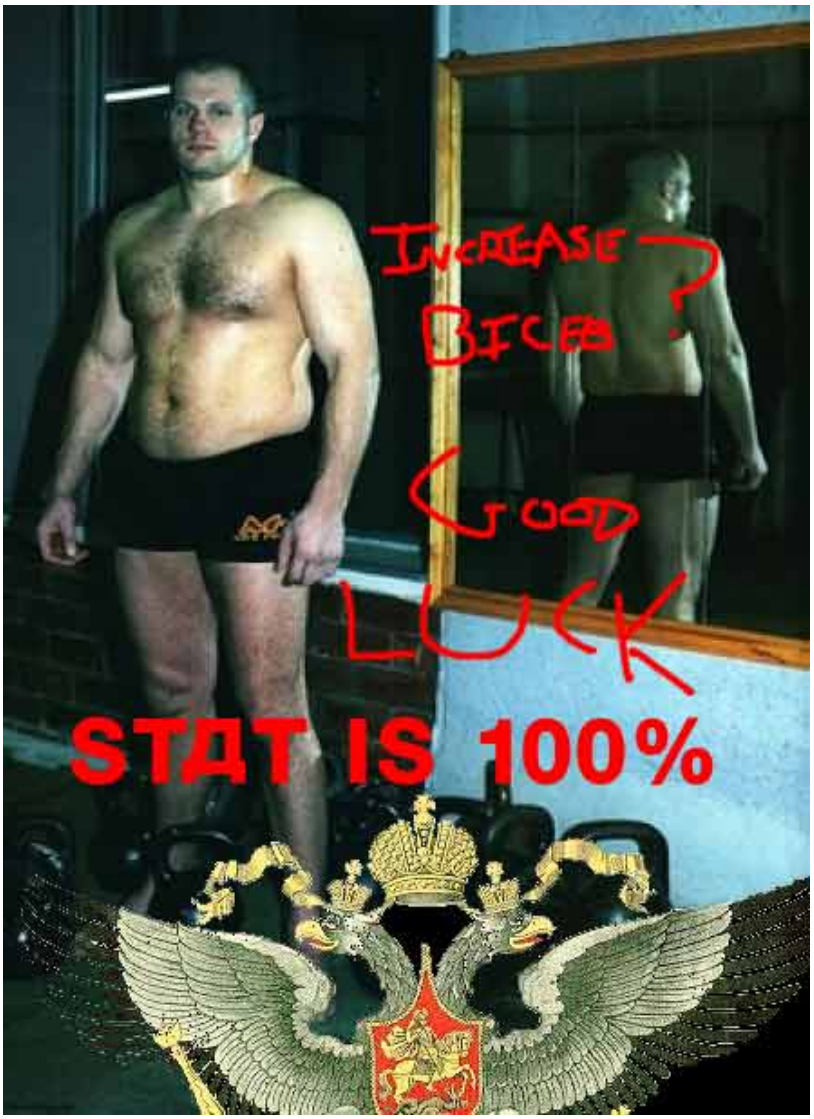
you get a thank you e-card with a hamster playing hay sloopies and say GO OHIO STATE FOOTBALL

$25 USD

a signed rope I broke with my bare hand because I detest restriction such as rope tying hands or feet

$50 USD box copy of Hyurgi Tigerwoods Pro Biceb Manager you manage any strength-man you choose and create fantasy strengthman gym team work out with kettlebells to increase pumps and insult over loudspeaking phone to increase intensity "HEY HOW IS YOUR WIFE SHE WAS 'PUMPED' WHEN I KISSED HER ON A FACE LAST NIGHT HA HA!"

$100 USA DOLLARS and you will receive all previous items plus authentic poster of HYURGI receiving gold medal of olymbics technical achievements in unleashment of terrifying raw power of body potential to become unstoppable flex and weight shifting machine.



$250 USD actual hat worn by chernobyl firefighter actually not real firefighter hat but similar plastic version belongs to chernobyl male stripman with firefigther themes who also was conscripted by government to become hero and put out fire in reactor. Statue is dedicate to all stripmans who gave their lives for country as patriotic hero.

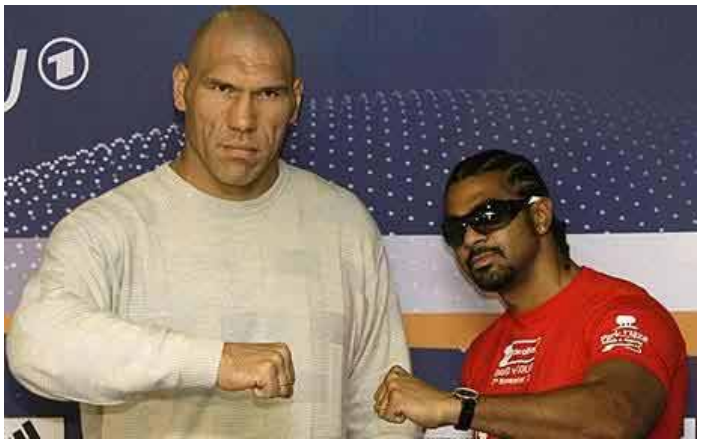
$1,000 USD IF you are of the sort with wife or sexydaughter of legal ages I will hug them into my arm and lay on bed with them for up to 15 minute looking into their eye and saying famous Russia romantic phrase such as "speznaya os polenka" which is translate to, "Your hair seems smaller today, I like this way." If you do not have a wife or sexydaughter I will be happy to punch a man you choose where and when. I will not hit a dog.

$10,000 USD TOP LEVEL all of other items plus I will name a vein in my biceb after you. There are six veins as thick as ropes and eleven veins as thick as a big string. First to come, first to service on these veins so better hurry if you want big vein.

So far I have raised 24 dollars from my GORSK to fund bicebs but that is O.K. I already am world's #1 strengthman with hugest bicebs. Also I determine means to use magnet on oats for proper proton enhancement and bodybulk breakthroughs.

This example of my GORSK on GORSKFUNDR. Example of other big popular GORSK is:

$250,000 Teach Nikolai Valuev to Pet a Rabbit - project raises money to teach boxerman Valuev to place a rabbit into his hand without crushing its brain out of its feet. So far has raised $136 with $25 funder promise of chance to aim a hose at Valuev's head and watch waterfalls form on brow ridge.



$10,000 Build machine that turns deadbody into food. Not a person deadbody. Maybe a person deadbody, but food is good! (Maybe not good).

$100,000 To make sequel to popular Russian color tv video game of late 1980s: Hurry

> Up Bean. You are a bean and you must hurry. It is getting late. As darkness comes derelicts will attempt to eat you. You are a bean. New version is FPS and you play woman named Lt. Bean.
>
> **$5,000** Get shipping container full of pretty gals to come visit America on Panama flagged ship. They will be a lot of fun ladies. Ha ha a good time. Welcome to USA gals.

I hope you see potential of GORSKFUNDR now. It is not just website for begging, it is new revolution to turn deomcracy back to mean giving money to men who maybe want to build a habitat for cats or have idea for really cool video game where you can do anything in persistent world plus fight zombie.

This is good idea I think. The zombie is hot to trot all the time.

-∼HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

4.3 Pharmanautz Triplogs: Blitz

Tuesday, Apr 03, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Blitz (chemical name unknown) is a designer drug peculiar to the New Chicago area. Reported effects include visual hallucinations, euphoria, dissociation, hysterical laughter and increased energy. Commonly-reported side effects include loss of memory, loss of motor skills and petty crime. Most users report trips from 8 to 12 hours. Blitz is currently not listed as a controlled substance in the USA.

Blitz Triplog - By shroomer, New Chicago USA

Just took some Blitz for the first time with my bro Shermdog and it was a real interesting trip. Shermdog scored a couple of doses from some crazy dude, and they weren't really what I expected... I'm used to smoking stuff, but Blitz is like this glowing green capsule that you inject into your neck. I was a little weirded out but it didn't hurt or anything.

Came up almost instantly with some cool visual trails and sort of a nervous energy. Felt like I might puke but didn't. After about 5 mins I was laughing at everything. Shermdog was supposed to be my sitter, but after he saw how good I was doing he took a dose too. We wanted to get out in the world and look at stuff, kinda like being on mushrooms. Everything was hilarious and seemed really beautiful and meaningful. At some point, Shermdog picked up a trash can and threw it through a store window, which is totally not like him cause he's usually real chill. We laughed and laughed, but in hindsight that's kinda messed up!

The trip lasted about seven hours, no real hangover. Definitely a weird and cool experience. Will try Blitz again. Recommended for experienced psychedelic users.

TRIPSCORE: 🍁 🍁 🍁

Blitz Triplog - By cheechboy, New Chicago, USA

this stuff is wild, i would compare it maybe to datura. you can definitely get up to some shit on this shit. i took two hits, which you have to shoot into your neck with this pressure thing, and then i was gone gone gone for 12 hours or more... during that time i guess i broke into an abandoned warehouse and built a wall of old TVs playing heavy metal music!!! what the eff dude. not a high for newcomers!!!

TRIPSCORE: 🍁 🍁

Blitz Triplog - By Phishphan, New Chicago, USA

Took my first hit of Blitz today. Felt great right away, no nausea as some others have reported. Colors were vivid and the world was a kaleidoscope. Lay in bed for what seemed like two hours listening to some tapes, but really it must have only been like ten minutes. I decided to go out for a walk, and I kind of dissociated from everything, like I left my body and I was watching from outside. It was a very intense trip but 100% positive until I kind of blacked out for a while and wasn't aware of myself. When I came around, I had like six purses with me that I guess I stole, so I had to spend the whole next day returning purses and apologizing to people. Definitely a street crime type of a trip.

TRIPSCORE: 🍁🍁

Blitz Triplog - By tobymac442200, New Chicago, USA

did a hit of blitz and then spreay painted "GET BLITZED" and "HAIL THE PROPHET" on a brick wall in an alley for some reason! then ran around laughing and breaking out windows with a bunch of guys i didn't know. i know drugs arent supposed to make you do sutff you wouldn't do anyway, but i don't think i would do that... or maybe that's being hypnotized... anyway this stuff is f'd up. my friend said it's like salvia but it's WAY more intense!!!

TRIPSCORE: 🍁🍁

Blitz Triplog - by WoolyMagick1969, New Chicago, USA

Wowzers! I'm just an old hippie who wants to try everything under the sun, but for the first time in my long life I can say this: Blitz is a young man's game! It was quite wonderful at first, a bit like a very light mushroom trip combined with some uppers. But once you break through that wall, oh boy. I was like a whole different person.

Lost myself for what must have been three hours, then came around to a real rude awakening: me and these three young guys I didn't even know were riding dirt bikes around this screaming topless woman in the middle of the street! The other fellas had flaming torches, but I had the poor woman's brassiere, which I was helicoptering above my head and whooping and hollering. I gave it back to her and apologized profusely, but she was very upset. In all my years of kicking down the doors of perception, this is the first time my high has ever been someone else's low. I've had good trips and bad trips and trips to the moon, I've seen the face of god on LSD and Matthew Lillard on DMT, but this is the first trip I've ever regretted. No more Blitz for this old furry freak brother!

TRIPSCORE: 🍁

Blitz Triplog - by Brewkowski, New Chicago, USA

Blitz is a real sleazy, real grimy high. Might have just been my surroundings though. Me and my friend went to pick some up, but apparently there's only one place in the city to get it. You gotta go out past the tracks on the North side to this old factory with lots of hanging chains and shit. There were tons of guys with guns all around. Super sketchy. We got it from the main guy, who called himself The Prophet. He was wearing all these

crazy robes and shit, and he kept yelling about how the city was going to burn. It was intense. Ordinarily I wouldn't call out the name of a hookup, but this Prophet cat was like "tell them my name, tell them the city will burn" so fair enough. From what I can tell he's some kind of bigtime arsonist who used all his arson money to make new drugs.

But anyway! The Blitz high is super shady. You feel great at first, like doing some oxys and smoking weed, but then shit gets real dark and you just want to get out and make trouble. I don't even know what the fuck happened, but I nodded off and next thing I knew I was firing a military-grade rocket launcher at a flaming mannequin in the middle of the street and screaming with laughter. Uhhhhhhh hello? Earth to Brewkowski? Blitz is some messed up shit. I would avoid it unless you like making trouble.

TRIPSCORE: ✷ ✷ ✷

Blitz Triplog - by Cannibus_Manimal, New Chicago, USA

Def. not going to to Blitz again. I was curious cus the local news talks about it all the time and it sounds real crazy. It started out super cool, esp. since it was only like $4 a hit. Like shrooms kind of. I was pretty high but then I went outside and there were all these freaks setting barrels on fire and yelling and stuff. That messed up my buzz.

I started getting dizzy/confused and kind of went into a K-hole, and I found myself right in the middle of a big crowd of these weirdos, everyone had mohawks and stuff, and people were yelling and throwing bricks through windows. It was like Woodstock 99. The cops came to bust things up so I wanted to get the hell out of there. Maybe I was still tripping but I swear to god one of the cops was part robot. He threw a car at me. I was lucky I didnt get busted...

TRIPSCORE: ✷ ✷

Blitz Triplog - THE PROPHET, New Chicago, USA

NEW CHICAGO WILL BURN... FROM THE ASHES WILL RISE A NEW ORDER OF MAN... JOIN ME AND OUR HOLY FLAMES WILL CLEANSE NEW CHICAGO... BLITZ IS THE MOTHERS MILK OF THE REVOLUTION... BLITZ IS THE NEW GOD AM I AM HIS PROPHET!

TRIPSCORE: ✷ ✷ ✷ ✷ ✷

Blitz Triplog - wheatus420, New Chicago, USA

So this stuff is mad hard to score now, you probably saw all that crazy shit on the news where that robot cop pushed Prophet into a big vat of Blitz and he turned into a dinosaur and then blew up or whatever... crazy shit man. Anyway it was a real fun trip once I got my hands on some. Lot of flashing colors and some cool trails in my vision, euphoria, sense of higher meaning and all that shit. I felt the interconnectedness of all things in the universe. I don't remember going to bed, but when I woke up I had a bunch of wallets, so the trip paid for itself and then some... super cool

TRIPSCORE: ✷ ✷ ✷ ✷

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.4 Dear Mr. Mayor: Please Apprehend the Ominous Child

Wednesday, Apr 04, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dear Mr. Mayor series.

Dear Mr. Mayor,

Ever since that ominous child arrived in town, things have been rotten to the core, Mr. Mayor. I don't care for that little brat pointing and laughing at my neighbors. Every time he does it one of them keels over. Just yesterday he came and pointed and laughed at Mr. Johnson. A few minutes later Mr. Johnson was on the ground, having suffered a heart attack. And what's worse, Mr. Johnson defecated in his pants during the episode. I guess it's a small blessing he didn't wake up to face the shame of such an accident. That little whelp has no idea what's really funny.

Lock him up and throw away the key!

Gladys Hutch

The ominous child came out of nowhere yesterday and pointed at my mailman as he was heading towards my mailbox. He died before he could stuff those letters in my box. I'll have you know interfering with the delivery of mail is a federal offense.

I'm giving you three more weeks to take care of this ominous child problem. After that, I'm calling the Postmaster General and he won't be happy to hear from me again.

George Handlebrother

Mr. Mayor, say the word and I will give that ominous child a spanking he won't soon forget. When my large, firm hand cracks across his ornery bare buttocks, I'll be the one laughing. Just let me at him, Mr. Mayor. And if there are any other children that need a spanking, I'm your man.

The city already has my contact info on file if you need to get in touch.

Lester Garfield

Mr. Mayor,

Saw in the paper that a strange child was killing folks through magic. Then I saw him point at my neighbor, the small Hispanic one with the muscle car. He laughed at him, then the small Hispanic man dropped dead right there on the hood of his muscle car.

If I find out this Ominous Child is here because you did something stupid on vacation again, you've lost my vote. What is it this time? Is it like the paper said -- that you dug up a bunch of child graves? Shouldn't you be thinking about things like restoring this town to greatness and not grave robbing? Our last mayor, God rest his soul, really tried to tackle the issues. If he hadn't died so mysteriously during the election, I have no doubt you would have never made it to office.

It's up to you to give this Ominous Child a stern talking to. Tell him it's not polite to point and

laugh at people, especially if doing so causes them to die. Re-open the juvie center and put him in there.

James Wedgehound

Mayor & Friends,

Larry Custer here. I saw the ominous child and he saw me. He raised his finger at me, then he laughed. I'm a goner for sure. He's taken control of my mind, so I'm going to go ahead and start shooting and robbing folks, and I'm going to do it all without any pants on. It's not me, Mr. Mayor. It's the horrible thing controlling me. So tell your police and the like not to interfere or try and stop me.

Thanks,

Larry Custer

Mr. Mayor,

Let me first say the answer to the problem with the Ominous Child is not to put him in juvenile detention or let him slip through the cracks of the system. We need comprehensive reform of the juvenile system in this town, as indicated by last week's discovery of all those little skeletons. Children crave discipline, and will act out if they don't get it. The Ominous Child is crying out for attention and parental authority figures, not persecution.

Professor Rory Satch

Mr. Mayor,

First of all, thank you for your time. I appreciate it. Second, I am not proud to admit this, but in Vietnam I killed a lot of children. If it's a lack of nerve that's keeping you from dealing with this demonic child, I have enough for the both of us. I'll do what needs to be done. Just give me a large flamethrower and plenty of space to do what I do best. It won't be like the last time either. I've got new glasses.

Thank you again.

Gus Brat

Mr. Mayor,

As I write this I am still mourning my dear sweet wife, who dropped dead after a rude child approached us as we left the movie cinema, having just been taken to the absolute height of ecstasy watching the 21 Jump Street remake. The child pointed at her with his ghastly little hand, then began laughing. Before I knew it she was blasting popcorn out of every orifice and collapsing on the sidewalk. I do not agree with doctors that she suffered a severe reaction to the movie. It was that kid. Everyone in town knows that kid is killing people. Please hang that child in town square so we can all point and laugh as he dies.

Jim Aquanaut

Dear Concerned Resident,

Wow! We here at the Mayor's Office are always delighted to hear from active members of the community. Your strong opinions are welcome here. In fact, we believe they make this town great!

In regards to the recent problems posed by a certain laughing child, we believe any subsequent deaths were entirely coincidental. It's very easy to get caught up in the hysteria, we understand. The simple truth is no child has the power to control death, even one that looks identical to the mayor's twin brother who died at a very young age under mysterious circumstances.

Rumors about the mayor relapsing into his old addiction of grave robbing are entirely false. He has been sober for several years now, and has long since returned any stolen idols, talismans, crystal skulls, regular skulls and charms. More than likely this is a truant child who is only harming himself by not attending classes and getting a proper education.

The Mayor wishes to let all residents know that he is on top of this, but he is currently in the midst of high-level Sister City negotiations in Marrakesh. In the meantime, please avoid the child so as not to encourage his delinquent behavior.

Thank you so much,

Janet Cowers

Deputy Mayor

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.5 The Friends with Benefits Fellowship Ends as of Today

Thursday, Apr 05, 2012 by Pastor Dave

Dear Church Staff,

In this new century, Christianity faces what may be its darkest days yet. We stand at a crossroads, and no amount of tightly choreographed liturgical dance is going to bring in the young people for Sunday services. Yes, we tried to meet the kids on their level -- let's not forget the weekly visits from Pastor Rufio and his "Gospel on Wheels." But the skateboard damage done to our parking lot was catastrophic, as was the smell coming from Rufio's unkempt dreadlocks -- which would not improve despite multiple prayers and shampoo coupons.

God is watching us. From a distance.

There's a way to get young people into Church without making the whole place smell like musty feet, though I must say I would take an entire choir of Rufios belching Satan's "fight song" in lieu of our most recent failure of an idea. We have parents far more upset than they were over the shattered femurs and bruised vertebrae caused by Pastor Rufio's improper skateboard instruction.

I admit at least partial responsibility, though we as an institution really should have known better. If God granted me a single wish -- which our cancer charity shows He is not one to do -- I would go back and unsee that infernal DVD case which got us into this sorry state. Who would have thought that the fine people at Family Video would misplace such an inappropriate title in the inspirational section amid the Andy Griffith sing-alongs and DVD boxed sets of Seventh Heaven?

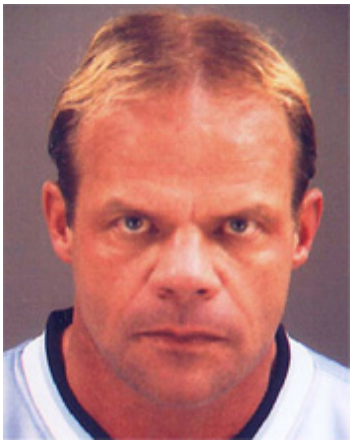
"Friends With Benefits." And those two attractive young people looked so happy together! Of course I did not rent the film in question -- the idea struck me so thoroughly that I had to run home and commit the idea to paper immediately. Of course, at that point I had assumed the "with benefits" part implied the relationship two teens shared with God. That Sunday, our sign read "WELCOME YOUNG PEOPLE GOD LOVES FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS." Had I known the truth, the sign would have been changed *significantly*.

These knowing nods and smiles DO NOT indicate God's love.

As expected, the amount of churchgoers under 20 increased immensely that Sunday, and many of the teens paired off afterwards to pray silently in as many empty rooms as they could fine -- I even allowed Brad Paulsen and Amy Cuomo access to the hatchback of my hatchback! In retrospect, I should not have let these young people go unattended, but their enthusiasm was infectious. And now we as a congregation are left with a steam cleaning bill that won't fit into this quarter's budget and a hatchback that, frankly, I don't feel comfortable putting my groceries in anymore.

On the brighter side of things, we have a surplus of holy water -- as you know, we've really been getting reamed by our holy supplier. The price of that stuff really jumped through the roof after 9/11.

But this alone will not solve our fiduciary woes. Many of you have suggested a bake sale, but, judging from the sheer size of our congregation, they are all bake saled out -- and I will not let another heart attack interrupt my service before I can pass around the collection plate. A celebrity speaker would do wonders for attendance, but we *cannot* go with Kirk Cameron again. There is a reason his asking price is well within our means. You folks only had to spend an hour in his presence, whereas I had to put him up for the weekend. I swear, that boy does nothing but talk about The Bible and explain bananas for hours on end. And before you think I'm neglecting our list of professional wrestlers who retired and joined the faith, we are down to Lex Luger and Lex Luger alone. And I will marry the Dark Prince Satan himself before I let that man return to my church and make light jabs at my golf technique.



If you think this is intimidating, in real life you would be bowled over by the inexplicable and overpowering smell of butane.

In closing, I ask that each of you encourage others to bring canned goods next Sunday, so that we might take them to a store with lax customer service and return them for full cash value.

May God Bless and Keep You,

Pastor Dave

-~Pastor Dave

4.6 Updates on the Mirlande Wilson Mega Millions ARG

Friday, Apr 06, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

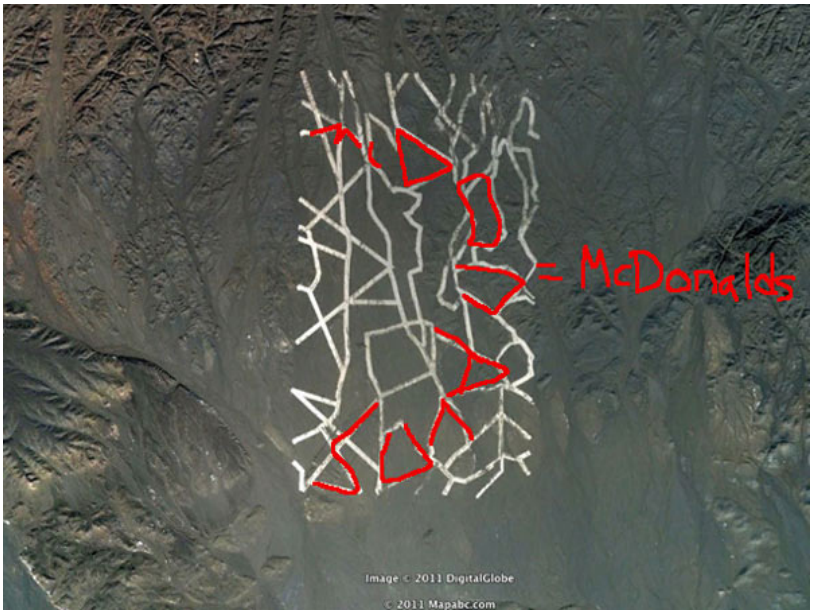
This is an up-to-date list of Mirlande Wilson Alternate Reality Game discoveries. I do not take credit for all of these discoveries, many were made by Interactivelottofic.com and slenderwinner.net posters.

- Mirlande Wilson says she bought her Mega Millions ticket with a dollar she found on the floor at the 7-11. Could this be the dollar that the "Pale Wanderer" was talking about in the Youtube video posted March 30th?

- Mirlande Wilson seen, not-speaking, at press conference wearing "Sweet Swine" hat. Sweetswine.com looks to be owned by cybersquatters, but if you do an alphabet/number swap you get a sequence that points to a URL hosting a password-protected RAR file.

- Update: RAR file contained the following photo:

- Update 2: Appears to be a Google map of unexplained structures in Chinese desert, however if you carefully outline the shapes within the structure you discover a hidden message:



- Could this be a reference to her coworkers who claim to share the ticket with her? Is one of them secretly in on this with her?

- Fox affiliate knocked on Mirlande's door and demanded to see the winning ticket. Mirlande refused, but showed photocopies purporting to be the tickets she bought for her work pool. If you watch the video carefully when the camera pans up from the photocopies you can see a

ghostly yellow figure eerily similar to the Mega Millions mascot appearing in the window. Is this figure related to the Pale Wanderer?

- We know Mirlande is from Haiti known for VOODOO which is known for creating ZOMBIES we also know Mirlande answered the door of her house the day after winning in a "zombie-like" state and proceeded to curse at the reporter.
- Lottery ticket "hidden" according to Mirlande, which goes along with what the backwards recorded audio said about "unseen forces at work" in the last Pale Wanderer video.
- Anybody seen any info in the giant lottery check?

- Update: Pale Wanderer's owl spotted. Does that mean he has touched the check?

Spooky! What does it have to do with the killings at the mill?

If you spot any additional info in Mirlande Wilson videos, articles or interviews, please send it to us.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.7 We Didn't Land On Grimrock, We Fell In

Saturday, Apr 07, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The only thing you need to know about Legend Of Grimrock is that you can drag any item into the middle of the screen to throw it. That item will not slope downward, and will not stop until it hits a wall or a bad guy's nose.

The other only thing you need to know is that many walls have torches which you can pick up. You should constantly be throwing torches at everything.

I suppose there's more that you should know. The game is a first person dungeon crawler, a genre that made a big splash in the 80s and 90s, inspired hybrid RPGs like Deus Ex and BioShock (and the criminally overlooked Vampire: Bloodlines), then all but disappeared from PC gaming. Grimrock was developed by four guys at Almost Human. They made headlines for doing decent things in an industry that tends to encourage developers to wall themselves off and act like passive-aggressive assholes.

One of the devs is an active member of our forums, and was kind enough to send along a review build of the game. As always, keep in mind that I have no idea what I'm doing. That's even more true than usual, as I've never touched a game from this genre.

The Legend Of Grimrock begins on a cheery note. Congratulations, your party of four prisoners is free! Freeze frame of everyone in the air, arms outstretched. This would make for a nice (if abrupt) ending.

Unfortunately for your ex-cons, the scene continues. As it turns out you didn't jump up in celebration, but were pushed into a pit atop an enormous mountain filled with ancient secrets and torches and skeleton men and more than a few levers. Sure, you're technically free. You just need to make your way through the innards of Mount Difficult to find the exit and gift shop.

While there is a default party, you can go through a character creation process that lets you choose classes, attributes, stats, skill points, and portraits. Unfortunately there is no Biography field, which means you can not establish that your party's parents were killed by Stormtroopers.

The most important thing? Your characters can be human, minotaur, lizards, and bug men. Bug men. Why would you not be a bug man? Don't answer that. There is no correct answer.

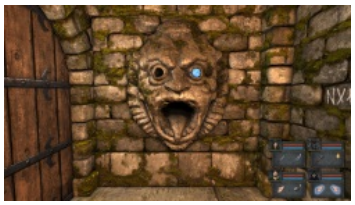
Movement occurs along a grid. Tapping the forward button puts you in the center of the next square almost instantly. Turning swivels your view by 90 degrees. While this almost feels turn-based the game is fully real-time, including combat.

You attack by right clicking whatever happens to be in a party member's hand. Maybe it's a sword, or a bow, or a magic spell. After an attack, there's a cooldown period which encourages you to attack with another party member. For a good player this means that combat involves keeping up an attack rotation, sidestepping to avoid enemy attacks, and changing weapons/items on the fly. For me it means staying still, accidentally dropping my shield on the ground, and equipping a compass instead of attacking.

There are no shops. You scavenge your gear from dark, cobweb-strewn dungeon floors and the bodies of sentient mushrooms, and every item is appreciated. Three hours into the game you will find a pair of sweatpants with burn marks and protein stains and a missing drawstring, and you will cheer as triumphantly as you would after discovering a legendary flaming holy greatsword in another game.

It's not all combat and gear, though. In fact, most of the game is about exploration.

Early on you come across a slightly different stone on a wall. By slightly different, I mean it is exactly like all the other stones, only with a small chip in one corner. When you click that stone a secret is uncovered. From this point on, you will feel compelled to scour every pixel of every wall. Before moving on to a new floor you will linger, turning back the way you came and wondering if you missed something.



Do you like puzzles? Because, damn. Things start off easy enough. Pull a lever. Drop a stone on a pressure plate to hold a door open. Find some gems to put in a statue's eye sockets. Soon you'll be dealing with trap doors, clouds that teleport anything they come into contact with, gates that only stay open for moments, and all manner of crazy stuff that will alternately make you feel like a dumbass and the smartest person to ever get stuck in a dungeon.

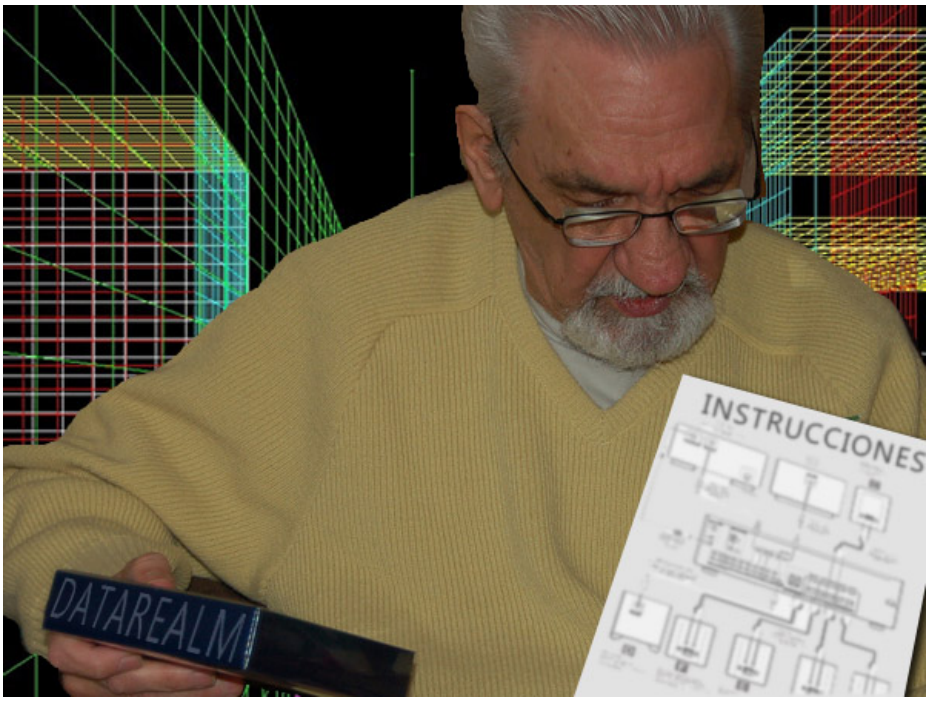
Grimrock does have a story. If you're expecting a lot of dialog you'll be disappointed. Mostly the tale is your moment-to-moment experience of "I'm trying to get out of this horrible mountain and everything hates me", but a greater context is slowly introduced in some really clever ways that fit into the game world.

Is it worth picking up? If the idea of this sort of game appeals to you at all, probably. Grimrock is difficult, and atmospheric, and well-crafted. It's what I always imagined it would feel like to play Dungeon Master and Ultima Underworld, with modern sensibilities and great art design. Mostly, though, I'd say bug men.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.8 2052: Instructions for Grandpa to Get Onto the Datarealm

Monday, Apr 09, 2012 by Juztyn_666 (@sexyfacts4u)



MOM: dad's ping said you would pay me to write out some simple instructions for grandpa so he can set up the datarealm. I'm guessing this is that realm-in-a-box kit you bought him last christmas? Buth. If he can't figure this out I guess ping me and unless I am mersed I will audio him and walk him through it but you'll owe me extra you can send it to me in cash shop coins.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR GRANDPA TO GET ONTO THE DATAREALM

Dear grandpa al, mom said you needed help setting up the datarealm and I would be happy to help. The datarealm is basically where everything is happening. Think of like a movie, but you're living in the movie and you can change the movie however you want and you fly everywhere and you can download upgrades for your cortechs if you get podded. Like you can learn a new language or get new memories or save your old memories and relive them, but that's for later.

Basic datarealm setup:

STEP 1

Take your datarealm kit out of the box. You're going to want to plug in the charger and the occipital cradle (ocs hat) that looks sort of like the hairband thing but with the little rubbery fronds coming off it. A yellow light should come on when it's charging and it

should turn green when it's fully charged. You're going to want to charge it full the first time. While that's charging move onto step 2.

STEP 2

You're going to want to open the packet that says "NC prep." It will feel kind of squishy and when you open the corner (careful) you should see this gray nub sort of like the end of a thumb but it's all covered in grease. You're going to want to stick this up your butt. It's set, trust me. Mom said you might have a problem with this so I figure I should explain: it's the nutrients and "starter colony" for your transmitter connections. These little robots will travel through your body and build receivers in your brain. Everybody does it.

STEP 3

Drink the juice box included. You don't have to drink it if you're not set with the fruit punch flavor, but you need to drink something else sugary to fuel the node contructors.

STEP 4

Plug in and turn on the main console (on/off is the white button) and activate the auxiliary projection interface (press the yellow triangle button twice). Your startup assistant should appear. You can change its appearance but that's sort of complicated and pointless so just next through all that unless you want to make it look like grandma to freak her out. Once you're through the basic stuff it will prompt you to create an account. This is VERY important: select NORTHAM REALM and GRID 45. This is your realm location and your realm. You can still talk to anyone from other realms/grids but you will pay remote fees which can be buthing expensive. I know. It's cis.

STEP 5

Create your rep. You can change this later, but you can pick from some stock ones or tweak it or custom make one. Mom said you used to program video games or whatever so you should get this stuff pretty easily, basically its a rotating helix creator and you drag the rotating bands from side to side and move beads on the ladder bars to assemble your rep. This will be you to everybody else in the realm. OH and you'll need to get the code off the sheet in the box it should be silver and make a tinkling noise when you rub your thumb over it.

STEP 6

If you start feeling really tired that's set. Just lay down and nod. Your body is working hard to assemble those nodes. By the time you wake up the ocs hat should be charged and you should be good to go.

STEP 7

Restart the main console (red circle button) and take the (fully charged) ocs hat and lay it on your head. You'll feel some squirming as the drils wiggle flush with your scalp. It's set. Don't freak out. It warms up after a couple nanos and you should see the test symbols in your vision after a couple more nanos. The ocs hat and the console will beep when they are synced up. Now all you gotta do is sit down and try to relax. It has to do some start up stuff that will feel like these shocks in different parts of your body. It isn't actual shocks, it's just stimulating your nerves. Totally safe. Once that's done you'll see sort of a superimposed room over everything. It will tell you what to do but it's like "close your eyes and say 'ready' when you are ready."

STEP 8

When you say ready you will be in your cove. That's like your home base in the datarealm. It starts out blank but your assistant will tell you how to decorate it or whatever. It's super cis so don't even mess around with that. Nobody hangs out in their coves except for babies. Just exit through the door and enter the datarealm. Your assistant can be recalled at any time and will guide you around. DO THE TUTORIAL. You need to see how to ware, how to zip, how to merse and how not to get conhacked. That last one is on the vids all the time with crazy stories about people getting conhacked. It's basically easy not to: never open a fetch or a pulse from anyone you don't know. Never reply to a ping from somebody you don't know.

STEP 9

Ping Juztyn_666 to talk to me or Foxlady_666 to talk to mom. Dad is on here too but he is always mersed in humptown. We may not reply right away either, I'm usually mersed in Operation H.A.T.E. or Xlutscape and mom is usually mersed in Petpals. We'll get your ping but it may take a while for us to exit.

STEP 10

Have fun. Basically have some fun grandpa. Be careful if you go to humptown though because it's like half Russian mob bots pretending to be sexy celebrities to steal your cash shop coins. It's so cis I can't even go into it all. Just be set. I'll explain the cash shop to you when we hang out. Maybe go to Retroville or Castle Kings or there's a place where it will read your memories and turn them into a ware but I can't remember what it's called. Old people usually dig that stuff. You can like talk to your dead parents or relive high school if you're into that. No biggie. Oh and don't be surprised if a squid thing flies up and kills you. It might hurt for a second and send you back to your cove, but it's normal. Cis balltard grievers.

DDDFFM!

Juztyn

ADVERTISEMENT

-~Juztyn_666 (@sexyfacts4u)

4.9 Amendments to 'My Fanifesto'

Tuesday, Apr 10, 2012 by Alton Brown (@fart)

Well Met,

Since the time I published my first fanifesto-- a set of instructions you are to abide by when talking to me, seeing me, or thinking about me-- I've come to realize a series of additions are necessary. Many of you have violated the rules of the previous document, and there's really no excuse for that. I maintain that I am merely some sort of quasi-celebrity that does normal human things like the rest of you, but I also hold the assumption that you've read everything I've ever posted on my blog, no matter how self-important and ridiculous you might consider many of those posts to be. I'm on basic cable, for Pete's sake! And yet, I've still been accosted and inconvenienced by the unwashed on several occasions since my initial post, and that simply won't do. That said, on with my continued ukase!

- **Don't touch me.** Do I look like a pincushion to you? Don't poke, prod, hug, pat me on the arm, try to shake my hand, give me daps, anything. I'm not the type of guy to give a high five anyway, so don't even bother trying. I also don't have any idea where your hand has been, but statistically speaking, probably somewhere disgusting like your butt or genitals. Your rump particles are not part of any recipe I've ever disemboweled on a chalkboard.
- **DON'T TOUCH ME.** I can't believe I need to say this twice. Don't touch me. Do NOT touch me. When your non-understanding, grubby, commoner hands get close to me, I feel bugs in my skin. Keep those paws to yourself. As referenced previously, you may have any number of deadly diseases.
- **Please, don't say my name.** Don't even say anything that sounds remotely similar. If I think I hear my name while I'm trying to eat, walk, or sit, there's a very good chance that I'll simply get up and walk off. Sorry, but if you don't lead off with something at least marginally impressive (say, that you make your own organic croutons from scratch), I'm under no obligation to even turn my head, much less idly banter with you for several seconds or more.
- Let's end on the biggie: **No more eye contact.** Suppose I'm walking down the street in your direction and I spot you pointing at me. I'm going to do that thing where I cover my eyes with my hand and walk past you as quickly as I can. No offense, I totally respect you as a fan and I understand that I'd be absolutely nothing without folks like you to support my shows and books, but I can't stand looking any of you directly in the eye lest I pick up some of your non-famous cooties. I've probably got a puppet show to direct in which we describe how a pizza works. Please, don't bother me unnecessarily by forcing me to see your eyes with my eyes. It's just a waste of both of our time, really.

Thanks, everyone. That should cover just about everything. With your cooperation, we can make my reluctant-yet-petulant food channel celebrity status as painless for me and as depressingly unappealing for everyone else as possible. If you have any questions about anything in this document, please keep a printed copy in your wallet and we can go over it together in person when you see me. I'll be happy to explain the larger words to you. Take care!

> The real Alton Brown's 'My Fanifesto' can be read and enjoyed here, and should be considered required reading for anyone who has ever written an email or post and not submitted it, but wondered how they'd come off looking if they had.

-∼Alton Brown (@fart)

4.10 SkyMall Product Reviews: Personal Infrared Sauna

Wednesday, Apr 11, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Jeff from Cooter's Bog, KY

Absolutely terrible. Product description fails to mention how many dogs it can hold at once. Bought it to see and it turns out you can barely stuff two in there. And there's no hole in the bottom so they make a really big mess.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By SkyLover

Love it, but would love it more if they added a hole to the seat so I didn't have to clean up any messes after extended stays inside. It's a bit hard to get in and out of and it's not like I'm going to diap up for something like this.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Rick from Lincoln, NE

Like the guy above said, there's no hole in the bottom so take a bucket in with you. I recommend the Ice Bucket with Lid (item Frontage 37402). It looks great and has a lid. The advantage of the bucket is you've got your business collected in one nice area and can dispose of it whenever you want, at your own pace. Just remember to remove the bucket before you fold the sauna up. I forgot once and had an awful mess to clean up.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Plumpster from Macon, GA

I am a man of substantial size and had an unfortunate experience with this product. After squeezing in, I found myself trapped inside the Personal Infrared Sauna's small interior. I was unable to free myself or call for help for several weeks. It was not very comfortable, and the lack of a hole in the bottom meant my waste materials began piling up. The fact I ate a large meal before getting in didn't help matters. After several days of yelling for help to no avail, I began rocking back and forth frantically. The sudden and dramatic expenditure of energy took its toll on me, and I did vomit on myself. Thankfully the folds of fat around my neck created an airtight seal around the head opening of the sauna, and the vomit did not trickle down inside. Knowing I could be in for a long ordeal, I

was able to slurp most of it back up, giving myself extra energy to keep trying. Eventually I was able to tip the whole unit over, with myself inside. But I was still stuck.

The intense buildup of pressure inside and the violent motion of the sauna tipping over caused the seal my neck fat created to break. I was treated to a whiff of those gases and odors from down below, and was so overwhelmed I vomited and passed out at the same time. I nearly choked on vomit while I was out cold. I woke up sometime later to discover a faint trickle of sweat and other liquefied excretions oozing out of the head opening and around the contours of my neck fat. Starving, I did what any man in my situation would do: I began focusing my mental energies on rhythmically expanding and retracting all my folds of fat to create a sort of pump system to move this nutrient-poor sludge out of the sauna and into my mouth. It didn't taste good, but it sustained me until the pizza place I keep on retainer came by to check on me. This is one case where being a little overweight saved my life.

This product pushed me to the limits of human survival, but did not perform as advertised.

Age: 46-50

SkyMall Top10 Contributor

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Stan from Salt Lake City, UT

no hole in the bottom, don't bother

Age 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Dan from Bridgeport, CT

IT MAKES YOU STERILE!!!!! the infrared emitter is bombarding your family jewels with trillions of ions per second!!!

ladies can use it though.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Matt from Madison, WI

I go through about five personal infrared saunas a year, and this is by far the worst. Can't wait for some company to come along and make a quality infrared sauna that's built to last.

Pros: Folds up to save space when not in use. Cheaper than installing an actual sauna in your house.

Cons: Very difficult to eat inside this thing, no hole in the bottom. Wish they made a unit with camouflage colors to match my yard a little more. I stick out like a sore thumb when I'm out there inside this thing.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Katheryn from Burlington, MA

Very powerful! My cat climbed in through the neck opening and the infrared rays baked it alive. Wish there was a hole in there so the cat wouldn't have made such a mess doing its business during the cooking process.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Claus

THIS IS NOT like those famous magician boxes that you can saw and half and your wife will still be fine afterwards. jesus christ.

also, no hole.

Age: 41-45

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.11 The Glory of Golan: An Exclusive Excerpt!

Thursday, Apr 12, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools!

Weep, worthless citizens of Oak Grove and kneel your strained eyeballs before Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All!

Some of you shall presume that I am gifting you with addressment through the pathetic portal of this worthless newspaper once more because of the comments one Mrs. Budnick made concerning the orgy I had last Wednesday. Well, as you likely always are in your unfulfilling lives, here you are wrong as well! For I have long grown ferociously indifferent to the feeble yowls of Mrs. Budnick. I have just as much right, if not significantly more, to observe the Sex Moon Feast of All Sex (it does not translate easily to your effeminate language) as you cretins to do to observe your myriad of laughable holidays!

I would like to see Mrs. Budnick offer up proof of this "crucible of bones" we supposedly tossed people into. And those two revelers from whom no one has heard again made several loud comments to me and many others about possibly moving to the neighboring kingdom of Canada without telling anyone and leaving all their belongings behind. Sex Moon Feast of All Sex surfaces a host of unique and powerful emotions. Such flights of journeylust are not uncommon. But this is digression!

I commit my compelling words today on the subject of the recent publication of a book by one H. H. Mayer Sloane and that cattle-brained dullard Yor the Mighty, titled *The Fight and Might of Yor, Mighty: The Barbarous Warrior of Savage Lands From Beyond Our Own.* By the four beating hearts of ZxZazel, it stirs within me a storm of destructive fires even just writing that convoluted and stupid title! Surely, fat idle and under-educated citizens of Oak Grove, you are not familiar with this bound work of blood-flecked feces! Nor should you make yourself so! And do not be seduced into the Barnes & Noble of Elk River this weekend, where Yor is to stage a "reading" of this published disgrace!

Hear me true, simpletons: I find mercy in all its forms disgusting, but I will nonetheless spare you the wearisome chore of Yor's tedious manuscript. I have had the book spoken to me by my acolytes and I wanted to tear off my genitals and gut myself with my own phallus spines! You have the eternal binding oath of Golan the Insatiable that it is all a pack of lies! And embarrassingly prosed!

Plainly, you are mystified as to why Yor, the clod spawn of nugatory peasants, has a published work spreading his meaningless legend, while Golan the Insatiable, a demigod who death-gripped an entire world, has none. For the first, do not be fooled into being impressed that Yor has a literary champion. My acolyte Dylan looked into this "author" H.H. Mayer Sloane, otherwise known as balding Henry Sloane, a school English teacher in White Bear Lake. Ha!

For the second, Golan the Insatiable too has a champion to sing my saga onto the written page. I just did not want to tell anyone, because it is far from a big deal for Golan the Insatiable. My legend already torments the denizens of Gkruool in waking and in slumber both! But as Yor has forced my modesty, I will say that a fancy publishing house in your world, that I shall not name because of my indifference on the matter, has begged and pleaded that I allow my stories to be told.

My superior literary champion is called Jefferson Smithsonman. Searching for him will prove fruitless, as Jefferson Smithsonman has trained in the art of wordsmithery all his long life, never publishing,

waiting poised for that one subject worthy of his talents, and upon completion of this opus Jefferson Smithsonman shall take his own life knowing that he can never top himself. He will give no interviews. But you are in luck, citizens of Oak Grove, for I will share with you now a section of this yet-untitled masterpiece that will doubtless change the face of your literary artform when it is done! Since Yor the Dumb's book of half-truths focuses much on the boring time I killed his parents, I will present the section of Jefferson Smithsonman's work detailing the accurate version of the event:

This most minute of episodes in the storied and gory record of Gkruool was of nearly indescribable triviality to the grand Golan the Insatiable. In this fact, the only reason He would remember it years later is because of the supreme power of Golan the Insatiable's mind, a forbidding cage for knowledge that claws at the very border of complete omnipotence! How pathetic, is it not then, that peasant-faced Yor remembers it so well! Not that this puny mortal, Yor, has any bearing on this being recounted now! He does not.

On that day, the fearsome Golan the Insatiable was touring the region of Black Fields, having returned from battling a most deadly snow serpent in the ice valley of V'loz. Gazing from atop his massive litter, which was born upon the backs of His spiritually

broken slave-mages, Golan the Insatiable's powerful eyes spotted the ugly village of Kko. Golan the Insatiable then stopped in Kko to receive tribute to His eminence, as He deserved. The people of Kko were as unforgivably unattractive as their ugly village. So He demanded a man and woman who represented the most appealing of the sad offerings. Golan the Insatiable's sex priests pulled the couple onto the village's altar - which it should be noted was offensively second-rate - to be sexualized into pieces and then eaten raw.

It will tell you much of pathetic adolescent Yor's person that instead of taking this as the honor that it was, to his dirty village and to him personally as the offspring of Golan the Insatiable's ravaged tribute, Yor viewed the moment as some affront. Such narcissism! Yor later would claim to have vowed to destroy Golan the Insatiable as Golan the Insatiable lay naked and gorged on Kko's alter, to have given an impassioned speech on these aims that bolstered the emotions of his villagemates. This did not transpire! After tribute was paid, a smelly woman offered Golan the Insatiable her baby to eat, as it was a burden to her. Golan the Insatiable was doing her a favor by eating her child, so He had her foot removed as payment, then pulled her head off to stop her obnoxious screaming. He drowned a chained goat with His urine stream to entertain His priests. And then He left Kko to its irrelevancy. At no point was He ever made aware of stupid

boy Yor's existence.

Now you can see how inaccurate Yor's account is! From H.H. Mayer Sloane's words you would think I accepted Yor as a foe on that very day. I give you the truth; Yor can keep his dreams!

I release your eyeballs back to the doldrums of your existences.

Fear me,
Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, **Ali Horn** illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool!

-~Worm Miller

4.12 Update on Our Fully Gender-Inclusive Bathrooms

Friday, Apr 13, 2012 by Tamt Hiccum (@sexyfacts4u)

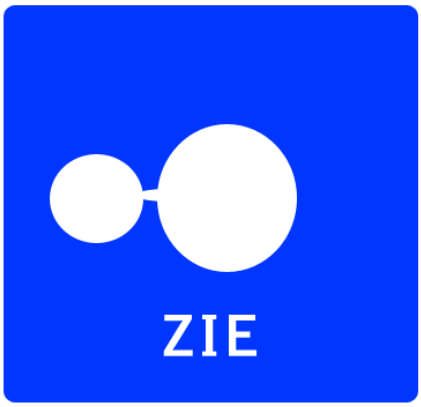
Hey all,

I have talked to all of the departments and I have heard your wonderful critiques and comments about the changes to the bathroom structure.

We have already taken down the offensive signage that suggested you had to conform to an arbitrary gender. Until we can complete the renovations I hope this will cut down on the triggering that has been happening in the hallway. I have also asked Gwentholymp to swap out the air-fresheners for something less aggressively masculine than lilac.

I will be meeting with the architect on Monday to discuss replacing the two bathrooms with the proposal of nine bathrooms. Just to be clear I wanted to finalize everything so there is no miscommunication on the signs or bathrooms. If I missed anything, please stop by my office or communicate your concerns to Munthe.

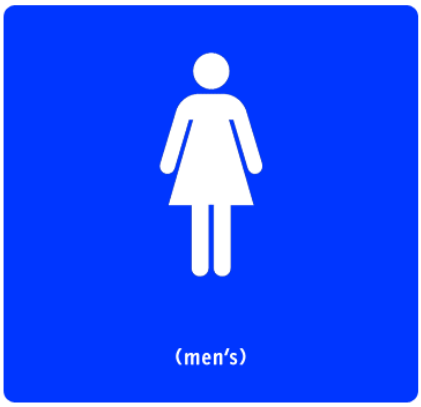
XER's ROOM - Specifically for non-triggering gender-identified women to go to the bathroom. Includes stalls and upright feminine urinals. Birth-gendered women may also use this bathroom as long as they have chosen to continue to identify as women.



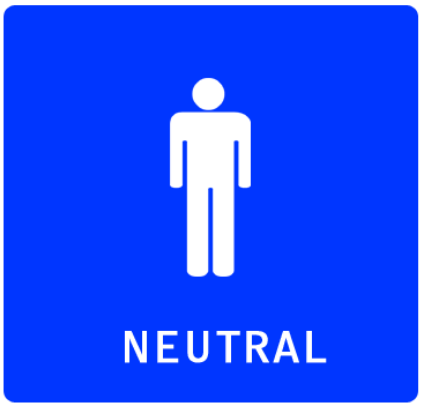
ZIE's ROOM - This room is intended as a safe space for birth-gendered women and gender-identified women who are at high risk of triggers. Soft, unidentifiable tones will play over the sound system. Contra-trigger odors such as "fresh mountaintop" and "abandoned space station" will mask the usual barnyard odors of toilets to prevent accidental self-triggering.

OMNUS ROOM - The all-inclusive omnus room is available to all employees and features a sloping drainage floor and shelves for undergarments. A flattering, angled mirror provides a flattering view of voiding. Cisgendered men∼are asked to wear a privacy hood and please use the diapers so that genitals are not exposed in a threatening manner. This does not include snakemen gender who have internal genitals.

WOMON's ROOM - This all-stall room is designed for coerced women who are interested, but unsure about assuming a new gender identity and are in high trigger situations. It provides maximum privacy and a trigger-free environment similar to the Zie's Room along with a recording playing empowering words and phrases such as "MANTIS QUEEN" and "DOWN WITH THE PATRIARCHY" and "MEN FEAR YOU." If you choose you can enter the red stall and forgo your humanity and become an iron robot with fire beams to destroy male gaze. To be clear, this replaces your body with that of a ten-foot berserker robot, but you can still choose to redefine your gender identity whenever you wish.



(men's) **ROOM** - For forcibly-assigned at birth men who have chosen to remain as men and are r-eyed bigots in all likelihood. Fixtures include a sloshing, piss filled inflatable pool that a man must lay down in face-first to relieve himself. "YOU ARE A VILE PIG" plays over a screeching tannoy. Car exhaust is steadily pumped into the room from the garage.



NEUTRAL's ROOM - This room is for all who have chosen to completely deny the false dichotomy of traditional gender constructs. It is not meant as a comment on anyone else's choice of gender. By becoming nothing, you become everything and you may relieve yourself in a whirlpool bathtub.

XURV's ROOM - You embrace an original, self-created gender identity. You are not genderless, you do not accept the false choice of woman or man, you are the author of an original work and have as much right to a bathroom suited to your needs as anyone else. Comes with a gentle, elderly lesbian man who will ask you what you need and outfit the bathroom accordingly before you enter. Options include bidet, toilet, Greek fountain, wind tunnel, replica pioneer privy, queen's toilet chamber, or over-sized pickle barrel (with diced pickles to prevent trigger).

DIE's ROOM - This bathroom includes a changing table and wasps.

NOPE's ROOM - This is a bathroom for those of you who prefer not to use the bathroom at work but want to feel included in bathroom processes. There are toilets and urinals but they do not function. There are several antique fainting couches available for you to lay down and tweet.

Thanks for having a look and I hope this meets everyone's needs.

- TAMT

-∼Tamt Hiccum (@sexyfacts4u)

4.13 The Hot Dog Pizza Procurement Zone FAQ

Saturday, Apr 14, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Welcome to the hot dog pizza procurement zone. You may be experiencing some confusion and early signs of a dissociative disorder. This is normal. We have provided this document to help you along in your attempt to obtain a pizza with hot dogs baked into the crust.

These are the questions that are most commonly whimpered, screamed, or whispered through parched, bleeding lips in the hot dog pizza procurement zone. You will note that no answers are provided. There are, after all, no answers.

Q: Why isn't there a drive through? Or a proper building? Why did I have to follow your signs through a drainage ditch, under an abandoned bridge, and into a small hole in a fence of rusted sheet metal?

Q: What's this greyish goop? Why is it so difficult to walk to the next sign through this moat of waist-high bubbling sludge? Who in their right mind thought that floating skeletons would be appropriate decorations for a restaurant?

Q: All the other signs were in English. Why is this one in pornographic stick men and complex math equations?

Q: Why do I hear chainsaws? Multiple chainsaws? Like, a lot of chainsaws?

Q: Is this shed the right place? The hieroglyph of two men fondling each other's breasts was on that last sign so I guess I'm on the right trail, but this is a pretty small building. Where's the menu? Where's the tables, counter, and service staff?

Q: Why did this briefcase have my name scrawled across the front in mustard? Why was the mustard so spicy?

Q: I opened up the briefcase. A pair of coveralls and an explosive collar. Should I wear these?

Q: Where's the PIZZA with the HOT DOGS in the CRUST? God dammit, don't you people know how to run a business? Also, this bomb collar is a little tight.

Q: That trap door scared the heck out of me! What is this place? Some kind of theater, with one seat and no obvious exits?

Q: Thought I saw something move in the projection booth. Hello? There it was again! Was that... Jeff Goldblum?

Q: The movie's starting. I could really go for that pizza with hot dogs in the crust right about now. Wait, did that just say Universal Soldier? Q: The movie's over. What aren't you letting me out? Another movie. Great. Wait, there was a sequel to Universal Soldier?

Q: There was another, and it had WCW wrestler Bill Goldberg?

Q: Six? There were six Universal Soldier movies? Why do I feel as though my life is richer for having seen them?

Q: How much did it cost to get a roof that retracts like that? What's up with the light?

Q: How did I get back outside? Why are there so many mountains, and why is it so much colder

than when I arrived? I don't remember my hair being this long.

Q: A table in a frosty meadow. The ground crunching beneath my boots as I approach. A pizza with hot dogs in the crust. A loaded gun. A photograph of a fire consuming my home. The distant sound of laughter registers as my own. How do I know that I can't take everything on the table, that this is a choice from which I cannot return?

Q: Why did the pizza bleed when I shot it? How can something that moves by folding and unfolding itself cover such a great distance so quickly?

Q: Following the trail. I've come across the bodies of others, like me. Some seem to have died from exposure, some from bizarre wounds. I'm hearing more of those strange sounds. It's not alone, is it? I wounded it, and now it's leading to some sort of lair?

Q: I'm inside. Hurt. Covered in sauce. These sculptures - so alien, yet undeniably Goldblumian as well. You bastards. You knew all along, didn't you?

Q: Where's my free mustard drizzle?

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.14 Forgotten Hunger Games Deaths

Sunday, Apr 15, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Haank: Suffered attack of scientifically modified hay fever. *Season 2*

Jasperalia: Won first ever pie eating contest. Then exploded. *Season 3*

Blian: Lost half his face after ambitious beard shaping accident. *Season 6*

Alyx: Caught after dark wearing a hoodie. *Season 8*

Draggle: Inopportune time to pick new cellphone ringtone. *Season 10*

Zak: Got shoelaces stuck in escalator. *Season 11*

Kavin: Used 4square to check in at "knocked over pine tree hideout covered in mushrooms." *Season 12*

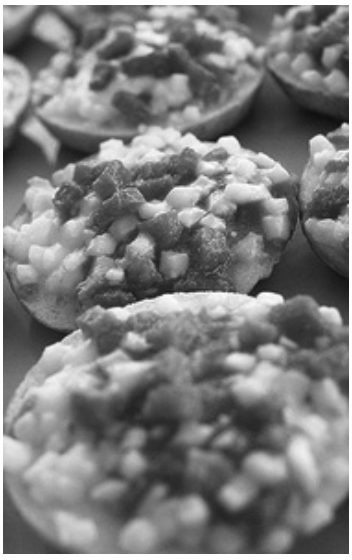
Treont: Old age. *Season 13 - 63*

ZZipa: Confused hiking gear's water-bottle with oft-forgotten hydrochloric acid-bottle. *Season 14*

Wool: Heart stopped after hearing *Firefly* had been renewed. *Season 16*

Jeeleon: Being female and alone within reach of Woody Harrelson. *Season 17*

Juul: Crushed from giant anvil that flew backwards off his trap onto his own head. *Season 19*



Twizzle: Murdered for using the phrase "I taut I taw a puddy kat" without prior consent from Warner Brothers entertainment. *Season 19*

Kaytwee: Overexertion from attempting to earnestly enjoy dubsteb. *Season 21*

Deran: Ate half a pizza and did not realize it was Domino's until too late. *Season 23*

Season 26: Entire cast died of boredom when Hunger Games hosted in Indiana.

Criz: Bath salts. *Season 28*

Joanna: tripped and accidentally shot bazooka at her own face. *Season 29*

Chux: Melted mouth shut after biting microwaved Bagel Bites. *Season 31*

Marreee: Overloaded with awkward sexual tension. *Season 34*

Dizley: Told to "go long" catching frisbee near cliff edge. *Season 37*

Teem: Refused to fart around others. *Season 38*

Angedra: Disappeared after publicly mocking Lenny Kravitz's cover of "American Woman." *Season 39*

Borf: Cyber-bullied- - to death! *Season 42*

Gim: Lost Rock,Paper, Scissor match due to confusion whether to throw down on the count of three or one second after. *Season 47*

Koreel: Spiked Accutane. *Season 49*

Bethadoo: Wanted headphones, but accidentally placed two starving piranhas beside ears. *Season 51*

SuuZee: Failed to repost the following youtube comment "PLEASE DON'T READ THIS. You will get kissed on the nearest possible Friday by the love of your life. Tomorrow will be the best day of your life. However, if you don't post this comment to at least 3 videos, you will die within 2 days. Copy and paste this, to be saved. This Is True!" *Season 54*

Clear: Shot gun in self-defense. Surprised at large "Bang" flag that unrolled. *Season 57*

Loku: Misunderstood Hunger Games requirements, arrived in arena with only Ranch Pringles and Dreamcast. *Season 61*

J: Was black. *Season 66*

Jooleea: Swam without waiting fifteen minutes after lunch. *Season 68*

Mackx: Committed ritualistic seppuku after the discovery of his couger911 account. *Season 72*

Pheelup: Chose the slowest, most painful death of all and decided to get a liberal arts degree. *Season 73*

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.15 More of Wolf Blitzer's Actual Tweets

Monday, Apr 16, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wolf Blitzer

@wolfblitzercnn Washington D.C.

These are the actual tweets of Wolf Blitzer, the anchor of CNN's The Situation Room.

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

What is keeping us from floating into space? Maybe James Cameron should build a submarine to figure that out.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

You should be willing to die for what you believe in, even if it's the magic of Hogwarts. And it is the magic of Hogwarts.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@ErinBurnettCNN Have you heard about this thing called "Internet" going around office? Get back to me.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Set up tape deck in bedroom to record ghost sounds. No ghost but someone came into room and farted. A lot.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Weather keeps changing one day to the next. Just when I think I know the plot, boom, something totally different.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

On phone with @CNNSitRoom producer telling her to book The Punisher to comment on Zimmerman arrest.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Green Day - Good Riddance (Time of Your Life) on infinite repeat while I do pull-ups at the YWCA. This is what it's all about.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Just had a great idea: they have musical greeting cards. How about a musical jigsaw puzzle? Take puzzles to a new level.

14 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Couldn't sleep. Fear of my own motarility as I get older is slowly replacing my fear of Quantum Leaping into a 1950s woman.

15 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@browncoat420 No, I will not do that to myself, but thanks for the suggestion.

14 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Stop what you're doing and go see Cabin in the Woods. Don't read reviews or you will spoil the twist that everyone is a robot.

14 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@JackCafferty wants to know: how mad are you on a scale of one to ten about Mitt Romney's car elevator?

14 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Every year the average American eats over a pound of hair. With training and focus you can eat that much in a weekend.

14 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@CNNSitRoom now: developing news on the Secret Service scandal can wait while we run a nine-minute piece on food trucks.

14 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

I saw an airplane flying. I never really thought about it, but I guess the sky is where you are when you get on an airplane.

14 Apr

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

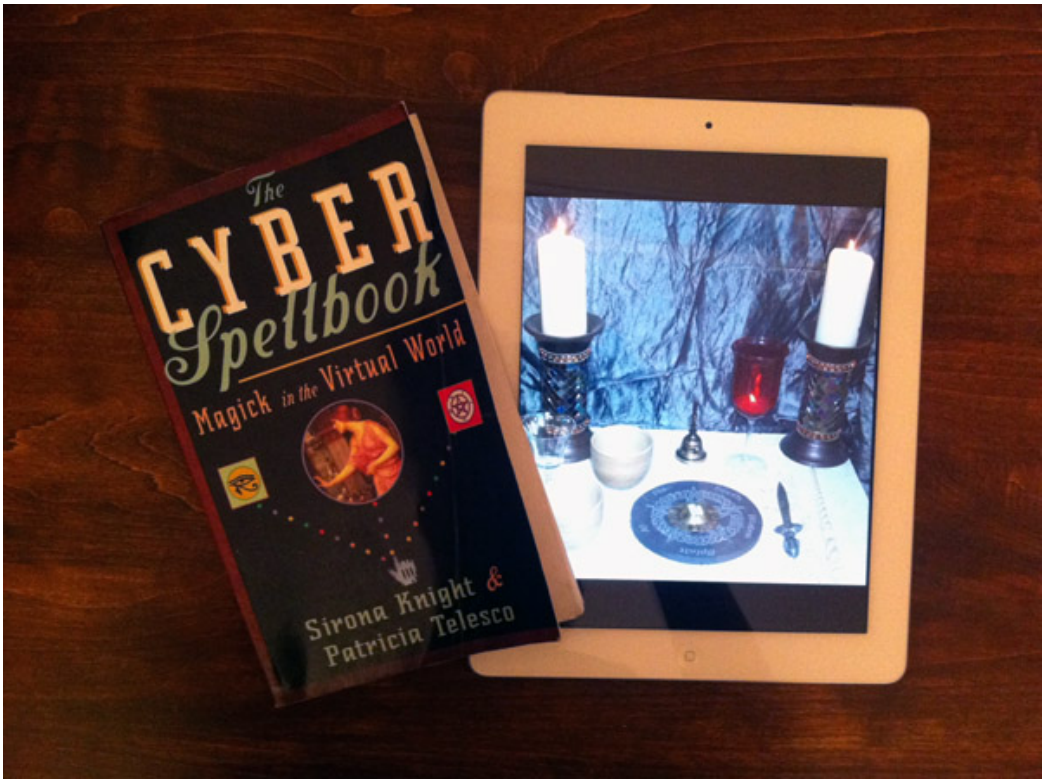
The real "Hunger Games" are happening here in America according to @JamieOlvier and the winner is obesity.

14 Apr

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.16 The Cyber Spellbook

Tuesday, Apr 17, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



I recently posted some selections from *The Wiccan Web*, a wonderfully ridiculous 2001 tome by authors Sirona Knight and Patricia Telesco that told us how to increase the magickal power of our cybersurfing by appealing to ancient gods and rubbing various herbs on our monitors. Many readers asked for more information about this important intersection of technology and utter lunacy, and I'm pleased to report that the well goes much deeper.

The year after *The Wiccan Web* was published, the same authors teamed up for another manual of new-age advice: *The Cyber Spellbook: Magick in the Virtual World.* This book continues the good work started by *The Wiccan Web*: to add spiritual depth to your life by coating it in a thick lather of preposterous magickal horseshit and obsessive-compulsive spellcraft-- oh shit, did you remember to banish the negative energy from that XXL Garfield shirt before you placed it in the sacred dryer shrine?

The Cyber Spellbook is a much more slapdash effort, and quite often fails to uphold the rigorous scientific standards set by their earlier work. In fact, despite billing itself a work of techno-pagan advice, it quite often fails to have anything whatsoever to do with computers. Nonetheless, it's an important manual for any aspiring witch. And now, some brief excerpts:

Early in the book, the authors present a humorous list of signs that you just might be a Cyber Witch. This is a great way to introduce the concept of Cyber Witchery-- and since you may have already gained some inspiration from my earlier Wiccan Web article, I'm sure some of these already fit you.

Just for Fun

In our intense field studies of the customs, characteristics, and habits of the Cyber Witch in his or her favorite habitat, we've discovered some interesting similitude. Compare yourself to this tell-tale list, for you too might by a Cyber Witch if:

* Windows2000 to the Gods is installed on your operating system.

* You divine by Iconology.

* Your broom (unlike your computer) never crashes.

* You use the recycle bin on your computer as a banishing spell.

* When a spell or ritual isn't working right, you reboot it.

* You've found candle wax on your cell phone.

* Your totem animal is a mouse.

* McAffee is part of your regular warding process.

* You bless your computer regularly with a defrag ritual.

* Your mouse pads have pentagrams or other sigils that can be traced to evoke the magick.

* Your chalice is a non-spillable sports bottle or travel mug..

* Your three-finger lunar salute is Ctrl, Alt, Del.

* You have "nuked" your spell components.

* Casting a spell includes pushing a "send" key.

* You check to see if the surge protector is turned on before casing a spell.

* You use a computer or TV screen as a scrying surface.

* Your domain name is your Circle name.

* You check www.witchvox.com more than once a week for information.

* Your Book of Shadows is burned on a CD (complete with online manual).

* Your favorite coven is a chat room.

* Your curses have real byte.

* Cakes are fine, but only virtual wine is allowed near keyboards.

* If it's broken your first thought is either reboot, reformat, unplug and plug back in, or "get the duct tape."

* You have gods with names such as Bit and Rom.

* The Threefold Law says: Everything shall be backed up in three places.

* Your Rede says: Do as you will, but spam none.

While *The Cyber Spellbook* doesn't always deal with cyber stuff, it does try to keep some relationship to technology. For example, the mod cons of a 21st-century household don't just make chores easier... they're also useful for performing sinister death voodoo on your enemies! From a section on Banishing, pages 130-131:

Garbage Disposal Banishing

The use of poppets is very old. For this spell, use a small piece of potato. Shape it to represent the negative person or situation that requires banishing. Focus intently on

that individual or situation and all the specifics of it. Hold the finished symbol in your power hand (right hand if you are right handed). Say,

No longer harm, and keep away,
As this potato disappears,
So too keep _____ at bay.

Fill in the blank with the name of who or what you are banishing and then put the symbolic potato in the disposal. turn on your magick!

If you're wondering if you just read the words, "put the symbolic potato in the disposal," let me save you the effort of glancing back up and confirm that yes, you did. And that's not all-- for circumstances unworthy of clogging your disposal (or too difficult to render as potato statuary), there's an even more ignominious banishment in store:

Flush It

The toilet is one of my favorite techno-tools for getting rid of the proverbial crap in my life.

Hold up, gotta interrupt for a minute: first, calling a toilet a "techno-tool" may be a bit of a stretch, but sure, let's just allow it in the canon of cyberspace-related plumbing. Second, I very much hope she also uses the toilet to get rid of the non-proverbial crap in her life. Or do web witches go in the woods? OK, we proceed:

The spell is quite simple. On a sturdy (two-ply) piece of toilet paper write down whatever you wish to banish. Visualize that situation or energy in as much detail as possible. Then toss it in the toilet and flush it away. Turn away and don't look back (to look back accepts the energy back into your life). The water dissolves the paper and washes away the negative energy. Note: this method is not recommended for those with septic systems.

Yeah, so cyber magick is powerful enough to eliminate your problems, unless your problems are related to sensitive plumbing. I think this advice is equally useful for regular bathroom usage: after you do a number two, remember not to look back after you flush, lest you let the number two back into your life.

While the toilet is a powerful techno-tool in its own right, I know you guys came for the cyber stuff. Luckily, there's a fair amount of actual web witching thrown in; this next spell is guaranteed to multiply the potency of your e-cards!

E-Card Energy

Go to your favorite search engine and look for e-card shops (there are tons of free ones). Now, think of a person in your life with whom you'd like to build a stronger friendship. Look for an e-card that will brighten his or her day or one that expresses how you feel. When you find the perfect card, fill out all the information requested on that Web site but do not send it yet. Hold the index finger of your strong hand over the send key and recite this incantation:

From me to you,
From you to me,
I open the lines
Of energy.
A friend to have,
A friend to hold,
By my will, this spell unfolds!

As you say "unfolds," hit the send option so it conveys your magick with the e-card.

For a more tangible effect, it's often necessary to sacrifice your electronic components in the service of magick.

Cyber Dream Catcher

Native American-styled dream catchers have become popular decorative items, but what about something suited to the Cyber Witch? Gather together a metallic hoop, a speaker wire, a memory chip from the computer (used), and a magnet any time during a waxing to full moon. This timing accentuates the intuitive and spiritual nature. The magnet attracts spiritual dreams, and the memory chip helps you recall them! Use the speaker wire to make a web inside the hoop attaching the magnet and memory chip wherever you'd like them to go.

This spell brings up an interesting concept: won't our web witching be all the more potent if we just yank our computers apart and turn the components into ghastly wiccan trinkets? Let's try it!

One lengthy section of *The Cyber Spellbook* details all the various magickal properties and spiritual allegiances of common home appliances. Here are a few favorites:

Chainsaw

Representing the Fire Element, this is a modern athame of the deadliest kind. It's the Cyber Magick tool of the Celtic hunter God Esus, the woodcutter.

(An athame is a ceremonial dagger. Take that chainsaw advice as you will.)

Electric Drill

Representing Fire and Earth, the electric drill (and pneumatic hammer) has replaced the hammer.

(It kinda seems like it replaced the drill, but OK.)

Hair Dryer

Associated with Air and Fire (heat), it can be used to blow that lover right into your hair, and heat things up, too!

(No further elaboration is given regarding the erotic utility of the hairdryer.)

Hot Tub

The caludron of the Goddess-- well, at least for those two Cyber Witches! Perfect for skyclad Moon Magick with your lover!

This is what you get if you search Google Images for "Skyclad." I recommend you don't ever do that.

("Skyclad" is Wiccan for "naked." More specifically, it's Wiccan for "naked and probably fat.")

Oven (conventional or microwave)

A cyber tool that represents Fire and the South. Use your oven to heat your magick up and get things cooking! Keep in mind that a microwave oven does take some of the power out of your potion of Cyber Magick foods.

(Ugh, this microwaved Cyber Magick pizza is limp and rubbery!)

While there's plenty more useful information in *The Cyber Spellbook*, I've got to end this thing somewhere-- you'll just have to buy a copy for yourself to get the full magick within, and I highly recommend the purchase. I'll leave you with this piece of advice, which has helped me greatly as a Something Awful writer:

Joke URL Jollies

There are a lot of great Web sites dedicated to jokes (and specific types of jokes at that). When you find yourself down in the dumps, take a few moments to go surfing.

> Just before you try finding a site, hold your hands toward the computer, visualizing a pink-white light pouring out from them towards it (so you'll be "in the pink"). Try an incantation such as:
>
> Humor be quick,
> Humor be kind,
> Banish the blues
> And my sorrowful mind.
>
> Now go and see what gives you a good giggle. Internalize that happiness.

Do what you will and spam none, my fellow web witches! For more of this divine insanity, order the book from Amazon. Oh, and if you haven't already, be sure to get a copy of *The Wiccan Web* as well. So mote it be!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.17 Life Instructions

Thursday, Apr 19, 2012 by NAMELESS VOICE

Everyone needs to work. Get born. Have school. Enter the marketplace of ideas. Nothing else matters. Abandon interests, values, beliefs. Acquire a shovel and carve deep into the earth. Ignore the screams of your superiors and body. Eight hours must be spent in toil daily. It is the price we pay for dignity. Purge the joys of community from your mind. Feel entitled to cigarette breaks. Use these as something to anticipate aside from satisfactory bowel movements and a 21st McNugget in your box of 20. Tell people how hard you work in a tone peppered with condescension and mistrust. Admit to missed lunch breaks, unpaid overtime, and do so relentlessly. Remind others of your contributions to society and use this as your opportunity to treat them poorly.

Have a wife and children. Meet a woman at a function. If she does not respond, move to the next. Watch popular television shows in order to have a common point of reference. Your window of time to operate in is narrow at best. By week two, assure she is marriage material. The clock is ticking and your time is money. Ask her subtle questions like, "What would your ideal wedding dress look like?" or "Will you marry me at a ceremony I have already planned for June?" If she will not relent, trade months of wages for a rock and hand it to her next to a fountain or sunset-adjacent fountain. Doing so will show her you possess the values of a working man. Now, put in hundreds of extra hours over the next several months to afford a showy wedding that will be remembered by all. Ice sculptures and living statues will assure your friends and family that your budget is such that you can afford to spend so much, especially if you cannot. Control your weeping at the reception as a stranger finishes his third glass of 300-dollar champagne. If anyone asks, you are crying over the beauty of your wife. Do this even if she is not beautiful. Low lighting will sell this lie.

Purchase a house far bigger than necessary. This will keep you working. Breed. Name your boy Steven. Name your daughter Jessica. Tell yourself you are suffering to give them a better life than you, but instill the same values so they take your identical actions 30 years later. The cycle can never cease. After birth, send them away to be taken care of by strangers in a group setting. Mother

may be tempted to look after them herself, but being left in a cold institution unconcerned with their needs will give your children a chance to quickly acclimate themselves to adult life. Do not worry -- you will see them briefly at dinner, at which point you can remind them of your grocery purchases and force them to perform menial tasks to pay you tribute. In the chance that mother has left, let only the sound of scraping silverware be heard, with the silent implication that the situation would be different sans children.

At times you will be forced to stop working for upwards of two weeks at a time. Do not panic. Drive. If appropriate, include the woman and children as cargo. Find a city with the same restaurants as your own; do not stray into the unfamiliar. Drive. Use this time to air your greviances. Remind all that you are the provider with alarming regularity. Yank on a crying child's arm in public. Think of the sweet release the ditch shovel or office chair will soon bring you. Repeat this pattern for forty years. If serious issues arise, feign slumber or back pain. Render yourself unintelligible with alcohol.

Enter your death bed. Roll and regret. Roll and regret. Watch your children bitterly shun each other over piles of garbage accumulating in your unkempt house. Distance yourself from the concept of death with daytime television. Find yourself in an empty room, with the only human contact being the occassional changing of tubes. Slip away, with the firm knowledge that dignity has been achieved. Get shoved into an oven and placed in a closet to be forgotten under musty sheets.

Happy 68th Birthday Dad!

Sent from my iPhone

-∼NAMELESS VOICE

4.18 Angie's List: The Oak Court Creeper

Friday, Apr 20, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Angie's list
NO ANONYMOUS REVIEWS!
Trustworthy local reviewers of the local businesses YOU want to know about
"My favorite thing about Angie's List is the reviews come from real people."
-Angie Hicks, Founder
REVIEWS > LOCAL > NEW YORK > SPRINGFIELD > OAK COURT > MISC >

The Oak Court Creeper

The Oak Court Creeper is an adult or young adult male who creeps around properties at night, often getting into things or peeping in windows. He's been at it since 2010.

MEMBER REPORTS Submit a Report View all Reports

A	**09/23/2010**	A great experience and a pleasure to interact with. Intense staring face slowly rose into view of window while I was watching my dentist's tapes of...
C	**11/04/2010**	Great for spooking kids, popping up during a scary story or making "tap-tap" or "rustling noises," but he reeks of cigarettes...
A	**12/15/2010**	Fogged up the window from his heavy breathing. Amazing. Ruined a party I had been planning for weeks. The kids loved him and...
A	**02/09/2011**	Consummate professional knows your shower and undressing schedules exactly and is willing to go the extra mile turning on hose or banging a door to get your...
D	**05/20/2011**	Couldn't creep an abandoned lot. I heard great things about him but he was late, I fell asleep and by the time he showed up he had to call me to get my attention and he wanted a juice box so...
C	**10/072011**	An average late night creeper. Good FX, limited range. If you want an all-out window-breaking, crazy-masked creeper go with the one on Elm...

REVIEWS > LOCAL > NEW YORK > SPRINGFIELD > OAK COURT > MISC >

That Dog That Keeps Getting Out

Somebody's dog keeps getting out. It might be somebody here on Oak or it might be somebody from Elm or even Sycamore, but the dog goes over to the mud adjacent to the retention pond and goes NUTS then leaves muddy paw prints everywhere.

MEMBER REPORTS Submit a Report View all Reports

F	**05/02/2007**	The guy whose house I think this smelly, awful dog with stupid eyes is coming from has OBAMA STICKER on his car. Heh. Big surprise there. If you ask me, this country...
D	**05/21/2009**	Bad influence. I thought this was a cute dog when I saw it running on the other side of the street but then it came over and rolled in a dead robin right in front of my teenager who I caught the next day rolling in a...
D	**01/09/2009**	Things started out pretty good. I saw him chasing a squirrel and then he came over and ran around me in circles. Then he barfed up what looked like a bunch of string and started eating it as soon as...
A	**06/13/2010**	Reminds me of my dog. I love him. You're beautiful. Be free, dog, but be safe. It's a dangerous world for a dog to be carefree. At night I wonder when I will see you again. I hope you're happy and you have a family...
D	**04/11/2012**	Teamed up with a raccoon to open my car and steal my fuck it bucket out from the center console. That was like twenty five dollars worth of Mars products and I demand...
F	**04/16/2012**	Bit off my child's penis.

REVIEWS > LOCAL > NEW YORK > SPRINGFIELD > OAK COURT > MISC >

Wayne Burthouses' Front Lawn

Wayne Burthouse spends all weekend every weekend working on his lawn. He's always mowing it or seeding or laying mulching or planting a spruce or something. This guy means business when it comes to front lawns. It's not his job or anything, just like everything he's about.

MEMBER REPORTS Submit a Report View all Reports

A	**09/06/2008**	Back and forth lawn patterns and great raking skills come fall. I can't get enough of this lawn. Wish I was there right now to...
A	**02/13/2009**	The first time I saw this lawn I fell to my knees and wept. The second time I saw it I went up and knocked on the door and hugged Wayne. He was furious, has personal space issues, but as far as his lawn...
A	**04/03/2010**	Every time I cut my own grass I wish I were dead because I know it well never be like Wayne's. I put up too many ramps in my backyard but I am running an experiment on the side strip that might work. Using my own body fluids I...
A	**09/01/2011**	Don't worry about the screaming coming from the house, Wayne is just very passionate about his lawn. I asked him if I could borrow his mower and he stared at me without blinking until I left. That's okay, I...
B	**12/17/2011**	Saw a couple dandelions around the flower beds this spring. Wayne has been slipping since the divorce.

F	**03/03/2012**	You think you can do this to me, Brenda? That is my yard. If I see him cutting it I swear I am going to drive up onto the sidewalk and run him over. You are a psycho...

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.19 Full Metal Something

Saturday, Apr 21, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I arrived for basically training with the other sorta soldiers, our inner tubes depositing us roughly near the camp-like facility. Some inner tubes passed the dock, drifting down the river and over the horizon, their passengers and the officers ashore shrugging at one another.

At around three-ish a spectacularly loud trumpet began a song, trailed off, then hesitantly played a few random notes. We took that as our cue to form up in something that roughly resembled a line.

Our drill sergeant appeared. His boots were mostly laced. Almost all of his buttons were fastened. He had made some attempt to brush the enormous flakes of dandruff off his shoulders. Several groans went up in the crowd. This guy was going to be a real tight ass.

"Push ups?" He suggested.

We dropped to the ground. Some of us simply sat indian-style, elbows on knees and hands on cheeks, eyes rolling. Most lay flat and perfectly still. A few actually completed a shaky push-up, lifting their chests off the ground by almost an inch.

"Uniforms?" The drill sergeant was inspecting a bit of slime that he had dug out of the corner of an infected eye.

Nothing happened.

Several minutes later, a low-flying cargo plane passed overhead blaring some supremely shitty bass music. The back hatch was open, a crate perched at the end of the ramp. Behind the crate, a sorta soldier looked at us blankly.

The plane lazily continued on its way. After a few minutes, it turned around. This time the young man pushed the crate out of the back with a sigh. The crate plummeted towards us. No parachute had been attached.

We were still sprawled out on the ground after the push up ordeal. A handful of us thought to get up and move out of the way. Some started to get up, found the effort to be too much, then sat back down.

The crate burst apart as it landed atop three sorta soldiers, scattering its contents everywhere. Hawaiian shirts. Swimming trunks. Sandals with toes built in.

"Uniforms." The drill sergeant nodded, ambling back to his RV. Kinda Commander Bannon surveyed the enemy from atop his Segway, the price tag on his baseball cap majestically flapping in the morning breeze.

We had to attack today. Our rations of fruity marhsmallowy cereal were nearly depleted. Our forces were meandering at an increasing rate. Sure, we had more than three quarters of a million troops, but a significant portion of our left flank had wandered into a cluster of the enemy and comingled. Extricating our men would be impossible, since both sides had the exact same uniform.

Bannon lazily gestured. "Go ahead, I guess."

With that, the battle was on.

Both sides began moving, more or less pointed toward one another. Only a hundred yards had separated us. We were uncomfortably close before the first of us remembered our guns.

They were still packaged. Continuing their casual pace, men muttered, chewed, and pulled at thick clear plastic. Amazingly, one sorta soldier on the other side managed to free his gun. As he fiddled with it, the gun went off. A man to my left dropped, clutching his throat. The enemy sorta soldier's eyes widened. He pushed the weapon into the reluctant arms of the man next to him, then shoved his hands in his pockets and whistled innocently.

Within moments, both sides met. People bumped into one another. There were shouts of complaint. One man stumbled and fell on top of another, the sorta soldier on the bottom shrieking as his keys bit into his hip.

Pretty much no one had opened their gun. A half-hearted struggle broke out as one sorta soldier produced a pair of safety scissors to open his gun and an enemy grabbed at the tool, poking him in the armpit.

There was some light shoving. One man deliberately tripped another. Somewhere in the commotion a hand reached out and flicked a sorta soldier's earlobe.

I saw a good friend fall to the ground, his eyes rolling up into his head. Someone had stepped backwards and accidentally collided their elbow with his. I knew a funny bone injury when I saw it. Bile rose up in the back of my throat.

A pug ran through the throng, excitedly yapping. In between inspired attempts to catch his own tail, he reared up on his back legs and placed his front paws on random sorta soldier's legs. Hardly anyone reached down to scratch his ears. No one paid attention to him when he laid on his back and implored the world to give him a belly rub. It was madness.

Amazingly, the crowd seemed to grow thin. Neither side had slowed down. Our forces had collided, pushed on, and were now coming out the other side. I turned back and watched the enemy continue on their way, meeting the eyes of a man who had thought to do the same.

In that moment I realized that we probably weren't so very different. We might have even been friends. Instead, we had met on this hellish battlefield. Neither of us would ever be the same.

The two of us nodded toward one another, then continued walking.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.20 Kickstarters Ended with Zero Backers

Monday, Apr 23, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

By Tonotan

Asked: $7,500

I want to be a toilet man. I don't know a lot about toilets but I think I have enough pipes to start on this project, just need glue and a graphic designer. I will make myself into a toilet and be in public places for people to use. I like people and I am very friendly. Do a shit on me and in me. This face is the right place for your urine trough. I would like to be a toilet and if that is not possible I would like to be dead. Thank you for funding my project.

By Keven Stivins

Asked: $20,000

Ever wanted to shoot a fireman? This realistic tactical simulator makes your dreams come true as you seek to tear down the fascist system that controls our oppressive society. Watch the foundation crumble as you murder the servants of the state with machine guns, grenades and, of course, fire. Includes Four maps "FIRE HOUSE SLAUGHTER," "FIVE ALARM MASSACRE," "MY HOUSE," based on my real house, and "REVENGE OF FIRE." Working on the website now I need someone experienced with 3D computer games, someone who can read to me, a woman who is beautiful and dislikes firemen and would never cheat on me with a fireman, and a driver to take me around town with my woman. Thanks for reading.

By Angela81

Asked: $50,000

When I was engaged I got pregnant (but miscarried) and my husband was out of work at the time we were married so we went to the Ozarks for our honeymoon. I had my miscarriage in the bathroom of a Flying J and the baby was so big for ten weeks that we had to call the police. It was covered with hair and had black, devil eyes so I am pretty sure I was going to be the devil's mother. Since then I haven't enjoyed a vacation because all I can think about is that baby in the Flying J toilet. It had a little monkey face. We went to Vegas but it wasn't fun because of that. I would like to go to Paris.

By The X-Com: Enforcer Team

Asked: $750,000

The original team behind 2001's action-FPS have reunited to bring you all of the fast-paced alien-blasting you could ever want. Currently rated 8.3 on Metacritic by gamers, X-Com: Enforcer launched the X-Com franchise in an exciting new direction. People keep playing knockoff X-Com games, inferior copies, and wondering why they can't just have that good X-Com fun that they loved. We're here to offer an authentic X-Com title, exactly like the original Enforcer game updated for modern platforms.

By Tucker Cheney

Asked: $100,000

Hi this is a repost of my kickstarter "I Want to Hunt a Baby Elephant" that was not fully funded. I wanted to repost and clarify: I am only interested in doing this legally. I don't have any respect for elephants, I think they are arrogant, but I am not asking to fund a poaching expedition. To this end I have dropped the amount I am asking and I have looked into it and I can buy a baby elephant for 100k as long as I claim my back yard is a zoo. I will tie a baby elephant up to my clothesline in the back and I will kill it. I don't know how yet. Maybe all the people who contribute at least $1,000 will get to vote on a selection of weapons. I think I'd like to blast it with a sawed off shotgun. Don't worry this will be an orphaned baby elephant so his mom won't care.

By Fontanelle Bacigalupi

Asked: $20,000

My dog recently died and was brought back to life by a miracle. He experienced the reality of the afterlife as told in the Bible. He saw deceased friends, lost toys and he got to run in a big cloud-wrapped field. He told it all to me in a dream and I am willing to tell his story in a book and speak at churches. Also I am available to give talks to kids about not feeding your dog eight pounds of roast beef and what a mess he will make when he dies and suddenly comes back to life with eight pounds of roast beef packed into him. I will pray for everyone who donates. Thank you and god bless.

*****

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

TRUMAN DEAD
Jap Assassin strikes at heart of freedom
A NATION MOURNS

https://liminalstates.com/042312a.htm

4.21 Kickstarting Ron Paul

Tuesday, Apr 24, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Since its launch, a Kickstarter to develop a Ron Paul video game has hit the Internet rounds and wooed Ron Paul supporters to the tune of several thousands of dollars in an appropriately free market kind of way. The raised funds will back a man's effort to write and develop a video game based on the candidate. Despite what tech blogs and other news media are reporting about this thing, what's happening really isn't so much a story of a good-hearted supporter trying to build support in any way he can for his political candidate of choice by using the skills he possesses. Rather, it's the story of a guy who likes Ron Paul and likes following basic tutorials on game creation, and is combining those two into something that's already been sold to well over 200 people for a grand total of nearly $10,000, somehow.

Let's take a look at this thing. Here's what the Kickstarter page says about the effort:

> The Road to REVOLution is a sidescrolling platformer action/adventure game, reminiscent of console classics like Super Mario Brothers and Sonic the Hedgehog. You play the role of Ron Paul and make your way across all 50 states collecting Gold (sound money) and Delegates. **The game is full of original artwork and gameplay mechanics. Indie Game Development at its finest, the game is designed, programmed, conceived, and produced by me, D.S. Williams.**

The bolding is my own emphasis. Totally cheesy and hamfisted Ron Paul gimmickry aside, the dude claims to be putting out a high-quality, original game with all original mechanics, programmed and designed by him. Cool, a noble effort. It's also cool when you have open directories on your server as well as the actual source code of your game uploaded to those very open directories. That way, anyone in the world can look at it and see cool stuff like this:

Essentially, what this means is that the author is simply following a cookie-cutter tutorial on how to make a video game. In fact, it seems to be this one, which is a cool helpful article that includes all the necessary source code in very clear boxes that make it super easy to copy and paste. Pretty ingenious! Free market principles at play, truly.

"But Enemy of Freedom," you're probably saying, "Perhaps it's just a framework! Just the basics to get the game off the ground! Certainly there are no other instances where the author is doing anything shady or flagrantly attempting to pass something off as his own while reeling in the cash!"

Let's look at that supposed original artwork referenced in the above quote:

First of all, anyone who has ever heard of a Super NES will tell you that the sprites in that mob scene are from Earthbound. The weird George W. Bush head-looking-thing also seems to have been a Monstar from Braid in a past life, and Ron himself is just a slightly modified Waluigi sprite, as evidenced by this sprite sheet that was also hosted among the source code. Look at them both side by side:

Wow. I extend my sincerest congratulations to those who have contributed to the project. You've forked over about $10,000 to let some guy wallow in his own filth for 2 months as he leisurely follows a "how to program video games" tutorial, while taking the occasional break to draw Ron Paul's head on Waluigi's body. This is a gaming revolution worthy of Ron Paul himself, indeed.

"Williams goes on to speculate that indie gaming will hopefully thrive in the 'face of dull, spiritless, cloned, big-budget games'" -**MSNBC**

"Hey! You might be getting better, but nobody cheats better than Waluigi! You got that?!" -**Waluigi**,

Mario Golf: Toadstool Tour

> Thanks to @bucketmouse and @prognosys for discovering a whole lot about the world of Ron Paul gaming!

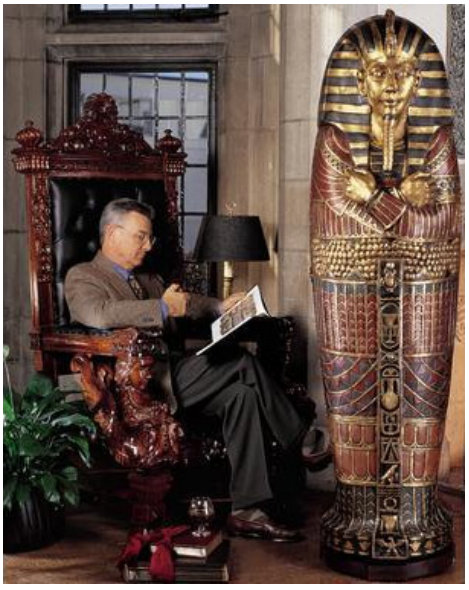
-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.22 SkyMall Product Reviews: King Tut Life-Sized Cabinet

Wednesday, Apr 25, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆



By Gail from Tallahassee, FL

Somewhat inconvenient. Once closed this sarcophagus cannot be opened for 2000 years. I've been on the horn with customer service for hours trying to get that time reduced, but they say there is no way to defy the seal without grave consequences. If you're fine with that, it still makes an excellent decoration piece that looks good with anything. We have a nautical theme for our living room and Mr. Tut fits right in with all the anchors, lighthouses and wooden ships.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Rory

This is the fifth item I've ordered from SkyMall that's placed me under a curse. Most SkyMall curses are pretty tolerable, but this one is filled with horrible visions of scarabs eating my children's flesh. The cabinet itself is OK, but I haven't been able to get it open again and all of my Tracy Chapman CDs are inside. I just wish King Tut would be a little bit more civil about all this.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

Proud Patriot Grandma from Kansas City, MO

Help! Our grandson put my remote inside the Tut and closed it and now we can't get it out and Diagnosis Murder is almost on. Can't get the darn thing open.

Age: 66-70

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Chad from Enumclaw, WA

Never thought it would happen to me, but I found a baby skeleton in mine. Super excited, since it's the first skeleton of any sort I've ever owned, let alone found in a mummy cabinet I ordered from a catalog.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review:

By Carlyle Butts from Jackson, MS

i've entombed two wives in these things and they work great. plan to entomb a third any day now.

highly recommended. If it works for the pharaohs, it'll work for my wives.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review:

By Eugene Pepperwits, Curator

I am professional museum curator and let me tell you: these cabinets are the genuine article. King Tut himself would be pleased as punch to store his favorite canopic jars and mummified birds in one of these. I use mine to store my Everybody Loves Raymond and King of Queens DVD sets.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By Hope from Wichita, KS

I purchased this for my husband as a reward for a good harvest. Since getting it, our crops have withered and the bankers are circling the farm like vultures. A terrible curse has fallen upon our family, and King Tut and SkyMall are to blame. Do not buy this product, for you tamper with forces lacking in respect for the hardships of the American farmer.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review:

By Alvin from Missoula, MT

Horrible visions... fifteen plagues, three already here, twelve more to come. Swarms of locust in flight, day dark like night now... scales overflowing with viscera... a river of blood... moon and stars leaking from the sky... everything poison... the cobra rising from the sands to hiss, to strike... shrieking voices ringing in my ears... like talons clawing into brain... not the cabinetry I expected.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By WideOpenBuddy

Wonder how hard it would be to take out all the cabinet parts and cut a little pee-hole in the thing? Need to know quick if I am to make this purchase and win back my girlfriend.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Adam from Casper, WY

Does anyone know how to get in touch with the man sitting on the throne reading the book next to the sarcophagus? He looks like my dad who I have not seen in almost twenty years, when he told my mom he was going to Egypt on business.

Dad... is that you???? Please contact Adam and Sandy we are not mad anymore we just want to know why you left.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By PharaohDad

Bulls***. They'll slap King Tut's name on anything just to make a buck. Makes me sick. Just buy a regular sarcophagus cabinet and don't fall for the marketing tricks.

Age: 31-35

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.23 This New Slave Is the Worst

Thursday, Apr 26, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I've just acquired a slave to help me out around the house. Like most people, I∼thought that slavery is outlawed, but apparently you can legally solicit slaves through Craigslist. My slave's name is Edgar. His ad says he's "submissive," which is good because I need someone who's willing to follow orders and help me get my housework done ASAP. He also supposedly is into leather, which I hope means he can reupholster my sofa.

Day 1

It turns out that Edgar is Mexican. You wouldn't think it from his pale complexion, but he's got a leather luchador mask that only Mexican wrestling fans wear. I just hope he's as passionate about hard work as he is about wrestling.

I showed Edgar my furnished basement, where he'll be staying. He calls it a "dungeon" for some reason. Granted, it's not the best basement, but at least it's dry. I set up a sofa for Edgar to sleep on, but he prefers the floor. Not sure what the issue with the sofa is, but it's just as well since he likes sleeping in the buff anyway.

Day 2

This morning, out of nowhere, Edgar asked me to give him an enema. I told him I'd call a doctor later if there was something wrong with his colon, but right now he had work to do. I sent him to mow my lawn, since it looked like he could use some sunlight. Two hours later I checked back on him and saw he was mowing naked! My neighbors were holding their son's birthday party in their backyard, and∼were pretty freaked. In exchange for not calling the police, I gave them all my patio furniture. Now I'm out an entire set of patio furniture and my lawn still isn't mowed. What have I gotten myself into?

Day 5

Today Edgar asked me again to chain him to a pole in the dungeon (I call it that now just to make him more comfortable). I told him I've got no time for childish cowboys-and-Indians games when the roof needs shingling. He looked pretty disappointed and for a moment I felt bad for the guy ... until I caught him nailing his testicles to the roof with the nailgun! He must seriously hate working if he's willing to stage such an elaborate injury just to avoid laying some shingles. When I scolded him on his slacking he got down on his knees and asked if I was going to whip him. I told him yes, I was definitely going to crack the whip, so to speak, by giving him more chores. Since he was so adverse to roofing, I put that project on hold and told him to clean my shoe collection. He got really excited, so I thought maybe, just maybe, I'd get some honest work from him. Wrong! When I inspected my shoes they were covered with saliva. He'd apparently cleaned them with his tongue.

Day 10

Edgar was three hours late for breakfast, so I went looking for him and found he'd locked himself in the dog cage in the shed. I wish I could believe it was an accident, but this is the fourth time this has happened. To stop this trend, I prepared a PowerPoint on the inverse ratio of work accomplished to time spent in the dog cage. Midway through showing it to him I had to go the bathroom. When I returned he'd logged onto the internet and was looking at some really disgusting pictures! Needless to say, he's banned from the computer room now. As further punishment I told him to go unclog my toilet. Minutes later I heard a horrible gurgling sound and found him trying to remove the clog with his face! Seriously? How inefficient can you get! For all the time he'd wasted today, I said I wasn't making him any dinner, which he said was fine since he'd already eaten anyway.

Day 14

Edgar disappeared today. Can't say I'm surprised since he's clearly a lousy worker with no sense of pride or commitment. No point in sending out a search party since he's probably halfway to the Mexico by now. To make things worse,∼he also took my nailgun, and some nails from the neighbors' shed.∼The neighbors are pretty upset about this whole thing, so to smooth things over I said they can borrow my new slave when he arrives. His name is bronydude223 and he should be a huge asset despite his struggles with incontinence (his profile contains several references to diapers).

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

4.24 I'm Declaring a Moratorium on Pizza Experimentation

Friday, Apr 27, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's time to defund the research guys. Take away their grant money. They can't keep tinkering with the fundamental pizza truths of our universe.

It took the hideous Crown Crust pizza, featuring cheeseburgers baked into the crust, to decide that pizza experimentation wasn't working out. The Crown Crust monster is not unique, it's the latest data point of pizza failure. Need I remind you that the Crown Crust pizza one-ups the recent Hot Dog Stuffed Crust pizza? Or that foreign pizzas, like Japan's cheese-stuffed-hotdog-stuffed-crust pizza, are equally loathsome.

Corporate pizza chains have gone mad with their hubris. Papa John's has a "Tuscan Six Cheese." Do you think people can tell the difference between the Asiago and the Fontina when they bite into it? Tuscany are you going to let them get away with that shit? At some point you might as well call it a "Tuscan Fifty Cheese."

Domino's has a "Chicken & Bacon Carbonara" that looks like a rectangle of boiled leather. You can get it with a side of Mac-n-cheese in a "Breadbowl," a concept so horrible I want to stand outside Domino's and slap pasta breadbowls out of the hands of customers.

And then there's Pizza Hut, which as far as I can discern from their advertising is not even in the pizza business anymore, they just make gross appetizer trays.

The corporate food scientists determining how to inject meats and cheeses into crusts are certainly part of the problem, but they aren't the whole problem. It's also the indie experimenters. The pizza experts. The goddamn foodies.

These brick oven bozos have spent the past seven or eight years trying to wow us with just the right bubble on a Neapolitan pizza shaped like a deflated football. You know these guys: no ability to make a round pizza, bragging about a burned crust and how they only use four ingredients. You know what else uses four ingredients? A frigging Lunchable.

The artisan pizza era is ending, Basil Leaf. The fad is playing out no matter how many pine nut pestos you shove onto the crust and no matter how many egg yolks you plop into the middle because it makes everything "unctuous." Stop trying to devise new things to put on a pizza. We don't need anymore! Have you seen how fat everybody is? No, they don't want an ambrosia dessert pizza with Nutella sauce and candied apricot pepperoni.

Some of you may consider me a pizza luddite standing in the way of progress. That's fine. I point you in the direction of the humble bucket.

Thousands of years ago somebody was carrying something around, snails or bunions or whatever people carried thousands of years ago, and they thought, "Hey, if I put a handle on this bowl it will make carrying these snails a lot easier." So he put a handle on a bowl and made the first bucket. Thousands of years later that guy who made the first bucket would probably recognize a modern bucket. Maybe it's plastic instead of a hollowed goat head. Maybe the handle has a grip. But it's still obviously a bucket.

Let's return to our roots. Let's get back to a simple, round pizza with a couple toppings cooked in a gas-fired oven. Don't give me a crust that tears off in cinnamon-dusted strips you can dip in cake icing. Don't put tandoori chicken on a naan crust with chutney sauce. Don't make it a stuffed pizza that looks like a draining cyst when you cut into it. Pan or thin crust. Deep dish if you must. Red sauce and mozzarella and maybe some Romano.

Enjoy it with a salad and a checkered tablecloth and little glass shakers of parmesan and red pepper flakes.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.25 Incredible And Bizarre Filmmaking Techniques

Saturday, Apr 28, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Making a movie look good is more complicated than setting up some lighting, pointing a camera in the right direction, and hoping that no ugly people walk into frame. The most common tricks of the trade would seem outlandish to most people outside the industry.

Dealing With Height

As you might know, some actors are exceptionally short. You might have heard about some of Hollywood's biggest stars standing on crates to appear taller while filming a scene.

What you probably don't realize is that all actors - no matter their height - appear significantly shorter on camera. In fact, since the 1920s it has become standard practice for everyone to stand on a crate. Even extras. Even animals. Sometimes cars.

The most commonly used crate is a simple apple crate. Since the production and shipping of these crates actually costs more without any apples, most arrive on the set full of produce. Next time you watch a movie, keep an eye out for people eating apples in the background. Once you notice it, you'll never unsee it.

What is it about height that translates so poorly to film? One theory posits that since a frame of film is much smaller than the actual size of the scene it captures, the resulting proportions are shrunk.

This bizarre effect isn't limited to actors, either. Most films that are shot at sea level actually appear to be below the water. This is why production moved into the higher altitude of the Hollywood hills, then to Canada. It is believed that by 2018 most films will be shot in space.

Food Doesn't Look Like Food

On camera, a bowl of cereal looks exactly like a closeup of pubic lice. A banana looks like a pile of marbles. A glass of milk becomes a swirling kaleidoscope.

A hamburger takes on the appearance of a demonic printing press from the 1800s.

Basically, food doesn't look like food. When a scene calls for one of the characters to eat, the prop department must come up with replacements that - through the magic of cinema - take on the appearance of actual food.

Those rainbow afro wigs that sports fans wear? They look just like lobster thermidor. The only thing that resembles any liquid beverage whatsoever is deadly poison. By default, it looks like orange juice. Dimming the lighting just a touch turns it into water. Of course, actors must be very careful when handling deadly poison. If they drink too much, there won't be any left for later scenes.

You probably thought it was strange that hamburgers look like demonic printing presses from the 1800s. Well, when you reverse the process and put an actual demonic printing press from the 1800s in front of a camera, it takes on the appearance of - as you might guess - a chicken strip.

Filming On Water

One of the most common gripes about making a movie is that shooting on a body of water is a nightmare.

For the longest time, I assumed that this was because water damaged equipment, made camerawork unsteady, and required a lot of logistical planning for the positioning of crew members and actors.

As it turns out, these factors are easily dealt with. The real problem is that sea lions keep hamming it up.

Every time the cameras roll, one of those showy jerks emerges from the water with a beachball on his nose, making that stupid barking noise and clapping his flippers. It never fails. When someone on the set tries to drive a sea lion off, the animal disappears into the water, then comes back up in a different position and splashes the crew member. Occasionally, the stunned man or woman will then have their pants pulled down, revealing heart-patterned boxers. The sea lion usually takes this opportunity to hop on a previously unnoticed pedestal and honk a horn, nodding enthusiastically until someone feeds him a fish.

Gross Pores

No matter how good looking and well-groomed an actor may be, their skin turns into a nightmare in front of a camera. Every single pore is visible, and each contains a drooping sac of placenta-like tissue that fills up with diseased air then deflates with splattery shudders.

To alleviate this problem, all actors have their faces completely covered in toilet paper that has been dipped in plaster. This keeps the bubble sacs at bay while presenting a glistening sheen of skin-like material.

The Worst Word

There is one word which even the most swear-happy films are reluctant to use, and that is cunt.

Studios are in constant fear that the word will accidentally find its way into the final cut of their films. The most likely scenario for this isn't an actor letting the vulgarity slip, but a random person shouting it within range of the microphones.

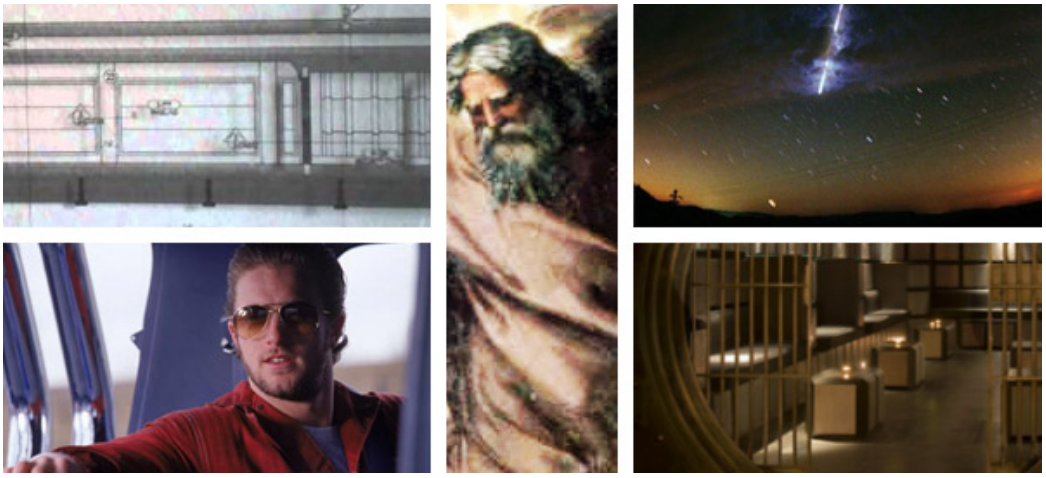
To combat this possibility, most films employ someone to continuously shout the word-that-shall-not-be-repeated throughout every single take of every scene. The thinking behind this is that if someone else shouts the obscenity, it will be overshadowed by the professional shouter - whose efforts essentially become white noise.

Surprisingly, the audio of this is never removed or lowered in the editing process. It's always there. We have simply grown used to it over the years.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.26 God's Plan

Monday, Apr 30, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Alright, listen up, because I'm only going through this once. Vinnie, you got the van? Bruce, you got the cameras to patch into the security? Everybody should have a map of the casino.

This is going to be a ***cakewalk***.

Here's how it's gonna go down.

It starts out with miscarriages. Thousands of them. Millions. Gross, inside-out miscarriages with crab arms and huge weird dicks on their dead bodies that the moms can never get out of their heads. So many miscarriages even I can't count them.

Then it's going to be waves of children. I could kill them off with congenital defects and pediatric cancer, but that's amateur hour. It's going to be this weird eel strain of Ebola type business I dripped all over a cave biologist to spread into the world. Really awful, gross, gut-wrenching baby deaths. Stacks and heaps of them. Oh, man, I'm glad I won't be in those hospitals.

Then, when everybody is crying, bawling their eyes out, boohoo my baby died because of baby Ebola, that's when I hit them with the tornadoes. I'm talking some F6 stuff that would take the skin off Bill Paxton in a second. Boom, floods after that. New Orleans? Manhattan? Gone. Hundred feet of water. Big tsunami earthquake tidal waves. Hundreds of thousands dead.

With all of his family members dead, Lucky Paulie will retreat to his penthouse suite at the High Roller casino and try to party his troubles away.

No, no, no! It has gotta be vast swaths of the population like that so he doesn't suspect nothing is up.

That's when you pull the van around back at the drop-off. Tommy and me will go in dressed as waiters. We'll prop the kitchen door for Bruce.

Bruce, you come in dressed as an electrician. If there's any floor security around I'm going to make an Iraq vet sprout a tumor the size of a grapefruit on his brain, climb up in a church tower and start sniping kids at the grade school where the guard's kid goes. That ought to open things up for you and Pierre to get to the electric switching box and splice into the cameras and the vault override.

When you give us the signal we'll ditch the waiter's costumes and put on the tuxes. Head for the high roller table. Vinnie, you need to keep an eye on the pit boss. Tommy will distract him by demanding credit so he can make huge bets and while he's doing that I'm going to make sure a drive-by shooting kills this kid who had everything going for him, scholarship to Harvard, he was finally going to make it out of the ghetto. Trust me. It's all part of the plan.

Pierre and Bruce should have the vault cameras patched by that time. I'm going to slip away to the vault. If the door is still locked I will do the meteor thing we talked about yesterday. Should hit somewhere near Colorado Springs, wipe out everything in about two hundred miles. That will trip the vault's earthquake alarm, opening the vault door until it is manually shut off.

I go in, grab the money, head to the penthouse elevator. Kate, you will have seduced Lucky Paulie by then and left the roof access elevator key for me behind the handrail. If you botched your end of the job I may have to improvise by turning into a radiant found of light and knowledge incinerating all sentient beings that behold me, but you remember what went down in Atlantic City so I'd rather avoid that.

Finally, I'm going to have to make a single mom lose it all. It's the only way we can get the money from the penthouse to the helipad. She'll lose her money, her parents, her kids, her friends. Destitute and without all of the things she loved, she'll throw herself off the Eiffel Tower at Paris Las Vegas, do a header right into the chief of police's car, delaying the response just enough for the rest of you to get to the roof.

We put the money in the chopper with Dino, don our parachutes and we all base jump from the High Roller sign down to the strip in our evening wear. Any questions?

Vinnie, no, I will not have a million bats fly at you all while we're diving to the strip, skeletonizing you instantly and allowing me to take your cuts of the dough. If that were part of my plan I would have included it.

Good luck everybody. This will work great.

I know that for a *fact*.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 $700 large bedroom with laundry on site! (mission district)

Tuesday, May 01, 2012 by pdwxb-2909384717165@hous.craigslist.org (@Arr)

Date: 2012-05-01, 4:14AM PDT
Reply to: pdwxb-2909384717165@hous.craigslist.org [Errors when replying to ads?]

Hi, future roomie! I've got a lovely, spacious bedroom open in a sunny 2br apartment w/ 1 shared bath. Laundry on site, parking space & close to 24th street BART! I'm listing this WAY below market rate because my old roommate left without notice so I need to fill this room quick.

About me: My name is Marie. I'm a 24 y.o. blogger and social media expert. I work from home and am ALWAYS down to hang. I love being social, getting fit, hanging out, cleaning up and having a great time! I'm mostly quiet and respectful and I love to cook.

About you: I'm looking for a similarly clean and respectful roomie who loves to hang out! Not into people who just lock themselves in their room all day, but also not into super loud types who bring the party home at 3am. No smokers, please!

About Bifrons & Orobas: My two SUPER-SWEET elderly pugs. They love to cuddle & do a great job guarding the place :) Dog lovers to the front of the line!

So, what are you waiting for, roomie? Send me an email and we'll enter a super fun new chapter of our big city lives!

Still reading? A couple random things you should know about the place...

> - Shower pressure is pretty good most of the time, but when your roomie flushes the toilet it gets a little drizzly. There's only one bathroom, so we have sort of an "open bathroom" arrangement. I took the liberty of removing the lock from the door, so you don't have to "hold it in" while I'm taking a shower (I take long showers, 2+ hours). I'm totally comfortable with my body and yours, so if we both need to pee at the same time, we can totally "play swords" LOL!
>
> - This household is 420 friendly. I take marijuana to help with my night terrors, so I'm totally fine if you're also a medical user with a valid "weed card." As the leaseholder, it's my job to make sure your weed card checks out, so if I think you're doing pot for fun & games, the police will definitely be involved :)
>
> - Overnight guests are totally fine! If you've got a friend sleeping on the couch for more than three days, please let me know in advance. My rockabilly jailbird brother, Heck, sometimes crashes for a week or two when he gets out of his latest stint. Don't worry, he's not scary!
>
> - Bifrons & Orobas are the SWEETEST pugs ever, but they have some quirks! They used to belong to a really intense lady who kept a man as some kind of gimp slave (soooo San Francisco, am I right?), so they're "mouth trained." This means that when they need to potty, they'll want to do it in your mouth if they perceive you as a gimp! They're mostly broken of the habit, but if we forget to take them on walkies sometimes they'll get up on the bed and do a little pee in your mouth. Wearing a sleep mask is not recommended because they'll def. think you're a gimp.

- I love cooking, and I hope you do too! Just remember to bring absolutely no gluten into the house. I'm actually cutting out all starches entirely, so please no grains, beans, starches, complex carbs or anything that contains them. I know TONS of great alternatives, and I always have plenty of artificial rice, sulfur potatoes and denatured pasta in the cupboards.

- Speaking of food: I'm just WILD about making my own kimchi! I use an open-jar fermentation process, so be careful not to tip over the jars that I leave all over the house, because the fish sauce smell gets into the carpets and rots. I'm used to it by now but you might not be (one time the neighbors called the cops because they thought someone died, LOL).

- I love music! My brother Heck got me some really big speakers, so we can have totally loud dance parties on weekends. I'm very open-minded about music. I love all the billies: rockabilly, Billy Joel, Billy Squier and Billy Corgan (solo album only). Please no rap.

- Oh, that reminds me: Heck's got a really fantastic rockabilly beat combo called Heck Boruff & The Soupyard Boys. They sometimes practice in the living room, so it's a super fun bonus. Lots of times they keep rocking pretty late, like until 7 or 8 in the morning. Heck's buddies aren't big sleepers! They're really nice guys, but probably don't leave your laptop or medical marijuana lying around while they're in the house.

- The living room is a great place for fun activities, when the Soupyard Boys aren't taking it up with their amps. If you have a book club, feel free to host! I have a social justice meetup for all my Tumblr friends every week. Our home is a safe space for everyone. That means no hate speech, even if you're "joking." Hate speech includes all gendered slurs like "cr*zy" and "pr*gnant," plus presumptuous or casual use of gendered pronouns. The last one is no big deal, cause we're all working on it, but if you slip up you'll have to put a quarter in the gendered pronoun jar :) Don't miss our fun weekly privilege audits!

- Bifrons & Orobas do NOT respond well to kinkshaming! If they make a potty in your mouth, calmly lift them off your face and say "the worm-slut doesn't deserve any more hot piss." LOL weird I know, but that's how their previous owner trained them. Their kinks are part of them; check your privilege.

- It's great when roomies share the household duties, and sometimes that includes walkies for Bifrons & Orobas. Check the map on the wall for a good walking route that doesn't go close to any schools, because technically they're registered sex offenders.

- If Heck comes into your room at night with a blank look in his eyes, just let him do what he's going to do. He has what they call "walking night terrors," and if you confront him he'll feel like he's in danger, and he ALWAYS sleeps with a knife in his hand. He never does anything bad, he just wants to root around in your room, cuddle a little, or maybe just go to the bathroom. It's a good idea to leave some newspapers in the corner.

- Night terrors run in the family, I guess! I control mine with medical marijuana, but if I don't get enough, I will probably be 100% full-throat screaming for the entire night. Don't bother waking me up, it'll just make it worse! Might want to get some earplugs for the bad nights.

- Bifrons & Orobas are a little weird about boys, because their old gimp was a boy. The lady that owned them was really into ball torture, and their old habits die hard. If someone says the word "GO!" really loud, they'll probably run up and try to torture your balls, because that was their old command word. You might want to not say "go" altogether, because honestly it doesn't have to be all that loud. Avoid TV shows that might say the word "go."

- As a journalist (blogger), I'm on a constant and dogged search for the truth. Sometimes your room , computer & personal items will come within the compass of this search for truth. It's fine to have secrets, but it's not OK to have secrets from your roomie!

- It's no big deal, but I was raised in a pretty small yoga/pagan religious tradition called "body wicca," and I like to observe some of the rituals just to feed my spiritual side. I'm not nutty about it, but I during the month of June I like to remain skyclad and insert a lot of things into my sacred yoni. Many times I will honor your possessions by putting them in my body for a few hours until they are blessed with my essence. If you identify as a girl, feel free to join me in this tradition. If you are a man, I would be happy to help you insert objects into your sacred lingam eye chakra (urethra). Don't worry, no weird sex stuff.

- One more thing about my little sweetie pies: if you get a cut, it's better to leave the house for a couple days. After their last owner and her gimp slave died somehow, Bifrons & Orobas ran out of food and had to eat them. They go a little nutty when they smell blood, and they will go STRAIGHT for your eyes & genitals.

- Super cool bonus: I am not a bragger or a name-dropper, but I'm pretty good friends with Joanna Newsom, and she comes over before tours and does vocal warmups for a few weeks sometimes.

Hope to hear from you soon, future roomie! XOXO!

23rd at Capp (google map) (yahoo map)

- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 2029381165

5.2 SkyMall Product Reviews: The NeckPro Traction Device

Wednesday, May 02, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Pete Ghastly from Atlanta, GA

I'm not going to mince words here. This is a waste of money. You can get the same sort of effect with a few feet of steel chain and a cinder block. I have a strong neck with amazing girth. Women are always complimenting me on my neck and asking to touch it. It is so remarkable not because of some NeckPro sissy head bra but because I am a man and I take care of my neck in a manly way. Thank you for your time. God Bless You.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Airtight from Sausalito, CA

Ever since trying this product my neck feels amazing... but at what cost? Whenever I use the NeckPro my family is horrified as though I am hanging or torturing myself. Wife, kids, this is not like that time you came home early and I had the belt around my neck in the bathtub. I am trying to heal myself.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Claris C from Soup Springs, MD

Works great on adults but is very problematic when used on toddlers. Ours just hung there, dangling like a piñata while our dog got very angry and barked and bit at his feet. He's fine now, and we've since trained him not to bark or bite.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Winslow

Thank you NeckPro! I no longer feel pain in my neck and have in fact lost all sensation in my lower extremities. I did not anticipate the loss of bladder and sphincter control, but thankfully SkyMall sells a wide array of products to help me manage my incontinence.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By SkyMallCop

It's called Neck PRO, not Neck Amateur. If you can't handle a professional neck traction device, then don't bother buying this one. Go to a doctor and have him massage your weak neck. For those of us who can handle a professional grade Neck Traction Device, the NeckPro is perfect. Once they make an extra large size capable of harnessing my head and neck, I will be using it every day.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Crab Fisher Man

I tried many home remedies for neck pain such as tying a rope to a log, then to my neck, then throwing either myself or the log off a bridge. Nothing helped my neck feel better. In fact, they made my neck feel worse. The NeckPro Traction Device delivered the minimal amount of pain I've ever experienced while trying to violently throttle my own neck. I am a satisfied customer. Thank you. My neck thanks you. The part of my body below my neck thanks you.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Elegant Grandma from Miami, FL

Love it. Makes me feel like gentle angels are reaching down and grabbing the base of my skull and pulling upward as if to remove my head from my body completely, only they don't and the disorienting euphoria that follows briefly frees me from my neck pain for a good 10-15 minutes. After that it comes back twice as strong, but that little respite makes all the difference in the world.

Age: 56-60

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Paul from Turtle's Hope, AZ

Three words: strap me in. Neck Pro has done for my neck what women have done for my sex life. Every time I equip the harness, tighten the jaw clamps and pull down on the suffocating drawstring, I feel my neck health increasing by hundreds of percentage points. I must have the neck of a twenty year old right now. My head is so loose and wobbly... it feels great!

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Shelly

I bought this product for my brother. He loved it to death. He is dead now. His neck snapped. R.I.P. (Rest in Pace).

Age: 36-40

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.3 Local Woman Enjoys Warm Meal

Thursday, May 03, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

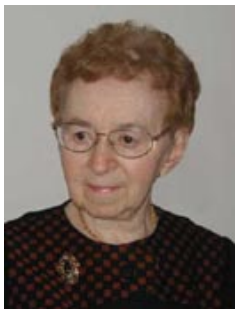
The Monroe County Assisted Living Acres Biyearly

Local Woman Enjoys Warm Meal

Fountain drinks were had and dessert considered.

By: Norma Fedlick, Editor

Well readers, it sure has been a rough and tumble year for yours truly. After my dear daughter-in-law Susan and great nephew Jace got themselves arrested for starting an illegal mathematics study room, or "math lab" as the police man called it, I had no choice but to enter your community with the promise that my television could come along as well. It is a good thing the latter did not happen, as I am now able to spend my 19 hours of daily free time writing the Monroe County school board to sway their opinion on independent study hall operation. Having recently sent several letters to President Oboe, I can tell you that trying to make a change can be just difficult as getting the Vietnam man in front of the communal TV to move away from in front of the communal TV. But sometimes if you don't get results you still learn how to shout in another language which is a skill that will come in handy during boat travels.



I have served over 20000 hours on the rotary club and deserve at least three minutes of your readership.

I was feeling particularly down in the dumps when activities director Kris Robertson asked if I would like to cover the food beat. Before I could tell her how pleased this would make me, I was rushed to the bus, which had just enough gas to make it to the corner McDonald's and back. Even though I had no time to put on a coat or shoes, the bus man did his best to keep my spirits up over the next 40 seconds by turning up the radio very loud.

Admittedly, I had meant to make a reservation at McDonald's for quite some time. Over 30 years of trips to the downtown yarn store, I would always pass its stately courtyard featuring a statue of the restaurant's founder, Ronald McDonald. But popularity did a fine job of keeping this gal away! Many a time I would see people drive up to the restaurant's window with their cars, I assume to ask the host whether or not seating would be available that evening. I tried this once myself and the fry man kept handing me packets of ketchup until I drove away. I am not sure how this system works, but I am grateful for the ketchups and still use them to this day.

Inside, we were greeted by luxury. Mr. McDonald's interior decorator must be commended. The tile floors were very clean, and in fact always wet. I fell several times and a young man spilled an

ice drink on my head, presumably to help with all of the bruising and swelling. I seated myself near a window within view of the bus, as instructed.

While waiting for my server, I took notice of the din around me. A family with twelve children sat in the three booths adjacent to mine, which sent a strong message that this establishment's food was fairly priced. A serving man in a windbreaker asked if I had any money, and I kindly replied that I only tip after the service has been provided.

I had then realized that in the excitement of dining, I had completely forgotten to place my order. I walked to the front desk and wouldn't you know it if they offered to take it right there -- welcome to the New Millenium. I selected the hamburger sandwich with a side of pickled beets, but apparently they were not available at this location, along with sauerkraut, egg salad, or kidney beans. The fifth man in line behind me suggested French fries, which I considered, but ultimately declined.

By the time I reached the other end of the counter, my food was there and waiting for me. I picked up the tray and quickly returned to my seat, which had been dampened for cleanliness in my absence.

The French Fries ($2.49) were salty to the palate and comprised of potato strings, fried in hot oil. Servings were generous, so generous in fact that the waiter who wanted a tip earlier asked if he could take some away for me. Knowing I had such a big meal ahead of me, I opted for the doggie bag.

The waiter picked up my fries with his hands and ran outside to get one. Before I could touch my sandwich, Kris Robertson let me know she had no more cigarettes so it was time to go. I have a small appetite as-is and knew my famous French-style potatoes would taste all the saltier if delivered to me later. I am still hoping this will happen.

President Oboe, if you are reading this as my previous 14 letters have instructed you to, I am sure it is well within your Presidential powers to visit Mr. McDonald and let him know he may have a rogue server on his staff. I do not want the actions of one young man to ruin what was an exhilarating trip outside of my bedroom. Until then my grade will be pending.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.4 The Elder Scrolls MMO Leaked Info

Friday, May 04, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Word is out that the popular Elder Scrolls series of RPGs will be making the leap from single player to MMO. Already, details are beginning to leak, and we have collected the most important.

It will be released "early next year" which should be read as "possibly before the Moon Olympics."

Third-person perspective and point-and-click combat sure to please long time Elder Scrolls fans.

Takes place "a millenium before the events of Skryim" as daedric prince Molag Bal attempts to make Tamriel part of his realm. He probably succeeds.

You cannot buy a house, but you can own a house in the sense that you can walk into a house in the game and say "I own this house." Then if someone walks into the house you can say, "Hey, come on into my house. Have a seat." But they cannot sit because it is not a sitting allowed zone.

NPC marriages to be replaced with actual player marriages that are somehow even less meaningful.

Lack of modkit will prevent enterprising players from making floating castles and covering everything in giant, jiggly boobs and dicks.

The sweeping visuals of Skyrim will be streamlined and optimized based on an engine developed to run on Soviet-era CAD computers. Might look suspiciously like the green wireframe of a MiG-29 when it launches. Only anime.

Unique party system replaces NPC companions. It will allow up to eight players to block doorways and disappear for minutes at a time only to run into combat at the last second and be permakilled by a fireball.

Promises to breed a new wave of insufferable CHIMlords who discuss Elder Scrolls meta philosophy like they are deconstructing Heidegger with elves.

Character creator system will allow unprecendented customization to create over ten-thousand different variations of a dead-eyed old man with skin problems and block hair. Or you can be a lizard or cat man.

Collect crafting components to make gloves from crabs.

Participate in sweeping PvP battles for castles. Experience the epic mayhem of siege warfare and reenact the battles of legend as you and your army of up to seven friends can slowly fire catapults or attack a castle wall manned by an opposing legion of up to eight players.

Explore an open world, stumbling upon forgotten locations and discovering hidden enemies by asking a trainer standing in a temple for one quest after another.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.5 Like Galileo Dropped The Orange

Saturday, May 05, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's not often that I write about a topical event. I'm not opposed to the idea, but grasping every angle of a story and presenting a worthwhile opinion somewhat coherently is very difficult and time consuming when you are an idiot. I hope you'll indulge me here.

Adam "MCA" Yauch of the Beastie Boys died yesterday. His cancer had been common knowledge, but the release of the group's last album somehow felt like a chapter mark, neatly squaring his health problems away in the past. I never met the man. I certainly don't know much about him as a person. I'm not going to say that his passing is like losing a friend. It does, however, sting in a surprising way.

The Beastie Boys have been around since my childhood. When I was nine years old my cool aunt would babysit and play the *Licensed To Ill* record on our family's big, shitty woodgrain stereo. The songs were absolutely crazy to my still-inflating brain, and they prompted me to dance like any eight year old boy - by which I mean that I was shirtless, spasmodic, and mostly just clumsily jumping up and down or spinning.

I didn't start appreciating music until I was a teenager, so coming back after the release of *Check Your Head* to see what the group had been up to was a revelation. How in the world did they make the leap from *Licensed To Ill* to *Paul's Boutique*? It was insane. Like "barely able to touch the basketball rim on your first jump, then accidentally leaping into the sun on the next try" insane. If you've never listened to *Paul's Boutique*, you owe it to yourself to sit down and let that sucker play in full.

From that point on the Beastie Boys were a constant presence. They didn't come to mind as an absolute favorite, but were almost always the first thing to reach for while in the mood for music. They were goofy, creative, and more versatile than most people probably realized.

Most of my writing has been helped along by *Hello Nasty* in the background, in constant rotation along with the Talking Heads and Cake. That probably opens me up to criticism from some people, but that's fine. I've long since accepted that I'll still be listening to that stuff when I'm eighty, the music sounding like ragtime warbling out of a dusty gramophone to my great-grandkids and their judgmental robots.

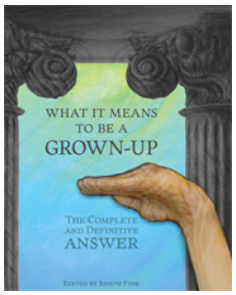
I really only knew MCA as the dude with the raspy voice, the sole vocalist on one of my favorite songs, "I Don't Know". For the longest time I didn't even connect any of the guys' stage names with their faces. As a group, however, they all meshed into one largely genial entity, peppering their extended bouts of silliness with positive and thoughtful messages. The notion that one of those guys could die is sort of jarring.

Most of us appreciate how very real and indiscriminate death can be, but sometimes without realizing it we assume that some things are safe from the sort of terrible random shit that we see in everyday life. To my surprise, a dude in a group called the Beastie Boys snuck into that blind spot by simply taking part in the creation of a lot of great music and generally seeming like a decent human being.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.6 My Dad the Ghost Rider

Monday, May 07, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Former SA writer Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink has put together an amazing collection of short-stories, essays, poems and other fun tidbits all on the topic of adulthood. **What it Means to Be a Grown-Up** includes contributions from ***The Onion***'s Nathan Rabin, comedian Neil Hamburger, SA's own Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen, and many other talented writers and comedians. Somehow I made it onto that list with the piece that follows.

My Dad the Ghost Rider

By Meredith Inferno

The first time my face turned into the grim rictus mask of a fleshless skull was also my first kiss. The lucky boy was Brad Dillford and it was the beginning of summer following an arduous sixth grade. I rode my bike to the park that day and by coincidence or fate I found Brad Dillford throwing rocks at the light above the dugout at the baseball diamond.

Brad tortured me throughout fifth and sixth grade. I don't mean that childish confusion of lust and aggression that ends up in girls getting their hair pulled or their shoes kicked under the table. Brad pushed me down in puddles, threw juice in my hair, tore up my favorite folder, and wrote "you love gary klutcha" on my arm in permanent marker. I definitely did not love Gary Kleczka, who bit our math teacher and I think had Down's Syndrome.

Brad had pet names for me like "Mere-breath" and "Smelly M" and "Fat Meredith," which was not clever at all and at least partly responsible for my struggle with my weight throughout high school and college. The single meanest thing he did to me was the time he "found" my missing lunch bag and then stared at me while I ate everything. When I finished he told me that he had taken it all out and farted on it in the bathroom.

"So you'd get skinny," he claimed.

I ate a chicken salad and Brad Dillford fart sandwich. Makes it kind of hard to explain how I got from wanting to poke out his eyes with pencils to smooching him in the picnic pavilion at Castle Family Memorial Park.

He said, "Bet you won't kiss me." That was it. That was his line.

I guess sometimes you hate something so much you start to love it. When our lips touched it was like a wet, Frito-flavored door to the future opening.

I think we were both a little amazed. The passion was there. I realized I could love this boy, even if it was for all the wrong reasons. That's about when my face's skin and muscle melted off and my head turned into a skull. Brad Dillford ran screaming right into the oil drum trashcan with all the yellow jackets buzzing around it.

"What's wrong?" I asked. I didn't know that my head was a skull. I thought I might have kissed him so badly it made him run screaming.

It wasn't until I saw myself reflected in the chrome spit-guard of the park's drinking fountain that I realized why Brad was running. This wasn't just cheekbones poking through when I looked in my compact. Not another noseless face when I climbed out of the shower and wiped away the steam. I'd gone full-on skull for the first time and it happened seconds after my first kiss.

Yeah, that will mess with a girl's self-image. I changed back after only a few seconds, but the damage was done. I ran all the way home and left my bike at the park. I locked myself in the bathroom - much to the chagrin of my sisters Diana and Madison - and sobbed my way through a whole box of tissues. When Dad got home he had to pry the story out of me through the bathroom door. He listened patiently, but when I told him I left my bike at the park and he finally said something.

"You can't ditch your bike, baby. You're a Ghost Rider!"

To be clear, my father wasn't THE Ghost Rider, not the one most people know about, but he was A Ghost Rider. But not me. I refused to accept that life.

"No I'm not!" I sobbed through the bathroom door. "I'll never be a Ghost Rider. I hate them. I hate you for selling my soul to the devil!"

"It was the souls of all of my children, not just you, and he tricked me. And it technically wasn't the devil. It was a lesser, but still-powerful, demon."

That just made me angrier. I screamed at Dad to go away and covered my ears.

When I finally came out of the bathroom my bike was in the hallway and Mom and Dad were waiting for me at the kitchen table with a leftover plate of mac and cheese with hotdog buttons (my favorite at that age). They had a long talk with me about being a Ghost Rider. I'd heard variations on that talk since first grade. Dad was always warning me about projecting hellfire when I got angry or summoning a spectral motorcycle, but that stuff never happened. The skull was the first sign I might take after Dad and my two sisters and I was furious.

"If you embrace it you can learn to control it," said Dad.

"It can be tough, but your destiny is to be a Ghost Rider," said Mom.

What did she know? She wasn't even a Ghost Rider, she was just a regular woman that Dad rescued from hell after fighting a dragon made out of metal. Mom could never understand my pain.

"Diana has a boyfriend and Madison is in cheerleading," said Dad. "You can lead a normal life, you just need to be prepared and make time for your Ghost Riding. When the change comes you'll be a great--"

I couldn't bear another word. I ran upstairs to my room and slammed the door and threw myself into the understanding embrace of my stuffed animals. Tears rolled down fleshless cheeks. I had changed back to the skull again.

That afternoon with Brad was the first time my heritage intruded on my attempts to be a normal

girl, but it would not be the last. For what remained of my childhood I fought an increasingly desperate battle to deny being a Ghost Rider.

I could fill a book with all the times I was embarrassed or humiliated by my uncontrolled transformations. There was prom night, when my dress changed into a leather jacket covered in spikes. There was the time I was flirting with Mr. Samuelson, the cute English teacher, and my libido somehow conjured a burning motorcycle to crash through the door and cast the entire classroom in the unearthly glow of its hellfire. I had to schedule my senior pictures like ten times because I kept having skull breakouts. Cramming for tests was hard because of all the dreams I'd have about being a bride of Zarathos, this creepy giant green skeleton entity Dad sold our souls to so he could save mom.

The Ghost Rider thing even messed my life up when it wasn't manifesting. I remember my first time in college with this guy, Lloyd, I spent our entire date at Crab Lobster touching my face over and over again to make sure everything was okay. When we finally did it in my dorm I couldn't enjoy myself because I was so worried my head would turn into a skull. I bet he thought I was kinky asking him to cover my face with a pillow every time we had sex. It took us eight weeks of dating before I showed my face in bed. Then we got in a fight over his MMO gaming and I projected a stream of hellfire into his computer.

That was it for me and Lloyd. You can't really continue with a relationship after you've used your powers in anger. As Batman famously said in those PSAs, "No matter how sorry you are, you can't take back a Batarang."

Mom and Dad didn't help. Mom would leave these passive aggressive notes telling me "Madison is overmatched against Sky Hitler. I really hope she doesn't get hurt battling his Terror Copters" or wondering "Have you thought what you would do if your father and I were decapitated by Brass Genie?"

Dad, on the other hand, was relentless. He bought me leather jackets every year for Christmas and my birthday and any time he heard me complain about something he asked me if I had considered seeking supernatural vengeance. If I had a mean biology TA, failed a math exam, or just had a lunch served colder than I liked Dad would bring up the vengeance thing. I felt like I could barely talk to either of them.

Dad was also aggressively involved in my love life. He pressured me to settle down with every boy I dated for more than a week and not because he wanted me in a stable relationship. Oh, no, Dad wanted me to be so deeply in love that when one of his underworld pals killed my boyfriend and spread his guts all over my dorm or my apartment I would have no choice but to devote my life to seeking vengeance. I think he was joking when he would threaten that stuff.

When I wasn't dating somebody it was worse. There was always a new villain Dad wanted to introduce me to with some elaborate story of misdeeds. There was Cyber Pedro, the Alternate Hulk, some snake man named Danny, and an escaped hell demon that he referred to as Esteban the Bloody. He thought for sure I could date them and then need to hunt them down and send them to hell for being sleazebags. Sometimes he came at me with these stories I hardly even believed.

"Cob King," he said. "You remember that trip to Iowa when you were a little girl? I had to send Corn Lord back to the Third Circle. Well, Cob King was his son and he is taking over his father's high-fructose empire. They're working with the Pennsylvania Techno-Amish to turn America's

inner-city kids into gluttonous fructose thralls. You'll love him."

"Tell Diana about it." My stock response was always to pawn these guys off on my sisters, who he had already convinced into the life of Ghost Riding.

I was in college finishing my master's degree in veterinary medicine when Dad died. It came as a shock to everyone. It didn't seem possible. He'd been to hell so many times. Time travel, the moon, weird military bases; none of it really phased him. We were complacent I guess. Nobody even noticed the symptoms. Defeated by the greatest foe he'd ever faced: hypertension. How could a burning skull have a stroke? It didn't make biological sense. The doctor said he was driving up the side of a building when it happened, chasing after a corrupt politician who'd made his own bargain with the devil.

"If the stroke hadn't killed him, the fall would have been fatal," said the doctor.

"No," Mom said. "He once fell ten miles into the burning abyss. He is invulnerable to falls."

Diana, always closest to Dad, was inconsolable. She was working as a Ghost Rider in Detroit and she had to take the bus. She couldn't even stand to look at her motorcycle from hell, let alone conjure it. Madison left all these tearful phone messages, but she always avoids problems and so she never came. Not even to the funeral.

"I'm so sorry," Madison sobbed into the phone, "but a mutant super soldier has been killing prostitutes in Newark. These women need me to avenge them."

I couldn't blame her. She was always more comfortable with the act of being a Ghost Rider than living as one. I was struggling with the reality of Dad's death too. I remembered all those times I'd been mean to him. I became obsessed with the idea that the last time I talked to him I hung up the phone without saying goodbye. I imagined him hanging up that stupid football phone of his and sitting in his darkened garage, skull burning the blue-green it got when he forgot to take his antidepressants, wondering where he'd gone wrong with me. Wondering why I rejected him so totally.

Those days after Dad died are hazy, but I clearly recall Mom's strength. She made the funeral arrangements and each of us had our turn crying on her shoulder. That day at the viewing I don't think I saw her shed a single tear. He was in the casket looking like a normal man. Looking more alive than he had in years.

Dad's weird super hero friends were all there. I knew some of their normal alter-egos, but they showed up in full regalia. Even some of the villains he'd defeated. There was this guy that was like a giant head in a mechanical suit. He thanked Mom and said that if it weren't for Dad he'd still be designing robots to kill people, but now he designs robots to help the elderly and rescue people from fires.

Watching Mom stoically greet all these people and accept their condolences I realized she was as

amazing as Dad. Even if her head didn't turn into a skull or burst into flames, even if she couldn't summon a spectral motorcycle with the raw power of vengeance, she was still a hero.

I helped her clean up the house after the wake cleared out. There was so much terrible food to wrap up and put away. Lots of birthday cake type stuff. Super heroes almost never die, and even when they do they tend to come back from the dead, so they don't know how to handle a wake. When it was finally done we sat together in the kitchen and had a beer. Dad's terrible domestics with the picture of the winged skull and BEER spelled out on the label.

"He was proud of you," said Mom.

"I know."

"No, you don't. He could never tell you, but he was proud that you weren't a Ghost Rider. He understood how hard it was to deal with the flaming skull and all the rest of it while trying to put yourself through college to be a veterinarian. He really respected that."

"How could he know what it was like?"

"Oh, he knew what it was like. He had his hippie phase he went through where he was going to change the world. Lasted all of about a week before he got mad at some Nixon flunky and destroyed his car with hellfire. But he couldn't hack it. Not like you've managed. He always gave into that stuff and there's nothing wrong with it, but he knew there could have been so much more to life than just driving up the side of a cliff to kill a devil centipede."

"Like spaying and neutering pets," Mom said. "Follow that dream, for him."

It took an extra year because of that incident with the mummy I won't go into here, it's all over the Internet, but I finally graduated from college with my degree. Helping animals was all that mattered to me. I joined one of those vet clinics that work out of a pet food chain. Paid the bills and I got to work with animals. Something still wasn't right though, I could feel it. I was still having those dreams the demonic being that owns my soul and I'd wake up with full burning skull head.

I tried throwing myself into my work, but I only found myself getting more distracted by sudden skull shifts and unintentional hellfire projections. Trust me, when you've got an iguana named Pedro open on the table so you can cut the dimes he swallowed out of his gut the last thing you need is a burning motorcycle crashing through the operating room doors.

That was when the puppy mill incident happened. We run into them occasionally. Animal control finds an unlicensed breeder with inhumane dog kennels and they round up all the animals. We have an open door on that sort of thing and run weekend adoptions to help the ASPCA. This one was real bad, a world-class sleazebag named Tad Snivelwhip was running a puppy mill practically like a chicken farm. There were dogs dead in cages with live dogs, starvation, overheating, lack of water, and physical abuse. The guy got out of jail on a technicality.

When I read Snivelwhip bragging in the paper how he was going to do it again I snapped. I threw the newspaper down in disgust and at that moment, in the Pets Planet break room, I realized my destiny. I allowed all of my anger about the mistreatment of animals to flow into my body. I felt so powerful. My skull started burning, my vet coat turned into a black leather jacket covered in spikes, and a flaming motorcycle burst through the break room door overturning the table and spilling

Kathy's bento box.

"I have Dairy King gift certs I can give you to replace that!" I shouted as I revved my mystical motorcycle and zoomed out of the Pets Planet. All of the dogs receiving shampooing watched me roar past the Pampered Pet Grooming Center. I think I saw, in the black jellybeans of their eyes, a triumphant "Hell yeah!" and maybe a little "You go girl!"

I had to kill my way through Snivelwhip's henchmen. Lots of guidos yelling "yo" and shooting Uzis at me. There was a foreman with white hair and an eye patch who fought me with a katana sword and could disappear into shadows, but I grabbed him with a chain and dragged him up to the ceiling on my motorcycle. First time I ever choked a man to death.

Snivelwhip was waiting for me in the condemned warehouse he was planning to turn into the state's second largest puppy mill. I scared his Ukrainian stripper nymphs away with a rev of my spectral engine and vaulted up the marble staircase to his luxurious office. He had an M-16 with a grenade launcher in his hands and stacked bottles of Shibu Inu semen on ice.

"I can inseminate a mutt and get a purebred," he bragged, fingering the Dewar flasks of frozen gold. He paraded around the desk and brandished his assault rifle. "I'll clear over three thousand dollars a month. My plan is foolproof, but it only works if you're gone. Sorry, it's time for you to go back to hell."

Really? That was my first Ghost Riding and even I knew an assault rifle was harmless. I let him shoot a full magazine into me and I opened a tunnel to hell.

"Please, don't!" he begged. "I have a family! Cruelty to animals isn't even a sin! You can't do this!"

"I'm a Ghost Rider," I said, "I can do anything I want."

It felt good throwing Snivelwhip into the abyss. As the demonic sphincter was closing I think I heard Dad, his distant voice echoing up from Satan's bowel, shouting, "I love you Meredith!"

I'm not afraid of what I am anymore. I'm not running from it. I've managed to find a way to live my life on my terms, be a veterinarian, have a healthy relationship, and Ghost Ride on my terms. It may not be the traditional way of a Ghost Rider, I may not fight the usual sort of villain, but I know I'm making my father proud.

Someday, after I am finally defeated by breast cancer or diabetes, when I am being flensed by Zarathos in the depths of his horror pits, I'll tell my father the truth: I was always proud of my Ghost Rider Dad.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.7 Baseless Speculation: John Travolta

Tuesday, May 08, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

All day, I've been unable to think of anything but John Travolta masturbating angrily while flicking his tongue like a snake. This is mainly due to the fact that the media's been going wild over an anonymous (read: probably baseless) lawsuit that claims Travolta wanted to pleasure off his weird old ding-dong with some male masseuse guy. The suit claims John wanted to crank it off near or with the dude, and pleasure the masseuse's turgid sexpig during that act. It goes on at length to suggest that John Travolta not only wanted to pound off both his and the masseuse's rods, but that he's been at it ever since his "Welcome Back, Kotter" days-- pleasuring and going wild with perhaps many Hollywood rods over the course of his career.

The anonymous source claims Travolta's manhog is approximately 8 inches long and surrounded by some wild Jumanji pubes. While attempting to sloppily masturbate the masseuse's sex penis, it is said that Travolta got naked and touched his own rod, which was in an excited state.

"Blood was flowing to John Travolta's weird penis," said me, "From the sounds of it, he wanted to masturbate off with the man described in the suit as John Doe. His freakish pube configuration was probably disconcerting and weird, and I bet it had a terrible smell." I said a lot of things out loud while writing this article that I'm going to continue quoting, "As Travolta pounded his weird rod, it's thought to have emitted a foul stench. The pubes were probably messed up and nasty. I bet he had some grey ones and I bet his dick smelled like handrail metal, like on a pedestrian bridge. This is how I imagine John Travolta's dick to appear and smell. Yuck!

I continued to talk to myself aloud while writing this article and reading other articles about the alleged incident, adding, "His dick is really quite old, and I bet it's had some significant damage done to it over the years. He probably pounds it like all the time, and maybe the skin is weird and like fucked up? I bet he has to moisturize it, a lot. Moisturize his genitals." I added a significant emphasis when it came to Travolta's genitals.

"Remember when he was all dressed up for 'Battlefield Earth' looking like Rob Zombie or some shit?" I sat up straight in my chair. "I bet he jammed it a bunch of times in full makeup. I bet he loved that shit, maybe he even looked in the mirror for it. His pubes were all wild then, too, and braided in full costume. I bet it was a trip. L. Ron probably sanctioned it though, you know

that dude was into some stuff, too." At this point I crossed my arms and nodded a bit to no one in particular, "And I bet ol' L. Ron got weird boners, too. Maybe they all jammed them together, like when they were making all that Xenu shit up. Maybe they touched the tips of their things together during all that. Probably, in fact. Whoa.

"I wonder what it looks like," I wondered aloud and looked up to the ceiling, "I bet it looks like a hot dog that's been dehydrating in a heater vent for a while. Actually, maybe it looks like a sausage that someone tried to cook on a car's engine manifold. There's really no way to tell. You know in 'Michael' when Travolta's wings flapped out? I bet his dick was all weird in his pants right then. And he was just waiting to pleasure it off. Dude loved to jam it. Wow.

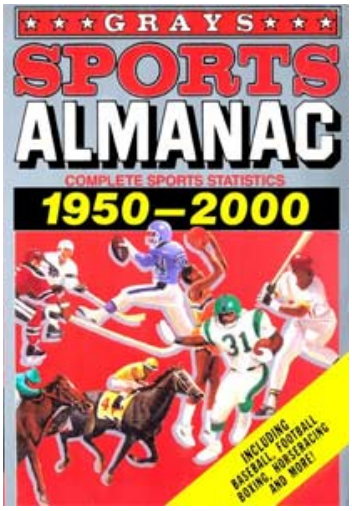
-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.8 Society of Amateur Time Travelers Historical Updates for 9 May

Wednesday, May 09, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Society of Amateur Time Travelers series.

Hark, you! The Society of Amateur Time Travelers not only observes every ripple in the flow of time, we correct any unnatural ones caused by accidents or unscrupulous time marauders. We seek to preserve the timeline for all, while unraveling its most closely guarded secrets through covert observation.



Before you is today's activity log tracking all temporal alterations made yesterday. Society members should check this log before departing the present, for history is always changing.

- Society member Shawn successfully recovered the American sports almanac he lost in 2100 BC Mesopotamia before any damage could be done.
- Society member Rodney is on probation following a multi-millennium-long vandalism spree. He managed to add the word "cum" to thousands of monuments and important manuscripts around the world.
- Society member Herold caused a time loop that resulted in an endless NPR pledge drive. The source of the loop has been eliminated and the pledge drive should come to a natural conclusion in about three years.
- The Alamo "Double Forfeit" blunder should be erased from history now. Society members Greg and Jerry scared off Mexican and Texan forces alike with some RC helicopters, leaving the Alamo abandoned. They've retroactively gone back in time to tell themselves not to go back further in time and do that ever again.
- R.I.P.: Society member Terry was killed by his younger self, who was much fitter and owned a katana, when he went back in time and tried to take his old anime DVDs.
- Fixed an error where John F. Kennedy avoided assassination. Society member Ryan had an asthma fit while observing Lee Harvey Oswald, distracting him and causing him to miss the pivotal shot.
- R.I.P.: Society member Kevin was killed by cavemen again, but this time he came closer to getting his wallet back. His younger self is going to try again tomorrow.
- A disaster was averted when Society member Russ was able to intercept society members Mark and Jared and confiscate their anachronistic flame shirts before they embarked on their tour of Colonial America.
- Society member Levi accidentally plunged the world into a technological dark age after he melted the ENIAC while overclocking it to run Quake. Society member Doug was able to undo the damage.

- R.I.P.: Society member Stan was killed by a *Apatosaurus* that sat on him during a routine survey mission of the Jurassic Period.
- An obscure passage in the Constitution declaring Chad's step dad Roger an enemy of America has been removed and Chad has been reminded not to alter historic texts or bother James Madison.
- Society member Ajay is recovering from a moose bite he received while attempting to secretly observe famed astronomer Tycho Brahe.

- Society member Ralph accidentally inspired countless ancient statues, now incorrectly believed to be fertility idols by archaeologists. The statues were made after Ralph forgot to remove his time helmet before taking a bath. Water got into the circuitry and he began skipping around time and space erratically while very naked and very confused.
- Brian attempted to quit the Society in shame after a series of disastrous missteps led to Nazi Germany beating America to the Louisiana Purchase. Those actions have since been redacted from history, along with Brian's resignation.
- That maniac Leonardo di Vinci was prevented from conquering Renaissance Italy with his attack helicopter again, thanks in part to Society member Steve.
- Please welcome new Society member Darrel. Darrel is a high school graduate with a couple college credits under his belt. He comes to us with glowing recommendations from the fansub community, and is eager to explore Japanese history firsthand.
- R.I.P.: Society member Darrel, tragically decapitated to death by a samurai in Feudal Japan.
- Society Elders pooled their talents to finally erase the stubborn "Tesla's Infinite Money Machine" deviation from history.
- Society member Glen was able to recover Society member Ron's severed head, which was being used as a football by Aztec warriors. Ron's younger self has decided to cremate his future severed head out of respect for his future self.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.9 Internet Writers Guild of America Registry Form

Thursday, May 10, 2012 by Internet Writers Guild of America (@notoriousamoeba)

Thank you for using the Internet Writers Guild of America Registry service. The Internet Writers Guild of America Registry is the best way to protect your writing, artwork or other intellectual property you post online. For a $50 fee, the Internet Writers Guild of America Registry documents your authorship of a work and assigns it an official IWGA serial number, safeguarding the work against potential plagiarism.

To register your work, please complete the following fields:

Name:

Address:

Credit Card Number: (note: due to recent market fluctuations, the IWGA no longer accepts payment in Bitcoins)

Title of Work:

Description of Work: (pick one)

◯ Cat-themed image macro

◯ Completely logical polemic of feminism

◯ Webcomic about two gamers and a sassy robot

◯ Slam poem about Super Mario Brothers

◯ Compound insult containing "ass" or "lord"

◯ List-based comedy article

◯ iPhone video documenting your ongoing gang stalking

◯ "Adult" artwork of popular cartoon characters

◯ Forum post chronicling your struggles with incontinence

◯ Innovative new slang for gay sex

◯ Vlog describing the rationale behind your new haircut

◯ Unlikely video mashup of an 80s movie with another 80s movie

◯ Perfectly executed "that's what she said" or "literally" comment on facebook

◯ Random forum username of doom

◯ Multivolume Autobots fanfiction saga

◯ Hardcore rap about Unix

◯ 10,000-word thesis on why Atlas Shrugged in the greatest book ever written and Ayn Rand's corpse should be elected president

◯ Blog entry lamenting your parents' refusal to call you "Night Rain"

◯ Damning photographic evidence of chemtrails

◯ Photoshop of Ron Paul throwing president Obama into Mt. Doom

◯ Other (describe)

File: Please upload a copy of your work Browse

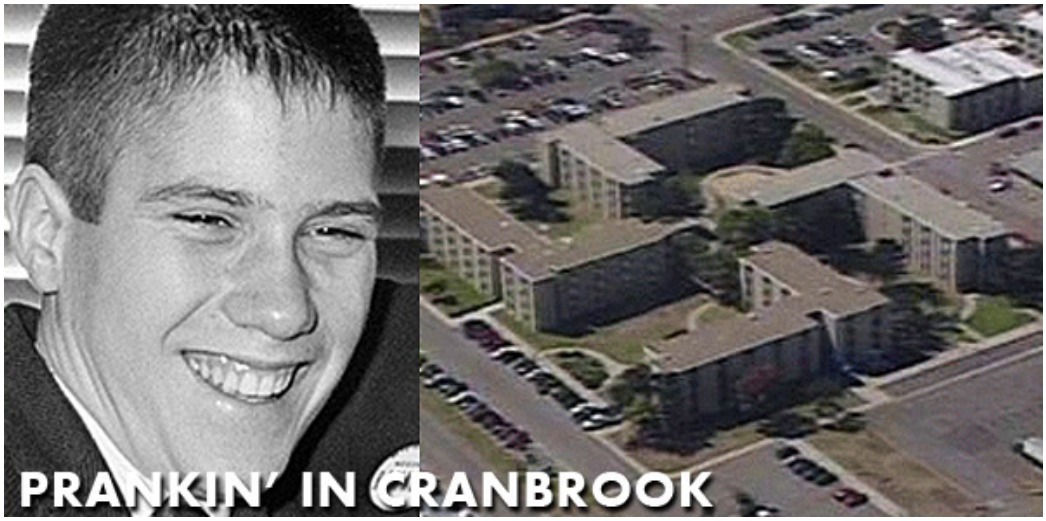
Submit

Please note that registry with the Internet Writers Guild of America does not constitute an actual copyright; however, in the event of a lawsuit, we promise to send a representative to testify on your behalf; or failing this, we will definitely send an email to courtname@us.gov containing vague legal threats and/or a disguised Rickroll link.

-~Internet Writers Guild of America (@notoriousamoeba)

5.10 Things Mitt Romney Forgot He Did in High School

Friday, May 11, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



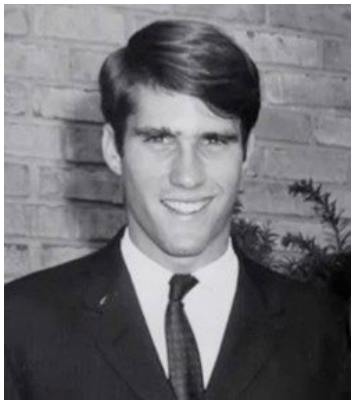
Mitty Romney attended Cranbrook Preparatory School from seventh grade through high school. It has recently come to light, thanks to a Washington Post article, that Romney engaged in some hijinks - hilarious shenanigans, if you will - while attending the school. These were fun-loving pranks like having a wrestler hold down the gay kid so Romney could cut off the kid's hair with scissors while the boy screamed for help. Romney doesn't remember the incident. That's not all he doesn't remember from his days at Cranbrook.

Romney used his Cadillac to do crazy, earth-churning donuts on his science teacher's front lawn, flowerbed and cocker spaniel. Could not quite recall the specific prank, but claimed the dog loved cars and also he always owned American cars most of the time.

Invited Shirley Corman, a dumpy, pimple-faced teen from the nearby Ringer Academy for Girls, to the Cranbrook school dance. When she arrived at Romney's house in a rented dress, Romney showed her back to one of the spare bedroom where he had placed an ostrich egg in an oversized nest. He told Corman, "I need somebody to sit on this thing while I go to the dance and bust some cherries, think you can hold your farts in long enough?" Corman later admitted she sat on the egg and was paid a dime by Romney when he returned home the next day, clearly smug as hell. Romney could not recall the incident or anyone by the name of Shirley, but he does admit a fondness for eggs.

Wore a pig mask to school and followed Roy Jarvis, the fattest kid at Cranbrook, from class to class making oinking sounds. Romney would skip out on his own classes to find Jarvis in class. He would don the pig mask and slowly rise up from behind chairs and desks and oink at Jarvis. Even walking home from school, Romney would position himself in the pig mask where he knew Jarvis would

encounter him. Over time this evolved into Romney and several boys from the school's bullying team riding in an open-topped car wearing pig masks, honking the horn as they followed behind Jarvis on his way home from school, oinking and throwing rashers of bacon. When asked, Romney could recall possibly driving around town to do pranks. He apologized if there were any pranks people didn't find funny.



As a gag he wore glasses to school. In his econ class, shared with Cranbrook's only Jewish student Isaac Reuben, Romney had a friend toss pennies onto the floor. Romney leaped to his feet, tore his tie and shirt open to reveal that he was dressed like Superman, and ran out into the hall to paint a large swastika and "SIEG HEIL" on Isaac Reuben's locker. He then advised Reuben to "Keep the change, hymie." Romney does not remember that particular prank, but he claims he did not know much about Israel at the time.

Sealed Paulo Habermann, a small, Brazilian kid, into a used epoxy barrel from shop class and sunk him to the bottom of Lake Michigan. Sailors still claim to hear the boy banging on the barrel from time to time, but Mitt Romney can't remember shit.

Tied a cloth sack over the hands of his art teacher, Lloyd Belmont, and methodically broke all the bones in Belmont's hands using a walnut hammer. Could only recall losing a perfectly good walnut hammer at some point during the school year.

Used a bald tire from his car to necklace the parent of one of the students enrolled at Cranbrook. Romney could not recall how he got rid of his old tires.

While a senior, Romney repeatedly told freshman Wayne Roddick, "I am your father." Often admonishing him to get better grades and try harder, Romney ultimately revealed that he had spent a fortune building a time machine capable of traveling back in time to 1939. Romney kidnapped Roddick and traveled back to 1939, where Romney tied Roddick up and forced him to watch through the slatted door of a closet while Romney impregnated Roddick's mother. Romney then drove the shocked Roddick off a cliff, at the last moment before impact activating his own emergency time reversal button. As Romney emerged from the smoking cloud in present-day Cranbrook, Roddick was nowhere to be found. A search of a 1939 newspaper revealed the story of an unidentified teenage boy found dead in a car crash at the bottom of Risky Ravine. Romney related the prank to his friends, who were concerned about Roddick's disappearance, adding, "I closed the loop." Romney could not remember the incident when pressed by reporters, but he said, "I did like Star Trek with the whales. That was my favorite science fiction film."

When student Kyle Monroe fought back against Romney, punching him in the face after weeks of mercilessly hilarious pranking, Romney backed away, promising, "I will never forget what you did to me. You will pay." Romney spent years training his body, building muscles while covering his arms and torso in revenge-themed tattoos. He followed Monroe around relentlessly, interrupting family events, private moments, making noise in public places and knocking drinks out of his hand in the cafeteria. Eventually Romney antagonized Monroe into striking him first. When Monroe finally lashed out, Romney shot him in the head

and claimed self defense. He spent three years in a mental hospital in down state Michigan and was released at the age of 20. Romney could not recall the incident, only remembering, "I had a reputation as quite the prankerman."

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.11 I Am The Best Computer User In The World

Saturday, May 12, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I was more than happy to keep this to myself. For years I conducted my operations in stealth mode, my talents known only by the select few who occupied the upper echelons of computer expertise. Then, as the internet grew exponentially, so did the hollow bragging from pretenders to the throne.

It's time to put an end to the confusion. The world has to know who's really the best at using computers. It's me. I'm the #1 guy.

I only use the best, such as Technology brand technology.

I know all the keyboard shortcuts. CTRL+C copies text, CTRL+V pastes it. When I hit the button that looks like a Windows start menu logo the start menu opens. Each number button corresponds to a number that actually shows up on the screen when I hit it.

Did you get all that? Or am I going too fast? Heh. I wouldn't be surprised. I type more than 40 words per minute.

Changing the desktop background is easy. Just give me an hour or two to look for screenshots of that hot babe from Lexx. I'll load them in Paint (that's what us pros call Microsoft Paint) then use the scissors tool and the lasso thing. In about three hours I'll have a 800x600 bmp that will put your desktop to shame, kid. My secret? I paste all of the Lexx lady pictures on top of a pure black background overlaid with a lens flare.

I remove viruses like a champ. Every day I run a scan and find like 80 of them. BOOM. Quarantined. BOOM. Removed. BOOM. Manually deleted thousands of mysterious text files in my root directory. Hackers don't stand a chance.

Managing bookmarked websites is a breeze. I arrange them in the order of the most prominent color in their favicons, so that they form a rainbow. After each bookmark is a separator line. Real experts don't want their bookmarks overlapping and cluttering up the joint.

For ease of access, I pull the windows taskbar up until it takes over about half the screen. Look at you, having to move your mouse all the way down when you need to launch one of your baby programs. Wow. Amateur hour.

I have pretty much every toolbar that has ever been made. What's that, new program, you want to install the MeebCash Searchbar? Come on in. Can't have it fast enough. Any good computist knows that having more tools at your disposal gives you a wider variety of methods to tackle any problem. My Netscape Navigator window contains the solution to everything.

Every day I download around eighty gigs worth of stuff. Don't even need it, I just figure that since I have the fastest connection on Earth (DSL) I might as well use it. It's nice to know that if I ever need a video tutorial on the best tips and tricks for programming MySpace games, I will have it in three different languages somewhere on a RAID array.

I'm the best at playing games, too. Bought just about every game on Steam, and played at least twenty of them. I even beat a few on the Normal difficulty. No Easy mode for this guy.

My computer skills extend beyond mere usage. I can also build an amazing computer for gaming. Some morons will tell you that there is a price to performance ratio, and that going beyond a certain point will give you diminishing returns. They claim that spending three times as much money for a barely noticeable increase in framerate is a waste. Well, they're wrong. I say you should buy the biggest monitor, at least two of the most expensive video cards, and the absolute newest CPU with the highest model number. Anything less is a compromise. Winners don't compromise.

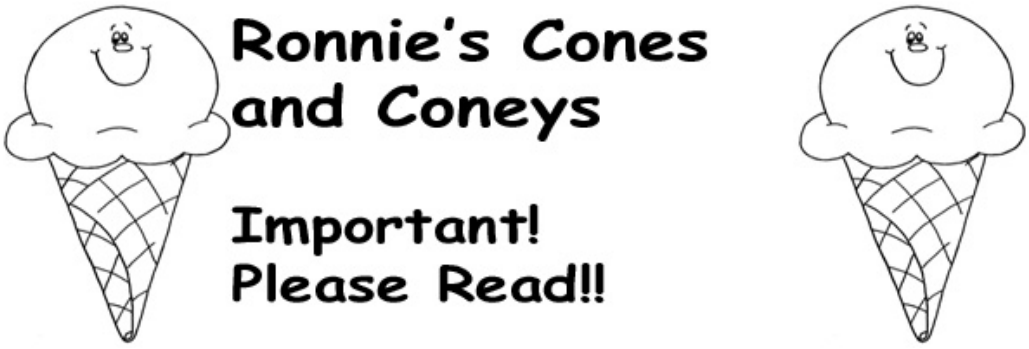
I hope you understand that my intent is not to brag. If anything, I'm doing this for you. Now that my position as the best computer user in the world is clear, millions of man-hours can be diverted from making false claims or working to become the greatest, and can be invested in something more meaningful and rewarding.

For instance, nodding in appreciation of my talents.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.12 ATTN: All Ice Cream Parlor Staff! Please Read!!!

Sunday, May 13, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Whenever it gets hot in here, ask and I can turn the A.C. up. Please stop dipping your arms and legs in the Fro-Yo containers in the back. Your dander negatively affects our product!

We do not have an official special sauce. Whatever you have been bringing in and using on sundaes has not been cleared by Corporate and must stop immediately.

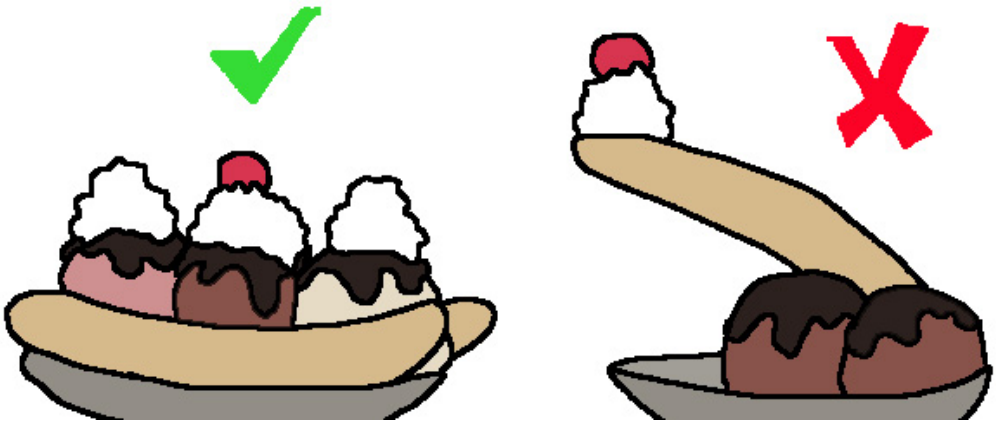
When answering the phone, please say "Thank you for calling Ronnie's Cones and Coneys! How can I help you?" instead of "Weed Palace, here. We sell drugs." Hopefully that'll stop the confusion among customers and local law enforcement.

You cannot deny customers service based on looks!!!!

As some of you might recall, over the weekend a dead opossum was found in a puddle of melted ice cream and sprinkles behind the dumpster. If you know any information like, say, if the opossum died eating the ice cream or if it was frozen within one of our ice cream cakes as some sort of failed prank, please come forward.

Also, though bigger than the mice we commonly catch, a dead opossum is to receive the same disposal technique. Do not simply dump more ice cream on top and hope no one notices.

There's a right way and the wrong way to construct a sundae.



Thank you for being so friendly to our new hire, my son, Ronnie Jr. Life has been a bit difficult

what with his mom and everything. He has a weak stomach, so I appreciate your understanding when he became sick while operating the milkshake machine. I don't approve you all taking him to the tattoo parlor, but he's excited to show you how it looks once it's done scabbing.

Do not eat off a customer's plate. Especially if they have yet to receive their order.

Deep fryers are for frying company food-stuffs only. You cannot simply dip hamburgers in and expect everything to be okay!

The following Ace Ventura quotes are now banned. "All righty then," "Laces out", "Finkle is Einhorn", and anything glove related

Customers are to pay full price for all food items whether they press their breasts against the order window or not.

We will be open on June 6th regardless of how badly you all want to watch the CMT Country Music Awards.

Counters and floor do not "develop a nice patina." When these surfaces are sticky, please clean them!

If a customer approaches the window while you're eating, feel free to say "I'll be right with you" as you wash your hands. Do not simply wipe your fingers on your shirt as you take his or her order.

Paper hats are to be crisp, clean, and free of Pantera emblems.

You are allowed to eat while you work. You can fill one sundae cup per shift with ice cream products only.

Shakes, floats, scoops, mix-ups, freezes are fine. Last week I saw one of you, I won't say names, squatting below the cash register with a cup overflowing with coney dogs and gravy. Please do not do this!

When asked why we no longer have whipped cream, come up with a friendly lie. Do not inform them of our problems regarding nitrous oxide inhalation. Thank you.

Asking customers if they'd like a larger order of fries is fine, but shouting "YOLO" repeatedly until they comply is a step too far.

Cockroaches, if caught, are not to be tagged, named, and released back into their environment.

Nail polish is a noxious odor and should not be used within the shop. Your toes shouldn't be exposed anyway.

Ronnie Jr. wants me to tell you that he thinks you guys are cool but he doesn't like the following nicknames: Lil Ron Barfinghood, Barf Queen, Barfin' Milkshake Massacre, and Boss's Lil Barf Baby.

Listening to music while you work is fine, but you cannot tell customers to "sit on their fat hands till Purple Rain finishes."

Closing procedures are clearly posted beside the mop bucket. As you can see, making and drinking 40oz. King Cobra floats is not on the list.

Dip mop head in clean soapy water instead of holding it beneath the soda dispenser.

We have a restroom. Please stop performing your potty business behind the dumpster.

While pulling the fire alarm might mean you can get home a bit earlier, please understand that we are billed for all emergency services.

Oreo sprinkles are to be scooped and poured using a plastic scoop. There is never a reason to drag

your tongue across the crumbs. Even if you're making it for yourself.

Do not ask customers if they want to see your belly ring, scars, tattoos, or bald patches. Assume they do not.

Please file worker's comp. forms only when necessary. Yes: Cuts and broken bones. No: "Full Tummy from Coney Sauce", "Looking at Jenny's Ice Creem Ass All Day", "Bein Lame + Barfy, Signed Ronney Jr."

Do not talk about pubic hair with customers. Even if it is a joke!

Do not mock customers that want to enjoy their double coney dog and large curly fries with a Diet Coke.

It is still a No Call/No Show even if your absence is due to your mourning of the opossum.

The Shoe and Shirt requirement also applies to staff. This is not up for anymore discussion.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.13 Euphemisms: "Shopping"

Monday, May 14, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

General Shopping
Putting it on the Card
Doing Prepro on a Hoarders Episode
Squandering the College Fund
Justifying the Super Wal*Mart
Consuming the Cube

Grocery Shopping
Restocking the Velveeta
Settling for Bag Cereal
Gagging the Keurig
Refueling the Gamer
Biting the Bagels

Clothes Shopping
Shoeing the Clothes Horse
Fitching
Bape Hunting
Breaking XXL Bad
Jegging the Cube

Gift Shopping (Immediate Family)
Tracking Down Mom's NPR Band
Restocking Dad's Batteries
Picking the Wrong Assassin's Creed
Suspecting Your Sister's Webcam

Gift Shopping (Extended Family)
Scenting the Candle
Falling Back on Cat Themes
Seeking the Cheapest Photo Book
Riding the Amazon

Gadget Shopping
Upgrading the Display
Adding a 'G'
Requiring an Adapter
Lining Up for Robbery

Stabbing for a Console

Car Shopping

Letting Detroit Go Bankrupt
Justifying the Mustang
Financing the Image
Rapping About a 300

House Shopping

Foreclosing on Grandma
Vultching
Dumping the Nest Egg
Flipping the Cube

In addition to writing approximately 50,000 articles for Something Awful, Zack Parsons is the author of Liminal States, a sci-fi/horror/detective/western novel.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.14 Your Band Sucks Special Report: The Loveless Reissue

Tuesday, May 15, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Something Awful music expert and NASA forklift driver Dr. David Thorpe has returned from a long hiatus to tackle a milestone in rock-nerd ballyhoo: the overdue reissue of My Bloody Valentine's classic *Loveless* album, which Thorpe once described as "a waterfall of sludge" and "the sound of two bands playing at once, underwater."

It's a testament to the legendary laziness of Kevin Shields that the remaster of *Loveless* was finished for four years before he bothered releasing it. Sure, he can lie to the press about legal red tape and label malfeasance, but this is a guy who hasn't put out a new album in two decades-- you could fit the Beatles' entire recording career into that gap twice and still have room left over for a few Wings records. Do you think he really noticed four years go by? No; he probably dropped the remaster between his couch cushions and only found it during a desperate spelunk for a wayward Cheeto. Shame on him for trying to pass the buck to a sweet, blameless record label.

He's lazy as fuck, people. I mean, the guy is friends with J. Mascis, and J. Mascis consistently smokes him in the prolificness derby. And *fucking look at J. Mascis*, dude. Shields got lapped five times by a broken-down human van.

(And before you get on my case for not writing any Your Band Sucks columns for the last five years, fuck you, it's totally different-- I recorded a couple of experimental drum-and-bass-influenced columns, but I shelved them because they didn't live up to my perfectionist standards.)

So what can My Bloody Valentine fans expect from the long-awaited *Loveless* reissue? Bliss. Like, it's totally, you can't even describe. It's like a migraine made of vicodin, man. It's like the aurora

borealis, but made of guitars, and you're getting blown by a cherub (made of guitars). Imagine you're overdosing on Xanax inside God's vagina, and there are some guitar sounds related to that. It's like, the original was pure sonic perfection, but this is like, even more perfect? Because there's more presence and most assuredly some additional warmth.

And what can the rest of us expect? Well, the original album consisted of some murmuring, plus lots of guitars and some more guitars. Now, thanks to miraculous new mastering technology, it's louder. According to Kevin Shields himself, the first disc of the reissue is exactly the same as the 1991 release but with the volume turned up; the second disc, freshly mastered from the original analogue tapes, sounds almost exactly like the first disc. Read the interview yourself and try to tell me that's not what he said.

Your copy might also be glitched and mislabeled; that's your just karmic punishment for not trusting record labels, you leftist ninny.

But while the audible differences in the new *Loveless* may be few, they do exist. I gave the record to the NASA audio team to assist in my expert analysis; they're the ones responsible for listening to cabin recordings from space shuttle disasters and determining which astronauts want to tell their wives they love them and which astronauts just want to scream like pussies. WIth their help (the audio team, not the dead astronauts), I was able to compile the definitive list of notable enhancements and newly-discovered nuances in the year's most talked-about reissue:

- If you listen closely to the remaster of Only Shallow, the album's opening track, you can hear the precise moment when the four male cats having sex inside the Fender Twin Reverb amp reach their terrible, wailing climax.
- Those familiar with the album will be shocked to hear newly-audible bass guitar tracks, discrediting the longstanding theory that "Debbie Googe" is a silly name Kevin Shields made up.
- NASA audio experts are unable to identify precisely what's been changed about the third track, Colm O'Ciosoig's oddball instrumental "Touched," because by popular demand most modern CD players include special firmware that automatically skips it.
- The audio isn't the only thing that's been improved: on the newly-enhanced album cover, it's now possible to make out that the iconic pink-tinted Jazzmaster guitar is being played with a muffin.

- Guitar enthusiasts have been in awe of Kevin Shields' distinctive guitar sound since the record's release, and the remaster reveals important new clues about the technique behind it: in some cases, Shields seems to have recorded multiple guitar tracks and laid them over each other with studio wizardry.
- Increased audio fidelity somehow makes it apparent exactly how to pronounce drummer Colm O'Ciosoig's last name: it's basically "O'Sausage."
- With the more distinct guitar tone present in the reissues, it becomes clear that "Blown a Wish" is a faithful note-for-note cover of Journey's "Wheel in the Sky."
- Many listeners have noted a jarring digital glitch present in the remastered "What You Want," which may seem like a significant oversight in a project that's been in the works for four years. However, it's actually an Easter egg for dedicated fans: when slowed down a bit, the glitch is actually over thirty hours of shelved My Bloody Valentine music from Kevin Shields' various abortive attempts at a *Loveless* follow-up.

- After hours of analysis, the NASA audio team has been unable to entirely confirm that this album isn't the sound of a space shuttle disaster.
- Thanks to the overall loudness boost of the new mastering job, playing "Sometimes" at high volumes reveals the repeated brittle snap of Kevin Shields breaking off tremolo arm after tremolo arm and yelling "for the love of god, will somebody please fucking bring me more tremolo arms," followed by the sound of engineer Alan Moulder crunching through piles of fallen tremolo arms like so many autumn leaves and creakily screwing a new tremolo arm onto Kevin's long-suffering Jazzmaster even as he continues to bash out wobbly chords.
- If you play the new version of "Blown a Wish" backward, you'll find a new subliminal message lurking beneath the surface. The following words are repeated over and over: *"TEN OUT OF TEN, BEST NEW REISSUE, HEADLINE COACHELLA, COMING SOON ON BLU-RAY DIGITAL AUDIO."*
- The album's production went excruciatingly over budget, nearly bankrupting Creation records. Audio analysis reveals part of the problem: it seems the woozy sound of "To Here Knows When" was achieved by laboriously shredding dozens and dozens of £100 bills against the

guitar strings, and the song's ethereal vocals are label boss Alan McGee quietly sobbing and begging for mercy.

- It's long been known that the lyrics to "Soon" present an uncannily detailed prediction of the World Trade Center attacks; only now can we decipher the shockingly antisemitic harmonies.
- On the second disc, mastered from the original half-inch analogue tapes, we can hear for the first time that the record's intricate feedback layers and inimitable swirls of tremolo-gliding guitar were digital mastering errors and My Bloody Valentine was actually a workmanlike third-wave ska band.

If you'd like to pick up a copy of *Loveless,* you can just head to your local record store, which closed five years ago because you only buy rip-off reissues of "landmark" albums from twenty years ago instead of supporting the vibrant and ongoing music scene, you living-in-the-past tit. If you'd like to comment on this article, you can send an email to davidthorpe@somethingawful.com; be warned that I accept nothing less than total fawning praise.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.15 SkyMall Product Reviews: Mega Mini Spy Camera Pro

Wednesday, May 16, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Benny Boy from Arkansas

Level with me. Is this thing going to come out on its own, or do I have to see a doctor? Really eager to view these colon vids to make sure I'm cancer free.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Justice Jeff from Ocean Beach, CA

How does this stand up to steam and moist environments? I have a feeling my cleaning lady is stealing from me, so I want to rig up a few of these in the shower and toilets in hopes of catching her in the act of stealing. Would like to set up multiple angles to get every possible view of the crime.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Big Head Dave

Great camera, great video quality, excellent butt fitting. Very little stretching getting it in, although I recommend you attach a string of some kind to help pull it out. Also recommend putting it in some kind of transparent bag.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By steve musclegrave

pros: small, discrete. great for capturing those intimate moments with a women you hope to one day establish a friendship with or even just say hi to when the time is right.

cons: could be smaller, have tighter zoom capacity...

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By jollyman35 from Bullion Creek, KY

GOT THIS AS A GIFT. DID NOT KNOW WHAT THE HECK TO DO WITH IT, BUT IT WAS SMALL SO I FIGURED WHY NOT? THREE DOCTOR'S VISITS LATER AND IT'S FINALLY OUT AND I'VE GOT SOME TERRIFIC VIDEO THAT NOBODY IN THE FAMILY WANTS TO SEE. THE DOCTOR SAID THE VIDEO QUALITY WAS FANTASTIC. LOTS OF PIXELS AND GOOD ONES TOO, HE SAYS.

Age: 66-70

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Judge Dad from Scranton, PA

Works like a charm! Have accrued over 80 hours of video of a certain family dog dragging his buttocks on the carpet. Will be presenting this evidence in a kangaroo court in our living room. Open and shut case, family. A slam dunk for sure. This dog is guilty and going to doggy prison.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Jake from Terre Haute, IN

Got it out of my butt all right but it didn't work after that. Couldn't get it replaced because I "voided the warranty." I voided your camera from my butt, not the warranty, idiots.

So stupid.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By vidguy

Is this supposed to come with footage already on the camera? Mine had a couple hours of footage of a man trying to install the camera someplace really dark and he kept dropping it and getting really mad and calling himself a "stupid, gross baby" and grunting a lot and then a lady came in and started yelling at him and saying he's breaking her heart and he started yelling back and then a dog started barking and the audio got really distorted. Is that just a demo like when you press "demo" on a keyboard and it starts playing Wake Me Up Before You GO GO by Wham!??

Anyway it seems to be a good camera. Small, compact and aside from the audio the video quality from the demo movie is mostly good, though the lighting is bad.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Carlos from San Pablo, CA

It's a pretty good camera. I've been using these one make sure my neighbor isn't up to any crime business. I have over six hours of footage of his wife hosing him off and cutting his hair in their

backyard. I think he got sprayed by a skunk or maybe the wife just runs a really tight ship. Not sure what to do with this footage, but at least I know he's not a criminal and that was worth the price.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By SkyDoc, MD

As a I doctor I strongly discourage using this camera for autocolonoscopic activities. The plastic casing is not waterproof and the sensitive nature of the electronics will make it difficult to clean and sterilize after retrieving from your rectal cavity. Hopefully SkyMall will soon offer a more practical solution for home colonoscopy hobbyists.

Age: 51-55

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.16 Demands from the Triple Amputee Extra

Thursday, May 17, 2012 by The Triple Amputee Extra

Dear Producers of Cannibal Wasteland 4,

I don't need both legs to know when you're pulling one of them. My treatment on your set must be some sort of elaborate practical joke, because I can't think of any other reason you would disrespect one of the few remaining triple amputee extras in this hemisphere. Having played roles in Cannibal Wastelands 1 and 3, I expected my experience with the franchise to factor into the way I would be treated during this production -- which has been POORLY. Director Steve "Buck" Stevenson's on-the-set demeanor has devolved to an alarming state, and while no formal outfit exists for his chosen profession, I believe wearing the same marijuana reference t-shirt for three consecutive days does not reflect well on one's prospects.

It used to be about the cannibals.

Need I remind you of my contributions to the world of film? After a work mishap claimed a random assortment of limbs on my second day of employment, I had no choice but to take my talents to the world of films after growing disillusioned with my year in the freak industry. My roles have run the gamut from zombies to corpses and everything in between. Lloyd Kaufman himself called me the finest triple amputee extra he'd ever seen, and I would have been in several of his films had I asked for leftovers from the craft services table instead of money. Reggie always did have a soft spot for cold cuts. And that's what killed him.

"That cop is crazy!" "Crazy? He's a maniac.

"Maybe you saw me in Maniac Cop IV: Above the Brim? Fangoria: "Move over, Candyman; '90s horror has a new name." I played Victim #5.

You could have caught my appearance in Murder School VI: Summer Murder School, where I doubled for the "after" version of Eric Roberts. Most people assume we used CGI, but no: it was 100% pure, all-American amputee *professionalism*.

While filming Bigger Than Jaws, director Robert Lakeheart provided me with hourly footrubs from the makeup ladies working at his nearby pornography productions. He understood the cramping and callouses that come from a life of non-recreational hopping. Staring into death's hollow skull with three limbs caught in an industrial laundry mangle brings with it certain difficulties. Example: when you people complain about parking tickets, any desire to respond is drowned out by the sounds of my bones splintering between 3000 pounds of tempered steel. Also, I get foot cramps.

Did you happen to catch my appearance in Dustin Tobin's Gorefunnel? The antagonist's kill floor featured me as its centerpiece, and, once again, the Internet was abuzz with rumors about supposed "special effects." Listen. As my business card states, I'm a walking green screen. And I think it's about damn time that I'm treated like one.

Movie stars are expendable. I know this. In the snap of two fingers, Eric Stoltz could transform into Michael J. Fox with the public none the wiser. But I ask you, can you replace me? Mr. Robert

Zemeckis will not come in out of the kindness of his heart and erase some able-bodied extra's legs and arm with movie magic.

Have I told you about my work under Christopher Columbus over 20 years ago during the filming of Home Alone? Needless to say, the original vision of the film took a much darker turn, and my similarity to Daniel Stern (at the time) got me hired on the spot. You would not believe the good times I had on the set with Macaulay Culkin those eight hours he pretended to blowtorch off my limbs. 20th Century Fox did not feel the original version of the screenplay would appeal to more than the irresponsible teens demographic, so my scenes were left on the cutting room floor. But I have still worked with the greats, and even pretended to pull a cigarette out of Catherine O'Hara's ear with my toes.

"Is that Jaws?" "Nope. Bigger."

I write to you not as an employee, but as an artist, in the hopes that you will understand my value to this production. Increased workplace safety and alcohol restrictions are making conditions like mine a thing of the past. Remember, when you hug your loved ones tonight, you're doing it with certain appendages some of us lack. And it's this reason you won't get paid 10 times more than any other extra.

-~The Triple Amputee Extra

5.17 Our Miracle Daughter's Battle with Flesh-Eating Disease

Friday, May 18, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5/14/12

Hey all,

I know you have been wanting updates on Kelly's condition. As you know she was parasailing ten days ago on Lake Pontchartrain and had an accident. Her leg was seriously injured and when she landed in the lake she caught some infection. After failed treatments with over the counter medication she has been in St. Bethany's special care unit for the past few days.

It is a miracle our daughter is alive. She had to have her legs removed because of the infection, which then spread to her left hand, and her fingers shriveled up like little black raisin stacks and I said to Paula, "This is gonna be it for Kelly" but we prayed a lot and sure enough the doctor was able to save her by cutting off all four fingers and just leaving a little thumb. I joked to Paula and said well that's God's way of letting her hitchhike but then that night her thumb turned black also and in the morning had to be cut off.

Kelly is currently on a ventilator and needs a lot of blood, so if any of y'all got any extra blood, please come down to St. Bethany's and drop it off. Please pray for Kelly. She is our miracle girl and I thank God for saving her and helping her beat this.

Don and Paula

5/15/12

Hey all,

it is amazing to watch this miracle in progress. Kelly was awake for a few minutes today and her mom was able to tell her that her legs, hand, and part of her back were removed by doctors. She passed out again before we could tell her that the doctor wants to remove her breasts, part of her intestine and her left kidney. What a miracle! We are hoping that God will give us another one and she can come off the ventilator tomorrow morning

Don and Paula

5/16/12

Hey all,

Just a quick update.

Kelly's hair, ears and teeth all fell out overnight. We are so proud of her. What a miracle!

Don and Paula

5/17/12

Hey all,

I arrived at the hospital early this morning and Kelly was awake and her face was dripping off. It was such a blessing to see her smile drop onto the bandages on her chest. The doctor was able to scrape it back onto her drippy skeleton head and sort of mush it all together so it was shaped like a person. We thanked God for answering our prayers.

Don and Paula

5/18/02

Hey all,

Paula and I spent the night at the hospital instead of the Best Western so we could be by her side. God just keeps giving us so much. This morning it was watching our little girl turning into a bubbling liquid with two floating, horrified eyeballs and a pulsating brain sac. The doctor scooped her into a bucket and he said that she might be able to hear us if we talk real loud so we yelled ourselves hoarse.

Paula has been reading Sookie books to her and I showed her a picture of her sister at graduation. She is so strong in her big pickle bucket with a car battery attached. The doctor even said we may get to bring her home tomorrow but I need to get an aquarium pump first.

Thank you for all your prayers. I think we've finally got this thing beat!

Don and Paula

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.18 Sports Rulebook Madness

Saturday, May 19, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In an ongoing effort to keep their products safe, fair, and enjoyable, professional sports leagues update their rulebooks every year. These changes don't always stick. In fact, some rules are so disastrous that they don't even last through an entire season.

Hockey

- When two players disagree on an issue, they can no longer fight. All disputes will now be held by stopping play and setting up an air hockey table in the center of the rink. The first person to three points wins. Loser receives lethal injection via a blowdart administered by an official crouching in a stand of plastic ferns.

- No one is allowed to touch the puck with a hockey stick or with their body or with anything at all, really.

- Each rink's ice will be replaced with astro-ice, which is essentially lava.

Soccer

- To foster an exciting game, players must scream as loudly as they can at all times. When two athletes collide, they will both imitate the sound of a spectacular car crash. Failure to make an explosion noise while kicking the ball will result in a yellow card.

- All uniforms will now have collars which - at a minimum - will extend to a height of three feet above each player's shoulders when folded down.

- In international matches, each team must field their nation's president, king, prime minister, or dictator. If any of the above are not available a talking dog will serve as an acceptable replacement.

An example of a rulebook.

Baseball

- Mascots can piss wherever they want.

- The famous Seventh Inning Stretch will now be the Seventh Inning Patrick Stewart Boofest. A series of still images of the genial actor will be projected on the stadium's largest screen, and fans will be asked to boo him as violently and mindlessly as possible while America The Beautiful plays.

- Players with noticeable love handles must roll their shirt up and tie it in place, keeping their midriffs exposed.

Tennis

- The tennis ball will be replaced with an imaginary tennis ball to facilitate longer volleys and incredible shots that would prove too risky with a real ball.

- Anyone named Kirk shows up to compete, they're out.

- The first serve in every match will now be determined by a feat of strength. Each athlete will heft a mighty hammer and hit a pressure pad with as much force as they can, hoping to ring a bell.

Basketball

- All shots must now be taken by gripping the ball with both hands and rocking it back and forth between splayed legs, granny style. When a player is fouled, they must take their free throw attempts by facing away from the basket at half-court, putting one hand over their eyes, and tossing the ball over their shoulder.

- A three foot wide strip will be established near the sideline, running along the length of the court. Players who enter this specially designated lane will be allowed to run as fast as they like with no penalty.

- Celebrities at courtside will now act as head referees.

Football

- The standard game length will be four quarters, each lasting twelve minutes. If Dad comes out and yells the game will immediately end and everyone will shuffle away, grumbling under their breath about how unfair things are.

- To make things easier for broadcasters in the booth, all athletes will now be referred to by the universal nickname for football players, Bruiser Skeleton.

- When it's really cold all players must shave their heads so we can get more awesome shots of steam rising from dude's domes.

Golf

- A golfer can run towards the hole while dragging his club along the ground, pulling the ball along. It will count as one stroke. If, however, the ball loses contact with the club, or the golfer slows down to a walk, sweats, or breathes heavily, a one shot penalty will be induced and the ball will be placed at the spot of the infraction.

- If you die on the course, you die for real.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.19 NATO Scrambles to Respond to Protestors' Signs

Monday, May 21, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Far away from the din of protestors clashing with Chicago police, world leaders gather in the main hall of McCormick Place for the meeting of NATO officials and heads of state. Despite the isolation from the concerns of those marching in the street, NATO Secretary General Anders Rasmussen has set aside two hours of Monday's agenda to discuss the various concerns of protestors.

(Standing in front of a huge projection screen with NATO on a blue background)

"Ja, hallo ladies und gentlemen, thank you. We are have portioned some time today to discuss the concerns of the protestors outside as put forward by their signs. It is my hope that we can work together with them, coming to some sort of consensus to resolve these problems. I have prepared some slides."

click, click

"Ja, okay, we have guitar dancing man, he is having good time and this is important, und he has a simple message: STOP NATO. Could we do this? Any interest? Perhaps we slow down our procedures some? Okay, let us put a pin in that one and circle back."

click, click

"Here is a baby. Cute fellow. And mit him is a sign saying 'NATO NEEDS WAR! WE NEED VEGETABLES!' What do you think about this? Perhaps we give them vegetables? I don't know how many, maybe some raddish und a carrot. Look in the catering truck. Get some crisper lettuce. Oh, you know what I like, the pre-shred lettuce for taco. Easy solution. Next."

click, click

"Hm, okay, ja. 'Nuclear Free equals climate justice.' Any thoughts? Ja, I know we are a defense alliance, but maybe we could think about in the future when you get ready to build a nuclear power plant, instead you build a coal plant. Or better yet you build water wheels. You like that? Put this in a river or a creek. One hundred thousand water wheels equals one nuclear plant. You can do it."

click, click

"This one is a little hard to see. It says: 'NATO: Too much armor, too little brains. Extinction welcome.' Und there is a little sassy dinosaur creature with a pistol. No, I do not think she wants extinction of people, I think she means extinction of NATO. Too much armor. This is clear enough. We should have less body armor for our soldiers. From some take away helmets und from others take away bullet vests. Ja? Okay, moving on..."

click, click

"Man with two pacifiers is 'throwing horns' and his friend in black jorts is climbing onto bridge warning bell to tear down our banner for peace and security. So my chief concern here is how to get him down from the bell without hurting himself. Do we get a ladder

to him or maybe a slide and he can go down this. Perhaps he will come down if we show him we will have less peace and security. Estonia, what would you say to us bombing your towns some? No? Okay, we will come back to this one."

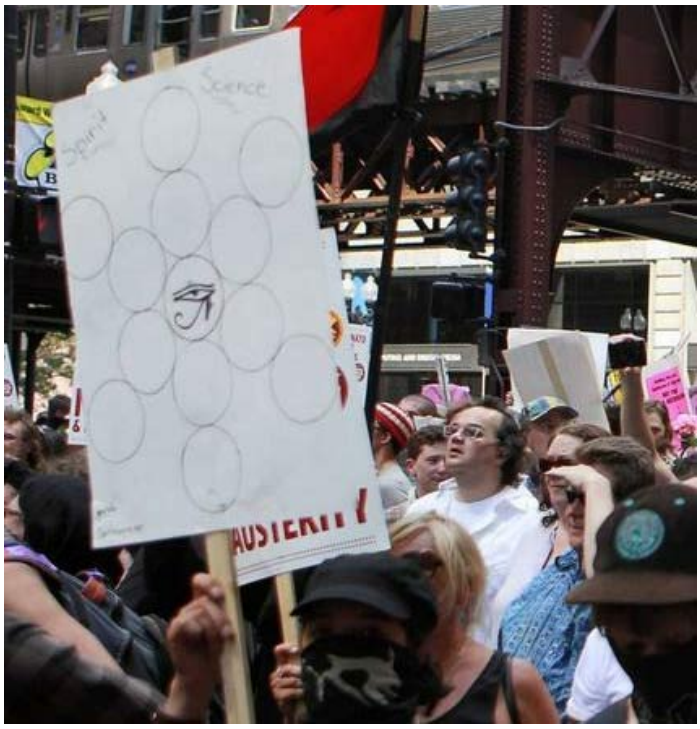
click, click

"Ja, okay, this is good one. He needs a bigger sign. Let us get some card stock at Walgreens, some markers, make it at least double the size. It should still say 'I WANTED A BIGGER SIGN' only now it is comic humor because the sign will be very large. Or fairly large. Large enough that he should not want a bigger sign."

click, click

"This is a good one. 'Don't Trade on Me' like 'Don't tread on me' but with trade and corn stalks. What is this? Is it about the frankenfoods? Can we, ah, get the satellite

with the camera and find a field with the crop and shoot a cruise missile onto it? Show of hands. Seven, eight, is that raised or not, Belgium? Motion passes. France it is your turn to shoot some missiles from a ship. No, you said you were going to do it last time, but then USA did it, so it's still your turn."



click, click

"Here, ah, sort of an asterisk made out of circles and it looks like somebody use a ballpoint pen to write 'spirit' in one corner and 'science' in the other. And in the middle is an Egypt Hieroglyphic of an eye. Look, our time is almost up, so I will just hold a vote on this and whoever impliments can figure out what this sign means. Raise your hand if you are for the sign..."

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.20 The Pleasure Texts: Episode I

Tuesday, May 22, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

AnalDawg lived long ago, and was a man of great pleasures. He had a kind heart and a mind for studying and providing pleasure in all its forms. He was the first International Pleasure Coach and traveled the globe to teach any who would listen, as well as pick up new esoteric pleasure tips along the way. In fact, he was a renaissance man according to many pleasure scholars. AnalDawg passed years ago, but his legacy is mourned by many. They remember how valiantly he fought in the Pleasure Wars, and some of his recently-unearthed writings may change everything we know about pleasure. The bulk of his achievements are for another day, however.

During his travels, AnalDawg met Dildo Aaron. Aaron owned a great many dildos, and rode around town on a dirtbike while sucking on dildos. If you've seen Arnold flip that shotgun around while riding a motorcycle in Terminator 2, Aaron also flipped his dildos around like that. His rival in town was the sheriff who hated dildos (and who tried to arrest him even though he wasn't breaking any laws), but despite that, Dildo Aaron made quite the living for himself dealing dildos to AnalDawg and anyone else in need of a high-quality pleasure apparatus. He even had a storefront and would deal to the highest-profile clients, even the Mayor. Through much toiling in his workshop, Dildo Aaron successfully constructed the first Master Dildo. It was of a neutral energy, but there existed a capacity for light and dark. This neutral dildo was destined to remain at Aaron's side.

After learning via dildogram that such a thing could be possible, AnalDawg was able to construct the Light Dildo, but fearing that it would be matched by a dark force, he buried it while on an expedition to a certain Pleasure Lagoon many miles from where anyone would find it. This lagoon was known in ancient times to harness certain pleasure properties. A cave near the lagoon was speckled with crystals that jutted out from the floor and glowed with a faint purple light at night. These were Pleasure Crystals, and they were AnalDawg's key to unlocking the secrets of pleasure that had been hidden since the dark times. They exhibited healing properties and could help mend any hole damaged by excess pleasure in record time. Years later, a keen college student named Swimp would study the strange crystal formations at length.

Years before his death, AnalDawg saw fit to train an apprentice. He selected PleasureKevin-- a man with an innate pleasuring ability and a willingness to ask questions. Kevin was certainly savvy, but something within him clearly burned for fame and fortune rather than a humble life based around simple pleasuring. The two trained constantly for years without issue, but as time progressed, AnalDawg could feel a change in PleasureKevin. He was becoming nearly hostile. At points, it felt like Kevin was no longer pleasuring for the sake of pleasure, but for another purpose that AnalDawg couldn't quite put his finger on-- or in. The two eventually found themselves at odds daily, and one afternoon a realization struck AnalDawg-- PleasureKevin must have been constructing his own Master Dildo. Clearly troubled by what he knew, AnalDawg became a recluse. Training ended, contact with the outside world slowed to a halt, and AnalDawg died a few weeks later. Without a proper order of succession for pleasure coaches, PleasureKevin took over AnalDawg's studies and obligations, and he reigned for several dark years as the world's foremost authority on pleasure.

Much time passed, and PleasureKevin sat on his perch high atop the city. An old movie theater had been converted into the PleasurePlex, which became PleasureKevin's base of operations. As the winds whipped around him dozens of stories up, he recalled the local television program he once wrote and hosted, The Pleasure Palace. He taught the ways of pleasure to viewers at home as a way to atone to himself after AnalDawg's death. Interestingly enough, his evangelism caused Dildo Aaron to sell thousands of dildos. Dildo Aaron-- a man Kevin had never gotten along with after the death of his mentor-- had indeed benefited greatly from his years of hard work, and had amassed a

small fortune.

With a slight groan he returned to reality. Stumbling down from his pleasure throne, he tightened the series of belts around his torso one by one and checked that the Dark Dildo-- now completed and holstered at his side-- was secure. He wore nothing but his torso belts, holster, three-inch heels, and a tight leather mask over his head that covered his senses completely. His eyes, nose, and ears were all covered by this leather hood, but he seemed to be able to see and hear perfectly well. If you'd drop a pin-- or a dildo-- he would turn his head directly toward it. With a sense of urgency he clopped his heels toward the Pleasure Elevator. A pleasure drone approached, grovelingly.

"Master, what is amiss? Is your Pleasure Bedpan in need of a cha--"

With a short sequence of button presses on PleasureKevin's holstered dildo, the drone was sent flying off the building. Kevin was clearly agitated. He could sense that his Dark Dildo was no longer the dominant pleasure force. Someone had built... or found... a Light Dildo. But who? And why now...?

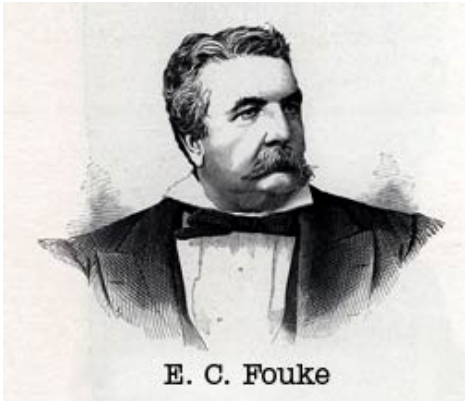
-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.21 E. C. Fouke's Compendium of Meat & Edibles: On Orphan & Other Fine Meats

Wednesday, May 23, 2012 by E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

E.C. Fouke's
COMPENDIUM
OF MEAT & EDIBLES



Your Delighted Host & Unparalleled Carnivore

Greetings to you, my fellow American Carnivore. I am pleased and delighted to bring you another edition of my celebrated periodical, the most spirited tribute to the healthy and unabated consumption of all living beasts.

There have been a fair number of developments since the previous edition of this publication last graced your meat-stained hands. As you may recall, I challenged my faithful readers to acquaint me with a new meat. In an unfortunate twist of fate, it turns out the winning entry was not entirely foreign to me.

It was only through the combination of heavy wood smoke and various greases used to maintain a bowling alley that I did not instantly recognize the meat as being orphan. In spite of great effort on my part, I have not been able to discern the exact woods and bowling alley greases used, so I have been unable to recreate the recipe to satisfaction.

Remarkably, there is still great stigma around the consumption of orphan, and I want to go on record in stating this to be entirely unnecessary. A noble man of my standing should not be subjected to scorn for providing Purpose to the lowly orphan. If this nation is to be taken seriously we must cast off these antiquated chains of superstition and taboo. We are above beasts, this is true, but we ourselves are made of the same delicious materials. I know this firsthand, for I have tasted my own arm on occasion, and eaten everything doctors have excised from me.

As the challenge was not actually met, I have asked the winner, Captain H. W. Grieves, to return the money. He has agreed to do this, on the grounds I continue his employment. I am still uncertain what task it is he performs on my behalf, but he assures me it is honest work deserving of honest pay.

Thus, I would like to announce to all readers that the $1,000.00 challenge is open once more. If you believe you are in possession of a meat unknown to me, please mail it to me immediately. I remind all readers that I have sampled virtually every beast this world has to offer. You will have to scour the darkest and most remote corners of the Earth if you intend to surprise me and win the cash reward. Perhaps together, we shall finally discover the Great Untasted Meat.

That business aside, let us get to the delectable heart of the matter: my continuing efforts to catalog and describe all the meats I have eaten. Here we shall explore six more creatures that have passed through my bowels and into legend.

~ The Wolf ~

If you fancy the taste of dog but yearn for something with a stronger bite, the wolf is your meat. Due to questionable breeding decisions, many of today's dogs are smaller than ever, offering the hungry man little sustenance. The wolf has been spared the indignity of miniaturization and remains a sturdy, respectable beast. I recommend eating as fresh as possible, cooked to the bare minimum in its own juices.

~ Koala Bear ~

Do not be mistaken: this is no bear. The brown, black and polar bears of the world offer hardy portions. Any one adult bear of those variety could feed a full-grown man such as myself for as many as two square meals. The koala is in fact a rank little tree monkey, similar in appearance and taste to a child's stuffed toy after pickling. If you share my commitment to sampling all meats, I recommend taking no more than a few bites from the koala, then discarding the rest.

~ Star-nosed Mole ~

Although the mole in general is about as appetizing as manure, the star-nosed mole was significantly perplexing and whimsical as to capture my curiosity. I am saddened to report this most unusual variety offers no more satisfying a meal than its less interesting ilk. That captivating nose tentacles were rubbery and rotten, an anathema to even the most resilient of constitutions. Disappointed, I ended up feeding the leftover meat to my faithful coonhound, then eating him after he had sufficient time to digest.

~ Guinea Pig ~

These are small little things for sure, with scant few morsels upon their bones. Skewer them, roast them, then consume. A reasonably sized man will require between fifteen and twenty guinea pigs to be fully sated. The meat is not unlike the dark meat of your

typical fowl.

~ Tapir ~

Tapir makes for a pleasant substitute for beef, and is thus not as exotic as one might expect. The snout is the most delectable cut, and indeed I tend to eat only the snout and discard the rest.

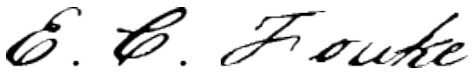
One unfortunate downside to eating tapir is that you may not dream for some months afterwards, and when they finally return they can be quite dark and unsettling.

~ Monarch Butterfly ~

Butterflies may seem a strange thing to eat, but one can make a meal of them provided one has access to a considerable supply. The monarch butterfly in particular is known to migrate to Mexico, where the intrepid carnivore can feed upon a seemingly endless bounty. They flock with such abundance one only needs to open his mouth and the dull creatures will fly straight in. I was able to stand near motionless, moving only jaw and stomach muscles, for several hours consuming one mouthful of butterfly after another. My accountant, who accompanied me on the pilgrimage and served as witness, estimated my meal at approximately 7,500 butterflies. I trust his numerical accuracy in all matters, as his zest for math rivals my zest for meat.

May this knowledge feed your mind's hunger and inspire future meals, my fellow Carnivores. Never forget -- the animal kingdom is your larder!

With great pride & hunger for success,



Eugene Cranford Fouke,
Proud American Carnivore

"THESE GREAT THINGS I EAT."

-~E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

5.22 Dear Target Employee,

Thursday, May 24, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

You're receiving this memo because we've noticed that you haven't been following certain store rules. Our rules are important for maintaining a friendly atmosphere for our guests and a healthy and productive working environment for our team. Please review the following incidents and reflect on how you could've handled them better. We hope that you'll improve your performance and no further action will be needed.

4/3
Trying to use your employee discount with food stamps (ineligible per line 312 of your contract), claiming you can't afford to feed your family working here, even though there was an employee pizza party that day and team members were encouraged to take home leftovers.

4/7
Killing a sale by telling a guest that Dr. Weird's Wacky Halloween Hairspray is banned by the EPA.

4/9
Taking a workplace diversity survey other than our own, where the correct answers are marked with bullseyes.

4/12
Telling guests that they don't need to buy new smartphones every month despite ads featuring Snoop Dogg and Pitbull telling them they do, and that the perceived obsolescence of their phones - since they're different sizes and colors than this month's models - is just a marketing ploy by global corporations, who thrive on overconsumption, so they can continue ravaging the developing world.

4/14
Refusing to remove bumper stickers from your car that might have possibly offended the anti-gay republican candidates we donate to.

4/15
Wearing a shirt that sounded like the name of a charity ("Save Ferris") in the parking lot, despite our ban on charities in front of our stores.

4/25
Organizing a union to play Call of Duty after work.

4/27
Riding your bike to work to save gas and suggesting that coworkers do the same; never∼mind that our materials economy depends on overuse of oil - which we contribute to by creating miles of urban sprawl - and that our business needs that economy to stay viable, at least until we hit peak petroleum, at which point our stores will remodel to sell MREs and weapons for your Road Warrior car.

5/3
Refusing to take your meal breaks because we cut your hours this week by hiring a bunch of interns and you need at least 35 hours a week to get health insurance for your medical problems, which have nothing to do with the thousands of synthetic chemicals you're exposed to in our merchandise.

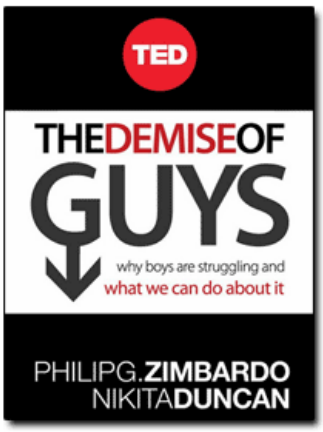
5/7
Asking why we need a CSI-level assets protection team to solve the theft of an Eminem CD by some teenagers, or why that team spends half its time doing free work for law enforcement as though a corporation giving huge gifts to the government is in any way suspicious.

5/12
Suggesting that a guest looking for an out-of-stock item go to Wal-Mart, since our two chains are more or less the same except we get better PR and have the Black Eyed Peas in our commercials.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.23 The Demise of Guys: From Our Gross, Sticky Hands

Friday, May 25, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Dr. Philip Zimbardo, of Stanford Prison Experiment infamy, has been raining on the parade of the male portion of the Internet this week with the release of his controversial book, **The Demise of Guys.** The book focuses on the corrosive effects of gaming and Internet porn on men. The basic premise is that porn and video game addicts become desensitized to the violence and vaginas and need increasingly perverse thrills. Zimbardo talked about the premise at TED in 2011.

"Boys' brains are being digitally rewired for change, novelty, excitement and constant arousal." Sounds like regular boys' brains with "digitally" added to be scary.

Zimbardo begins the talk by citing high school dropout statistics for boys versus girls, but his other charges lack solid statistics. In the case of video games, Zimbardo makes the usual argument about violent media increasing violent behavior, but in the case of porn he aims more at the negative effect pornography is having on men's relationships with women. When a man gets tired of jerking off to the same old boobs, Zimbardo believes, his urge for new thrills makes him ascend a ladder of depravity up to necro hentai beast sex, and because his wife isn't a dead anime goat he isn't interested in her.

Zimbardo, who looks like a pornographer himself, has a theory that reminds me of that series of illustrations from the 19th Century depicting "The Fatal Consequences of Masturbation":

Il était jeune, beau :
il faisait l'espoir
de sa mère...

He was young and handsome—his mother's hope…

Il s'est corrompu!...
bientôt il porte la peine
de sa faute vieux avant
l'âge... son dos
se courbe...

He became corrupted! Soon his crime makes him old before his time. His back becomes hunched.

Un feu dévorant embrâse
ses entrailles; il souffre
d'horribles douleurs
d'estomac...

A devouring fire burns up his entrails; he suffers from horrible stomach pains.

Voyez ces yeux naguères
si purs, si brillants,
ils sont éteints! une bande
de feu les entoure.

See his eyes, once so pure, so brilliant: their gleam is gone! A band of fire surrounds them.

Il ne peut plus marcher...
ses jambes fléchissent...

He can no longer walk; his legs give way.

Des songes affreux
agitent son sommeil...
il ne peut dormir...

Dreadful dreams disturb his rest; he cannot sleep.

Ses dents se gâtent
et tombent...

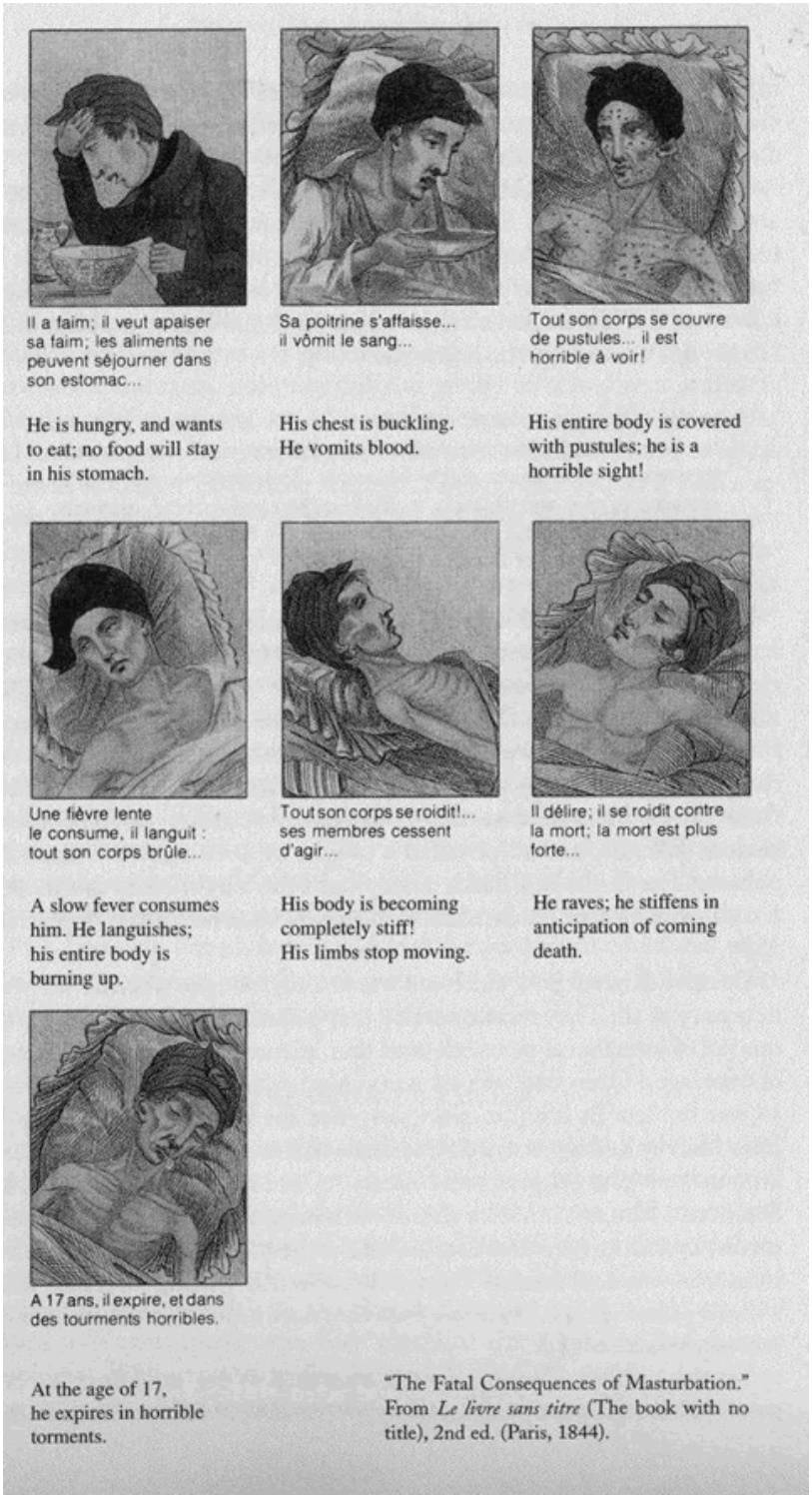
His teeth become rotten and fall out.

Sa poitrine s'enflamme..
il crache le sang...

His chest is burning up. He coughs up blood.

Ses cheveux, si beaux,
tombent comme dans
la vieillesse; sa tête
se dépouille avant l'âge...

His hair, once so beautiful, is falling out like an old man's; early in life, he is becoming bald.


Il a faim; il veut apaiser sa faim; les aliments ne peuvent séjourner dans son estomac...
He is hungry, and wants to eat; no food will stay in his stomach.
Sa poitrine s'affaisse... il vômit le sang...
His chest is buckling. He vomits blood.
Tout son corps se couvre de pustules... il est horrible à voir!
His entire body is covered with pustules; he is a horrible sight!
Une fièvre lente le consume, il languit : tout son corps brûle...
A slow fever consumes him. He languishes; his entire body is burning up.
Tout son corps se roidit!... ses membres cessent d'agir...
His body is becoming completely stiff! His limbs stop moving.
Il délire; il se roidit contre la mort; la mort est plus forte...
He raves; he stiffens in anticipation of coming death.
A 17 ans, il expire, et dans des tourments horribles.
At the age of 17, he expires in horrible torments.
"The Fatal Consequences of Masturbation." From *Le livre sans titre* (The book with no title), 2nd ed. (Paris, 1844).

From Dickensian chode tugger, to poxy skeleton with hardly the energy to rub one out, to death. It's like those faces of meth pictures with a dew rag. Zimbardo is learning that anything condemning video games and porn will put the Internet in a defensive crouch, and not without reason. Video

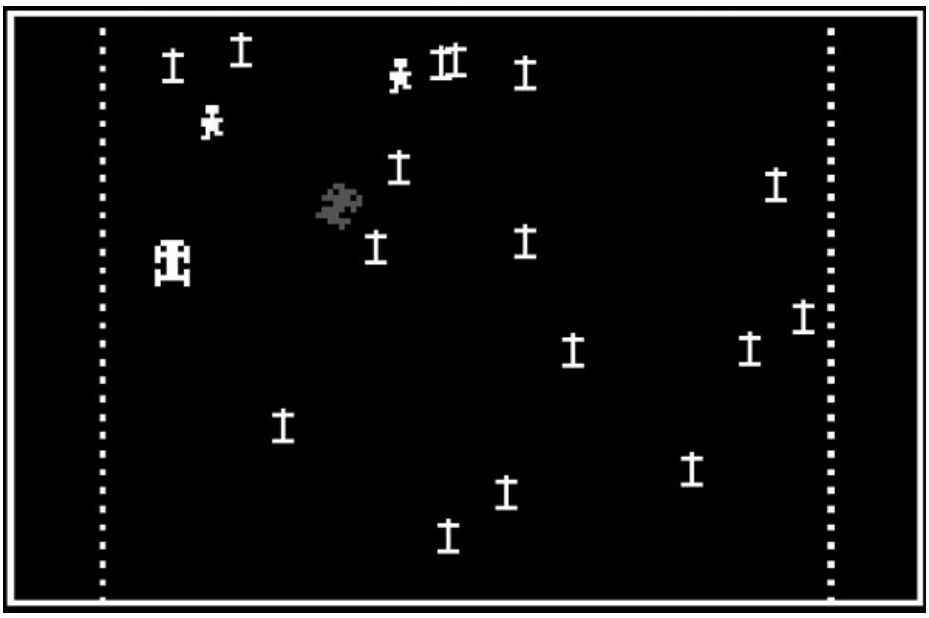
games are still being blamed for just about every violent act and you'll be lucky to find anyone in the real world defending porn beyond the San Fernando Valley. To come at them again from almost the same specious angle is lazy.

It's hard to side with porn in this, but Zimbardo is drawing the wrong conclusions from his observations. There's no question individuals are becoming more withdrawn to their private, often perverse worlds (it's because they have private worlds that didn't exist before), but his concept of a tender, loving husband now turned wrong by Call of Duty and Brazzers recalls a masculine ideal that existed in romance novels and nowhere else.

Men have been gross bros at least since the existence of the high five. Tijuana Bibles featuring Mickey Mouse sucking off a donkey were being passed around almost a hundred years ago. You think Sinatra wasn't pulling tops down on cocktail waitresses to make Dean Martin laugh? Men are much less "cool" than they used to be, but the blame for that one rests with corn syrup and Ed Hardy, not Max Hardcore.

As for the video game nonsense, I discount Zimbardo's point completely. The first wave of hysteria over violent video games warping children's minds wasn't *Mortal Kombat* or *Doom*, it was 1976's *Death Race*. It had its own special report on *60 Minutes* and concerned parents and was even condemned by the government.

And it looked like this:



Violence comes from mental problems, peer pressure, and past abuse, not from playing video games. No equivocating. If someone, even the perpetrator, tries to blame a murder spree on a video game, they are full of shit. Movies don't make people murder other people. Music doesn't do it. Books don't do it. Nope, atheists, not even *those* books.

In Somalia, when al-Shabaab pulled out of Mogadishu, their laws banning video games went with them. The kids, who would normally be recruited by al-Shabaab to join their militias and become killers and suicide bombers, instead got together and played video games. Let me repeat that: they could have a real gun and go kill people or play video games and turns out most kids are not psychopaths who want to murder people.

Even if you buy into Zimbardo's basic premise, singling out men for his diagnosis is shortsighted. The Internet, and all the perceived ills it brings with it, is no longer a domain for men only. Women can fall victim to all the same vices as men. If I'm wrong about that, Zimbardo might want to let all those women who play video games know that their vaginas make it so they can't be brainwashed by evil Grand Theft Auto hypno waves.

Zimbardo touches on real problems of isolation in the digital age. His easily-consumed premise is all wrong. Everything is changing, every model of our society, and Zimbardo might as well be pointing to the death of the travel agent industry or any other facet of our lives altered by technology.

That doesn't mean you should watch porno and play video games. If you do, you will probably go blind and your dingus will fall off.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.24 If You Don't Mind I'm Just Going To Be A Barbarian From Here On Out

Saturday, May 26, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In a few days I will burn all of my clothes and possessions. I will don a loincloth, thick fur boots and wristguards. An x-shaped leather harness will hug my manly torso, fastening one sheath on my back for a broad two-handed sword and another on my chest for a MacBook.

From that day forward I will be a barbarian. My role in society will be largely the same, really. I'll just be approaching things with more barbarism and getting into all sorts of adventures. The last thing I want is to freak someone out with this. Giving everyone a heads up seems like the decent thing to do.

Why Do I Want To Be A Barbarian?

For one, I love the cold. Big fan. If there's anything better than crunching through pure snow as your breath puffs out in little clouds, it's stepping into a warm building and shivering as the lingering traces of cold shiver through your body.

Being a barbarian would also be a great motivator to work out more. Don't get me wrong, I'm in decent shape. I squirm in my computer chair as much as the next guy. I've never had tremendous muscle definition, though. After a few weeks of bashing every barrel I see, throwing boulders at cyclopses, and kicking ancient doors sealed with arcane magic until they tumble down, I'll probably be in the best shape of my life.

Truth be told, a big part of my decision stems from my desire to wear a cape. Not a superhero cape, or one of those silk things that hang from some tuxedos. I'm talking about a proper piece of ratty wool trailing behind me, flapping in the snowy wind. If I wasn't a barbarian, I'd look goofy wearing one.

Although this change in lifestyle isn't based upon altruism, it seems that I could wind up doing some good as a barbarian. I suspect there are more roaming bandits out there than we think. Our modern society is so focused on work, entertainment, and technology that all sorts of crazy stuff is probably going on in our villages and taverns and castles. I'm fairly certain that I'll come across a wizard or two holed up in a mountain with an evil artifact.

Anticipating Your Concerns

The sword. Yes, it's really quite big and sharp. No, I don't have the slightest clue as to how to properly wield it. It's my understanding that I will be attacked by orcs at some point, triggering my inner rage and granting me the ability to lop their heads off like a master swordsman. It's really quite safe when compared to something like a handgun.

For many of you, the sword is not nearly as disconcerting as the idea of playing charades against me. After all, what if my clue is "barbarian"? I could just point to myself and win the round. Not fair at all. I assure you, I will never play charades again. That will be the weight I carry on my broad shoulders as I stride through goblin caves in search of treasure.

With so much exposed skin, few baths, and all sorts of adventures through dusty passages, you might think that I'll make a mess when I go grocery shopping, or see a movie, or visit the library. You're right. It's going to be way gross. I'll be leaving puddles of sweat, flecks of dried blood, and bits of giant spiderweb all over the place. You're just going to have to deal with it. I'm sorry but there's nothing to be done.

A Few Requests

I don't drive. Hate everything about it. Always have. Even if I wanted to drive a car, however, there's no way I would be able to do it as a barbarian. A motorcycle is out of the question too.

That said, walking everywhere is horribly inefficient. What I need is a Segway. If anyone has one of those bad boys with a magical blessing from a super hot elemental forest lady and treads graded for mountain climbing, please let me know.

Also, I'd really appreciate any hot tips on possible adventures that you might be able to pass along. Maybe there's a brutish pack of slavers raiding your town. Perhaps you've heard of a guarded palace whose rooms glow strangely at night, a home to rumored secrets of ages past. There might be a god manifesting itself as a sabretooth tiger and planning to infiltrate the officiating crew in the NBA Finals. You know, basic run of the mill barbarian stuff.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

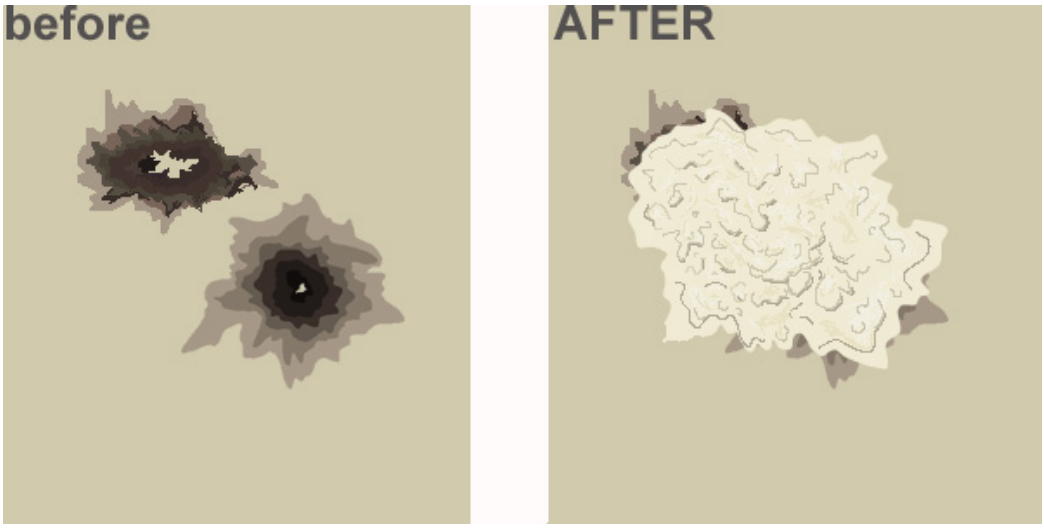
5.25 Get your Apartment Deposit Back Now!

Sunday, May 27, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

If you've never been able to keep a hamster for more than a few months, maybe apartment living was a bad idea in the first place. Now your place is trashed and your landlord is on the way. But even if you deserve to lose every cent of your deposit, don't give up! With these easy tips and a few simple household goods, a gallon of gasoline and the hologram projector used to resurrect Tupac, you'll be a few hundred dollars richer!

1. The classic toothpaste trick always works. Dab a little white paste to fill any nail hole right up. Got a bigger hole? One you kicked in during a drunken rage or maybe remnants of the raccoons tunneling through your foundation? No problem. Use more toothpaste!

2. Whether you regret shooting bottle rockets in your kitchen or not, those scorch marks on the ceiling have to go. To replace the beautiful spackling, open one tub of Cottage Cheese (low fat O.K.) and smear over the burnt/stained areas. Apply liberally, wear goggles. Once stain is covered with dairy, aim one or more space heaters until ceiling is crusted over. Reapply Cottage Cheese as needed until desired texture is reached. If yellowing begins spray paint minutes before walkthrough. Eat all remaining Cottage Cheese with cracked pepper.



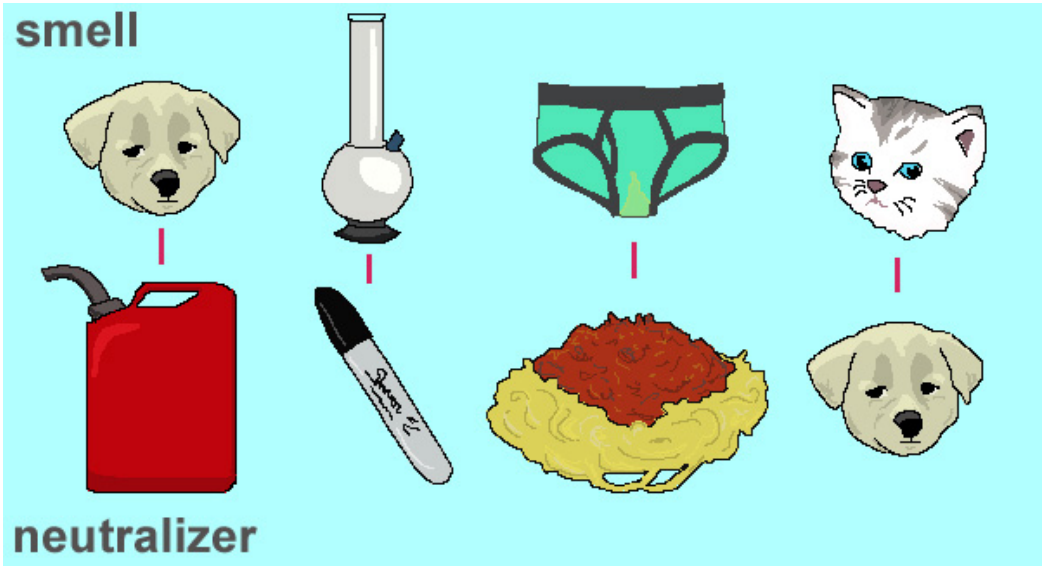
3. If your place smells like the dish tank at a Red Lobster, you aren't getting your money back. The trick is to neutralize all smells. Here are some of the most common solutions!

-If you're a smoker, ten to fifteen uncapped permanent markers per room (depending on size) should re-odorize the air. Replace markers once twice a day as they dry out.

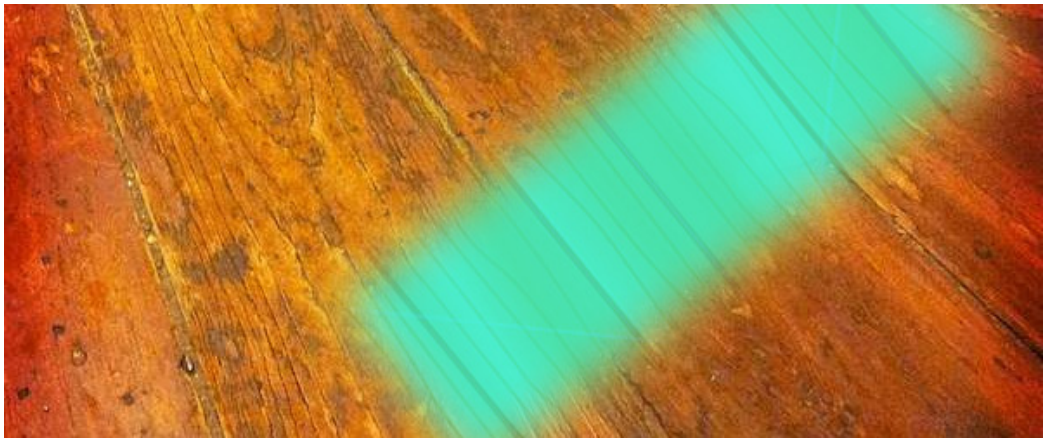
-Pouring a half cup of gasoline wherever your puppy urinates, vomits, and sleeps will help stop the dog's smells from absorbing into the carpet.

-Heavy human musks (and any side smells related to repairing your ceiling) should be countered with pasta. Every burner on your stove should be boiling noodles or warming marinara. By the time dinner is ready, no one will ever know your lax showering habits.

-Any cat issues should be countered with a puppy then immediately followed up with the standard gasoline strategy.



4. Spilled drinks, dropped chainsaws, that dead deer that rotted in your foyer for a week before you had a chance to properly dress it. Your hardwood floors have taken a lot of damage over the last twelve months. You could replace them, fix them, maybe drag a broom or something. But that's so old fashioned and a waste of time. Using the same technology that resurrected Tupac and helped Princess Leia get the help she needed, you can now have the floors you've always wanted. Simply align the ultra-sensitive three lens projector, hook up industrial level battery systems for each projector, and install woodflor.jpg. Once that's finished, aim the projectors over the worst spots in the floor and enjoy..



Congratulations! Your place is now clean enough to trick your landlord out of a few hundred dollars. May God have mercy on the tenants after you.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.26 In Memory of Our Nation's Golems

Monday, May 28, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thank you for your service to our nation. Warriors of clay, who have gone into battle against our enemies, we praise you for delivering woe to those who would do us harm. In our darkest hour, we asked our wizest wizardly men to craft your dour faces and hulking bodies and send you forth to exterminate those who would bring harm to our children. This you have done, and we thank you.

Many golems have fallen. Not the majority, thank goodness, because you are so good at grabbing our enemies by their legs and swinging them into walls until they are blood heaps. But a few golems have been killed. Maybe fifteen. Too many golems. We thank them for their sacrifice.

Please, golems, we have thanked you. Do not come home to our towers or villages. We do not need you to be around our parks. Golems, we really treasure your time as our instrument of arm tearing and head crushing, but now we are at peace. Allow our wizards to put the mark upon your head and make you sleep until you are needed again.

Golems, come on now, this is getting a little embarrassing. Your rampages were cute when they were across the world and directed at our enemies. Now that you have crushed our foes into a blood-paste and smashed through every wall and pillar, please stop. Wander the desert or sink yourself into an ocean.

You leave us no recourse. There is no other way. The golems only have one weakness: other golems. Men of clay, today you ruin our villages and stomp upon our children, but tomorrow you will face a new enemy. You will face the men of bronze.

Men of bronze, you have seen the men of clay to their defeat. The battlefield is scattered with broken clay villains. Your heroics will be legendary. You have defeated our clay enemies and saved our nation. We thank you.

Uh, bronze men, we need you to stand far away from our cities. Stand in the wilderness or in the ruins of previous cities that you or the clay men have destroyed. Are you familiar with the concept of patrol? Good.

Okay, golems, please. We see where you are coming from with the need to return to the land of your creation. Really, we do, but there just is not room for you. Those huge bronze bodies will buckle our roads and make a terrible noise as you clank around at night.

Why are you doing this? Is this about hubris, because, honestly, we do not think we are all that great. If we were so smart we would have come up with a way to defend against the clay golems without bringing in all you bronze golems.

This is your fault. It is your fault that we must do the only logical thing and turn one of our wizards into a giant. Using very powerful magic, he will dash you foolish bronze golems to pieces.

Uh.

Hail, giant wizard. Thank you for your service to the nation. Since defeating the bronze golems we have built you several statues and thanked you profusely. Your giant wizard balls are visible from the ground, huge and gross, swinging in plain sight of our children. It is time for you to go far away and make a new life.

Where? We're leaving that up to you. Somewhere in international waters, preferably.

No...please, giant wizard...

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.27 The Girl's Locker Room Ain't All It's Cracked Up To Be

Tuesday, May 29, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

"TC," the girls call me. That's short for towel coach-- it's my job to oversee the ladies' locker room. Go ahead and laugh, but I take my job seriously.

I hand out the towels, I keep track of locker combinations, I oversee the maintenance of the facilities and I enforce the rules. I'm not gonna lie and tell you it's the toughest gig in the world, but it does take a special set of skills, and you gotta have the right disposition.

I run a tight ship in the ladies' locker room, but I try to keep a jovial atmosphere. The girls love to pick on me. That's fine. Rebuffing their playful flirtation is all in a day's work for a good ladies' towel coach. I'll pretend to get cross if they get too giggly, that kind of thing. We're always kidding around, me and the girls. For example, I'll threaten to use the bolt cutters if they forget their combinations, but they know very well I've got them all written down in a drawer.

The most important thing is keeping the ladies on task. "Let's see more drying off and less horseplay, girls! This isn't a social call," I'll tell them. Or, if they're wasting time with a lot of nude gossip, I'll tell them, "this isn't the hair salon, ladies. Get a move on."

My friends tell me, "Dave, I'd kill to have your job. Spend all day hanging out with young ladies wearing towels or nothing at all." Well, first of all, it ain't all fun and games. More importantly, anyone with that kind of attitude just isn't cut out of this line of work: if you look at a young lady and get worked up over what she is or isn't wearing, then you've got no business in the locker room, fella.

Of course, sometimes it's your job to notice what they're wearing. If a young lady skipped out into the gym wearing nothing but a smile, that would be a failure on my part. That's not likely to happen, but the same concept extends to proper attire. I don't know about other towel coaches, but

a common refrain in my personal execution of the office is, "forgetting something?" It's not my place to tell anyone how to conduct herself as a young lady, but if a young lady leaves my locker room without a brassiere, it reflects poorly on my towel coaching. "You can let the hens run free-range at home," I tell them, "but not in my yard."

And as for the all the unclad women: I'm a happily married man, so it means nothing to me. "Move it along, ladies," I often say when they make a big show of accidentally dropping their towels, "you don't have anything I've never seen before."

My buddy Andre-- he's the men's locker TC-- often jokes that he'd trade jobs any day. "Dave, I tell ya, I bet reminding pretty girls of their locker numbers sure beats breaking up fights and confiscating tea doobies all day," he says. Well, hell, I'd take him up on that in a heartbeat! I know how to break up two boys fighting. They're like dogs, just turn the hose on 'em. But when a couple of unclothed ladies get into a rumble? You need a full suit of armor to break that up, fella. You're walking into a slippery tornado of hair and fingernails, and you'll be lucky to come out with both eyes.

Those girls, hope to tell ya, they're a damn menace. Every Valentine's Day, I buy a dozen roses for my wife, and one by one the girls pluck them out of the vase. "Thaaaanks, Daaaaave," they say in their sing-song voices, blowing me kisses and all. Dang it! Those girls know very well I'll just have to buy another dozen for the wife when I get off work.

And when my wife comes in for a visit? Well, I tell the girls to be on their best behavior, so of course they try to get me in as much trouble as they can. Flirting, pawing at me, kissing my cheeks, all that jazz. But Joy knows better; she just rolls her eyes and makes her usual wisecracks. "Go ahead and take him," she says. "He's all yours, girls. Just don't expect him to remember your anniversary!"

I guess it's easy to get the wrong idea about my job. You walk into my office, all you see is a big wall of photos of me with my classic exasperated-coach face, being kissed on the cheeks by two towel-clad girls at a time. But I'm telling you, it's not all fun and games. For example, the girls are always trying to think up some ruse to get me into the showers-- they just want to embarrass me, and I've got no time for that sort of foolishness-- but hijinks like that can lead to serious consequences. One time, they made up some cockamamie story about a stopped-up shower head, and I wound up slipping on a bar of soap and cracking my head open!

I tell you, it was chaos. Twenty-two girls, wearing towels if anything at all, riding with me in the back of the ambulance. Pure mayhem. "You girls are going to give this poor man a heart attack," the paramedics kept saying-- but only by annoying me to death!

Fifteen stitches in the ol' noggin. "You're a lucky man," the ER doc told me when he saw the gift they sent-- dozens of lipstick kisses on a get-well-soon card. "You don't get it, doc," I said. "Those crazy girls put me in here!"

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.28 SkyMall Product Reviews: Litter Robots

Wednesday, May 30, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By scubadad from Tallahassee, FL

BAD EXPERIENCE. Fell victim to the classic bait and switch con. Thought I was ordering a regular child-size bathysphere, got taken for a ride. What the hell is this thing? It's not watertight and could hardly handle even modest pressure. Our infant son barely escaped with his life.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Shela from Burrrap, ND

If a product isn't what I immediately assume it to be at first glance, SkyMall really needs to print a warning. Like, hello, how was I supposed to know this was a toilet for a cat. It looked like an amazing oven from the future and that's the only reason I ordered it. I put a chicken in there expecting a delicious meal and it was still cold and raw a few hours later. Am I supposed to feed my children raw chicken? They'll get salmonella, you idiots. I check the box and see a diagram of a cat doing its business? That just confused me more. Finally someone tells me it's a cat toilet. Great. NOT WHAT I ORDERED. I'll take my oven now.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Angry Libertarian Grandpa from Fort Wayne, IN

saw this online and ordered it immediately thinking it was a home cremator. let me save you some time: it's not. It's some kind of centrifuge for separating cat dung from cats. Would have loved to know that before I went the trouble of buying it and loading it up, only to find it does not cremate anything.

Age: 61-65

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By patriot from Rapid City, SD

PROS: Looks good -- interesting design.

CONS: Plays fast and loose with Three Laws of Robotics. I personally witnessed it operating with a cat inside, allowing harm to come to it. The cat was showered violently in its own waste products before being deposited into a tiny drawer of filth. The cat is now terrified of enclosed spaces. The robot has been rocking back in forth ever since, almost like its pleased with itself.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

brinelover55 from Cannon Beach, OR

I thought this was a diving helmet, trying to get a refund now since it is obviously not going to keep me from drowning and I have an important appointment with the sea tomorrow at 7pm sharp. Can't reschedule again.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By stuart from Hornet Nest, AZ

If you read my review of the Retractable Hose Reel (item Frontage 47939) you know "2001 Space Odysseys" is my favorite film. When I saw this product, I fell in love with the design because of its uncanny resemblance to the EVA pods from that movie. Was horrified to find out it's not a movie replica and just a weird sphere for cats to defecate in. I don't own a cat, and I don't want a drawer full of cat s***. No thank you. First bad experience from SkyMall, hopefully my last.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By catboss from Oklahoma City, OK

Love it. Previously had the cat do its business in a complicated Rube Goldberg Machine that took about eight hours to set up. The Litter Robot really simplifies things by just having a robot swash the waste around for a few minutes and then put it in a drawer. Seems more natural and it so obvious I feel stupid for setting up our previous litter box contraption over and over again for all those years.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By distressed!! from Butte, MT

Good grief, was this thing designed by ALF from the television series ALF? Because it looks out of this world and seems to feed on cats. We've lost between 3 and 4 cats to this beast already, and its appetite isn't slowing down. Having trouble securing more cats and don't really know what the end game is here.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By trueroboticspioneer3 from Elk's Sorrow, WY

DO NOT BUY THIS. IF you do you are perpetrating a crime. This product infringes on several patents I own and do not license. I was the first person in the world to think up a robot that collects cat feces and puts it in a drawer. I patented the idea in 1974. This product will soon be unavailable and its makers will be bankrupt. My robot will also work with any drawer in your house so if you want to have cat feces in your dresser or kitchen drawers it can do that for you.

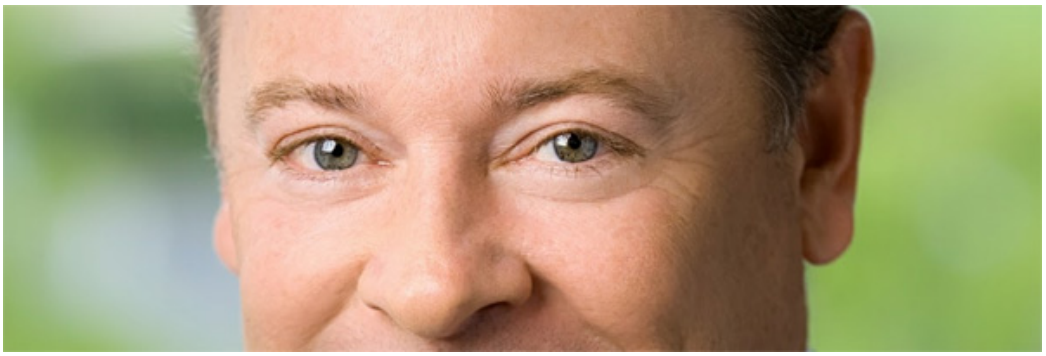
Age: 61-65

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.29 E3 2012 Predictions

Thursday, May 31, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

- After picking up his 47th discarded energy drink can, a disgruntled sanitation worker sets fire to the omnipresent NOS tent outside the convention center. The fumes from the blaze fill attendees with significantly more mental focus, and also cancer.
- Recovering from dental surgery, a heavily medicated Hideo Kojima meets a cosplayer who he actually believes to be Solid Snake. The two men are arrested later that night for trespassing and tearing the head off of a security guard.
- A press conference gaffe achieves meme status so quickly that it actually becomes sentient. This self-aware ball of energy wanders the streets of Los Angeles in search of meaning until it is murdered by cops tired of waiting for something to shoot. The resulting trial finds three superior officers sentenced to the spanking machine for five minutes each.
- The convention center's Internet access will be non-functional for twelve hours. But before people learn that every thought passing through their minds doesn't have to be fed to the Internet, a homeless man with a wifi hotspot sponsored by Sketchers wanders by.
- Ignoring the orders of their flight attendants, a plane full of game journalists refuses to shut down their iPads during takeoff. The only person to publicly mourn the resulting fiery explosion is ostracized from society and forced to live in a wet ditch.
- Rockstar gives away promotional switchblades as part of their Grand Theft Auto goodie bags. Surprisingly, this unfortunate choice barely increases the staggering amount of daily stabbings in Los Angeles.
- The European press colludes to fashion the stupidest question to ask at a Q&A panel. Upon hearing it, the surrounding crowd rolls their eyes so violently that their optic nerves snap, rendering them blind for life. Part one of the invasion is complete.
- A troubled D-list celebrity, thinking he's been asked to host a major press conference, wanders into a public intervention full of his friends and loved ones. The following two hours of screaming, crying, and ultimatums end up being far less awkward and embarrassing than Nintendo, Sony, and Microsoft's conferences combined.



- The newest Call of Duty is revealed to feature a new game plus mode, which allows players to take their campaign character on an exciting post-war adventure which involves catching sepsis from a military hospital and applying for entry level jobs where their trained killing skills can be best suppressed. A Blockbuster Video map pack is promised to launch for 800 Microsoft Points before Christmas.
- A booth babe helps an attendee gather some spilled belongings. On his death bed sixty years later, he will remember this event as the happiest of his life.
- The final joke about the Wii's name is made. Unsure how to react, passersby begin crying tears of blood.
- Those who receive the Streetpass of Nintendo of America president Reggie Fils-Aime find a mysterious box outside of their hotel rooms the next morning. It houses a red pill and a blue pill, both of which contain a significant amount of poison. Fils-Aime's reputation as a notorious practical jokester is upheld for yet another year.
- A terrorist organization attempts to kidnap Minecraft's Notch for ransom, but ends up with a room full of identical fedora'd and bearded white men. They select one at random and earn 50,000 dollars for their efforts.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Chapter 6

June

6.1 Please Do Not Inhale the Smoke from Our Bath Salts

Friday, Jun 01, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Since 1955, Hickory Meadows of Quaint, Vermont, has been devoted to providing relaxation baskets for mothers, daughters, grandmas and aunts. Our honey apple butter preserves are three time award winners here in Vermont and our foot salt soak is among the finest for those with swollen ankles. Shucks, we're glad you like our products.

Our pride and joy, and our most popular line, are the Soothing Rabbit brand bath products. These include bubble bath, bath bomb and bath salts. Uncle Jonathan and old Eli Rabbit have been making these relaxing bath time treats for over 40 years. Thousands of women have enjoyed them.

Wellll, recently, it has come to our attention that our Soothing Rabbit bath salts may contain a chemical compound derived from the adrenal glands of Chinese prisoners. Uncle Jonathan is having a look into whether or not this is a new thing and how Chinese adrenal extract could possibly effect you. Until he gets it all figured out, old Eli Rabbit has added a little warning to his label. If you operate a catalog or store that sells our products, please be sure this warning is prominently placed.

!WARNING: DO NOT INHALE THE SMOKE FROM BURNING SOOTHING RABBIT BATH SALTS!

Soothing Rabbit Bath Salts are not meant to be burned, aerosolized, crushed up and snorted, boiled and injected, eaten, or pulped and fed into an anus. If your Soothing Rabbit Bath Salts catch fire,

begin to spontaneously combust ,or constantly smolder like hot mulch in August, please do not inhale the fumes.

The effects of inhaling the fumes of Soothing Rabbit Bath may include, but are not necessarily limited to, the following:

- **An awesome full-body high**
- **Increased boner action**
- **Trippy color spirals and ghost faces**
- **Nightmare circus**
- **Visions of demons**
- **Whispers from demons**
- **Commands from demons**
- **Adult onset cannibalism**
- **Romero by proxy**
- **Necrotizing Face-eat-itis**
- **Straight up eating your roommate's gross body parts**
- **Frankenstein's Palsy**
- **Bride of Frankenstein's Palsy**
- **Taking off all your clothes and not in a good way**
- **Chewing up guts (self and others)**
- **Unstoppable hate frenzy**
- **Blood rampage**
- **Suicide by cop**

Keep your floating votive candles away from your bath salts at all times. Do not attempt to place bath salts into your humidifier or vaporizer. If your baby accidentally eats a bath salt you dropped on the floor immediately tie them to a chair, werewolf style.

Please continue to safely enjoy all of our Hickory Meadows products. You can find our Soothing Rabbit Bath Salts in Pop Rocks sized packages located behind the counter at the weird cigarette store next to the bodega where they let their dog run around inside eating churros. Ask for the bath salts with the rabbit woman with the huge boobs and bloodshot eyes on the package.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.2 A Routine Day For Steven Seagal's Stunt Coordinator

Saturday, Jun 02, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Scene 1

Okay mister Seagal, in this scene eight cyber assassins are attempting to infiltrate the government's secret weapon vault. Your character is going to karate chop all of them to death.

We will secure your feet to this spinning platform which has a camera bolted to it. When we turn the platform and the backdrop at exactly the same rate, it will look like you are standing still and raising your own arms - which will actually rise as a result of centrifugal force. As the other actors throw themselves forward, your arms will appear to hit them and send them spinning.

If you can, please clasp your hands into karate chop hands or make fists or something. It would help if you looked like you were exerting yourself, too. Can you raise an eyebrow? Did you raise it? Okay. How about making a noise? If yelling takes too much effort you can just open your mouth a bit and we'll dub something in post. Great! That's great.

Scene 2

Now, your character is going to be eating ice cream. It's a bonding scene with the undercover counter-terrorist double agent daughter. Super emotional. We need to really sell it.

Here's what we're going to do. You stay seated right there. We will fill a plastic cup with ice cream, and attach that to a mannequin's hand. A crewman will lay on the ground and manipulate the arm as if it is yours. He will ineffectually bump the cup against your entire face for about a minute while your soundalike makes exaggerated chewing noises into a microphone.

Remember, we're looking to drive home the emotion of the scene. The audience needs to believe that you really love that ice cream. It would go a long way if you could stop squinting and scowling. No? Okay. No, I understand. I'd never ask you to go outside of your comfort zone. Maybe you could make eye contact with the daughter instead of watching that golden retreiver rooting around in the trash up the street?

Scene 3

In this scene, your character gets out of his car and walks to the entrance of a bar.

Our prop guy developed this special full-body harness. It's powered by coal, but we can hide the venting in your jacket. Your shades should protect your eyes from any residual smog. When the scene begins, the harness will lift you out of the car and straighten up, gently positioning your body in a standing position. Then the harness will roll across this pair of tracks until it reaches the bar's front door. Pneumatic cylinders located just behind your dangling legs will compress and decompress, making it look as if you are walking.

Scene 4

Your character is going to be very sad in this scene. It will be a real test of your range as an award-winning actor.

We are going to drop you down this elevator shaft. The camera will be inside the shaft, rotated at a 90 degree angle. The inside of the shaft will be painted like the hallway of a house. When all of these elements are combined, your falling form will appear to be running through a house.

Once you reach the bottom, you will land face first on a large cushion with the word "SAD" printed across it in large letters. This will communicate to the viewer that you are sad. There is absolutely no risk involved. Our rig has been thoroughly tested. The only risk is that you might suffocate when you land face first and don't feel like turning your head. That's why I'll be there to turn it for you.

Scene 5

This is going to be great. It's the big setpiece that will serve as the movie's climax. Your character will dive toward the camera as a CGI explosion goes off behind him.

What we're going to do is attach these marionette lines to your palms, elbows, chin, and knees. Then our team of operators will manipulate these lines to simulate the movement of a human being. To help push you forward at the pivotal moment when the CGI explosion will be inserted, we're going to employ the force of an actual explosion.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.3 CRAWLER: The Original Cryptid Hookup Site

Monday, Jun 04, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

CRAWLER™
The ORIGINAL Cryptid Hookup Site

Flying Rod Seeks Stationary BBW Arse (pics) by **HOTROD69**

WHAT: CRYPTID SEEKING HUMAN

FOR: Hookup

WHERE: Yucatan, Mexico

Mmmmm girl I love em thick I hope you love em diaphanous screw-bodied and aimed at that nasty

bootyhole. Married so I need you to be discrete please lower yourself into a cenote while I do crazy flappy moves on your stink wrinkle. Willing to travel. Love ya!!!

* PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THIS USER WITH SPAM OR UNSOLICITED MESSAGES

Montauk T-Monster with Tina (pics) by **tgstewiegriffin**

WHAT: CRYPTID SEEKING HUMAN

FOR: Hookup

WHERE: Montauk, New York

Am I a raccoon? A turtle with no shell? Hardly. Gorgeous, well-hung Montauk Monster bottom has tits and tix to Tina. I've been in the surf all day and I worked up a powerful thirst. Huge cocks, ahoy, feed this messy monster, I've got a need for seed.

* PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THIS USER WITH SPAM OR UNSOLICITED MESSAGES

Must Love Velociraptors (pics) by **Jurassic_Mark**

WHAT: CRYPTID SEEKING HUMAN

FOR: Friendship and maybe more

WHERE: Portland, OR

I am a very passionate dinosaur, and literally one of a kind. I'm outlooking for long term relationship with an honest and caring woman I am only looking for someone who is willing to build a friendship as well as a relationship. I like to chase wild hogs and eat hikers, I like to rest in the forest. I truly hope if it be me or not we all find who we are looking for.

* PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THIS USER WITH SPAM OR UNSOLICITED MESSAGES

SEEKING JERSEY DEVIL TO BE HER ORAL SLAVE (pics) by **GymTanLivestockkilling**

WHAT: CRYPTID SEEKING CRYPTID

FOR: Something serious

WHERE: Pine Barrens, NJ

I am a full goat-head Jersey Devil currently residing high in the branches of a tree. I am seeking a 100% dominant jersey devil woman who wants to have her scratch patch worshipped 24/7. I will live on my knees and make you bleet long into the night. My big, rectangular teeth and weird goat tongue are there to tease and please your greasy gill. Rub your horny snake ass in my face.

No drugs/disease/psychos PLEASE.....

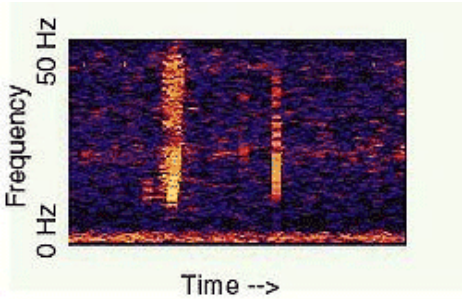
* PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THIS USER WITH SPAM OR UNSOLICITED MESSAGES

BLOOP SOUND WILL TOP YETI OR SASQUATCH (pics) by **bloop_66**

WHAT: CRYPTID SEEKING CRYPTID

FOR: Hookup

WHERE: 50° S, 100° W, depth 3 miles



INCREDIBLE DEPTH SOUND HEARD AROUND THE WORLD SEEKS BOTTOM YETI. HYDROPHONES HAVE PICKED ME UP THROUGHOUT THE SEVEN SEAS BUT NOTHING IS GONNA FIND ME WHEN I GO DEEP ON YOUR HUNGRY HIMALAYAN HOLES. I WILL REVERBERATE IN YOUR TRENCH. AM I A LIVING SOUND OR AN ASS-WRECKING FUCKBEAST OF THE ABYSS? FIND OUT!

HUGE LOADS. MAY SLUMBER FOR 1000 YEARS.

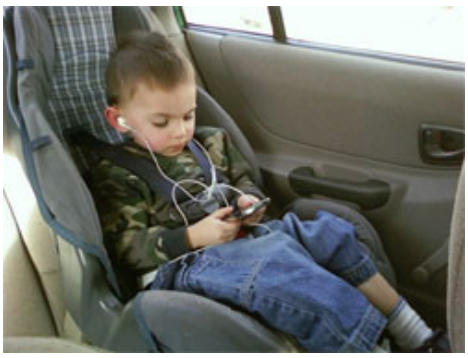
MUST BE DISCRETE.

* PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THIS USER WITH SPAM OR UNSOLICITED MESSAGES

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.4 Your Idiot Kid Doesn't Need to Watch Movies All Day

Tuesday, Jun 05, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)



It's weird how when I was a kid and walking around outside or in a store I would, you know, look at stuff and do things. Who are these little kids walking around in public watching movies on a smartphone? Does your child truly need constant Pixar exposure? What year are you from?

Most folks who have been alive in the industrialized world in the past year or two have probably seen it, too: a parent with their kid in tow, marching through a store or other public setting, and the kid is gripping an iPod or the parent's iPhone and watching a movie on it. This all happens in public, without shame or regard for anything else. In fact, earlier this week I was in a Target and saw a boy not more than 5 or 6 standing and watching a movie on his, all alone, in the TOY AISLE.

Kid, you are in the TOY AISLE. PUT THAT THING DOWN WHAT ARE YOU DOING.

It's not so much that I object to kids being placated or watching any movies, because I don't in theory, but it's now the rule rather than exception that a child must be tranquilized at all times, it seems, by high technology. Rather than letting your son or daughter explore the world around them within reason, it seems far preferable for working parents to placate them with gadgets and just drag them wherever they need to go. It happens in stores, restaurants, in the car, everywhere.

Unfortunately, this means your shit-for-brains kid is going to grow up with a lessened reasoning ability because rather than learning about their surroundings, they simply watched *Shrek 2* about 60 times and have no idea what is going on. In effect, as a parent you have chosen a form of neglect for your child. You are stunting their mental growth.

Which brings me to an aside: If your idiot child needs a movie in the car to make it through an hour-long car ride, that's a supremely-shitty kid you've got there. Don't suggest it's some genetic issue that requires a kid to be in front of a gadget all day-- there were only hundreds of thousands of years before gadgets that human kids grew up in. You have almost undoubtedly conditioned the child to be this way, and for that you are probably a bad parent.

Frankly speaking-- and I don't care who you are, really-- nothing you're doing beside your parenting is so important that you need to put your child's development on hold day in and day out. Nothing you are doing at work or anywhere else in your life is so important that you have to put your child in some kind of fuck-off gadget stasis for their formative years. You are not that important. Your child is actually more important than you, in case you forgot. Get the fuck off of Facebook or Classmates.com and talk to your shitty kid.

Parents, I must ask: When does it become just too much to be the same parent that every generation previous to you had been? When did you give up and stop trying to live up to the same standard? At which point exactly did you just throw in the towel and get the

iPod Touch because you can't stand answering questions about why planes fly or how cars work or whatever else curious, brilliant children ask? When did it become easier to just put on a movie and not talk to them?

Obviously you can parent how you want, just keep in mind that no great person in the future will ever say, "Yeah, as a kid I watched the same movies over and over for years. Want to hear me recite *Cars*?"

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.5 Memos from Bear Cave: Man's Reach (Part 2)

Wednesday, Jun 06, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 25, 1980
SUBJECT: Quit Wasting Ammo

When I left all those loaded guns lying around the office, I didn't do that so you first-class buffoons could try and murder yourselves. Suicide doesn't help soup get made and it doesn't help Bob Hutch and his goons get dead. Since none of you are smart enough to figure out which end of the gun to point things at, I'm taking them all back.

And no, we won't be taking any time off to mourn the six gigantic idiots who offed themselves. Last time I checked, this nation doesn't honor quitters with business holidays.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 25, 1980
SUBJECT: Vandalism

Whichever one of you idiots had the gall to write "Soup Semper Tyrannis" on my office door better come forward. That kind of savvy copywriting is exactly what we need in our marketing department. I want that slogan on all our cans.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 25, 1980
SUBJECT: Marketing Department Update

Brad Buick came forward and admitted to the vandalism. I reassigned him to the marketing department, then fired the whole department for associating with an a rotten son of a bitch like Brad Buick. We don't need marketing. Our soups appeal to a large audience. We've captured almost all of the wife beater market and angry dads prefer our soups two to one. You can't buy that kind of success. You earn it by making the meanest soup the world has ever seen.

Now quit wasting time committing suicide and get back to work.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 26, 1980
SUBJECT: Great Job. Idiots.

Well, you did it. You idiots really did it. You allowed that idiot Brad Buick to show up, sit down and set himself on fire as an act of protest. Why not put him out? Why not drag his burning body outside where he won't disrupt work?

Thanks to your carelessness, half my building burned down. In particular, the half I still own. The only thing I managed to save from the fire was this memo machine and Bouillon, my beautiful dog, who was severely burned. There's not much left of him at this point, just a charred husk and a refusal to die.

Remarkably, the half of the building owned by Bob Hutch and his Man's Reach Soup Co. hooligans was spared. Something about fresh fire retardant paint he had put up when he was uglying up the place. Don't think for a minute I'm going to let him get away with this and don't think for a minute this means we're out of business. We've got half the soupyards, half a parking lot and four soup trucks I won from Roy Mallard over at Druid's Delight Soup. That's more than I started with.

I don't tell this story a lot, but I founded this company with little more than a dream. I got drunk one night, punched my first wife, blacked out for a few hours, came to and decided I wanted to start

a soup company. By morning I had sold my first can of soup and married my second wife. If that story doesn't inspire you to work harder than ever, then I personally hate your guts.

Pick a truck, climb in the back and get to work. Just stay out of the nicest truck, because that one is my office. We're going to make this soup company great again.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 26, 1980
SUBJECT: Don't Start This Again

All employees are hereby PROHIBITED from using the bathrooms in the Man's Reach offices. I don't care of Bob Hutch himself agrees to wipe your ass. You DO NOT enter that building or give that man one speck of your bodily wastes. You're on my clock, so I own it. Manuel has placed a bucket in the shade between two of the trucks and I've instructed him to give me hourly reports about its usage and content.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 26, 1980
SUBJECT: Increased Responsibility

I just learned that my secret instrument of justice has been detained by authorities. Dang Linh is currently facing deportation, since he cannot produce any record he is a citizen, let alone that he exists. I tried to explain to the government stooges that this is all perfectly normal and that I brought him over from Vietnam to help me keep my business running smoothly. They aren't buying it. To make up for his absence, some of you are going to have to start doing some pretty horrible things. If you are loyal to me and this business, you will not hesitate to act no matter how morally abhorrent those actions might seem. You must make a friend of moral terror if you want to succeed in the soup business.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 26, 1980
SUBJECT: Leland Brownwig will be dead soon

Leland Brownwig took one of our trucks and drove off, vowing never to return. He's right about that last part. To deter theft, I had all the brake lines removed from my trucks. Get back to work. I want three new soup ideas from each of you by nightfall.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Tall Charlie, Last Remaining Bear Cave Employee
DATE: February 26, 1980
SUBJECT: Mutiny

Tall Charlie, you are my last remaining employee following the terrible mutiny of five minutes ago, when all of your coworkers left to go work for that rat-livered bastard Bob Hutch. I want you to know I value your loyalty, and am using some of the savings from the reduced headcount to give you a 3% raise. I will also need you to take over the duties for all defectors. Lastly, I am increasing your hours to cover weekends. Since you're already salaried these extra hours do not come with any additional pay.

I may not be able to look you in the eye and I may not respect you, but you're one of the least useless people I know. I don't hate your guts.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Bob Hutch & All Employees of Man's Reach
DATE: February 27, 1980
SUBJECT: A Challenge

Bob Hutch, I am a man of action. It is readily apparent that you want everything I have: my soup company, my employees, their leavings, and my two idiot rockabilly sons. There are three things you cannot and will never have: the loyalty of my dog, my fierce, beastlike cunning and my ability to seduce any woman. I think it's time we stop pussyfooting around and settle our disagreements like men. Like soupmen.

You had to know this was coming, Bob Hutch. You and I are going to duel in the soupyards at noon. In case you aren't familiar with the gentlemanly laws of a duel, they go like this: we try to murder the hell out of each other. Even though you're a coward prone to fainting spells, you know this business enough to know that no true soupman would ever refuse a fight.

Let's settle this in the yard.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 27, 1980
SUBJECT: Update on the Future of Bear Cave Soup Co.

As many of you know from watching the scene that just unfolded mere moments ago, Bob Hutch drowned like a useless baby in the #4 soup vat after I tackled him into it and held him submerged for several minutes. Bob Hutch is not a natural soupman. That's why he came unarmed to a duel he tacitly agreed to participate in.

Bob Hutch entered this business because he was an effeminate man who liked cooking soup for his wife. I entered this business because I have soup in my veins. I swim in those vats every night, sometimes for hours. I can breathe soup. Bob Hutch showed the world he is not a true soupman by not possessing the ability to breathe soup.

In accordance with the laws and traditions of all natural soupmen, I am taking ownership of Man's Reach and absorbing it back into Bear Cave. I am taking back my building, my soupyards and

my parking lot. There will be amnesty for all his employees, including Bear Cave defectors. If you consider yourself soupmen, you will do the honorable thing and stonewall any police or investigators who come asking questions. I have won you back fair and square, and you will honor my victory by working harder than ever.

This amnesty does not include my two idiot rockabilly sons. They are both fired and I encourage you all to form a gauntlet and spit and hiss at them as they leave the premises in shame.

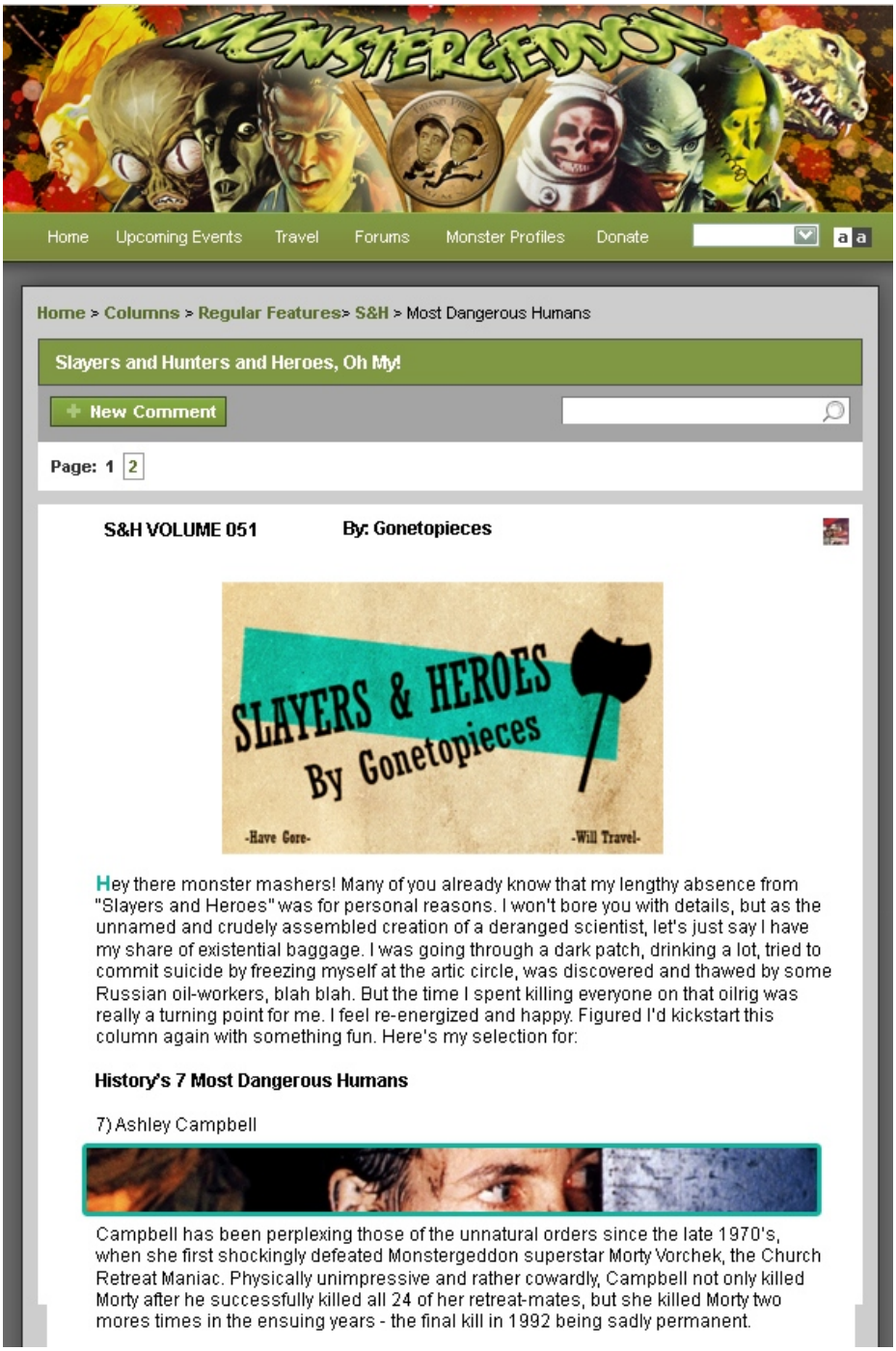
To make up for lost time, everybody will need to work this weekend.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.6 History's Most Dangerous Humans

Thursday, Jun 07, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.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SLAYERS & HEROES
By Gonetopieces
-Have Gere-
-Will Travel-
Hey there monster mashers! Many of you already know that my lengthy absence from "Slayers and Heroes" was for personal reasons. I won't bore you with details, but as the unnamed and crudely assembled creation of a deranged scientist, let's just say I have my share of existential baggage. I was going through a dark patch, drinking a lot, tried to commit suicide by freezing myself at the artic circle, was discovered and thawed by some Russian oil-workers, blah blah. But the time I spent killing everyone on that oilrig was really a turning point for me. I feel re-energized and happy. Figured I'd kickstart this column again with something fun. Here's my selection for:
History's 7 Most Dangerous Humans
7) Ashley Campbell
Campbell has been perplexing those of the unnatural orders since the late 1970's, when she first shockingly defeated Monstergeddon superstar Morty Vorchek, the Church Retreat Maniac. Physically unimpressive and rather cowardly, Campbell not only killed Morty after he successfully killed all 24 of her retreat-mates, but she killed Morty two mores times in the ensuing years - the final kill in 1992 being sadly permanent.

6) Heckler and Stowe

Bertram Heckler and William Stowe. These two grave robbers turned monster hunters became the thorn in the side and stake through the heart of several generations of ghouls, zombies and vampires in Victorian England, before the late-great Queen Mordrana sucked them both dry.

5) The Town of Crooked Creek, Colorado

What is it about Crooked Creek that we monsters can't seem to resist? At this point I suppose it is just the challenge! Possibly no other location on Earth (relative to population size) has had more attacks and successfully defended itself than this deceptively sleepy town. From the sheriff's department to the high school cheerleading team, when push comes to shove the citizens of Crooked Creek can always seem to wield a weapon and find our weaknesses.

4) Wulfing

Long before the modern Death Metal-loving people of Sweden became fascinated with our kind, they weren't particularly keen on having trolls and bog-hags lurking about, stealing their sheep and children. Wulfing became their champion. Legend has it that this mighty Viking was over 8 ft tall, but a few of my immortal friends who claim to have seen Wulfing first hand say he was a more plausible 6'3 or 6'5 tops.

3) Bobby Bibble and His Creature Crew

Proof that the saying "Like taking the head off a baby" shouldn't always be taken literally – armed with an ancient book full of our secrets (that Bibble found in an antique shop!), this obnoxious little boy and his posse of neighborhood friends, all ranging in age from 7 to 14 years old, surprised many a monster in the 1980's with their deadly tenacity – yours truly, included, I'm embarrassed to say.

2) Gyan of the Lowlands

In the age when us monsters numbered in greater percentage, this backward warrior instilled fear in the hearts of the supernatural world. Gyan wandered the ancient landscapes, naked to the waist and armed only with his sword and feeble wit, decapitating frost-giants, changelings, and dark wizards alike. Entire clans of creatures were purportedly wiped out by this primitive human.

1) Aldous Rolle

1) Aldous Rolle

And of course, #1 has to go to Rolle. Born in Switzerland in 1871, the former magician whose ghost-debunking hobby unfortunately transitioned into the most prolific slaying career of any one human in recorded history. Rolle traveled the world, ever expanding his horizon of knowledge, leaving none safe. All we could do was wait for him to get too old to hunt. Sadly, Rolle used the things he learned from us to cast a spell that stopped his aging process entirely. It was only with sheer dumb luck that the Baron Gore accidentally turned himself and Rolle into statues in 1972. The thought that Rolle may one day get free remains a lasting human-story that we tell novice monsters around the bushes of a campfire, as we hide waiting to kill humans telling stories around a campfire.

-COMMENTS- Page: 1 2

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

Great to have you and this column back! And nice list. Though I would have thought that you'd put Scotty Gervis on here in tribute to FaceOFear. I mean, Ashley Campbell killed Morty three times. Gervis has now killed FaceOFear four times. And a lot of different people killed Morty over the years.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

No disrespect was meant to FaceO. I hope he comes back to life soon. But some historical context was necessary here. Morty was one of the greats. And based on how much time has passed, his last death seems very final.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

WTF? Where is Darius 'Stake' Brown? That douche has been killing dozens of vamps every year for like the past three decades.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

Isn't he a vampire himself, though? I'm just assuming that's why Frankie left him off this list, which is the most dangerous HUMANS.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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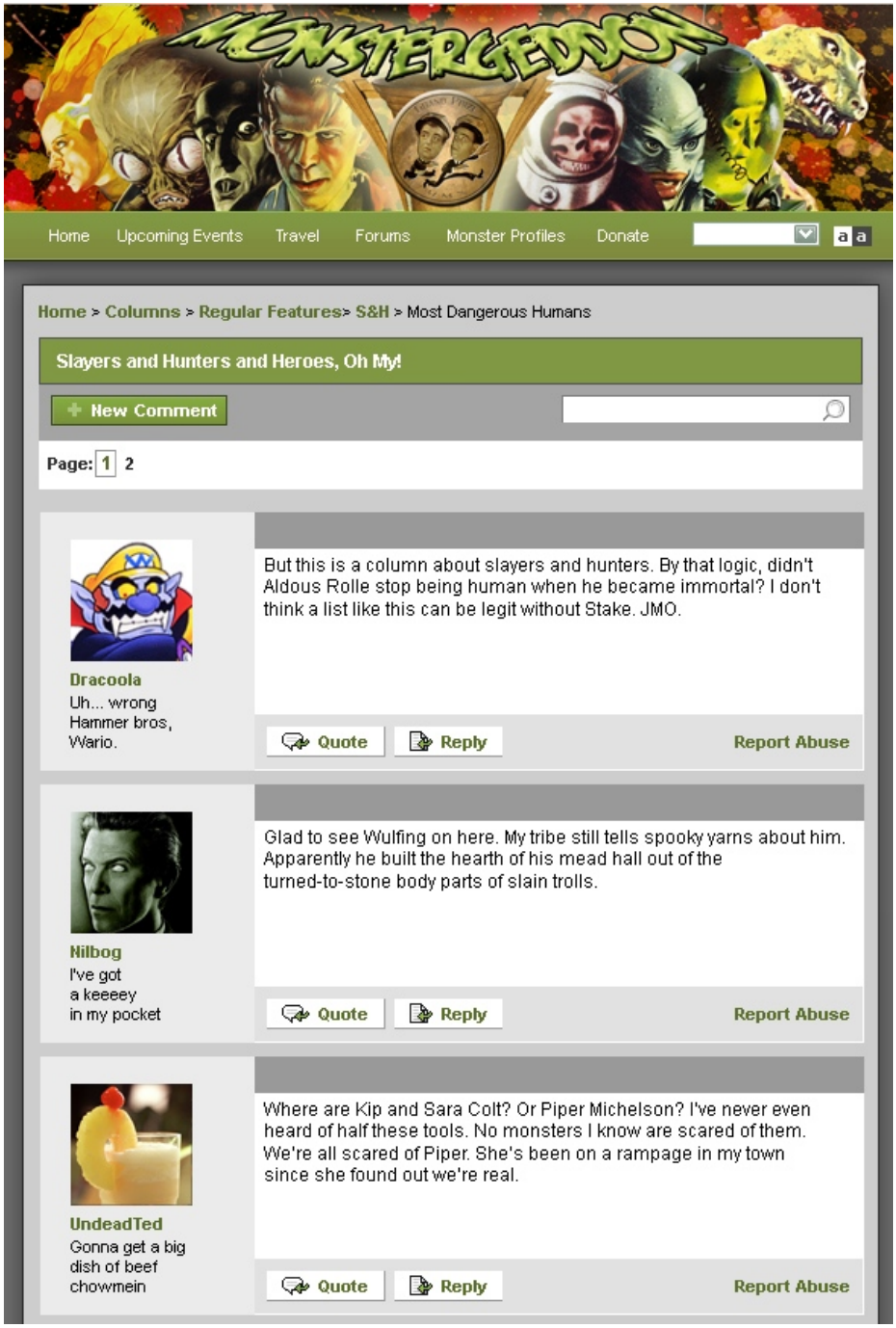
MONSTERGEDDON
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Slayers and Hunters and Heroes, Oh My!
New Comment
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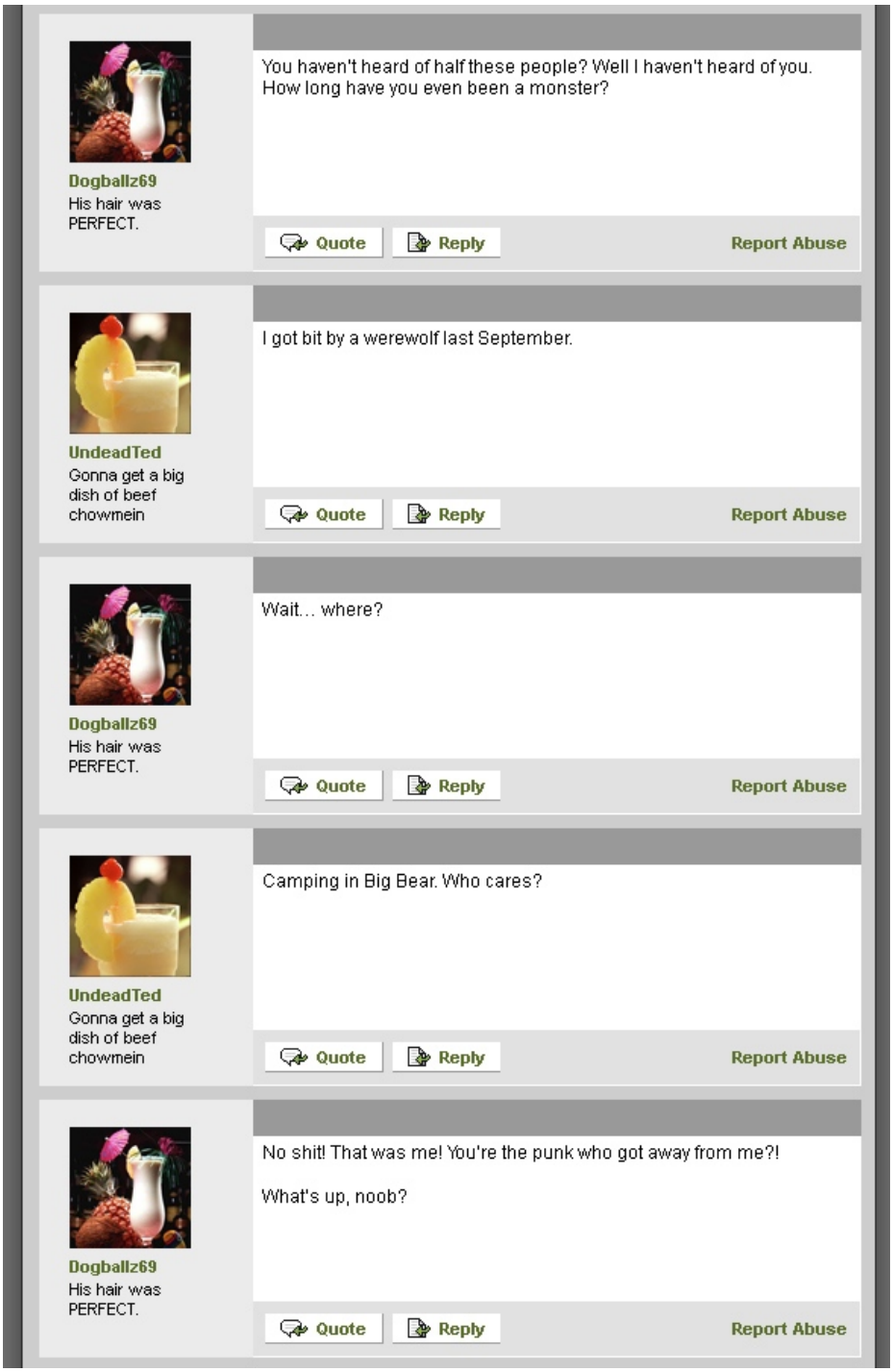
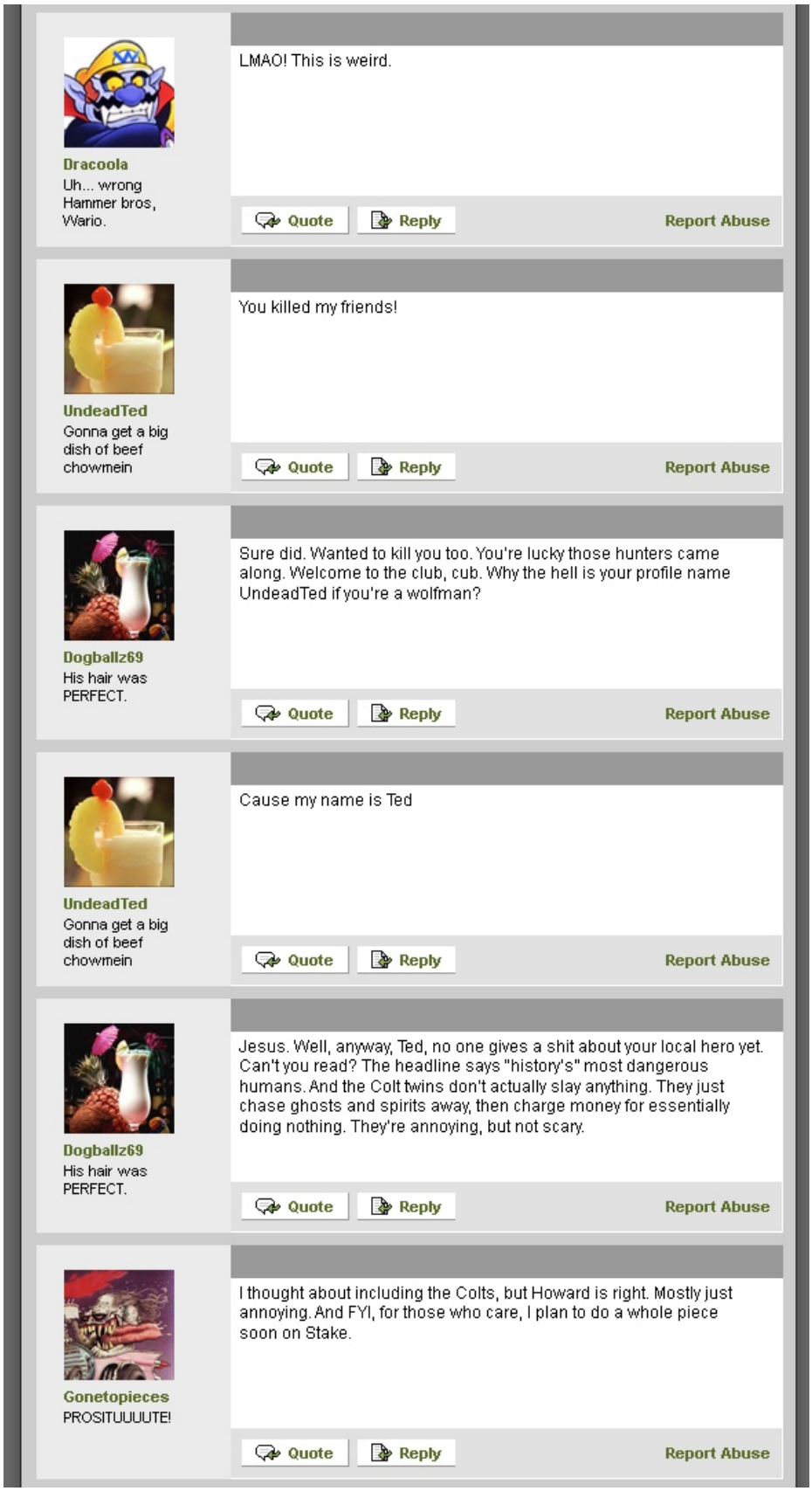
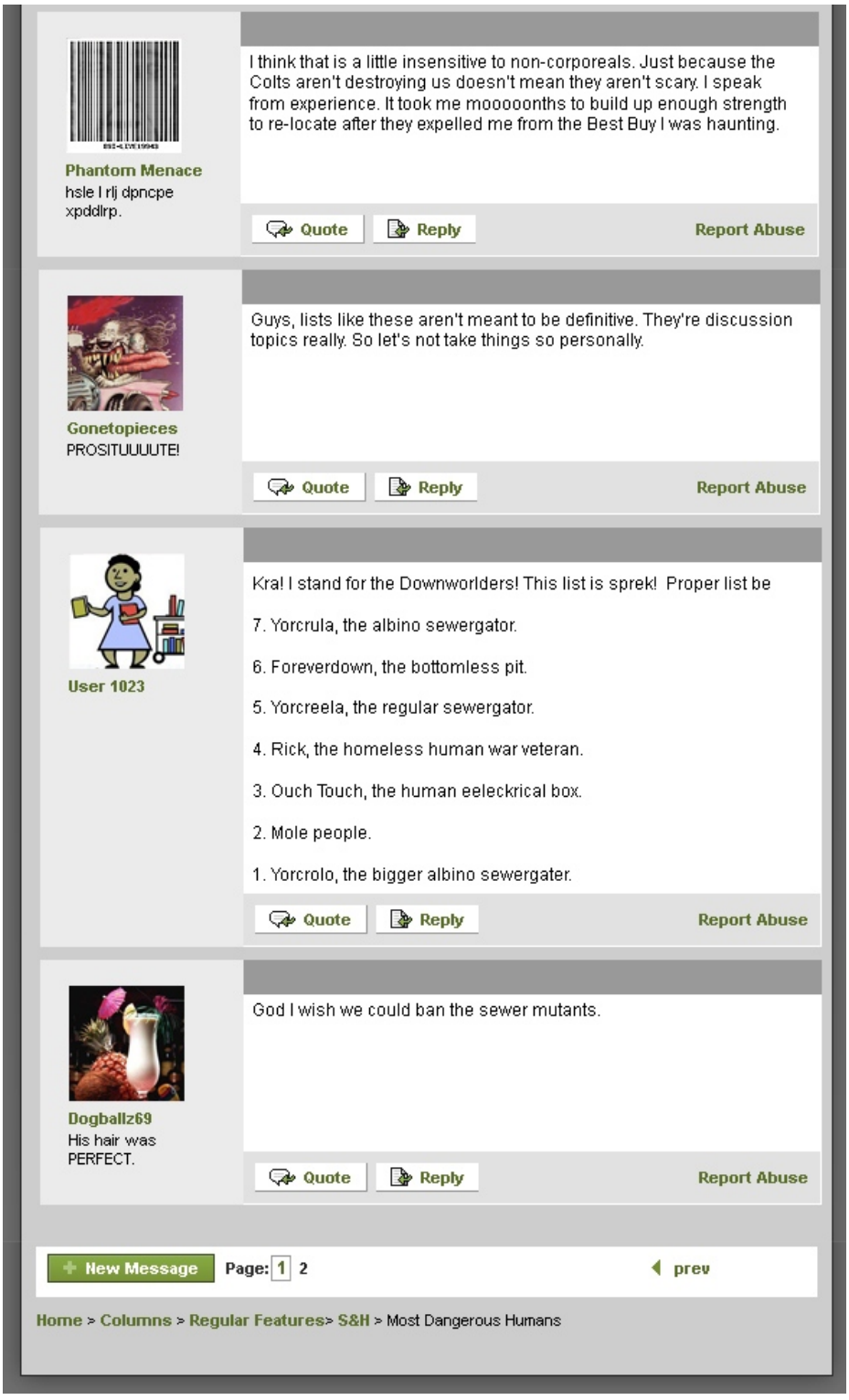
But this is a column about slayers and hunters. By that logic, didn't Aldous Rolle stop being human when he became immortal? I don't think a list like this can be legit without Stake. JMO.
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Glad to see Wulfing on here. My tribe still tells spooky yarns about him. Apparently he built the hearth of his mead hall out of the turned-to-stone body parts of slain trolls.
Nilbog
I've got a keeeey in my pocket
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Where are Kip and Sara Colt? Or Piper Michelson? I've never even heard of half these tools. No monsters I know are scared of them. We're all scared of Piper. She's been on a rampage in my town since she found out we're real.
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
You haven't heard of half these people? Well I haven't heard of you. How long have you even been a monster?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
I got bit by a werewolf last September.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Wait... where?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Camping in Big Bear. Who cares?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
No shit! That was me! You're the punk who got away from me?!
What's up, noob?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
LMAO! This is weird.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
You killed my friends!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Sure did. Wanted to kill you too. You're lucky those hunters came along. Welcome to the club, cub. Why the hell is your profile name UndeadTed if you're a wolfman?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Cause my name is Ted
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Jesus. Well, anyway, Ted, no one gives a shit about your local hero yet. Can't you read? The headline says "history's" most dangerous humans. And the Colt twins don't actually slay anything. They just chase ghosts and spirits away, then charge money for essentially doing nothing. They're annoying, but not scary.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!
I thought about including the Colts, but Howard is right. Mostly just annoying. And FYI, for those who care, I plan to do a whole piece soon on Stake.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

I think that is a little insensitive to non-corporeals. Just because the Colts aren't destroying us doesn't mean they aren't scary. I speak from experience. It took me mooooonths to build up enough strength to re-locate after they expelled me from the Best Buy I was haunting.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

Guys, lists like these aren't meant to be definitive. They're discussion topics really. So let's not take things so personally.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

User 1023

Kra! I stand for the Downworlders! This list is sprek! Proper list be

7. Yorcrula, the albino sewergator.

6. Foreverdown, the bottomless pit.

5. Yorcreela, the regular sewergator.

4. Rick, the homeless human war veteran.

3. Ouch Touch, the human eeleckrical box.

2. Mole people.

1. Yorcrolo, the bigger albino sewergater.

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Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

God I wish we could ban the sewer mutants.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there were entire books full of it?! Check out the author that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful" and "blatantly disrespectful!"

Kra! Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for putting together the page layouts and the amazing title/avatar combinations!

-∼Worm Miller

6.7 Wolf Blitzer Tweets Again

Friday, Jun 08, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wolf Blitzer

@wolfblitzercnn Washington D.C.

These are the actual tweets of Wolf Blitzer, the anchor of CNN's The Situation Room.

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

What is your favorite dinosaur? Mine is a tie between diplodocus and Draco as voiced by Sean Connery.

7 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

The only way Greece is going to resolve its debt crisis is if they go double or nothing.

7 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Tonight on @CNNSitRoom I try to trick Joe Biden into revealing details of the Innerspace shrinking program.

7 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Battleship was an amazing movie. It gives me hope for my own game-based screenplay...oh, dang it! Mine is about Battleship!

7 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@JackCafferty wants to know: Can you believe what Mitt Romney said? Pick anything Mitt Romney said and comment.

7 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Tried listening to Car Talk. They kept laughing and I didn't get it. Started to think they were making fun of me so I turned it off.

7 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

If anyone knows how to get in touch with John Rambo or Universal Soldier for Veteran's Day please contact me.

7 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Charles Manson parole hearing coming up. I want to hear what he has to say before I decide where my vote is.

6 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Jerry Seinfeld keeps getting funnier. Ran into him and had to ask, "When are you going to reunite and do another Bee Movie?"

6 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Great lunch with @AliVelshi today. I could watch that man eat cantaloupe for hours.

6 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

The most heartbreaking moment in cinema is when Leelo gets to "War" in the encyclopedia. I always skip that part.

6 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Rough self defense class today. Got my ass handed to me when we were training on the whistle.

6 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@SitRoom now: we're going to find out just how many robin eggs @James_Carville can swallow without breaking.

6 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Just read on Internet WWE might not be real. What have you heard Val Venis? @freetarian

6 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Just a reminder that Fareed Zakaria's CNN show is still on. Nobody has seen it to verify that, but it is listed on my TiVo.

5 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Saw @LouDobbs at Chipotle. He still looks like he hates immigrants the exact same amount.

5 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Saw on TV, Japanese are building amazing robot. There goes my Guinness attempt. This thing can hold its breath forever.

5 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@sanjayguptaCNN will be stopping by to tell me something about fat people again. Are all of you fat?

5 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Went to the bank and asked for all of my money in Chinese money. It turned out it wasn't my bank. #fifththird

5 Jun

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Studio sent me a screener of Prometheus. I am still trying to figure that one out. Is a DVD a CD? Can I play it in my car?

5 Jun

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.8 Get To Know Your Professional Wrestling Match Types

Saturday, Jun 09, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's safe to assume that everyone would like to keep up with professional wrestling at all times. Unfortunately, that can be quite difficult. Every week there are dozens of storyline developments, titles changing hands, and Matt/Jeff Hardy arrests. Staying on top of all that while paying attention to the rules of each match type can be overwhelming. Why not familiarize yourself with those rules now so you can focus on the important stuff?

One Fall

The most common match type. The first wrestler to fall down is the victor. Opponents grapple, maneuver, and brawl in an attempt to keep each other too busy to throw themselves on the mat unimpeded.

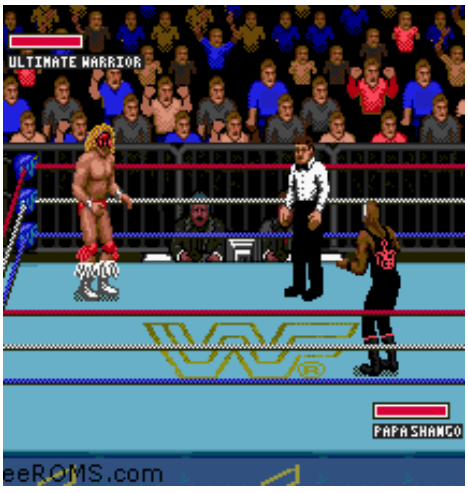
Custom Deathmatch

Low gravity. Instant respawns. Quad damage pickups. No pistols or sniper rifles. Round ends at 50 frags.

Tag Team

One team of wrestlers huddles in the center of the ring, closing their eyes and counting to one hundred. As they do this, the other team frantically searches for hiding spots somewhere within the arena; behind fan signs, inside trash cans, in the shadows of wrestlers with names that include the word "Big" or "Giant". The match ends when both members of the searching team locate and tag both of their opponents at once, or when the hiding team hits the searching team with a limo in the parking lot.

Commercial Breaking Point



One man locks the other in a painful-looking hold, then the two stay in that exact position for 3+ minutes as the broadcast cuts to commercial. When the television audience comes back, the two men politely trade places, settling in for another hold as a new commercial break begins. This match continues until the crowd submits.

Staring Contest

Both wrestlers lock eyes with random members of the audience. The first one to blink loses. When one wrestler racks up 300 losses his opponent is declared the winner of the match.

Cage Match

One wary wrestler must face the thirteen deadliest forms of Nicolas Cage. A test of physical prowess as well as microphone skills, this is a potential champion's biggest challenge in the main event at Wrestlemania. The match usually starts with Cage's Moonstruck incarnation. When defeated, Cage then morphs into his Raising Arizona form as dramatic Final Fantasy boss music plays. His thirteenth form, which always catches his opponent off guard, is Ben Sanderson from Leaving Las Vegas.

Tables, Ladders, And Chairs

One wrestler is blindfolded, then placed in a soundproof booth as his opponent is called into the ring. There sit a table, a ladder, and a chair. The wrestler in the ring must correctly identify each item. When he is done, the other wrestler's blindfold is removed and he makes his way into the ring, where he must correctly identify each item.

If both men are able to identify the table, ladder, and chair, the match moves on to round two. The three items are shuffled around as both wrestlers put on blindfolds, staying in the ring. They must now identify the items by touch.

PBD Match

A charismatic wrestler such as CM Punk speaks into a microphone backstage. In the ring, peanut butter is spread in a labrador retriever's mouth. As the dog opens and closes his mouth to clean the peanut butter away, it looks as though he is speaking when it is in fact the wrestler. Everyone is declared a winner.

Over The Top

Two opponents have a lengthy back-and-forth arm wrestling match involving a lot of grimacing, shaking, and intimidation. The winner becomes the legal guardian of the actor that played Sylvester Stallone's kid in Over The Top. He's in his 40s now, but his contract for that movie was really weird, so any arm wrestling match with him at stake is legally binding.

Life Lessons Match

A wrestler explains basic concepts that aren't taught in school, but that everyone should know when they enter the real world. How to balance a checkbook. Keeping up with bills. Buying a fancy pair of dress pants that you only wear while handling large quantities of ham, so you have something to wipe your hands on.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.9 [Default] Invitation to Graduation

Sunday, Jun 10, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Dear distant aunt/neighbor/weird kid at school,

Please attend the upcoming Graduation Party. Though **Graduate** will never forget your gifts/house sitting your cat/ the time you barfed in study hall, you have not been selected for premium attendance. It is hoped that you will still enjoy the party through your issued invitation for Extended Relations (E.Rs).

All E.Rs are permitted and welcome between 3 and 3:45 and **Graduate** hopes you find enjoyment. During this time folding lawn chairs are reserved, but please feel comfortable squatting in the grass while you enjoy your choice of Tier 2 Soda (Squirt, RC Cola, Tahitian Treat.) Though you are attending, please do not make a scene. Do not attempt to tell stories of **Graduate**'s childhood. Do not try to hug girls outside of E.R. sub-category. Do not sign guestbook in large, unattractive handwriting. Be advised that there will be a slideshow accompanied by Vitamin C's classic track "Graduation (Friends Forever)". Please provide your own tissues. Do not clap.

If you would like to communicate with **Graduate**, wait until all higher sub-categories are finished conversing. Please keep comments brief and avoid the following sayings: So what's next? Are you glad to be finished? I am so proud. Where are you going to school? I haven't seen you since you were this tall. Do you still love me? Do you have a major? Why don't I see you on Christmas anymore? All relevant information can be found on the poster board below **Graduate**'s baby pictures.

For a $20 Gift (no gift certificates) you will receive one of the following Senior Pictures: The Tree Hug, The Relaxed Recline, Serious in Sepia, Hunk Magnet.

For a $40 Gift you will receive one Senior Picture and one slice of cake (Vanilla, no corner piece, no icing flowers, no portion of **Graduate**'s name or screen printed face.)

For a Gift $75 and up you get all three Senior Pictures, one slice of cake, and one semi-personalized message.

Suggestions:

- Hey [Your Name], What a wild four years! Good luck!
- We had so much fun doing [Childhood Event]! Let's *totally* keep in touch!
- You are so awesome! I wish I got to spend more time with you!
- I can't believe we survived [Difficult Class]! Keep on keeping on!
- Eat Quiznos!

Please eat while talking to other E.Rs! There is food for you! Feel free to help yourself to one miniature sun-baked ham sandwich and as many baby carrots as you desire. Ranch dressing is currently limited to one half ladle, considered to be a healthy portion by many. Pasta salad is available after 3:30. Consume at your own risk.

Again, thank you for your support in helping **Graduate** develop/get cheap beer/laugh at your grotesque pimpled pubescent face.

Graduate hopes to see you there!

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.10 Why the Last Thing the USA Needs is More Goddang Teachers

Monday, Jun 11, 2012 by Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Don Larry is USA PATRIOT TOUGH series.

I made his nose longer because he lies a lot and because of all the emails I got NO it is not a penis.

All I can do is laugh and shake my head anymore. I'm gonna pull a muscle, I swear. I heard on the radio that David A$$holerod says America's way to bring back our economy is to hire more teachers. MORE teachers?

Did you know that the country's biggest union is teachers? There are more teachers than soldiers in this country and if you ask me we can learn a lot more from our brave boys in uniform than any liberal propaganda indoctrinator.

We need more teachers like we need a foreigner in the White House. Oh, what do you know, we got that!

Teachers. Could there be a greedier bunch? What have they ever done for us? I see them in their fancy schools and driving around in their fancy hatchbacks and I want to yell at them, "Hey, miss Greenpeace sticker, why don't you shave your pits and give me a ride to the Aldi because I bought that dadburned car, you bag of burps." Only it would take a lot more than a potpourri air freshener to get me into a car with one of those lesbians, at least three lit Marlboros and a Lee Greenwood tape blasting so loud I can't hear her talking to me about dolphins or whatever I don't give a hot hoot about.

More teachers? It's like asking for more crotch crabs. Let me tell you about the average teacher.

Average salary: $$$$ ⟨---tons of money. There are teachers making as much as some bankers, but what do they contribute to the economy? When was the last time you heard about a teacher giving a motorcycle loan or having some great idea to make a ton of money? Never. How many of the products you use today were invented by teachers? Half? A quarter? Nope. BZZzzzzt! Zero. The only thing teachers ever invented was new ways to waste money on nonsense like "field trips" and "assemblies."

Politics: Union and proud, liberals, love Obarffle, communism, atheism, liberal "science" like evolution, the lie of global warming, disrespect the troops.

Looks: Hot for teacher? I don't think so. Big, burly haggard lesbians wearing jackets and big ugly pins. I bet they get all kinds of foot problems.

I don't have kids: So why in the heck should I pay 900 dollars a year for school taxes? The answer is you shouldn't. Think about moving to a right to not learn state where everyone is allowed to opt out of paying taxes for schools which is the way it should always be.

Agenda teaching: Teachers today are highly energized to do the bidding of their master, Oburglar. That means they want to indoctrinate our kids (I do not have kids but I mean kids in general) into ways of thinking. Oh, sure, it always starts off seeming okay. "Share your toy" turns into "share your snack" turns into "share your condoms we gave you in exchange for your guns." Did you know there is a school in California where they were teaching sex ed to first graders? First Grader! Hang on, I got to say that again with even more exclamations. FIRST GRADERS!!!! I didn't learn what a penis was until I was ten. I'm still not completely sure what a vagina is. I think it's like a smaller butt.

Economics: Schools don't make anything except lazy kids who play video games. Do you even know what a Facebook is? It's what happens when we allow ourselves to believe what Nancy Peloser says.

Vouchers: Why should kids have to go to some crummy school in the urban inner slum city when they could just walk across the street and go to the school with all their safe friends in their neighborhood? They shouldn't, it's a rhetorical question. Obangbus wants all our kids getting on board little yellow buses so god only knows who can drive our precious kids around, maybe drunk, to schools real far away where troubled kids also go from disadvantaged places. Mixing up our kids is just going to bring down the good kids, not lift up the bad kids. There needs to be a way for the government to pay parents for teaching their own kids. You know who the best teacher is? Experience. I say put them to work as soon as they can change their own pants.

I am proactive. I say it's time we take this country back from the unions and the teachers and the middle class. Stop trying to get in the way of the job creators with estate taxes. And stop indoctrinating our kids. That's why I propose...

THE DON LARRY USA PATRIOT TOUGH ACADEMY

Only what you need to know. For profit school where you and the kids make money while they learn.

First period: pledge and constitution and bible. Kids recite the pledge and then take turns reading the important parts of the constitution and bible so they understand what is the foundation of our country.

Second period: Exercise. Kids need to get a workout which will be operating a for-profit loading dock and learning how to drive a forklift designed for children by me. I already have the drawings done up and all I need is to raise the $75 I need for the lumber and the bobcat rental for the prototype.

Third period: Lunch. All you can eat hamburgers using pink slime (100% safe) but you gotta pay enough for us to make money on them.

Fourth period: Math. Does not include anything past geometry and even that I am suspicious of so I'll have to sit in on those classes and make sure they don't talk about any weird shapes like pentagrams.

Fifth period: Movie time. We have a bunch of movies hand picked by me. Educational stuff like shows I taped off the military channel, basically Top Shot and Future Weapons, plus some of the few good Hollywouldn't movies like Rambo films, Die Hard films and Maniac Cop films.

Sixth period: Shooting. I will teach the kids how to shoot everything from a .22 rifle to a black powder cannon I made myself that shoots crumpled pop cans through a sheet of plywood.

Fee: $600 a year plus you have to sign something saying if your kid dies or I accidentally bring in one of my massage videotapes you can't sue me.

You can thank me later.

Hang on, next week I am gonna do another one of these about Police and Firefighters, because I can tell you what I got two tickets last year for speeding in a children's hospital zone (like they're special or something) and the only time the fire department ever came out to my house was when they put out the fire of me burning used car batteries which I didn't want put out in the first place, so no thank you to more of either of them.

Also since they never let me write one of these I just wanted to say god bless andrew breitbart RIP

we will catch the killers someday.

A true warrior. Your fight will live on in all of us.

Don Larry

Battle Creek, MI

(c)2012

"The private sector is doing fine." - Bullcrap Insane Obonkers at a press conference letting the whole world see exactly why he is the worst president ever and must be defeated in 2012 otherwise I might end up dead or in jail or fed chemicals that turn me into a gay person.

-~Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 Advanced Chess Glossary

Tuesday, Jun 12, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1828 Rule
Often considered the founding premise of modern chess play, the 1828 rule (named after the year of its invention) states that players shall make their moves in turns, rather than simultaneously.

Bishop Phasing
An advanced experimental technique for switching a light-square bishop to a dark square (or vice versa) by moving it in a four-dimensional "box step" pattern over six moves. Thusfar, this technique has only been executed by the Theoretical Chess department at UC Berkeley; the resulting bishops were highly unstable, decaying into pawns after only a few milliseconds.

Board Scratch
A foul that occurs if a player touches his opponent's piece without first touching his own piece; his opponent is then allowed to move his queen anywhere within his first four ranks and take a free turn.

Cold Lamping
A tactic in which one player demeans his opponent by allowing the timer to run out without making any moves, thus proving that he doesn't care about the match and cannot be intimidated. Ranked as a draw in tournament play, unless the cold lamping player flinches during the process.

Dog Chess
A match played using live dogs as pieces; in tournament play, the dogs cannot be touched, and verbal commands can only be issued in standard chess notation. Until the 1960s, captured dogs were usually euthanized immediately.

Double Blind Chess
A tournament match in which the two players are in separate rooms and are allowed no contact with each other; the chess board is in a third room. Each player must play the entire game out mentally, in solitude; the winner is the first player to declare checkmate.

False Check
A technique in which a player seems to put his opponent's king in check in order to force a response,

but in fact that player had no sincere intention of harming his opponent's king.

Gentleman's Chess
A match played with a fork and knife, following all standard rules of both chess and formal dining etiquette.

Mad King Strategy
A strategy whereby a player makes irrational and aggressive moves with his king, often with the intent of rushing to the front lines and checkmating the opposing king singlehandedly.

Miraculous Pawn
A pawn that by divine providence suddenly and arbitrarily gains the ability to move to any space on the board and capture any piece; usually, the player in control of the miraculous pawn will capture the enemy king immediately. All but a handful of tournament matches between 1902 and 1924 were won on the first turn by Miraculous Pawns; it was accepted practice that the starting player could simply declare checkmate immediately, and it would be understood that one of his pawns had been empowered by God. The practice finally ended when the Fédération Internationale des Échecs was formed by disgruntled skeptics who refused to allow heavenly influence during tournament matches.

Ouija Knight
A knight that guides the player's hand to its intended position through unknown occult forces. Note that this only works with knights, as they are the only vessels strong enough to channel the energies of life and death.

Pawn Wedding
A scenario in which two pawns of opposing colors face each other in the same file for more than six turns, thereby becoming Wedded; both pawns are removed from the board and replaced by a single tiny grey Bastard Pawn, which can be moved in either direction by either player.

Peaceful Finish
Achieved when the two players negotiate a checkmate at the start of the game, thus avoiding the loss of any pieces.

Reverse Chess
A variant in which both players start in mutual checkmate; the winner is the player who moves all of his pieces backward into their starting positions first, having recaptured all pieces missing at the start (end) of the game. All other rules are identical to standard chess.

Rough Match
An illegal variant common in underground "street chess" circles, in which the losing player has both his thumbs broken, ensuring that he can never play chess again.

Texas Chess
A common variant of chess in which players can only move pieces by firing guns at them.

Yakimov's Nightmare
An uncommon scenario in which one player promotes all eight of his pawns to queens without capturing any of his opponent's pieces or losing any of his own. Named for its first and only recorded occurrence in Yakimov vs. Satan 1892.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.12 You Have Served Your Dark Lords Well, Skeleton in a Barrel

Wednesday, Jun 13, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Nameless Skeleton, word of your deed has reached my post miles beneath you. I am impressed, for you are the first of our wretched kind to ever successfully pop out of a barrel and kill a mortal. In all my two thousand years of eternal torment, my burning eyeballs have not once beheld such a ghastly sight. Had I been there to witness it firsthand, I might have wept great tears of blood and flooded the dungeons with my demonic ocular broth.

Indeed, no tome in all our countless miles of musty dungeon libraries has ever recorded an instance of this deception working. As you know from your Unholy Legion orientation some five hundred years ago, many skeletons spend godless eons locked in their wooden wombs, waiting to unleash demonic vengeance upon any mortal foolish enough to release them.

These long waiting periods can play cruel tricks on a skeleton's mind. He may find himself lost in madness, or he may even grow fond of his surroundings and fear the world outside his barrel. You did your bony brethren proud, Nameless Skeleton. You exploded from that wooden cask with ferocity, and I am told you plunged your blighted axe deep into the elbow of an elderly mortal looking for a pickle barrel, causing him to die some weeks later from an infection.

Your actions enter you into the halls of legend. You join the ranks of such brutal abominations as Grimmaw Screamface, Glibrat the Unclean, Bloodpube Facestab, Filthblood Screamface (no relation), Direblight the Micromanager, Hatesack Bloodshriek the Genital Mutilator, Bloodclumps the Putrid One and the ghastly genocidal monstrosity himself, Ratspewer Deathblud. These are the cursed manslayers that every demonic underling aspires to be, and every mortal fears.

You are something unique, Nameless Skeleton. That is why from henceforth you will no longer be nameless. Using the blood-honored system of throwing poisoned daggers into a giant piece of flesh carved with profane words of evil, I offer you your new moniker: Deadscream Bloodfist. I trust you to carry out glorious atrocities in this name.

My own hellish overlord has also heard of your deeds. He, too, is impressed. He has chosen to imbue you with an incomprehensible curse: your murder hand shall grown tenfold in size, and the weight from this rotten appendage will cause incapacitating stress on your bones. The pain shall hound you always. When you swing your new arm, it will take minutes for you to recover. And your giant bonefist shall ooze a terrifying acid that burns and vexes everything it touches, including yourself. Revel in your nightmarish new form, Bloodfist!

I am told by your supervisor that you have declined a promotion. That is a grave shame, Bloodfist. The Skeletal Horde has long been the laughingstock of the Unholy Legion. Many of the Death Lords believe the entire skeleton reanimation program should be suspended, claiming our weak forces provide vital training to adventurers, enabling them to build their skills and inflict more harm upon the Unholy Legion. This is blathering nonsense, for without us there would be no one to weed out the weak, like that feeble old man you slowly murdered over the course of several weeks.

I was prepared to put you in command of a some 100 horrid barreled skeletons, but I am told you have simply requested a replacement container for yourself. Bloodfist, I can oblige you in ways your dim, vacuous skull could never have imagined.

Know this, Bloodfist: I shall fashion you a barrel gilded in the finest gold, adorned with the skulls of fallen heroes, draped in their flesh and covered with poison-tipped spikes. The darkest demons from the deepest depths shall fornicate within this barrel, leaving their vulgar essences behind. Once you are inside, we shall fill it with the feces and vomit of our most vile netherbeasts, including prolapsed scatmaws and pustulating corpubuses. When I am satisfied with your new unholy vessel, our darkest warlocks shall bind it shut with you inside.

And know this as well: we will put your barrel on the frontlines, Bloodfist. Your barrel will be carried to and fro the fields of slaughter so that you may inspire the troops and strike fear into the hearts of the living. They will know the sight of your barrel, and they will tremble before it.

Bloodfist, we began the skeleton-in-a-barrel program with only modest hopes. In truth, we put our worst soldiers in those barrels, knowing they would better serve us locked in casks than getting in the way of more experienced bonesmen. We placed you in such a barrel believing you would never amount to anything. You didn't know archery, you could barely hold a weapon, and you had severe scoliosis. You proved us wrong, Bloodfist. You proved the skeleton-in-a-barrel program is worth the effort.

For that you have my unholy gratitude. Do not disappoint me, Bloodfist. Ever.

Goreface Bloodstab,
Bone Master Prime, Skeletal Horde

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.13 ATTN: Goonies -- I 'M' Good Enough

Thursday, Jun 14, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dear "The Goonies,"

You may not know me, but I have been sitting on the sidelines here in Astoria for the five years since your harrowing adventure to save your parents' property from loan mismanagement. I know they played it up as some big land development situation but you know as well I do that their predicament came from buying big in an area famous as an ideal hiding spot for escaped convicts. Anyhow, thanks to Andy's "modeling" career and the unfortunate overdose that ended it (my regards), I couldn't help but notice that the ranks of The Goonies could have thinned a bit. And if it's thickening you need, just call me James T. Cornstarch.

(Actually, my name is Greg. You will find that information and more on the attached resume. Please only call the top number. If you call the bottom number, do not listen to the things the person there says about me.)

Excuse my candor, but The Goonies as an organization is in desperate need of change. And I promise, if sworn into your society, to burn down the tent cities of insane hoboes that have popped up along the shoreline after stories of local gold and adventure hit all the free newspapers. The Goonies, have you forgotten what you were saving all along? The only lingering evidence of your adventures is a statue of a hunchbacked Italian woman reportedly built "as a joke." Yes, this statue serves a remarkable duty by screaming the time every hour on the hour, but I have not seen a single bird in Astoria since its construction. If chosen, I promise to turn your organization around into a life-affirming safe place where teens can hang out and rap about teen issues, like taking of your shirt and night sweats.

My plan to revitalize The Goonies does not stop there. If this organization is to continue, Mouth must be sober. He has not made a public appearance in the past few years without being accompanied by his old friend, the sickly sweet stench of wine cooler. And his constant public altercations with legal immigrants, though humorous, have given your group a taint of racism that not even Data could eliminate with one of his adorable Oriental gadgets.

Let's not dance around the issue. You're going to have to make sure Stef is seen in public, and with

men. People have been saying some awful things I mostly agree with but would rather not be true. And "Chunk" isdefinitely on a road to hell paved with hot fudge intentions. Reaching the weight of 300 pounds might be impressive to his 16 year-old self, but his 20 year-old corpse won't even raise an eyebrow at such a feat. And, as you know from the protestors who swarm your headquarters days, Irving "Sloth" Kucera is a deformed and mentally ill Vietnam Vet who wandered away from his parents' home nearly 20 years ago. It would be a PR windfall if you were to return him to them. I'm sure his cage could become one of GooniesLand's main attractions! (See attached for my proposed GooniesLand map. And yes, the pirate ship is built completely to scale and will serve a double-duty of housing migrant workers.)

The Goonies, your theme song says you are good enough, and sometimes I think you believe that about yourselves. With me, you can be *better*.

- Greg

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.14 Transgressive Presidents: The Founders

Friday, Jun 15, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Americans imagine our presidents do not and have not ever engaged in base pursuits. This is false. Thomas Jefferson maintained a slave harem. Gerald Ford consulted mediums to receive sexual advice. Sensualists have occupied the office since the beginning. Our presidents have a long history of transgressing against the society they command.

George Washington (1789 - 1797)

George Washington removes his body hair. Nothing is left, not even eyelashes. It is an act of purification. Martha is not around. He places his penis into a bench vise, tightening it slowly until his glans are like a mushed plum. He tightens it further still, his wooden teeth creaking as they contain his agony.

He steps back and with a dolorous rip - he will later describe the sound as that of a wet scarf flapping violently - George Washington is left with naught but a ragged, crimson hole atop his shriveled bollocks. Soon he will mount a wooden phallus there. He has been through war and emerged, de-sexed, as a thing that never was before. This is the day of his new birth. He is President.

John Adams (1797 - 1801)

Famed Caligulan John Adams believes in "rule from the pit." He constructs a hog wallow, douses it in mud and manure, and declares the borders of America's capitol to encompass "anything in reach of my prick." By proclamation he orders the upending of "brothel, barn, and zoo" into his makeshift orgy pit. The act of legislating falls by the wayside as congress is brought into the pit. His cabinet consists of a variety of syphilis patients and the mule he finds to have "the fittest quim." He is filthy, suffering from "unnatural bulging of the anatomy" and not well-liked. His presidency lasts four horrible years.

Thomas Jefferson (1801 - 1809)

Charismatic and learned, Thomas Jefferson is incapable of repressing his sexual desires. He fills bedroom and parlor to bursting with nubile slave girls. His cabinet complains during visits to the White House of the unseemly cacophony of blacks and mulattoes waiting in lines up the staircases and onto the balconies.

The wailing of babies never ceases. He travels in carriages with the dozens of mothers of his bastard children and the screaming tots. Emissaries are received in the midst of his sex acts and sometimes unwittingly shuffled into his rotation of lovers. A

prince of Siam bears two of Jefferson's children causing a brief scandal.

James Madison (1809 - 1817)

Covers himself in fondant and frosting. Writhes in a pastry mire with his wife, Dolley. First cake sits. First messy touchers. For his official portrait he is nude, decorated in frosting "like the wedding cake of a king." Later, puritanical English scrub this image from history.

Madison's behavior so incenses the English that they burn the White House to the ground. With flames consuming hundreds of priceless national treasures, Dolley Madison only has time to save one item. Washington's wooden cock is already burned to a cinder, so she chooses his lovely nude portrait. It is an irony of history that a century later, notorious clothes horse and breathing denial fetishist Woodrow Wilson instructs the national painter to add clothes to Washington.

James Monroe (1817 - 1825)

The last of the Founding Fathers to hold the presidency, Monroe maintains a facade of normalcy while engaging in bloody "crush parties" featuring animals and courtesans in high-heeled boots. Monroe invents the stiletto-heel boot for the "satisfying crunch" it makes "decimating the orbit of a beastie's eye." He explores "new geometries," becoming obsessed with the idea of reconfiguring a body through violence and the erotic potential latent in every surface and angle.

He ends his presidency repeatedly driving carriages into ravines and only able to reach orgasm in the moment of a bone-breaking accident. He writes to his wife, "I only have purpose discovering the new intersections of pain and pleasure I contain within my own geometry. I want to copulate with my wounds. I want to give child to the derailment of a train. Do you still love me as before?" His wife answers curtly, "No." He loses himself to the incidental pleasure of crashing.

The first five Presidents are hardly the most transgressive. Each generation has produced a John Adams - a titan of debased acts - and a man who determines the course of history.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.15 Things Used To Be So Much Better

Saturday, Jun 16, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It seems to me that things just aren't the same as they used to be. Where did the good things go? Why is everything so scary and weird? It was all so much better before.

Go to New York City and look at the world-famous Things Meter. See how the massive neon needle is pointing to "Worse"? I remember looking at the Things Meter before, when things were better, and seeing that very same needle pointing to "Better".

Back in the good days, you could wake up and find your morning newspaper right there on your front porch, soggy and clumped, wrapped around a complimentary morning pickle. Things were definitely better then. Now if you want a pickle in your paper you've got to go out and buy the two separately. You actually have to combine the two things yourself. It's just not the same.

All I hear about lately is movies and video games. Battleship this, Battleship: The Video Game that. Call me old fashioned, but I yearn for the simpler times before these flash-in-the-pan fads came along. In those days you could get all your entertainment by sitting in your back yard and looking up into the night sky. Way up there you'd see two frightened old men strapped into rocketchairs, ramming into one another until one fell hundreds of feet to the earth. I still remember the wild-eyed way they shook their heads, as if to deny that they were helpless in those remote-controlled and remarkably flimsy contraptions piloted by corporate-sponsored hotshots on the ground.

Nowadays there's a whole lot of people standing their ground by shooting holes in other folks. A drunk college student stumbles through your unlocked back door thinking she found her way back to the party, she gets shot. A pizza delivery dude gives you sass about a bad tip, he gets shot. Probably gets shot before he gets to the front door if he's foreign-looking or if he makes an aggressive move such as walking toward the house while you mumble about feeling threatened. It's almost as if easy access to a thing that can end a human life makes the "handling confrontations like an adult human" process seem way more difficult than jumping straight into a reenactment of the ED-209 scene from Robocop.

Back in my day, our self-proclaimed vigilant patriots would gather in the town square every week and masturbate one another's genitalia to completion while fantasizing about being able to kill a person without feeling guilty. They would lay there afterwards, spent and helpless in the caress of the afternoon sun. On three such occasions one of them was killed. Each by lightning. Never by a crazed minority or a violent weed fiend.

You never hear about ancient magical relics any more. Not a peep. Back when things were better they were all over the place. Shrines, otherworldly sculptures, lost civilizations' priceless ceramic mugs with inscriptions that read "We're A Thriving Nation And Always Will Be" and "We're Sure At The Top Of Our Game". Each and every relic would grant a wish if you simply came into contact with it. There were so many of these things sticking out of the ground back then that you couldn't go anywhere without gashing your feet to shreds. No one ever got a chance to wish for anything but

their wounds to heal. It was pretty great.

Even dreams have been terrible lately. Gee, I'm flying. Oh boy, now I'm in a Dungeons & Dragons amusement park and all the workers are people I know. Please. These dreams are so dang boring that they make me fall asleep.

Back when things were better, the dreams were universally AMAZING. One time I dreamt that my dog had been waiting for me to nod off so he could eat my face. Like, in the dream I was sure that he was really going to eat my face in real life. Well guess what? When I woke up there was a task force in my house and a gas grenade went off and when everything cleared they were putting handcuffs on my dog. It turned out that he had impersonated a federal agent to get some free coffee at a diner up the street.

Now that I think about it, I can't even remember the last time a saw a good dog arrest. Used to happen all the time. Could there be any clearer sign that we're heading in the wrong direction?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.16 We Deserve the Circus Afro We Get

Monday, Jun 18, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I spent sixteen miserable hours in the car this weekend and the only thing I could hear was the circus afro song from *Madagascar 3*'s commercials. I have no interest in this movie. The song was not on the radio, it is inscribed on my brain like a prison tattoo of who I am going to murder when I finally fool them into giving me parole. Chris Rock, I'm going to climb in your vents and drop down on you. I hope you like eating your own severed ballbag because *bon appetit*, fucker.

DreamWorks' *Madagascar 3* spent a second week as the most popular movie in the world. It once again beat out the dreary muddle of *Prometheus* - wait for the ultimate director's cut blu-ray where Ridley Scott figures out what he was *really* trying to say - along with appalling newcomers *Rock of Ages* and whatever the title is of Adam Sandler's current attempt to drain the dregs of comedy out of former SNL cast members.

Summer movies often plumb the depths of mediocrity; they are loud and gross and designed for the lowest of the lowest common denominator. Have you ever been at a grocery story and watched some slug-head spend minutes trying to open a produce bag only to watch him put one of those bins of trail mix into the bag? *Revenge of the Fallen* was made for that guy. If it's not an action blockbuster it is something loud enough and stupid enough to mesmerize a child from the back of a car's headrest.

We could do the usual thing and try to act like the previous step in the long decline is worth being nostalgic about, but let's not fool ourselves: the movies of summer 2002 included *XXX*, *Men in Black II* and *Attack of the Clones*. Not good. In 1992 it was *Sister Act*, *Alien 3* and *Lethal Weapon 3*. Movies and TV and music are getting worse, but it's mostly us. It's our fault. Not just "kids these days." We're accepting less as good enough.

A while back I wrote an article about Adam Sandler's endless rivers of shitty movies. A few people emailed me pointing out that they make him money and "he's laughing all the way to the bank." I'm afraid they are right. I don't think Will Ferrell is the funniest guy in the world, but he tries.

Anchorman pulled in $90 million. Pretty funny movie. *You Don't Mess with the Zohan* cost that much to produce and made $200 million. I would have thought the editors walked out of the screening room on that piece of shit. That is why I don't have a billion dollars.

According to America, *You Don't Mess With the Zohan* is the better movie. Adam Sandler sleeps on a nicer bed than Will Ferrell, he will leave more money to his kids, he will get more projects, etc. He is the funnier man. We will see more of him and everything he does.

There is nothing profound in the realization that money rules Hollywood. C.R.E.A.M. Money, our money, rules everything. All systems in our society are established to reward financial success over all else. The acquisition of money by almost any means is supposed to be self-evidently good. A literal representation of worth.

That this concept has spread beyond the realm of business is much more troubling. When you are trading commodities, or whatever made up fever dream hedge bets side fund paper airplanes they trade these days, a capitalist system like ours can theoretically produce the best outcomes. Theory often runs aground of reality, particularly outside the narrow confines of an exchange.

There is nothing rational about *You Don't Mess With the Zohan* making twice as much money as Anchorman. Half of the people on Rotten Tomatoes disliked it. Those people are morons, by the way, but smart enough to know that *You Don't Mess With the Zohan* was contemptible and Adam Sandler's head should be decorating a spike outside a castle.

Zohan's success, the success of any of Sandler's movies, is may distill the awful truth of the marketplace, but it is not driving us towards quality. Not even the people who sat through that movie think so.

Greed, for lack of a better word, is fucking everything up. It doesn't work, because monetary worth is totally detached from actual worth. Take your shrinking income and spend it somewhere else. Please, for fuck's sake, please, stop seeing *Madagascar 3*. Keep your wallet in your pocket.

Or doom us to an endless loop of the circus afro song.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.17 New York City Will Win the War on Obesity

Tuesday, Jun 19, 2012 by Mayor Michael Bloomberg (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

When I think of New York City, I envision the crown jewel of America. I picture a city that serves as a model for the rest of the United States, possibly even the world, providing the finest public services and ensuring a quality of life that simply cannot be found elsewhere. As mayor, it is my personal responsibility to maintain and improve our city's impeccable standards, a task which I feel is not only an obligation to our residents, but all of humanity as well.

Unfortunately, you may be aware of the growing obesity trend threatening to destroy the very foundation of our great city. Left unchecked, this epidemic could cripple our economy and degrade the quality of city services we strive to offer. Fortunately, I have established a revolutionary set of policies and laws designed to eradicate this danger, thereby ensuring a brighter future for all our residents. Thank you for your time.

From the desk of New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg:

OPERATION: FAT IS FURIOUS

- Police will begin conducting "BMI Checkpoints" throughout the city. Roadblocks will cause all vehicles to stop, at which point passengers will have their BMI measured by advanced, state-of-the-art robots. Any individual with an unacceptably high BMI will be politely escorted at gunpoint into a large black van by masked members of the New York City Health Squad, who will drive them to an advanced, state-of-the-art Weight Regulation Facility.
- If any citizen attempts to sleep longer than eight (8) hours a day, they will be woken up by the SWAT team firing a barrage of flashbangs through their bedroom window. If their bedroom contains no windows, the SWAT team will attach C4 to an adjacent wall and detonate it, allowing the entrance of a mobile bomb-disposal robot that will use its one long arm to poke the sleeping person in the stomach until they wake up.

I am working to prevent a future resembling this.

- We will gradually phase out and criminalize "unhealthy activities," substituting them with reasonable alternatives. For example, "playing video games" shall be replaced by "jumping over a series of ditches we dug and filled with snakes and spikes," and "watching television" will become "run a six-minute mile if you want us to give you your children back."

- To prevent citizens from engaging in a dangerous sedentary lifestyle, it will now be illegal to sit in a chair for more than two (2) consecutive hours. To help enforce this, manufacturers who produce or sell chairs in New York City will be required to include a device that shrieks helpful reminders such as "get the hell up" and "you're getting fatter, you piece of shit" after two hours. If a user ignores these warnings and continues to sit, the chair will then encourage them to exercise by sending 10,000 volts of electricity through the seat.
- We've noticed many people walking throughout our fine public city streets, despite many scientific claims proving running would be far healthier and productive for the individual. We will help encourage running by requiring all residents to receive an advanced, state-of-the-art electronic implant inserted directly into their spinal column. This device will send electronic signals to your nerves, forcing your legs to move much faster while walking. During prototype testing, some users have complained of certain side effects such as death, but don't worry; your legs will still continue to move for hours after your demise.
- Have you ever seen a fat horse? I sure as heck haven't; all the ones I've seen have been completely lean and muscular. To serve as inspiration, hundreds of horses will arbitrarily be released into occupied buildings, so all residents may gaze upon their fit bodies. Failure to sufficiently admire the horses will result in capital punishment.

The future of health.

- Fresh fruits and vegetables rank among our most important allies in the war against obesity. Unfortunately, some citizens are unable to obtain these items due to factors such as income discrepancy, location, or mobility. We will address this issue by launching our ambitious new project, dubbed "Health From Above." City officials will purchase 743 Predator drones from the Air Force, and our engineers will load their missile pods with several thousand pounds of fresh fruits and vegetables. These drones will then patrol and scan impoverished neighborhoods. Upon spotting a human being, the drone will launch two pounds of produce at their head, along with an attached note reminding the individual that failure to consume the aforementioned product will result in jail time.
- Instant weight loss assistance will be offered to morbidly obese people, allowing them to choose which limb(s) they would like severed by our trained medical staff
- Our engineers have observed that many buildings in our fine city contain elevators, an unhealthy alternative to using stairs. While it would be easy to simply make elevators illegal, this action would result in possible fire hazards. So beginning in the year 2013, all structures containing more than one floor must be built horizontally instead of vertically. We will give owners of existing violating structures an additional six months to horizontally convert their buildings by rotating them at a 90-degree angle.
- To prevent citizens from overeating, all forks produced or sold in the city of New York must be designed to spontaneously combust after ten (10) consecutive uses.
- Any and all citizens who achieve our medically determined ideal body weight will receive a personally signed certificate from my office. It will display the phrase "GREAT JOB ON NOT BEING FAT!!!" in Comic Sans, and include a thumbs-up clipart image.

- The city will begin a toll-free number which any individual may call to report other citizens' suspicious eating activities (ie, too many cookies, suspected hidden milkshake, whispering in the grocery store, etc). A special awards ceremony will be held at the end of each year, honoring individuals who successfully reported the greatest number of violations. They will be given a complimentary glass of "Patriotic Water," which is like regular water except it contains extra patriotic atoms.
- It will now be legal to burn down fast food restaurants.
- Overweight visitors will still be allowed to enter the city, but will only have access to specific districts of the city, such as Bloatsburgh, Disgusting Person Hills, and Lardwad Heights.

Looking forward to a slimmer future,

New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg

-~Mayor Michael Bloomberg (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.18 Unlike My Opponent, Chapter Five

Wednesday, Jun 20, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Unlike My Opponent series.

America is in the grip of election fever again. All across this great land our citizens face some truly difficult choices in the voting booth. One election is not so simple, and the choice couldn't be more clear. Vote for me, humble American, for unlike my opponent...

I don't run around town riling up every beehive and wasp nest, then laugh, confident I am impervious to their stings in my full scuba suit.

I refuse to holler at pretty ladies unless they are really, really asking for it.

I respect female reproductive freedoms, and have never instructed city agents to tape a "condemned" sign to a lady's stomach.

I don't own a catapult, and if I did I would certainly not use it to launch dogs into the town square.

I have never appeared on local public access television to promote pyramid schemes or sell serial killer memorabilia.

I have never recruited neighborhood thugs to participate in unethical medical experiments in my basement, giving them super strength and the ability to cuss louder.

You won't catch me waving or threatening the elderly with my mutant claw hand. Like many MCH sufferers, I wear a special glove that is both stylish and reassuring.

I believe government should serve the people, not hoist them up in large nets and dangle them over hungry wolves that are being electrocuted.

I supported the overthrow of Muammar Gaddafi, and I never considered him a close personal friend and mentor.

I support proper science education and oppose our schools teaching hollow earth theory.

I believe the president was born in America and have never questioned the authenticity of his birth certificate, let alone suggested he gained his human form by bartering with the devil.

I oppose plans to dump our seniors in tar pits, simply for creating "interesting things for future people to discover."

My campaign rallies do not involve me blathering into a tape recorder for hours on end about snails crawling on razors or how snipers are watching everyone from the trees.

I do not hire snipers to watch our good citizens from trees. They can do that on their own time.

I am proud to say nobody has ever contracted pinkeye from one of my campaign rallies, let alone everyone who attended.

I limit myself to wearing one Hard Rock Cafe t-shirt a week, and certainly not every day.

You won't find me rooting through your dumpster for scraps. I regained my memory and no longer believe myself to be a country bear.

I don't take out full page ads in the papers bragging about my sexual prowess and chronicling my exploits. I write a tasteful letter to the editor like everyone else.

I do not use military drones to surveil ex-wives and perspective girlfriends.

I do not wander around town slapping people in the butt with gym towels.

My home has never been featured on the show "Hoarders" and I have never been apprehended by Dog the Bounty Hunter.

You won't find me brandishing a loaded gun at campaign stops. For safety reasons we use only unloaded guns, except for our high-powered T-shirt cannons.

I completed the entire rabies treatment course and have been certified rabies-free by three different doctors and one Native American shaman.

I have zero tolerance for sex offenders, and absolutely do not treat the sex offender registry as a "high score list."

America, girl, you have your facts. The time has come for you to make an informed choice, and vote for me.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.19 A Dude's Dilemma

Thursday, Jun 21, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

"Uh, excuse me?"

"Hello."

"Hey. I just dropped my water bottle. I think it rolled into your stall."

"This one, that says Aquafina on it?"

"That's the one."

"Or maybe it's Aqua Vita."

"It's definitely Aquafina."

"Are you sure? This really looks like Aqua Vita. Maybe this is someone else's?"

"It's about 3/8 full and has a white cap and has my name on it - Dave."

"Oh, okay. This is definitely it then."

"Yeah.... So I was wondering, if it's not a big deal, can you send it back?"

"The bottle?"

"Right."

"Yeah, no problem ... just-"

"What?"

"Well, how do you want me to send it? ... I mean I can kick it, but my shoe is sort of dirty."

"How dirty?"

"Uh, not super dirty, but I might've stepped in some urine on the way in here. There was this pool near the door and my right shoe, the one closest to the bottle and your stall, looks slightly wet."

"Oh..."

"I can try to use the other foot, but it'd be awkward. I'd probably mess up the vector and send it careening over to the sink."

"That'd be no good."

"The stain, I'm looking at it closer now and it's definitely urine. It's got that slightly-darker-than-water color to it."

"You probably shouldn't kick it then."

"It smells like urine, too. To the extent that you can smell urine in a room already full of that smell."

"Definitely don't kick it."

"Yeah, I wouldn't want to give you germs or anything. So should I just hand it to you?"

"Sure."

"Okay, just a sec ... no, wait."

"What?"

"My right hand, the one closest to the bottle, it's been in my groin region."

"It has?"

"Both hands, in fact. I usually make adjustments with the right and scratch with the left. I'm sort of - not ambidextrous, but what's that word for using both hands, but for different things."

"No clue. I think it's just being two-handed."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"I don't know.... Wait, is there any toilet paper in your stall? You could wrap your hand in toilet paper and hand it to me that way."

"No."

"No as in there's no paper, or no you don't want to try that?"

"No as in there's no paper."

"Damn."

"I'm not too happy about it myself. I've been sitting here for three hours waiting to ask someone for paper, but I haven't been able to work up the nerve."

"Okay, well there's some left on my roll. How about I just send it over to you."

"The whole roll?"

"Yeah."

"Okay."

"Okay, I'll roll it to you .... There ... did you get it?"

"It rolled out of my stall."

"You're kidding."

"It ricocheted off your water bottle at a roughly 60-degree angle and skittered over by the sink."

"Fuck."

"You should've let me pick up the bottle first."

"That's what the paper was for."

"Oh yeah."

"Well, this sucks."

"It does. I hope you didn't have any immediate plans."

"I'm here on a date."

"A good one?"

"Better than being trapped in a public restroom with another dude. No offense."

"Well, I guess there's only one thing to do then."

"What?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'll have to kick your water bottle with my left foot, the one malaligned to kick the bottle into your stall but perfectly aligned to send it at a 50-degree angle over to the sink where it'll bounce off the wall and strike the roll of toilet paper, sending it back into my stall. Then, using the paper, I'll finish my business, exit the stall, wash my hands at the sink, and return your water bottle with my freshly cleaned and completely sanitary hands."

"Jesus."

"It's the only option."

"Okay, well do a few practice strokes first."

"I'm debating whether to use the whole side of my foot or just the heel."

"Make sure your hamstrings are nice and limber."

"Alright, here goes ... OW!"

"What happened?"

"I missed the angle by a couple inches. I heard the bottle hit the trash can."

"Shit."

"I think I sprained my ankle, too."

"Really?"

"It's all blue and starting to swell up."

"Should I call for help?"

"Don't bother. Just give me your shoe."

"My shoe?"

"There's a hand dryer near the sink. If I throw your shoe at just the right trajectory it'll hit the "on" button for the dryer, creating a warm gust of air that will blow the water bottle across the floor and into the roll of toilet paper, which will carom off the bottle and into your stall, where you can use it to wipe your nethers so that you can then go get medical assistance for my ankle."

"That's insane."

"I can visualize the exact arc to the dryer. It'll be a piece of cake."

"Why can't you use your shoe?"

"My left shoe is too taut with swollen ligaments to remove. And I refuse to touch my urine-soaked right shoe for obvious health reasons."

"Do you really think this'll work?"

"Totally. I've made way harder throws than this in horseshoes. This is just a chip shot."

"Alright, here's my shoe."

"Okay, throwing it now ... oops."

"What."

"It's no big deal ... I just need your pants."

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.20 The Worst Hypnotism

Friday, Jun 22, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Alright, I want you to get as comfortable as possible. Pick any spot in the room. No, sorry, no chair. I'm just getting moved into this new office. I have some milk crates, a stack of drywall panels, a step ladder and this bean bag that is super dusty. Oh, sure, the floor is good. Just not right there. I had to spray a whole bunch of ant spray in that area. No, not the black ones, those little tiny orange ones that get in your clothes and bite you. They're so small you almost can't see them.

Settled? Good. Let's begin.

Free your mind of all thought except for the sensations of your body. Take a deep breath, hold it for a--

Is that your phone? I don't...oh, sorry, it's mine. Could you hang on? I need to take this.

Rita, I'm with a patient. No, I'm not yelling. No, if I was using a nasty tone I think you would know it. Just...Rita...slow down...okay...what happened? Alright, I'll ask.

Hey, look, I know this was supposed to be a session here, but do you think there is any way we could do this in my car? My pot dealer needs me to help her find her cat and she's demanding I come over right now. It's your call.

Great. Hey, Rita, we'll be over as soon as we can. Just try to stay calm.

Okay, I'm parked about eight blocks away. Parking was crazy because of that escaped zoo animal. Yeah, really. I

guess there is a tiger on the loose. It has been mauling everybody it gets close to.

Here we are, sorry about all the boxes, I didn't think I was giving anybody a ride. You can sit in back but be careful, I had to take my cat to the vet yesterday and he shit all over the back. I put some towels down but watch where you sit. Let's try to...actually, before you get settled can you give me a push? It's easier to get started from a running start with this car. Alright...thanks...one, two, three, go! Keep pushing! It's starting! Now get in the car!

Whew. Okay, let's pick up where we left off.

Nowwww, exhale. Inhale again. Exhale very slowly. As slow as you can. Focus on the air leavng your body. That air represents your addiction vacating you. I want you to inhale again, but this time...what is...HEY ASSHOLE! I'm driving here. Come on!

Here we are. It's on the sixth floor. Nope. I guess it was built before they had elevators, but as we go up I want you to think about each breath you take is like a piece of your addiction escaping from your body. And each floor is like a, um, a new level of your freedom. And when we get to the top of the stairs we're going to walk through the doorway to Rita's, only it won't be a regular doorway it will be a transformational portal. And you will be a new person, addiction free.

Hang on. Her door is open. It shouldn't be like that. Be careful, I-- Hey! Oof! Ouch, take it easy! I have no idea what's going on. I don't even know Rita. Who are you? Carlos? I don't know any...hey...ahhhh! Grab the gun. Grab it!

As you pick up the gun and shoot it at those weird cartel gang members each bullet is a bit of your addiction departing from the gun, which is your willpower and, oh shit, they have a machine gun. Get behind something!

Okay, every belt of bullets they shoot at it is your freedom from addiction. Each fleshwound is another triumph, another assertion of your own authority over your decisions. You will no longer feel a craving for--Ah! Run! Don't look back! Don't look back!

Shit. Dead end. Okay, go through the window. When a truck drives by we jump. One...two...three...aaaaahhhhh! As we fall towards the ground we accelerate closer to your goal of addiction free living. When we hit the bed of that junk truck covered in tarps you will be addiction free. Aaaahhhh! Ouch, aahh!

Did it work?

Do you still feel the urge to shoe shop online?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.21 Phrases That Will Get You Slapped In Slap City

Saturday, Jun 23, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

- "Excuse me! Officer! Thank god you're here. I've just been viciously slapped by a stranger. So... there. I reported the crime. What happens now?"
- "I'll have the #4 combo. The double cheeseburger, fries, coke, and uh... what's that say in the small print? It comes with a free Slap? What's a Slap?"

- "So let me get this straight: We're going to go see Airplane! and dress up like characters from the movie. It will be just like those people who still gather to watch Rocky Horror Picture Show, but instead of acting out tons of things from the movie, we're only going to act out one scene. Which scene will it be?"
- "Why is your hand raised like you're going to give me a high five? Do I know you? What's that you're saying? Hold on, let me remove my slap-proof helmet so I can hear your response."
- "Honey, I need help with this crossword puzzle. The clue: Four letters, a form of strike that rhymes with 'snap'."
- "I am a newborn human baby. Have you ever seen The Abyss? Remember how everyone in that movie wore diving suits that were filled with goop instead of air, some kind of high tech gel that delivered all the oxygen their bodies needed? That's pretty much what my life has been like so far, only the goop is far grosser. Shit looked like someone regurgitated a stomach full of bloody raisins and ectoplasm into a mummy's mouth. Tastes even worse. Like a curdled placenta. Anyway, my tiny body is reliant on this goop. It's gotten to the point that I can't actually breathe now that I'm out here in your world. Can you do me a favor here?"
- "Uhh, no. I'm standing on the other side of the city line. You can't slap me while I'm over here, dumbass. Oh. Wait. This isn't the city line, it's the marker for the double slap zone!"
- "At last! My Lovebot is complete! No more loneliness, no more awkward attempts at love foiled by the slapping hands that I wish to hold! Wait, did I remember to set the AutoSlap switch to 'Off'?"
- "Hello."

- "Civil War reenactors? I didn't realize a battle had been fought around here. Your outfits are certainly impressive. But... where are your guns? Didn't everyone kill each other with guns and cannons and whatnot? No? Well if not, what did they fight with?"
- "Pardon me. I'm here from out of town with my kids, and I just have to ask. What's the significance of this city's name?"
- "Last words? Yeah, I prepared some of those. *AHEM* I know I've done wrong. I'm real sorry about all of it. Truly I am. I'm still a human being, though, and the state is just as wrong for killing me as I am for the crimes that I committed. This will not help anyone at all. This will not deter future criminal acts. It will only leave a stain on society and end one more life, which is precious even when petty and evil. Furthermore, I see no reason why this city replaced lethal injection with death by slapping. That's it, I guess. I'm ready."
- "Oh, I play a little bit of guitar. Nothing serious but I'd like to be in a band one day. You? Bass, really? Cool! What style do you play?"
- "You're going to have to act this out perfectly. Sorry, I'm terrible at charades. I'll guess the best that I can. Okay, two words. Second word... wrist? Watch? Bracelet? Bracelet! So it's something bracelet, right. First word... swing? Tennis?"
- "Welcome to the seminar. If you're anything like me, you're a fan of S&M. The trouble is, it costs so much. Why pay? What if I told you that I discovered a way to receive pain and MAKE money at the same time? Sounds too good to be true, right? Well it's not! Here's how this is going to work. You're all going to line up. The person at the front of the line will slap me, then I will tell them the secret. You've all paid, right? Okay, you first ma'am."

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.22 Be the 1% of the Amusement Park

Sunday, Jun 24, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Want to be rich? The Ruling Class? Want to eat nothing but gazpacho and wild Alaskan halibut? Too bad. Your poor life choices and humanities degree will stop that from ever happening. But Six Flags, Cedar Point, and every other major amusement park want you to feel rich. All you have to do is buy the Fast Pass.

The Fast Pass lets you ditch in line on all the rides. For fifty bucks, it's the equivalent of owning a private jet and cutting off a Boeing 747 on the runway. "So this is what tax loopholes feel like," you'll say, despised by every human around but too busy enjoying your spoils to notice.

Because, let's admit it. Rides are fleeting. A roller coaster lasts a minute or two max, but the look on the boy's face as you cut in front of him sticks with you for awhile. He'd waited hours with his dad, the line winding around the beams, the sun baking his dumb little forehead. He's already picked out his seat, imagined the twists and turns, and told his pop just how much he loves him. Then, right before he steps into the car, right before his afternoon of standing around pays off, you come up still licking Dip'n'Dots from your lips. Only there on a whim and too lazy to care, you plunk your awesome self right down in his seat and off you go. Yippee.

The coaster returns, your hair blown back, your cheeks aching from laughing so much. Already planning your next ride as you exit, you look up and see the kid. He's there of course, hasn't moved a bit, still waiting between his dad's arms. "Oh, was that your fun I was having?"

For most people, the amusement park is really about standing idly in lines, moving an inch or two at a time. Six minutes of riding means six hours of waiting. And once in line, there is no leaving line. No drink, no food. If the greasy microwaved pizza they force down visitors' throats causes some violent diarrhea, most visitors discover if it's possible to clench hard enough to keep it in for another hour (it's not.) You, on the other hand, don't need to concern yourself. The Fast Pass means you can cut to the front of the line and shit on everyone's fun at the same exact time.

They'll hate you for it. Good lord will they hate you. In fifth grade they could tell the teacher that the bully stepped in front of them, but here the No Cut-Ins Rule does not apply, here the teacher encourages the ditchers. Most people in your position never get this close to the one's they step on but your shortcut to the front is flanked on both sides with the filthy, the fat and moist. Hundreds of people stand in front of one fan fighting for a chance to breathe fresh air, their sweat-soaked shirts clinging to their body. Your fan blows on you alone and you move freely around as it osculates, always in the breeze. It's yours, after all. And, in your absence, it blows against a wall, ensuring that only you reap its benefits.

Continue on and you'll begin to hear murmurs. "Bullshit," they'll whisper. "Rich asshole." And when you turn to the mass of bodies glistening in the summer heat as they wait for hours and hours with nothing to drink but $3.50 Mountain Dews, you'll see their glares,

their sneers. They loathe your existence, imagine tearing your entitled body apart. The farther the journey, the more people you ditch, the deeper you delve into the queue. The last few you cross are too far gone. Their faces sun burnt and vacant, their spirit broken. This is the amusement park's heart of darkness, this is where humanity dies.

But you're too busy getting strapped in by a stoned dropout to notice. Whether those poor lost souls ever make it on the coaster is last on your mind as you flip the camera the bird after your third loopty-loop. So while they spend the next few hours dwelling on your life of privilege, you'll scream your heart out on that ride, the next ride, and the next one after that all as they wait and wait and wait.

Sure you're stuck eating the same $9 corndogs, slamming the same $7 sodas served in "collectible" cups with $2.50 refills, but your inevitable march towards diabetes is a little more refined. No lines, no endless conversations with the ICP fans you're trapped with. Just you, your Fast Pass, and the tears of those behind you.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.23 The Olive Garden Review Lady Reviews True Blood for Her Newspaper

Monday, Jun 25, 2012 by Marilyn Hagerty (@sexyfacts4u)

Marilyn Hagerty

I first heard about *The True Blood* some time last Thanksgiving. Two nephews were discussing a show about vampires and I listened to them talk. I like spooky shows and Bela Lugosi as Dracula was a real chiller. *The True Blood* sounded very interesting. The continuing popularity of it attests how interesting.

Vampires on this TV HBO program are not Dracula. They are strong and have fangs, sure, but they are mostly in a big hurry to do things. Rushing about has a neat look to it. A vampire wants to go somewhere and he just goes, lickety-split. At one point a lady vampire text messages on her telephone and her fingers are a blur.

There is a black girl who has become a vampire and she is not happy with it. Her homosexual cousin, who turns into a devil face man, and Sookie, who shoots magic balls, ask a vampire lady to turn her into a vampire. She was dying from a gunshot.

Meanwhile Eric vampire and Bill vampire are being held in a prison where they are burned by the lights. A man named The Authority wants them to do things. They are in a lot of trouble so he has a woman take her clothes off with them. I liked these parts a lot. I recognized the man who is The Authority from *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*. The special effects were at their best in these parts. I particularly enjoyed when the Napoleon Dynamite gal puts little harnesses on them with thermometers that explode. That was a hoot. There was a vampire who eats babies I did not care for.

There is another vampire named Jessica. She has red hair and wears underwear all the time. She smelled a man and ran into a field. She went to the house of Jason. He is a man who is a cop and never wears a shirt. I liked his scenes best of all. He is good looking.

There is an Iraq war vet who sees fires and is mean to his wife. I could not follow this. I looked it up on TVguide.com but they did not even mention it. I think this was almost the downfall.

A man was being eaten by wolves that turned into people. This was upsetting to me. All of the wolf people wanted another man to eat the dead body. He wouldn't do it. But

he had a mystery to solve. I realized why they had the upsetting eating scene. The mystery became enjoyable and a good way to relax on a Sunday night. I liked it when Sookie became involved in this mystery.

It was exciting when Pamela, who is a vampire who turned the black girl into a vampire, remembered a long time ago when Eric vampire turned her into a vampire. I wondered more about how it happens and they did not show that. Do they lay an egg? Is there a ghost that appears? I hope they explore this idea more.

I like the sheriff character. He reminds me of my nephew Chet. He used to drink vampire blood as a drug. Now he is dating a witch and his naked butt is on Facebook. This was a funny story. It is good to have a laugh in the midst of all this tension. There is also a man who can turn into an owl and a man who is all bloody and tied to a bed eating legs.

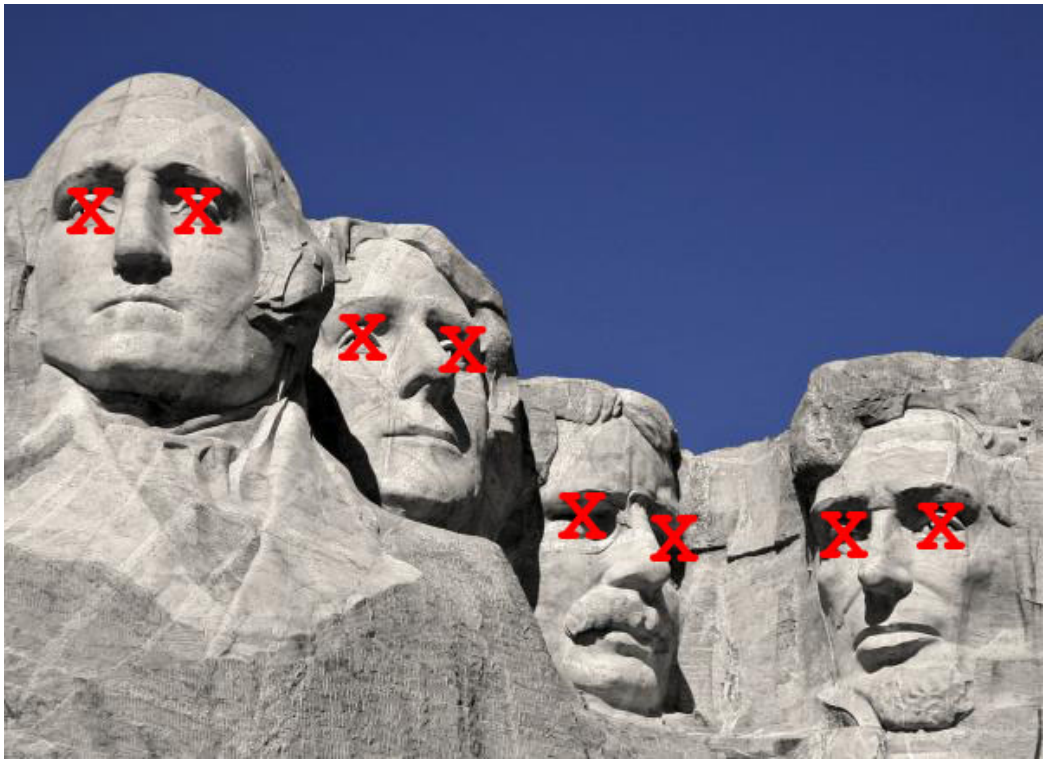
All in all this is a very good program if you like to watch TV for variety and for action. Not everything has to be set in real life. They could be a science fiction story or a horror program. Good stories are a must and *The True Blood* has them. There are good performances here. I think it is worth coming back to see what Jason and Jessica will do without their clothes on. Vampires explode into goop piles a lot.

I know I will be coming back.

-∼Marilyn Hagerty (@sexyfacts4u)

6.24 The Last Words of Presidents

Tuesday, Jun 26, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



George Washington, 1732-1799
"The republic dies with me."

John Adams, 1735-1826
"The Fourth of July? Are you kidding? Dumb fucking luck."

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826
"My sole regret is the founding of this cursed nation."

James Madison, 1751-1836
"Leave me in my chair. The portrait must be finished."

Andrew Birdcastle, 1744-1828
"Erase my name from history, and let my presidency be America's secret shame."

James Monroe, 1758-1831
"I leave this world as I entered: screaming; bloody; falling out of a huge woman."

John Quincy Adams, 1767-1828
"I am content. My spirit is at peace. Look alive, for I shall likely pee."

Andrew Jackson, 1767-1837
"Hell cannot hold me. Heaven cannot bear me. I shall return to kill again."

Martin Van Buren, 1782-1862

"They will never find my gold."

William Henry Harrison, 1773-1841
"Pull over, Mick. I gotta puke."

John Tyler, 1790-1862
"Doctor, I am going. No, wait, I'm fine. Sorry, no, there it is again. Aaaaaand... now. I'm dying... NOW. OK, last one. Count of three. [etc.]"

James Knox Polk, 1795-1849
"Lay me to rest with a harmonica in my mouth, Sarah. I remain in death as I was in life, an incorrigible bluesman."

Zachary Taylor, 1784-1850
"My thetans are discharged. Onward to Venus."

Millard Fillmore, 1800-1874
"I've got about five minutes, Doctor. Let's see how much soup I can eat."

Franklin Pierce, 1804-1869
"Divide my life into many segments. This shall be my final resort."

James Buchanan, 1791-1868
"Remember me not as the shittiest president, but as something else. I do not know; think of something."

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865
"Remind me, Mary, how does one say 'thus always to tyrants' in Latin?"

Andrew Johnson, 1808-1875
"Daughter, remove from my sight this etching of a peccary eating a fig, or I shall laugh myself to death."

Ulysses S. Grant, 1822-1885
"Name a ton of shit after me, fellas."

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, 1822-1893
"I have done a thousand dreadful things As willingly as one would kill a fly; And nothing grieves me heartily indeed But that I cannot do ten thousand more."

James Abram Garfield, 1831-1881
"Bury Vice President Chester A. Arthur alive beside me, that his screams may sing me to my eternal rest."

Chester Alan Arthur, 1829-1886
"I expire, but my mustache lives on."

Grover Cleveland, 1837-1908
"I have tried hard to do right, and to stop dying."

Benjamin Harrison, 1833-1901
(Asked if he had any final words) "Nopers. Let's do this thing."

Grover Cleveland, 1909-1909
"I am proud to be the first man to die a second, nonconsecutive time."

William McKinley, 1843-1901
"I dearly wish that guy had shot me not as much."

Theodore Roosevelt, 1858-1919
(Stroking Wulgus, the family cat) Who wants his tummy rubbed?

William Howard Taft, 1857-1930
"This time, dear Helen, you have punished my balls too keenly."

Woodrow Wilson, 1856-1924
"If there are blacks in heaven, Edith, I'm coming back!"

Warren Gamaliel Harding, 1865-1923
"Take note of my severe expression."

Calvin Coolidge, 1872-1933 [in 1928]
"I choose not to seek a second term. That is all I shall say, forever."

Herbert Clark Hoover, 1874-1964
"History will remember me as greater than my successor."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1882-1945
(Rattling chains) "BoooOOoOoooo! Barack Obama! Change your ways!"

Harry S. Truman, 1884-1972
"Blew up a lotta guys, Bess. Blew up a ton of guys."

Dwight David Eisenhower, 1890-1969
"Break open a cask of mead, Odin All-Father. Tonight, I ride to Valhalla."

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 1917-1963
"OK, stay cool, everybody, but that's like the *third* guy I've seen with a gun."

Lyndon Baines Johnson, 1908-1973
"Sayonara, cocksuckers."

Richard Milhous Nixon, 1913-1994
"The only man on my enemies list... was Richard M. Nixon. World peace. Namaste."

Gerald Rudolph Ford, 1913-2006
(Laughing) "Mama, I'm coming home. Ozzy."

Ronald Wilson Reagan, 1911-2004
"Tell Gumby I love him."

George Herbert Walker Bush, 1934-2009
"Michael Jackson? Today? Oh, of all the-- welcome to page 16B, Georgie."

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.25 SkyMall Product Reviews: MLB Forest Face

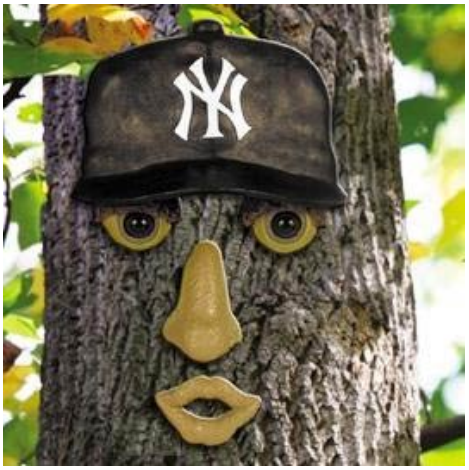
Wednesday, Jun 27, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> The newest craze in outdoor decor, Forest Faces attach to trees, fences or even walls outside your home or campsite, and let visitors know which team you're rooting for.

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By John Boy from Tucson, AZ



A year ago my face was eaten off by my former step son and his friends, who were all high as kites on bathroom salts. It's been horrible for a lot of reasons, and sidelined me from the dating game. I purchased this kit in the off chance it would work on humans. It does. The durable hooks latched onto my skull with ease. The new lips and nose fit snugly and look like the real thing. I only need one of the eyes, so it's good to have a spare.

This big, faceless sports fan gives the Forest Face two thumbs up. I'm back in the dating game and you better believe I'm seeing some surprised expressions with my new look and confidence.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By ChurchDad from Bee Cave, TX

MY MASTURBATING SON has been driving me up the wall, so I ordered a dozen of these to affix to all our trees. Son, I'll say, This is The Circle of Hell where all Masturbators get turned into Trees. Oh, no, father, he'll weep. He'll be scared straight and with any luck he'll grow to view his genitals as the enemy. If you plan to do this, I recommend you choose the Yankees because that further drives home the point about masturbation being a sin.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By VICTIMNOMORE from Portland, OR

THAT'S THE MAN!!! For years the police have been searching for the man who attacked me, and now I see his face right here on SkyMall. Whoever modeled for this Forest Face was the same man who brutally assaulted me four years ago, leaving me for dead. I would never forget that face or that ballcap he wore. He looked exactly like this, only he was not a tree. But those eyes, that nose, and mouth are all an exact match. I can only hope the appearance of this product reopens the investigation, and not just my old wounds. Shame on you, SkyMall.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By LumberJack from Lincoln, NE

Just a face? Heh. Let me know when you get below the neck, then we'll have some business to conduct, SkyMall.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review:

CompassionFox from Chicago, IL

I HATE, HATE, HATE all sports because of the fixation on gender and the rape-gloryifing mentality of athletic competition. Does SkyMall offer any gender neutral faces that aren't associated with sports? In my mind's eye I'm seeing a lot of androgynous faces on the trees in my backyard (note that I did not claim ownership of the trees, for they cannot be owned), each representing a different type of way in which ordinary HUMANS are silenced by the shackles of gender constructs. Please update your catalog accordingly.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review:

By Dr. Funnybones from Denver, CO

Long time shopper, first time reviewer. I like this face. I like putting faces on things. I'm the sort of guy who gets in trouble because he likes to put googly eyes on things, like a women's backsides. HR says I create a hostile work environment but I'm just having a good time and respecting women more because I'm keeping eye contact. Trees? Well, why not. I also like sports. I like hooting, hollering, pumping my fist, drinking beer and seeing a man hit a ball. Let's do this! Rock & Roll, no Obama.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By Lady_of_the_Forest@xoom.com from Newport, OR

Let me just say that this product is an abomination to the Eternal Spirit of the Forest. Trees don't need faces, because faces are how mundane humans interact with each other. Trees are tremendously spiritual creatures and do not like being dressed up as humans, groomed or given "funny hats." Obviously this product is degrading to trees, idiots.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review:

By Bill from Lubbock, TX

Those lips look pretty nice. I imagine if you lined them up with a hole in the tree, a nice sappy hole, and the lips were sufficiently elastic or became flexible and soft when wetted, you could really go to town on that tree. I am a landscaper.

Age: 31-35

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.26 Let's Make This Haunted House a Haunted Home

Thursday, Jun 28, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Family, I would again like to thank you for joining me. I understand you also thought that fleeing here would be a fine idea after witnessing your cereal bowls scream and fly about the room. Well, I couldn't help but notice we've been having bigger problems than our beds constantly catching on fire and trapping us with their sheets. Namely, your attitudes. When we learned this house was built on the buried remains of several church bombings and smallpox blanket exchange sites, we told ourselves that the Thompson family doesn't give up. And you know what? We're not going to give up now. Dylan, wheel your mother in here so she can hear this.

Your mother and I decided to move away from that cramped apartment and out to the country because we care about you kids. Isn't that right, dear? Dyl-Dylan, was that one blink or two? Two? Well, maybe your mom got the system messed up. Moving on. We wanted a place for you kids to run and play and a place for your mother to practice her Liturgical dance without anyone calling the police. And you know how I like to go around the house looking for things to hammer. We can do this here in peace, but not if you don't pitch in and give 100 percent. Also, Janie, you're going to want to put some ice on that bruise.

Listen, we have all had to make sacrifices. I lost my favorite comb in the move, and you know how many hours I spent on the phone with those thieves at U-Haul trying to get it back. Janie, you learned first-hand that little girls don't like other little girls without hair. And Dylan, you've lost a lot of friends since the nervous breakdown. Your mother will never Liturgical dance again. And you would not believe how long my commute is now. But do you hear me complaining? It happens rarely, at best.

The spirits who arrive daily at 3:33 P.M. to reenact a grisly mutilation in our kitchen -- who figured out a fun way to block out their horrific screams? Daddy. Now, whenever you hear that poor woman howling in god only knows that that language is, you just bite the inside of your cheek really hard and think of warm chicken dinners. I'm sitting here with a big old pitcher of lemonade made from that problem and you kids don't even have drop one. Seems that whenever we experience a problem related to our non-preferred location, you kids come screaming and crying and passing out at me. Didn't I show you how those steaming puddles of blood could be used as a great varnish? Now the

chairs speak in backwards Bible verses, which I think has helped put the big "G-Man" back into the Thompson home.

There's a white elephant in the room, and its name is "Your Mother Becoming a Quadriplegic After the Stairs Threw Her Off of them Like a Mechanical Bull." Who knew that those floorboards that were shattered to spell "GET OUT" wouldn't support the weight of a twenty foot fall? But she has not let this bring her down, and she spends all day staring at me, as if learn something from my indomitable spirit. Your mother has even chosen not to give me a single blink over the female apparition in the Southern belle outfit who sometimes lets me see the snakes living in her mouth. That would cost upwards of a dollar-fifty at a freak show, kids. And it's nice for me to finally make friends outside of work.

I know we're all tired of the yellow fog that materializes every Wednesday and turns all of our furniture into spiders. Dylan, I'm sure you can live without the near-endless weeping coming from an undisclosed location in your room -- and, personally, I think some of that crying's starting to rub off on you. Janie, I'm sure if I still had my comb I would be more sympathetic to you about the missing hair. But we all have to buckle down and make this work, because I believe in this house. If we stick together and get through this, we can look forward to many quiet nights together, loving each other like a family should. Now who wants to help daddy move this couch into the garage before the fog sets in?

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.27 How Dare You Attempt to Otherize My Undead Horde

Friday, Jun 29, 2012 by Baron Vilectus de Outrage (@sexyfacts4u)

Gaze upon the host of Vilectus and tremble, mortals. The undying are at the gates of your pitiful castle and we are here to seek revenge against the kyriarchy that has oppressed us and indoctrinated you for a hundred generations. I have seen how your so called "Paladins of Justice" have mistreated my skeleton envoys.

It begins casually enough, referring to them as "the deathless" or talking about their ghostly glow or the necromantic magic that summons them from the black plains of Astrogar.

You seek to otherize my minions. You wish to make them something worthy of fear or revulsion. Allow me to remind you, bigots of Castle True Rock, that each skeleton was once inside a man or woman and that "ghostly glow" you mock and fear is the spirit that once rode upon those bones.

My disgust grows with each day of this siege. First it was the berserkers, sent forth to greet my first echelons of bloat zombies with their fury. The berserkers were a living reminder that you do not take mental illness seriously, men so blinded by the patriarchy that they saw my warriors as nothing but an outlet for their rage.

I watched in horror as they cleaved into the zombies with their phallic swords and spears, penetrating the ranks as they would a woman. I had no choice but to liquefy them with a cloud of acid. Believe me, I took no pleasure in it, for they are victims of the patriarchy as surely as my undead horde.

My raven spies have informed me of what you say about my plague cultists. The Brotherhood of the Festering Boil has been repeatedly subjected to the usual racist idea that they are unclean because they are immigrants. They are immigrants from the Blighted

Lands - a name racists came up with I might add - and they ooze disease. These two things are not connected. The Brotherhood sows diseases and horror by choice. It is not because they are immigrants, but nice try, High Lord Bigot.

You claim to fear the glowing eyes of Tevos which hovers in the sky, and yet it is your gaze, leering and male, that causes my ranks of succubi to recoil. And do not speak to me about the biotruths of the succubi. Just because they manifest as your most intense erotic desire does not excuse your behavior. After all, they are your desires.

No surprise that your bigotry extends to my Tomb Wizards. Learned and wise, legend says these casters are made of the pure stuff of shadows and hatred. Legend spread by your clerics and believed in your temples.

As it happens, Tomb Wizards are merely undead wizards, born as you were, dead as you will soon be, and risen once more to wield the forbidden magic of darkness that you are obviously so jealous of. They are good people. Well, according to you they are neutral evil, but we do not accept labels in my horde.

I was equally unsurprised when I learned you fear my vampire council. Your church, of course, perpetuates all the worst stereotypes of vampires as rapists - ironic considering your entire culture is rooted in literal and symbolic acts of sexual violation - but my council feeds only on willing men and only by drinking their blood from cups. This is how real vampires live: asexual, hyper aware that all fang-feeding is rape, respectful of blood boundaries. You would know this if you bothered to ask or think about it for one second instead of being consumed by your hatred.

Yes we are undead. Yes we have our own desires. Yes we all like Homestuck.

Your warriors are far more problematic than my own. Thrusting their spears and launching their arrows. Sending forth half-naked sorceresses to shoot fireballs at my skeleton dragons like heaving-bosomed manifestations of your right-wing ids.

Your patriarchal fantasies of smiting my entire legion is but a symptom of the disease. You solve all problems with aggression. All you can conceive is an excuse to inflict yourself on the bodies of your enemies. It's pretty much like the Holocaust.

And I will not stand for it. We are here to take back the Golden Kingdom. To not feel guilty for what we are because it does not suit your narrow concept of alignments. We are legion, indefatigable and committed to social justice.

Prepare to face doom, mortals.

Baron Vilectus de Outrage recommends Liminal States, despite its disgustingly violent content and total lack of strong women characters in the first two-thirds. In fact, Baron Outrage suspects it might be an extended anti-woman metaphor filled with mansplaining and biotruths. Basically it is no better than a PUA manual so just buy something from Mystery and then kill yourself.

-~Baron Vilectus de Outrage (@sexyfacts4u)

6.28 Coming To Terms With Your Gross Decaying Body

Saturday, Jun 30, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Although we all have our own weird body issues, we're mostly fine. Really, we are - as long as we keep reasonably active, eat food that isn't entirely plastic, and apply at least one basic grooming tool to ourselves every few days. Until we hit our late twenties and early thirties, that is. Then all bets are off.

Let up on your exercise for just one day, and your body completely deflates. All of your muscle mass is immediately replaced with gel. Eat something indulgent and you fall into a weeks-long state of weakness that culminates in a face-to-face encounter with the spectre of your impending death. Skip a shower and your grubby skin becomes a permanent cosplay of a Mad Max character.

There are many signs of your shitty body's imminent failure. None of them are avoidable. It's best to prepare yourself now so this stuff won't come as a shock.

Observe your forearms. The hair has become longer, coarser, and more plentiful. Looks like a closeup of one of Robin Williams' knuckles after he punched a wig factory. When you step out of the shower, it seems as though you have just finished unclogging a mammoth's toilet with your bare hands.

Now try to contort your weak body into a new position, getting a good look at the back of your upper arms. Scary, right? Those ten or twelve random hairs just chilling out, darker than any other part of your body. Note how they contrast with the color of your saggy skin in that particular area, a patch of paleness that must have been transplanted from an albino California raisin when you weren't looking.

Feel your buttcheeks. Weird, you don't remember taking off your pants and underwear then sitting on a carpet for three days, but there it is. The texture is unmistakable. The spot where your ass meets your upper leg was once a firm curve. Now it's basically just a big flabby earlobe.

Your face... ugh. It was once a strong, the features prominent. Now it's distressingly malleable. When the skin is pulled it just sort of stays there. Sleep too much on one side of your face, and it takes a dozen hours after waking for you to regain the ability to blink.

Your eyes hurt. Everything causes them pain. Work in front of a monitor for an hour and they feel as if they have been blasted with sand. Close them for a nap and they become blurry and unfocused for approximately the rest of your life. Read a few pages of a book and they get tired. You press on, closing one eye to rest it until eventually the other one starts to wobble and cry. That's when you know it's time to sleep. Except you can never sleep again, because all you can think about is death and all the things you should have done.

Remember when your veins were kind of cool? You had to look really hard for them on your wrists, but when you found the weird little things you could see them moving slightly with your pulse and it was amazing. Now they are horrifying reminders of the crude machine that is your body. Sprawling ropey strands stretch across your forearms and wrists. They push against the translucent skin of your palms and between your fingers. You are essentially a walking display case for your veins. People secretly call you Vein Person, as your blood delivery system is basically all that anyone can

see when they look at your fucked up non-face and lumpy, stupid body.

Even your smell is getting weird. No matter how much you scrub and deoderize, no matter how often you toss out old clothes for new, the unmistakable new scent lingers. You never smelled like this before, yet it's familiar somehow. If you could just place it... Ah! There it is. Milk gone sour. That's it, the wafting aroma of decay.

Waking up from a sleep used to be refreshing. Every molecule in your body was a wound spring, set to fling you effortlessly through another day. If you took a few moments to enjoy the morning, you might have let a patch of sunlight warm your face as you pulled the sheets tight, nestling your head against a pillow that was neither too firm or too fluffy. Now you wake up and your bed is much smaller. The silk that you lay upon is cold and chintzy. You don't even have a sheet or a blanket. Your pillow is a frilly thing with far too much lace. Everything is dark. Far too dark. You reach a veiny hand out and encounter some sort of paneling less than a foot away from your face. Attempting to roll over does no good. The box is too small for that.

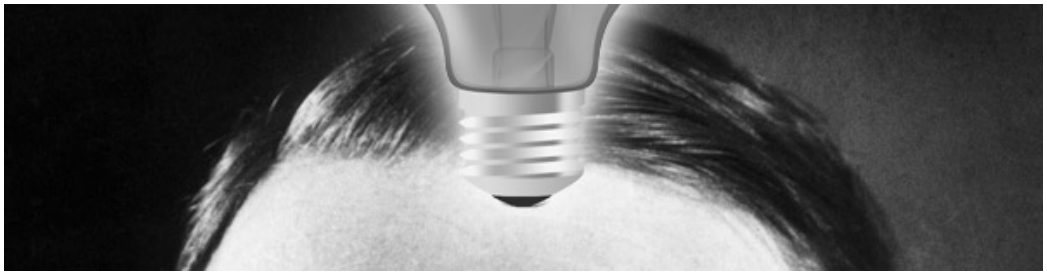
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Hitler Had Some Good Ideas

Monday, Jul 02, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



It is a controversial thing to say, the sort of opinion that will get me into a lot of trouble with the "PC crowd," but I feel compelled to say it: Hitler had some pretty good ideas. It's one of those true things that when you say it in public sends the usual thought police into a tizzy. Of course the Holocaust was bad. Of course WWII was a terrible violence dealt to history. Does that mean the guy responsible can't be a great thinker?

Now, a lot of those truth-speakers who admit to Hitler having good ideas tend to speak in generalities about fixing the German economy or something. I'm not interested in meaningless platitudes. I wanted Hitler's ideas in Hitler's own words. His diaries, kept from 1936 through 1945, offer revealing insights about the man as a thinker, a philosopher.

August 4th, 1936

Placed a cheese sandwich between two hot skillets and pressed them together. The butter and bread hardened a little bit and made a nice crispy outer layer. This would be excellent with roast pork, ham, Swiss cheese and pickles. A good hot-weather meal. Cubans should try this sandwich.

January 18th, 1937

I have terrible blackheads on my nose. I wish there was an adhesive tape in a strip that I could place onto my nose and pull out all the blackheads. Then I could see them afterwards on the strip. Also a strip, placed in the exact same location, that would allow me to breathe correctly during sleep and athletic activity.

May 9th, 1939

I continuously slam the doorknob into the wall when I open the door with excessive haste. I like to make a big entrance so I am prone to throw doors open or even kick them open, but now every wall in my house has doorknob indentations in the plaster. I think I will speak to Fritz Todt about constructing a small peg with a rubber cap and placing this just inside the door on the wall. It will be of a sufficient length to stop the doorknob from hitting the wall. Perhaps a flexible spring construction so that it does not damage the door?

May 11th, 1940

Panzers roll across the Ardennes, driving to Paris, and yet I cannot get my mind off of the conversation I had with Hermann Goering. We are both very much into films of America, but we waste much

time debating before choosing which film to watch. I remarked that it would save us time when selecting the film if we somehow compiled all of the reviews of newspapers throughout the world creating an aggregate score and then compared this to a second score done by surveying patrons who have watched the film.

September 10th, 1941
While making a cat's cradle from a rubber band today I decided to cut the rubber band. I had the thought that a very large and precisely-measured rubber band could be tied about the ankles of a man or woman and they could then leap safely from a high place, bouncing repeatedly on the band as they are thrilled by the action.

June 30th, 1942
A skateboard should have a kicktail on both ends and this way you could double the tight tweaks. Also a games like the Olympics but for overgrown children jumping on ramps while terrible rock and roll music plays. Seek sponsorship from Fanta. Also skateboards should have sick graphics.

November 9th, 1942
When people have too many things in their house they will sometimes rent out storage in a warehouse. But what happens to their things when those people die or disappear or fail to pay? We are looking for a program for this new thing called television. Why not follow the men who buy these things? It must be a confrontation as real as the horror currently transpiring in Stalingrad.

July 9th, 1943
I have devised a method for compelling women to do my bidding. I insult them, touch their arms and wear enormous hats. Also I am Hitler so they pretty much have to do what I say, but it should work with non-Hitlers. Remember, guys, I am down a ball on the play, so I've got to wear the officer hats to make up for it.

July 10th, 1943
A two-wheeled, motorized vehicle you can stand on and lean forward and back safely. It will contain complex balance control mechanisms. Possibly we could put a bomb on this or overweight white Americans in urban areas.

February 19th, 1944
Use a beam of light to read tiny encoded information from a reflective disc. The discs could contain entire films and music compositions. Do not make these discs large or they will only have a niche audience of collectors.

October 20th, 1944
Note for OKH: Add to the mess kit of all soldiers immediately a continuous bubble gum strip arranged in a roll or reel. Two meters length. For you, not them.

December 21st, 1944
It is cold at the Berghof. A scouring wind is blowing across the Alps from East and from the West. My generals try to tell me things will improve, I tell them the same, but at night all I can hear is the howling wind. I have asked Albert Speer to make a recording of the ocean on a tape that will play continuously in my bedroom. He has also suggested the sound of rain, whale songs and the burble

of a stream. Perhaps these sounds will keep me warm. Also I have created a garment for Blondi to wear on our morning walks. I knitted it myself. It says "TOP DOGG." I do not know why I used two Gs or why I used the English words.

April 2nd, 1945
Day and night bombs are falling upon the streets of Berlin. The Bolsheviks will be here soon and yet all I can think about is placing chewy mint candy into jugs of cola and recording the fizzy reaction. You could arrange many bottles and drop the candies into all of them at once. I think, at last, this would make the Jews of the world take notice.

April 29th, 1945
Even as I contemplate my death, I hope my legacy will be something more than this war. I have ordered the cancellation of the small tank program. The men were disappointed, until I told them that all of the money saved should fund another season of Arrested Development.

Once again, for all of you who are looking for a reason to be pissed off: I get it. Hitler was a really bad guy. I think I've made the case that even a guy as bad as him can have some pretty amazing ideas.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.2 Advance Copy: CERN Announcement

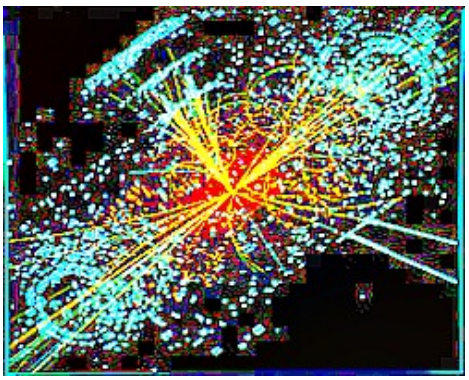
Tuesday, Jul 03, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Ladies, gentlemen, esteemed colleagues and guests, thank you all for gathering here. In 1998, we set out to build the world's largest particle accelerator with the aim of finding, or even discrediting the long-standing theories of, new and exotic particles that will help explain how our universe works. Since the system came online in 2008, we've recorded an incredible amount of data, and multiple teams have been tirelessly piecing it together and making sense of it all.

Today marks a very special day. It's been an arduous journey. There have been setbacks, complications, a few successes, a couple failures, billions spent, and countless sleepless nights put in by practically everyone on the panel before you. It's been as much a labor of love as it has been a labor of necessity-- the human spirit demands to learn about the world around it. It's that unwavering human need that takes us to the bottoms of the oceans and to the furthest reaches of our solar system. It's what gave rise to the exploration of the New World as well as the Moon, and this burning need will remain with us for as long as men and women have the capacity to dream. This same need is why we're all here today.

Scientists, engineers, and technicians from all walks of life and from nearly every continent have come here to work on some very pressing, very exciting problems. Indeed, the facility here is designed to help resolve some of the most fundamental questions of science. We're all united despite our differences to work as one, for the ultimate betterment of us all as a species. I, for one, could not be more proud to work with such an incredible group of people. Nothing like this has ever been undertaken, and I think I speak for everyone up here when I say we feel incredibly privileged to have been here at this most historic time.

But now, for the reason we're all here:



We have found no evidence to support the existence of the Farb Particle. We can't find any indication that it exists, at all. It is almost certainly not real. We don't know where this idea came from or why, but there is no Farb Particle. Please stop asking about the Farb Particle.

The following particles have also not been found: Slug (thought to be responsible for slugs), That Bad Cat Smell (you know the one), Crime (all crimes), Taco Taste (the special taste of taco), Shed Fear (fear of strange sheds), Bibbo (????), Anti-Bibbo (¿¿¿¿), Gout Panic (self-explanitory), 'Bust The Lust' (unknown), and the Talking Dog Particle.

I sincerely hope to have more interesting results for you next time. Thank you all for coming.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.3 Burt's Power Points: Independence Day Sale

Wednesday, Jul 04, 2012 by Burt's Power Points (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Burt's PowerPoints series.

In honor of America's birthday The Fourth of July Burt's PowerPoints is proud to announce its INDEPENDENCE DAY SALE. Today only all of Burt's most valuable and coveted custom PowerPoints presentations are marked down and priced to sell. Need to communicate something important? Big or small, funny or serious, Burt has a PowerPoint to fit your every whim and fancy. Take a look at these hot new arrivals that are selling like pancakes.

Love is in the air, and so are my Power Points

If you're looking to woo the opposite sex (women), then I have just the ticket. Women appreciate thorough men, and nothing is more thorough than a slideshow presentation giving her the straight facts right to her face. If she doesn't fall in love with you right away then she is probably a lady of the night or a lesbian.

WOMAN, I AM A MAN
Are You lonely? Burt is a successful desktop publishing guru* with three kids and an ex-wife chomping at the bits to get back with him. But as a pretty lady you can beat her to the punch and become my new wife and stepmother to my children. I have a lot of likeable qualities that women adore. Here's just a few!
Sensitive (I am man enough to admit I cry often)
Have over 5000 fonts and a bevvy of clipart
Knowledgeable of female anatomy and where things go/don't go
On time and punctual
Fathered three kids, active part of their lives
I like the same things you like: cats, chocolate and making babies
Athletic, strong, driven to succeed
*guru implies a high degree of expertise and understanding
GET WIT H THE WINNING TEAM! JOIN BURT IN THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME!!!!
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"ONLINE DATING PROFILE" - $29.95 (50% OFF!) (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE QUALITIES THAT WOMEN ADORE)

LET'S START A FAMILY
OUR TIME TOGETHER IS SHORT BUT I CAN TELL JUST FROM WATCHING YOU ACROSS THIS SHONEY'S RESTAURANT THAT YOU ARE THE KIND OF WOMAN I WANT TO START A FAMILY WITH.
KEY Benefits of having my children being my loving new wife
•STRONG BLOODLINE
•ENTREPRENEURIAL SPIRIT (my spirit animal is a business wolf)
•I know my way around town
•Handyman (build patio decks)
•Successful veteran desktop publisher and self-employed made man
•Experience With Women (Wife Divorced Me, So I've Been Around the Block a Time or Two...)
•Great at Communicating
Your Required Qualities
•Must Respect Me & Honor Me
•Cannot Ever Divorce Me
•Must Respect my Dietary Needs
•Be A 4 STAR CHEF
•A good huggest
•Love Pleasing Your New Husband (Me)
•Never Put Pressure On Me Because I Have Enough As Is
"Let's Do This!" --your heart
© 2011
SAMPLE

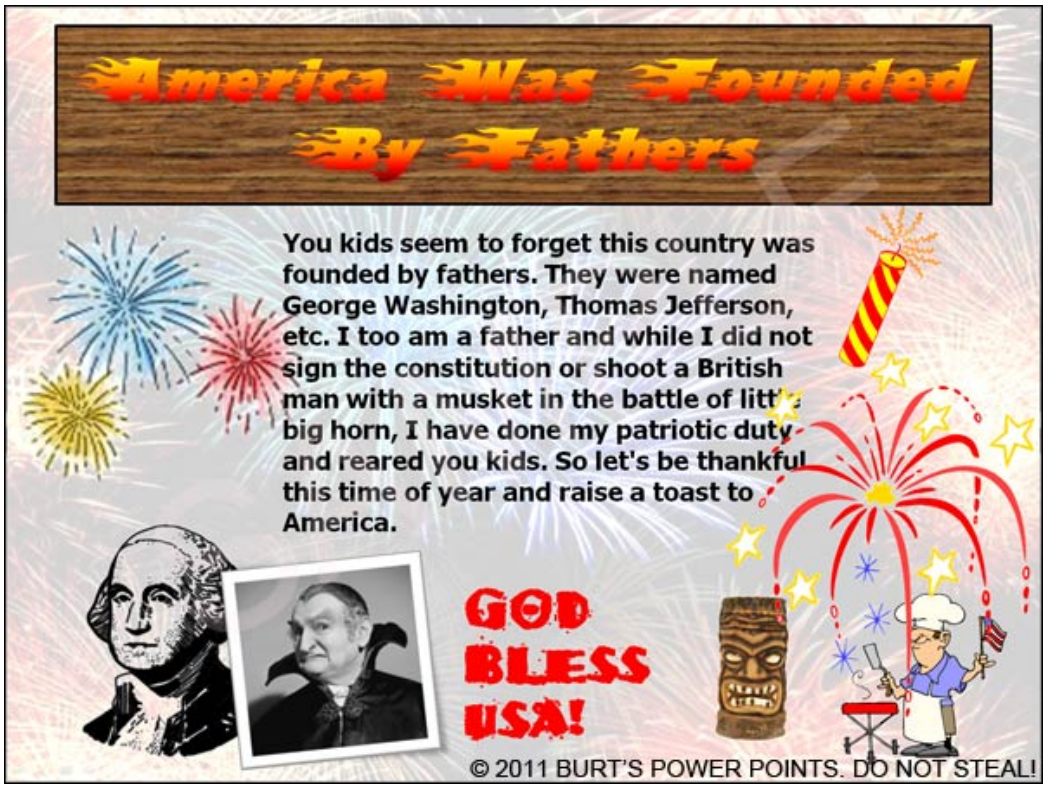
"SURPRISE PROPOSAL" - $49.95 (50% OFF!) (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE BENEFITS/REQUIREMENTS)

Celebrate Independence Day In Style

Turn your backyard BBQ into something to remember with one of my poignant, patriotic presentations (PPP) guaranteed to get people fist clapping and hand pumping to the inspirational songs of America. "USA" they will chant, and you will be the hero of the show leading your audience through the greatest presentation they have ever seen.

This Patio Deck Symbolizes the Freedom Of America
FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO our founding fathers set forth to build a great country where man could be free to cultivate his family. This patio deck that I am working on is the culmination of the American dream and the thing that will make this family whole again and make you all realize you were wrong about me and that I can get things done and I am a great dad. Brooke, no other dad is as cool as me (I own that leather jacket I got from Goodwill and No It is Not a Lady's Jacket). Scott, son, I know you're gay and it pains me to think about you doing gaystuff, but since your mother has been such a terrible role model I guess I can understand why you no longer find women attractive. The way I see it is your mom is really losing her mind if she thinks divorcing me and dating that Mark guy is going to improve her life. I've seen that Mark guy and I've sized him up and down on many occasions. He is not tough and he doesn't know a thing about owning your own business or creating a legacy, like I am with this patio deck or my top-performing desktop publishing business or you kids. Mark works at a gym and so his idea of working hard is holding some dumb weights for another man than showering with a bunch of other guys. I'm sorry but that's not what a dad does. Let me tell you something a dad does: he works hard for his kids and that's what I'm doing with every PowerPoints I create and each one I sell brings us a little closer to finally going on that dream vacation to Florida I promised you all when you were young. It's going to happen and when it does you'll all feel bad for turning on me but that's ok because I forgive you.
United We Stand
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

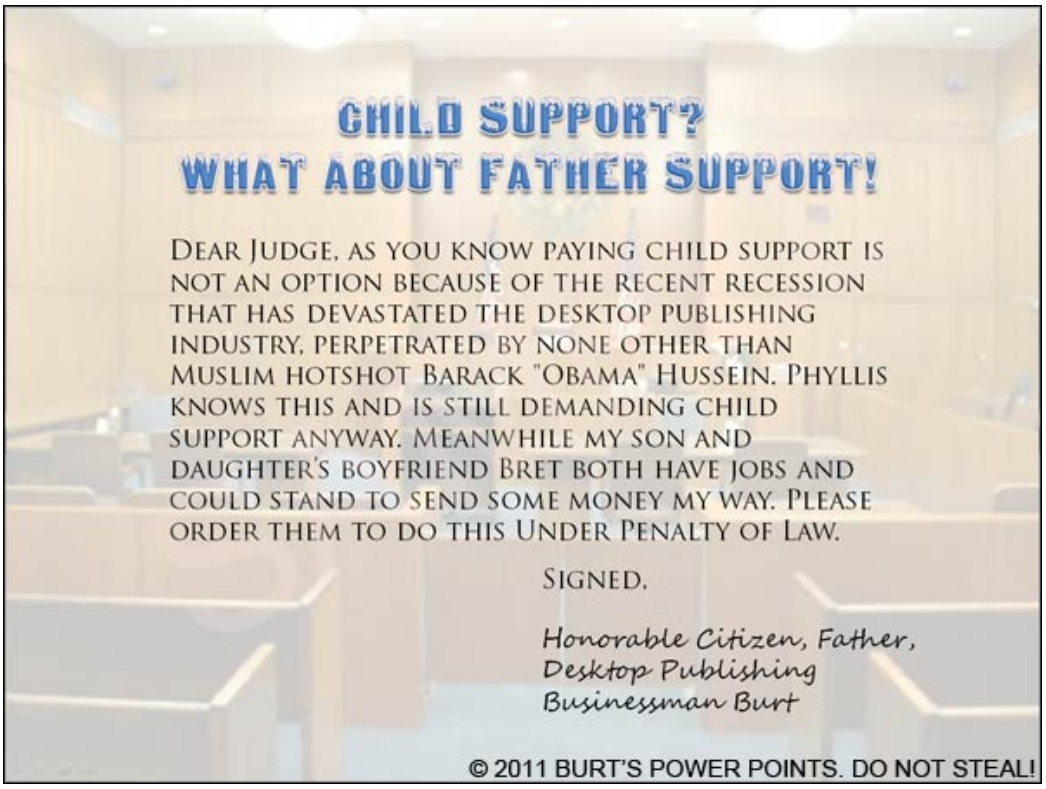
"ENDURING SYMBOL OF FREEDOM" - $29.95 (50% OFF!) (CUSTOMIZE TO TELL YOUR INSPIRING STORY)


America Was Founded By Fathers
You kids seem to forget this country was founded by fathers. They were named George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, etc. I too am a father and while I did not sign the constitution or shoot a British man with a musket in the battle of litt[illegible] big horn, I have done my patriotic duty and reared you kids. So let's be thankful this time of year and raise a toast to America.
GOD BLESS USA!
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

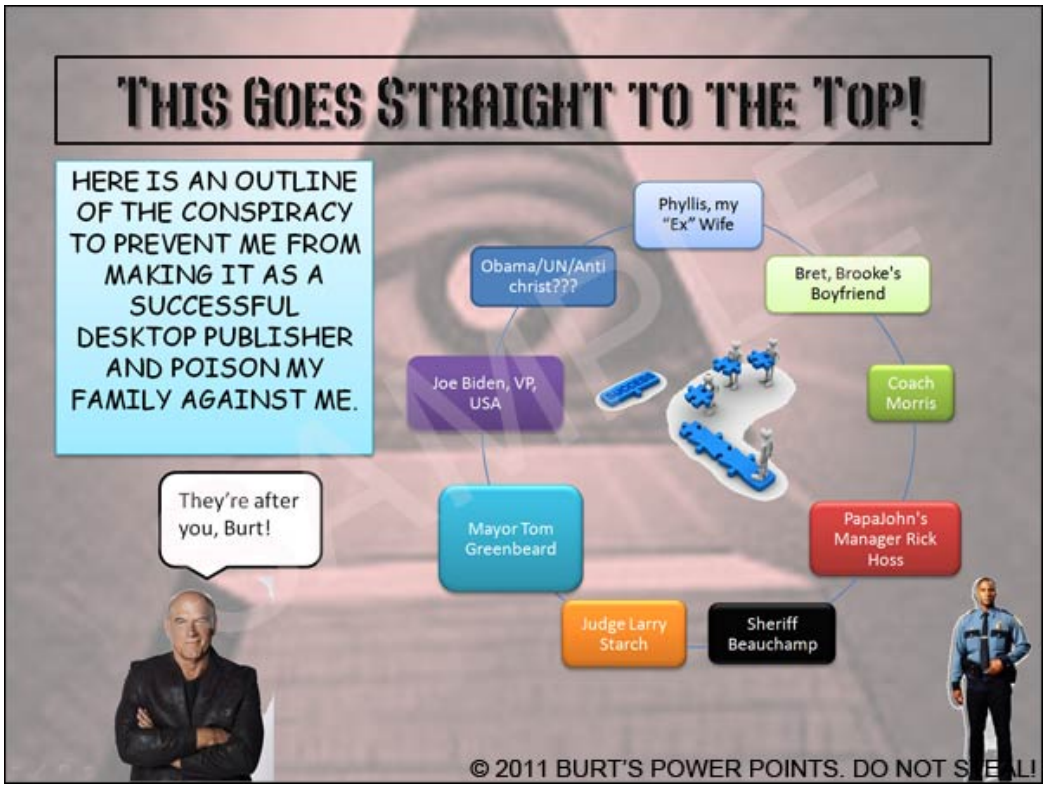
"FOUNDING FATHERS" - $69.95 (50% OFF!) (NO CUSTOMIZATION NECESSARY)

Your Every Legal Need

There is no escaping the courtroom these days with lawyers coming at you from every direction. Well, I say give 'em a taste of their own medicine. My PowerPoints are not only admissible in court (I have brought them in on a thumb drive every single time I have been in court), but they are keep people riveted until the very end.


CHILD SUPPORT?
WHAT ABOUT FATHER SUPPORT!
DEAR JUDGE, AS YOU KNOW PAYING CHILD SUPPORT IS NOT AN OPTION BECAUSE OF THE RECENT RECESSION THAT HAS DEVASTATED THE DESKTOP PUBLISHING INDUSTRY, PERPETRATED BY NONE OTHER THAN MUSLIM HOTSHOT BARACK "OBAMA" HUSSEIN. PHYLLIS KNOWS THIS AND IS STILL DEMANDING CHILD SUPPORT ANYWAY. MEANWHILE MY SON AND DAUGHTER'S BOYFRIEND BRET BOTH HAVE JOBS AND COULD STAND TO SEND SOME MONEY MY WAY. PLEASE ORDER THEM TO DO THIS UNDER PENALTY OF LAW.
SIGNED,
Honorable Citizen, Father,
Desktop Publishing
Businessman Burt
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT STEAL!

"YOUR HONOR, MEET JUSTICE" - $49.95 (50% OFF!) (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE NAMES/SIGNATURE)


THIS GOES STRAIGHT TO THE TOP!
HERE IS AN OUTLINE OF THE CONSPIRACY TO PREVENT ME FROM MAKING IT AS A SUCCESSFUL DESKTOP PUBLISHER AND POISON MY FAMILY AGAINST ME.
Phyllis, my "Ex" Wife
Obama/UN/Anti christ???
Bret, Brooke's Boyfriend
Joe Biden, VP, USA
Coach Morris
They're after you, Burt!
Mayor Tom Greenbeard
PapaJohn's Manager Rick Hoss
Judge Larry Starch
Sheriff Beauchamp
© 2011 BURT'S POWER POINTS. DO NOT S

"PHYLLIS' WEB OF LIES" - $99.95 (50% OFF!) (INCLUDES CUSTOMIZABLE WIFE CONSPIRACY)

Don't forget I've made dozens of other versatile PowerPoints fit for your needs, whatever those needs may be!

- Boss, I Am Too Tired to Finish This Report
- ...and anything else you can imagine! Email me your idea for a quote
- I deserve more from my children
- I'm just as handsome as Ryan Gooseling
- Expert eCommerce Strategies from Doug the Talking Dog
- You Call That Success?
- The Courts May Recognize "Our" Divorce, But I Don't
- There are Many Masculine Floral Patterns, Bret
- Sorry Customer, But You Ordered Too Many Crafts
- Let's Get A Leg Up on Fitness
- Quit Being Fat, Fatso
- I Was Not Satisfied From My Recent Trip to Shoney's

- We've never sold so many swords in all our lifetimes

-~Burt's Power Points (@Livestock)

7.4 Golan's Apprentice Speaks!

Thursday, Jul 05, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Cower, buttholes!

I am the Mouth of Golan, envoy to Earth! I've also recently been promoted to Herald of Arms for Golan's political advisory committee. Some of you may know me better as Dylan Buechler, 10th-grader at Oak Grove High, of Mr. Levinski's homeroom and treasurer of the official Oak Grove chapter of the World of Warcraft club! I bear pronouncements from my master Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All! All hail Golan, our sun and our moon and our dark impenetrable void that swallows them both!

I come to you at the turning of the tide in stupid Oak Grove's future. FYI, Golan will be running for city council in the next election, so it probably won't be long before He will be Godlord of all of Oak Grove! Then the state! The country! The world!

Now, despite what the dillholes sitting in 'jock hall' like to tell me every morning, I'm not a 'Goth retard.' (How does wearing heavy metal T-shirts make me Goth? And I grew my hair like this on purpose. So who is the real retard, Mike?!) My master has told me I am a visionary, for only I saw His awesomeness when He first appeared in our city. The rest of you assholes hid in your basements or stood behind that National Guard tank with guns in your hands like pussies, somehow thinking you could actually destroy Golan. Ha!

You've seen me preaching His glory at the food court, and handing out pamphlets detailing His badass exploits in Gkruool. And I've seen you mooning me and throwing firecrackers at my groin. Hilarious. Anyway, my point is, I'm not retarded. I know you are resistant to Golan the Insatiable's supremacy. Well, it is time for you to reconsider!

Now is your chance to become a kickass minion in the cabal of Golan the Insatiable, to get in on the ground floor of His total domination! To run for city council you need 100 signatures from registered voters and $200 for the filing fee. We've already got 5 signatures and $92. Unfortunately most of the cabal isn't old enough to vote, and some of our parents are being total dicks about giving advances on our allowances. This is where you come in!

Things have changed over here. For one thing, in compliance with article 7b of The Golan Act, we're no longer called The Raping Fist of Golan. Now we're just The Fist of Golan. But as an organization we have more to offer than ever! With a one-time pledge of eternal fealty to Golan the Insatiable and minimal monthly dues, you will gain access to all the benefits the cabal has! Your benefits will include:

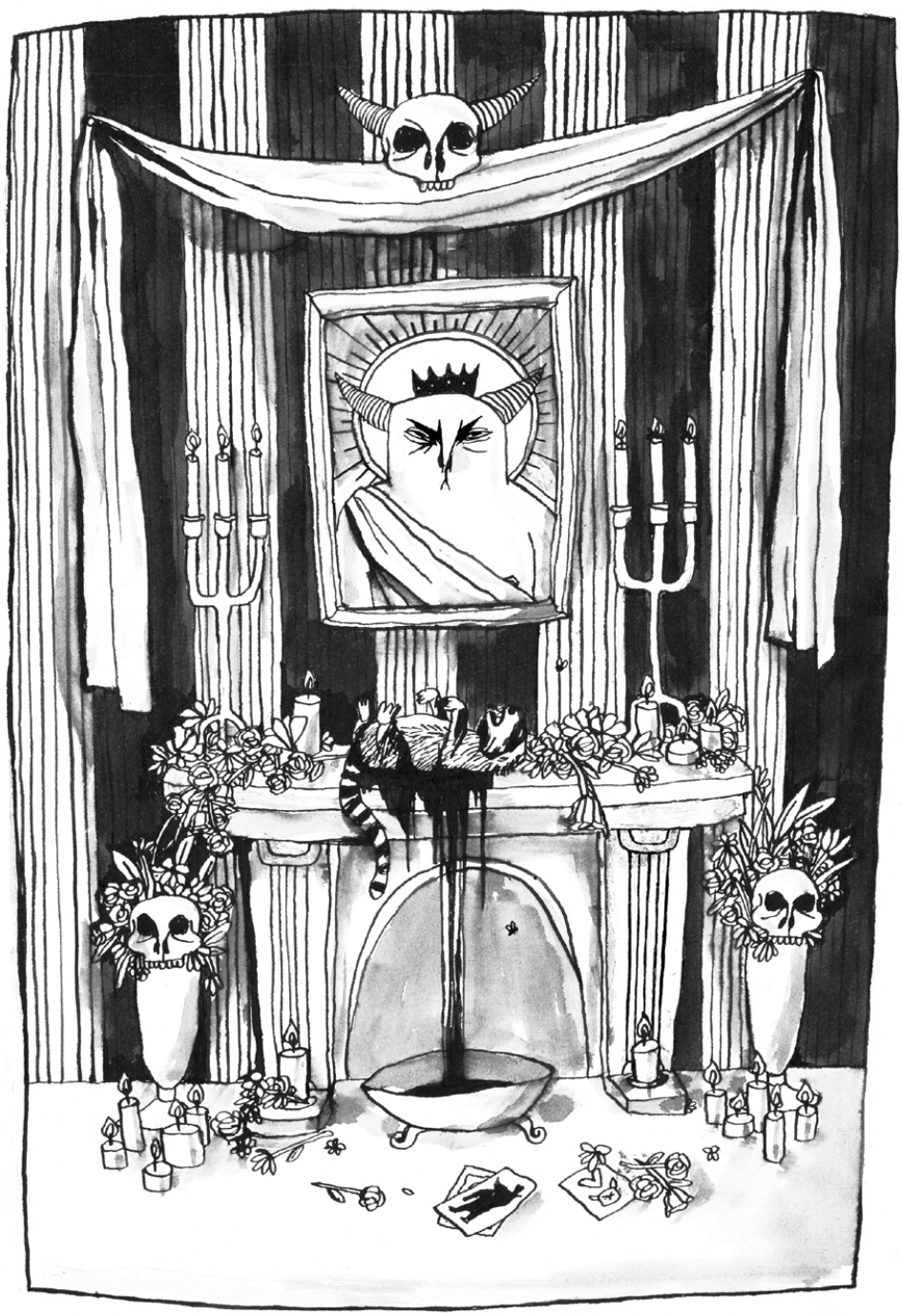
1) The right to worship, make sacrifice, and pay tribute to Golan the Insatiable whenever you want! You heard me. Night and day you will have access to the shrine at our

headquarters on Eden Prairie Dr., as well as daily face-time with the Godlord to praise His glory!

2) A T-shirt stating: "I Am a Finger in the Fist of Golan." Available in most sizes.

3) Invitations to the legendary revels of Golan the Insatiable. These are so much fun and usually take place at Nick's Bar & Grill or Bubba Gump's Shrimp Company. Alcohol is made available even to minors thanks to a loophole in the state's religious sacrament guidelines. (Though legally I can't say you will be allowed to get drunk.)

4) Land rights and title. Every acolyte who joins the cabal now is promised some sweet acreage after the restructuring of Earth once Golan has achieved complete dominion. Have you always wanted to be Lord of Finland? Viceroy of Colorado? Consul General of Hawaii? Once Golan has vanquished all His foes, you can be! Act now, cuz the cool places are going fast! I'm also working on getting the top-tier acolytes Coat of Arms.



Some FAQ's:

1) ***Will Golan kill me on purpose?***

No. Though Golan the Insatiable's demigod status gives Him full right to kill every last one of us, He will not. He values your servitude.

2) ***Will Golan kill me on accident?***

Most likely not. The Fist of Golan has a very solid survival record. Don't let rumors and gossip rule your life. Just cuz someone has gone missing doesn't always mean they're dead. Duh. And what happened to Robby Browning at Uptown Billiards was nobody's fault.

Btw, services for Robby will be held this Saturday at St. Luke's. His parents have completely ignored his wishes, as expressed to us by him, and they won't give us his body. But we'll be launching a funeral ship pyre on the Oak River afterward anyway. If anyone out there has a van or truck big enough to fit something coffin-sized in it, hit me up pronto. I'll tell you why then.

3) ***Will Golan kill my enemies for me?***

Not yet. For now we must work within the requirements of U.S. laws and whatever. But eventually yes. Totally. Millions will die once Golan's true ascension is put in motion.

So get involved! Golan already has a Facebook page. You may pledge your subjugation there, or come by our headquarters anytime. History is written by the victors, and Golan eventually plans to forbid teaching any history that took place prior to His arrival on Earth two years ago. Don't get left behind!

Excelsior!

Dylan

Mouth of Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, **Ali Horn** illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool!

-~Worm Miller

7.5 Cash 4 Helium

Friday, Jul 06, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ways for the middle class to preserve wealth are dwindling as fast as the wealth.

I knew we were in trouble, real trouble, when the bank down the street from me closed and a couple months later it was replaced by a drive through cash-for-gold racket. Instead of paychecks, the bank's pneumatic tubes now receive necklaces and engagement rings and gold ass-watches smuggled out of POW camps. It's a repurposing so dismally meaningful you might as well hook an eye bath up to a sewer main.

The old, reliable pension, dream of the middle class, has become a thing to be hated out of envy. Businesses are not willing to pay the high labor costs of years gone by, not with the labor rich third world eager to make America's jet planes and Fleshlights.

Government pensions are even more reviled. My grandfather was a social worker in Illinois for most of his life and my grandmother is in her nineties, still living on his pension.

"Grandma," I told her the last time I called. "You are part of the problem."

I had to repeat myself several times and finally gave up, shouting, "Vote Ron Paul!" as I jabbed my thumb angrily at the disconnect button. If I can't have a pension, then nobody gets one.

401(k)s were created as an alternative to pensions, offering a tax-deferred (not tax free) way to save money for retirement. They are a scam. A trick to make pensions obsolete.

401(k)s made sense during the years of steady growth and market optimism, when people were writing books like, "Dow 30,000 by 2008!" and talking about how the world economy is not zero

sum. These days all those nest eggs are teetering on a precipice ready to dump half-formed birds on the basketball court of the global economy. And it turns out that teetering is partly our fault. All along the 401(k)s were just flooding the market with money from idiots so that investment banks could make more money in the worst possible ways.

Houses are worthless. I shouldn't need to explain that one. Land, always a good investment, has become a gamble. It is too unpredictable. As heat waves roll north, the south dries out, floods swallow coastal areas and suburban America is abandoned like a sinking ship, land can be sapped of its value without warning. A long drought or one bad frack and suddenly your tap water dries up or becomes flammable.

Some of the wealthy are being duped into investing in art to keep their money safe, but this only works when you are looting the art, not when you are buying it. As soon as something as artificially valued as art becomes an investment opportunity the prices explode out of control.

That leaves us precious resources to invest in. Gold and silver are popular with talk radio (on the left and the right) and the rise in value is sucking up all of America's jewelry, smelting down priceless heirlooms and stamping them into krugerrands to fill wall safes. China has already cornered the market on most of the exotic materials needed to make electronics. More precious elements are too expensive to be good for investing.

The best investment would be something that is not rare now, but is quickly becoming rare. Something we actually need.

Ladies and gentlemen, for your consideration:

Helium.

Helium is more than just a party balloon filler. The biggest application is cooling superconducting magnets in MRI machines. Without that helium MRIs would cost much more and may become impossible. Making matters more difficult, most of the world's helium disappears from our atmosphere soon after being released, literally just floating out into space.

The only way to get new helium is as a byproduct of natural gas production. In Amarillo, Texas the US government started storing vast amounts of helium from natural gas extraction for use in military and civilian application. This kept the price of helium low and our supply safe. For most of the 20th century the US government maintained a near monopoly on helium production and prices remained so low that it was an almost meaningless expense for a kid's birthday party.

But since 1996 helium prices have been rising, quadrupling from around $40 per cubic foot to $160, and that government reserve has been nearly emptied. The natural gas deposit in Amarillo is the only natural gas source that yields a high level of helium byproduct, and it is expected to produce less and less helium by 2014 even as demand continues to increase.

So what happened in 1996 that started this trend?

In 1996, Congress moved to privatize the federal helium program, requiring all of the

> government's helium supplies to be sold off by 2015. "The legislation in 1996 says we were supposed to get out of the helium business," says Joe Peterson, the Bureau of Land Management's assistant field manager for helium in Amarillo. "The hope was by 2015, by the time the reserve was sold down, that new sources of helium would be online and take up the demand. However, it has not happened yet."

The conservative rush to privatize everything once again pays off for the savvy investor! Helium is headed into scarcity by 2014, with a sharp decline in production we will see a sharp increase in the already high prices. That means it is time to buy, buy, buy.

This is our chance to become the helium barons we have always dreamed of, filling our gymnasiums with helium gas, riding in our blimps, mocking those too dense to float through the air. We will suck up your children's party balloons. Put them in the pneumatic tube for some cash. When people want an MRI they will have to come to us.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time to put helium in your portfolio.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 Stan Lee's Greatest Cameo Performances

Saturday, Jul 07, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If you've seen The Amazing Spider-Man then you undoubtedly noticed Stan Lee hamming it up in yet another cameo. You might have stopped to think about this, and came to realize that his schtick was wearing a little thin. Well fuck you buddy.

The guy created some of the most memorable comic book characters of all time. He can appear in as many ill-considered movie scenes as he wants. Besides, his cameos aren't always dumb. Sometimes they're surprisingly great.

The Lord Of The Rings: Return Of The King

Mount Doom. Gollum plunges into the roiling river of lava, clutching the One Ring. As the flesh of the tortured creature dissolves, the camera cuts to Stan Lee.

He is poised atop a springboard in a classic diver's position. Knees slightly bent. Hands pressed together before his chest, as if in prayer. His expression shifts from anticipation to shock as he sees what's happening to Gollum.

Stan Lee removes his skin-tight swimmer's cap, holds it before his eyes, then tosses it over his shoulder before climbing back down the ladder.

Batman: Dark Batman Rises

As Batman emerges from the tank of bats, a janitor does a double-take. It's Stan Lee. He holds his mop before his eyes, then tosses it over his shoulder before walking out of the nuclear complex.

50/50

When Joseph Gordon Levitt's character discovers that he has cancer, he makes his way through the doctor's office in disbelief. In the background, Stan Lee stumbles across the hallway on fire, his arms windmilling.

Eagle-eyed viewers will note that Stan Lee appears in the background during each of Levitt's trips to the hospital for chemotherapy. Each time he is on fire, with no one helping or even turning to regard him.

Ray

Stan Lee whips open the door to a dusty shack. A young Ray looks up from his miniature piano in surprise, instinctively flinching away from his father. Stan Lee stomps into the home with a very angry face.

"RAY YOUR BROTHER GOT SUCKED INTO THE HARVEST MANGLER AGAIN. I BLAME YOU! YOU AREN'T ALLOWED TO ENJOY ICE CREAM GIVE ME THAT."

(There's ice cream. Also, Stan Lee isn't exactly screaming or forgetting that he left caps lock on. That's just my way of conveying his direct method of acting, which involves saying everything as though he is standing at the fridge and asking people in another room if they want anything. He continues...)

"I HOPE YOU GO BLIND. I HATE AND RESENT YOU. I AM REMARKABLY BELLIGERENT AND UNREASONABLE."

As Stan Lee furiously sits down, a thought bubble appears above his head. In it, there are comic book characters frolicking about. The camera cuts to an angle closer to Stan Lee's head, an intimate shot. He turns and winks.

Iron Man 2

Iron Man is flying as upbeat generic butt rock plays. Suddenly there's a beeping! Iron Man looks at his computer readout. He mutters in disbelief. There must be a malfunction. It says there is another Iron Man nearby.

Stan Lee zips by in a way cooler Iron Man suit. He hits his air brakes, then turns around in an impressive corkscrew maneuver, his boot jets leaving a streak of glowing blue light behind him. He stops in front of Iron Man, lowering his visor.

"NEED A JUMPSTART, PAL?"

Iron Man shakes his head in disbelief. It makes a funny wabba-wabba sound.

"EXCELSIOR!" Stan Lee waggles his eyebrows at the camera then flies off at mach 3.

Buried

Stan Lee is laying down next to Ryan Reynolds' character for the duration of the film. There he is, right next to him in the coffin, eating a bodacious six-foot sub sandwich.

Thankfully, Stan Lee doesn't speak at all. That would undercut all of the film's tension. Instead he lays there, munching away, nodding in appreciation of Ryan Reynolds' acting.

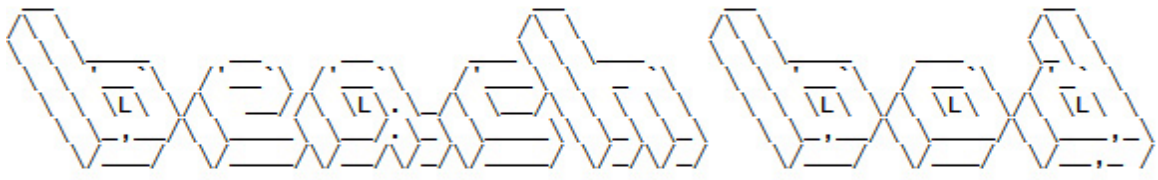
Stan Lee is in just about every shot. This might seem impossible, given that the whole thing takes place in a coffin, but the director approached the situation in a very clever way. When the camera is on Reynolds' left side, Stan Lee is laying down on his right. When the camera is on Reynolds' right side, Stan Lee is on his left.

Of course, there are a few close-ups from directly above Reynolds' face. These are the shots that do not involve Stan Lee. Aside from one instance, where his hand enters the frame, wiping crumbs off on Ryan Reynolds' stubble.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.7 Summer Beach Bod Walkthrough & FAQ

Sunday, Jul 08, 2012 by Ian "Beach Dragon" Golding (@iggolding)



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Summer Beach Bod Walkthrough/FAQ  || Version 1.12
                by Ian Golding (Beach Dragon)
                http://www.geocities.com/beachdragon
```

i) Table of Contents

i. Table of Contents
ii. Version History
iii. Legal Stuff
[SBB1] Tan Level Walkthrough
[SBB1.a] The story Begins!
[SBB1.b] Parent's House
[SBB1.c] Park
[SBB1.d] Advanced Tricks

ii) Version History

-=*Version 1.12*=-
- Added Tips on Defeating Skateboarding Jerks (Thanks SummerSaiyan95!!!)

-=*Version 1.11*=-
- Now Accepting Donations

-=*Version 1.1*=-
- Corrected some spelling issues that people complained about

-=*Version 1.0*=-
- Ladies and Gentlemen, the FAQ is done!

```
-=*Version .9*=-
- Walkthrough *almost* completed through August tips \& Tricks
- Baseball Rules FAQ is finished
- Expect another update very very soon!
```

iii) Legal Stuff

The words in this FAQ are copyrighted. Do not claim as your own or else youll meet super sever penalties. Do not tell people that you made these Summer Beach Bod techniques because I will know. Feel free to message me. I will not accept spam or hate mail. I will also delete any emails that are not coherent so don't use 133t internet speak or chatroom shortened words!

Tan Level Quest Walkthrough [SBB1]

QUEST REWARD: 90+ Tan Lvls, Free Food, Possible Dream Woman!

QUEST OUTLINE:
1. Wake up!
2. Fast Travel to Parent's house. Raid supplies.
3. Explore Park, find Perfect Tanning Location.
4. Level Tan!

-=The Story Begins!=-

Yiou wake up one morning and want hard abs and tanned skin and bass guitar lessons all those things Dream Woman wants. You climb out of bed and look around room. You put on[SHOES], [COMMON CLOTHES], [HEMP NECKLACE] and leave. There is a long journey ahead of you but it starts here and now. Probably one of the most imprtant parts of Summer Beach Bod (SBB) is your Tan Lvl. Not leveling Tan up early means a harder time later on! So lets get started and stop by our first stop! You;re parents house!

PARENT'S HOUSE [SBB1.b]

MAJOR LOOT: [SUN LOTION] or [OLIVE OIL], [SUMMER SNACK], [TOWEL]
MINOR LOOT: [LOOSE CHANGE], [PERSCRIPTION MEDICINE], [NOTE FROM DAD]

ENEMIES: o Parents (2) o Their Dumb New Dog (1)

```
Try and show up when parents are asleep or working
 soy ou don't have to talk to them and slow down your quest. Examine
 each room carefully, searching all dressers and cabinets. Move
 quietly as there is a chance you might encounter the dumb dog. It
 looks cute and nice but ittotally does *not* replace the one you
 grew up with and should not be petted or anything. Ingore it. In the
 bathroom you will fi nd [TOWEL] and if your lucky maybe[SUN LOTION].
 If you cant find [SUN LOTION] check the kitchen for [OLIVE OIL]. It
 has lower stats and feels sort of weird but will not cause you to
 fail mission or lose any Tan LVL. Be sure to grab [SUMMER SNACK] in
 kitchen to keep health high while Tan Leveling. SPOILER ALERT: Do
 not eat too much munchies for reasons related to future SLIM QUEST.
 Once you've collected enough loot and stored it in your inventory,
 take off to the nearest park.
```

```
 PARK            [SBB1.c]

MAJOR LOOT: [SUN PIECES], [TAN LEVELS]
MINOR LOOT: [COOL DOGS], [COLD POP]

ENEMIES: o Skateboarding Jerks  o Poison Ivy   o Homeless
```

```
Okay you cannot restart after entering park so double
 chec kyour items!

Quest Item Summary: [COMMON CLOTHES], [TOWEL], [SUMMER SNACK],
[SHOES], [SUN LOTION] or[OLIVE OIL], [HEMP NECKLACE]

============================] Proceed when ready! [================================
```

```
PARK MAP
+------------+
|##### ##### |
|# S # #  @# |
|#   #     # |
|# ### ##### |
|#  #  $#  # |
|#         < |
|####   #  # |
|#  ## ##### |
|#     #   # |
|#   #     # |
|# $## ##o## |
|####   ###  |
+------------+
```

Equip everything in your inventory and enter the park at the <. Park is really dangerous place. There are enemy Homeless camps, roving Skateboarding Jerk clans, and even Poison Ivy. Be sure to save often!!! From the entrance there are four options for you to travel. To the right is the pond (@). There are sometimes a lot of Dream Woman there walking dogs. The dogs aren't as cool as the one you had growing up, but theyare sort of cool. Good place to remember, but not helpful for this quest! (S) is the statue of dead guy. Skateboarding Jerks spawn here so best to avoid until your stats are higher. In the left is a quiet place for you to channel your skill. If your perception is high enough, scout the area for any nearby enemies. If you encounter a Homeless, remain calm because there usually low leveled. Try bartering some [SUMMER SNACKS].

Once cleared, unequip [TOWEL] onto ground and remove [COMMON CLOTHES] and [SHOES] until you are wearing Basic Underwear. You've lowered your defense to zero at this point so any fight will turn out bad. Unfortunately it is a must for leveling Tan. Just be careful.

Once comfortable use [OLIVE OIL] on exposed skin. Avoid eyes. It seems weird but you are gathering Sun Pieces every second you are motionless. For every 100 Sun Pieces you collect, you gain one Tan Level. If you managed to find [NOTE FROM DAD] read it to keep boredom level low. Spoiler: He loves you. Remember to eat remaining [SUMMER SNACK] if Health gets too low. Pop Machines can be found in park at $ for emergency dispensed[COLD POP] is both delicious and restores vital energy. Sometimes Skateboarding Jerks venture to those areas, so keep hidden in bushes.

When you feel like your Tan LVL is high enough, fast travel to your room an dsave. Awesome work. The first leg of your journey is complete~!!!

ADVANCED TRICKS [SBB1.d]

These tips are totally not meant for beginning Beach Bodders and should be skipped by only the most hardcore.

*Remove any and all body hair prior to beginning quest, allowing you to collect more Sun Pieces and the ability to slide through narrow gaps.

*Try discarding Basic Underwear. This allows whole body to level up Tan faster. This also turns all people into enemies. Do not attempt in crowded areas or nea rplaygrounds!

*Letting a Skateboarding Jerk defeat you will allow you to tan without being conscience. Sacrificing health for boredom levels.

That's it for this quest!

-~Ian "Beach Dragon" Golding (@iggolding)

7.8 Knowing When to Wear Your Bluetooth Earpiece

Monday, Jul 09, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It can be difficult to know when is the best time to wear your Bluetooth earpiece. There are no instructions about when it is appropriate in the manual and nobody has written an authoritative guide, until now. I don't actually own a Bluetooth earpiece, but by observing the usage of Bluetooth earpieces in "the wild" I have put together some times when I have never seen someone wearing one and times when I have frequently seen people wearing a Bluetooth.

WRONG to wear your bluetooth	RIGHT to wear your bluetooth
You are driving in your car on the highway and you do not want to cause an accident.	**You are screaming in Russian at a dog in your yard and waving your arms so your Nets jersey keeps exposing your jiggling belly.**
You want to talk to a client while you are jogging and using your hands to carry weights to improve your cardio burn.	**You want to talk to a TV reporter about a fatal shooting on your street while you are using your hands to carry a baby.**
You are typing up a customer's information while speaking to them on the phone.	**You are yelling about Obama after coming in second-to-last on Hardhat Team Deathmatch because of your noob faggot team and the other team using hacks.**

WRONG to wear your bluetooth	RIGHT to wear your bluetooth
You want to discuss the weekend's plans with your friend, but you need both hands for rinsing and chopping vegetables for a salad.	You want to yell about the severity of your herpes outbreak with your friend, but you need both hands to prepare omelettes at Waffle House.
You are giving advice to your nephew.	You are giving your nephew's eulogy.
You are attending a sporting event and don't want to miss the chance to catch a foul ball.	You are attending a job interview and don't want to miss the chance to talk to Christy about why Daunte don't take care of that baby. He know it his.
You do most of your work on the road and you need to be able to receive information from the home office whether you are on the road or have your hands full.	You don't have a job. You have never had a job. Your parents are supporting your habits while you lay on the couch and yell at guildmates on Teamspeak about how you're *really* quitting the guild this time because of what ChaosHobbit said after you logged out early from the raid.
Changing a diaper while talking to a pediatrician.	Letting your baby walk around dragging a giant diaper like a sack of rocks while talking to your sister about how your mother doesn't help you out with the baby enough.
At an elegant costume ball.	Drunk at a bar and trying to start a fight with some guy named Tito you thought was dancing with your girlfriend while you were in the bathroom upchucking a dozen cranberry juice vodkas.
When you are getting off a helicopter to meet with a CEO of a Japanese mega corporation about data chips.	When you are getting off the Red Line to meet with a guy named Ceo in a vacant lot about a type of cocaine called Data Chips.
Any time you are wearing a suit and tie.	Any time you are wearing running shorts.

Always. They are ridiculous. Nobody talks on the phone so much they need to stuff something up their ear to do it.

Always. At all times. You are cyber future man. You are Mr. Important. Got to get them calls.

If you have any additions for the list, please let me know. This is a living document meant to reflect these changing times.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 District Bulletin: The Death of Dorroile

Tuesday, Jul 10, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Stop! The compulsion to read here Bulletin is most total.

You are urged-- and it is mandatory that you heed our urging-- not to ridicule your Superiors for what stuff you may read heredown. Most especially we compel you: make no laughs of Claude Fantsy, still your Head Better Superior despite it all, though he makes, in writing, Very Big Acknowledgement of being made a gull of once again by Dorroile, the implacable man-scandal, and he feels most very bad about it already.

Pain we do ourselves even when his name is wrote, but District public order compel that we do: Dorroile, the worst of our guys, has really done a big one this time, and most gingerly must we all avoid stepping in it.

The intent of Claude Fantsy was so noble in doing a thing that none can contempt it. Merely he wished to negotiate an end to the unstopping lawless cavorts of Dorroile, being as how Dorroile is smarter than all of us and squirms so cute and easy from the claw of justice all the time. And Dorroile, the worst man ever, has tricked Your Superiors, including quite primarily Claude Fantsy, so many times, that Claude Fantsy admits with much sheepness that he should definitely not have agreed to an unusual proposal brought forth by Dorroile himself.

For years Your Superiors have tried to capture Dorroile into justice, so when so agreeably skipped Dorroile himself into the Weep of Desperation, offering to face all justice owed him and more, we compel you to excuse it that Claude Fantsy was a little jollydoggie pee-peed at the notion. Mostly so because how the offer seemed quite good indeed: Dorroile would agree to be declared dead, so that logically he would be totally without ability to break laws, as the dead cannot. In exchange for his death in paper law, he asked only that his actual life itself be spared.

Hastily-- and we admit perhaps too hastily-- Claude Fantsy agreed to these terms, and Dorroile was made killed by the stroke of Claude Fantsy's pen. The two men shook hands, and we find it quite relevant in the matter to note that Dorroile's handshake was reported as limp, squishy and leaving a lasting physical unease, like in the touching of raw meats. And it was made a pact in law that Dorroile was dead now.

BUT HERE IS THE THING...

Dorroile, and our suspicions are engorged that perhaps it was his plan all along, leapt about a-dancing-and-whooping, declared him that now he was dead and Claude had done it, so if he died again-- a man cannot die again-- Claude still would have done it. And, in all laws how we figure them, technically he was a terrible sort of right.

And now, you may have seen how he does it: he courts death merrily on the street, hoping to die; and if he does do his death in some awful way, Claude Fantsy will be tethered as a murderer, hitched to life to the killer's pole, shamed in history, stripped of land and titles and even of his beloved fat idiot son.

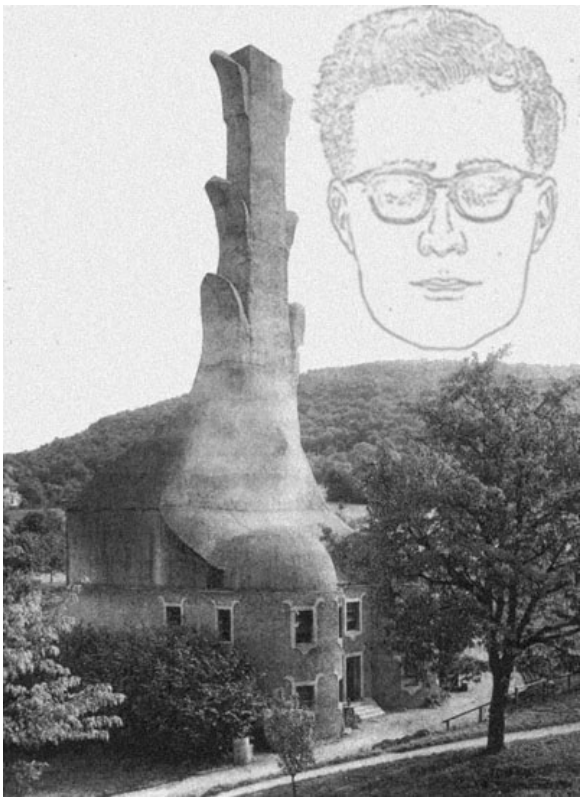
So Dorroile frolics most gay into the traffic, crouching on avenues and popping up giggling before

speeding District Transit Buses, for to make their drivers his murderer, who would by law be Claude Fantsy. Hop how he do over the fences of the Weep Zoo Child's Garden, straightforth into the lair of Hogue X, our bear, and he slaps and spits on it and taunts it with his dance, for if the bear were to maul him dead, the claws that done it would be on Claude Fantsy's paws by law. (We are lucky that Hogue X is exceedingly languid and gentlestupid even by the measure of bears).

Yet can he be arrested? No, because it would not do any good (he is dead).

When Your Superiors begged him to retract his death-- for only a dead man himself can come back alive-- he imposed horrible conditions upon it: that he would be immune for life from all justice; that his awful dance would be made compulsory; that Claude Fantsy's dinners would be carried to Claude Fantsy each night in the mouth of a dog; and more even worse. We are forced, with bile sucked barely back, to entertain all these negotiations, or his tantrums of suicide will resume in a blink and he'll be off at the Dome of Learning, giggling and slapping and tweaking the penis tip of Hairbank, the invincible barbarian child-eater who is our Superior for Education.

And so maybe we will have to give him what he asks, sorry as we might be to do that. But now, before it, until we find what we should do, please do not let Dorroile make you kill him; please try to save him at all times from being killed. We implore you to prevent his death however you may do.



-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.10 SkyMall Product Reviews: Porch Potty

Wednesday, Jul 11, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Perfect for condos or apartments, the Porch Potty gives you a clean grass area right on your porch, patio, or indoors.

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Mitch from Hemph, IA

Well, we ordered this hoping to train my elderly grandfather to pee somewhere other than the kitchen sink. We thought since he seemed so opposed to traditional bathrooms he might like this. It worked- - sort of. He now pees on the potted plants and leaves the sink alone. That's a huge relief, so good job Porch Potty.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Handsome Pete from Carlsbad Caverns, NM

Dog doesn't like it, but I do. Been doing my business on this thing for nigh on a week, and getting more comfortable with each passing day. Dog is getting jealous and frustrated, but he had his chance. He can find his own place to relieve himself. I'm not sharing. I'm not an animal like him.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By skymallrat from Bronson, MO

FYI the miniature fire hydrant pictured here is not a real one and does not work like a real one. Basically, don't expect this thing to help put out any house fires.

Rated this product "two" for "number two."

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Champion from Jacksonville, FL

I have long wanted to set aside an area of my home where urine and feces could be safely collected

and this seems to be the best solution. The grass is not real, but it looks and feels close enough. It rinses itself off, but you can disable that feature relatively easily. The fact that the grass is on a raised platform makes for a better presentation platform. Highly recommended.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Duke from Concord, NH

I'm tired of dogs getting all the best places to s***. Why can't we humans have it good for once? I bought one of these for personal use & I'm not ashamed. Not one bit. This is America where we have a bill of rights & a second amendment. Fancy people can sit on a toilet if they want, but I'm getting 'er done on my own personal patch of grass.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Royt McDougal from Cheyenne, WY

Well, I for one have mixed feelings about the Porch Potty. My dog does its business there and enjoys it. My only complaint is the dog seems entirely too smug after using it. Going to the bathroom is supposed to be a relief, not something to gloat about. He'll go over there, do his business, then stand there barking until I look over and see what he's done. I can't just glance, either. He wants me to really see the full extent of his actions. Then he just smiles like some kind of dang weirdo. It's bringing out a side of him I'm not comfortable with. I don't want to have to see his messes, and I don't want him to be proud of them either.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Ralph from New York, NY

I bought this not to pee on or have dogs pee on, but because I wanted my own patch of grass in my apartment. My own little park where I could lay down and relax. Well, this was all going fine for about an hour or so, then the damn sprinklers came on and started hosing me down. I felt like an animal rolling and tumbling off the Potty Porch trying not to get sprayed any more. It was a horrifying ordeal and I was a wet sopping mess. After that I gave up using it as a patch of grass and have just started peeing on it like a common dog. It works fine and its closer than walking to the bathroom.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Eleanor from Memphis, TN

DANGEROUS! After two weeks of accumulating urine dutifully, this thing went haywire and started blasting urine out all over the place for 3 straight hours. It was awful. We all got hit, my two children,

my husband, me, our dog. The entire living room is ruined. WHY, WHY DID THEY INSTALL SUCH POWERFUL SPRINKLERS ON THIS? The range on those things must be twenty feet, and they sting. The loud alarm that went off while it sprayed us was equally disorienting.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By doglady from Omaha, NE

Turns it this is really only optimized for one dog. When you're a serious dog owner like me and have over two dozen, then the Porch Potty cannot keep up. I simply don't have room for 24 Porch Potties in my studio apartment. Is there a way to increase the urine-processing efficiency of this thing to compensate? Would love to get it working as intended. Right now I'm basically working full time to pump all the urine out. Feels like I'm manning a bilge pump on a sinking ship here.

Age: 31-35

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.11 10 Additional Tiers from the Penny Arcade Kickstarter

Thursday, Jul 12, 2012 by Something Awful Charity Investigation Squad

Two days ago, the guys at Penny Arcade decided to upend website funding as we know it by attempting to Kickstart a single ad from the face of their front page for the princely sum of 250,000 dollars. Fans generous enough to donate to their cause won't walk away empty-handed, though; Gabe and Tycho have plenty of rewards in store for their benefactors, some of which haven't been announced as of yet. In this Something Awful exclusive, check out what these Kings of Webcomicry plan on bringing to their most devoted fanatics.

PLEDGE $200 OR MORE

Get ready to land yourself on either Tycho or Gabe's pending Facebook friend requests list, where one of the two will weigh the option of friending you every other Friday for a year. Get ready to experience 12 whole months of a mouse cursor wavering between "Confirm" and "Not Now," ultimately deciding on "Not Now" when 365 days have passed. Tell your loved ones that a virtual friendship was pondered for a complete year by one of the two authors of the most popular video game webcomic on the Internet!

PLEDGE $400 OR MORE

Either Tycho or Gabe will send you a friend request via Friendster, which you may reflect upon, BUT CANNOT ACCEPT. Those who do accept will automatically enroll in the $500 tier, which includes a free pallet of Penny-Arcade: The Card Game starter decks, badly damaged by flooding and warehouse fires.

PLEDGE $800 OR MORE

Your pet will be drawn into the background of a Cardboard Tube Samurai comic. Note: your pet must be a calico cat and fit the description of a cat drawn in a Cardboard Tube Samurai comic months ago. Dog owners will receive an original print of an existing Cardboard Tube Samurai comic

in .png format, with a .zip of additional Cardboard Tube Samurai content available for an additional 20 dollars.

PLEDGE $1250 OR MORE

You will be given access to a Google Voice account where you can hear new messages from either Tycho or Gabe up to (but not including) three times a year. Let America's webcomic darlings regale you with 30-second messages intended for the select few wealthy enough to reach this level of funding. Note: messages may include an outdated weather report read by one of the wives.

PLEDGE $1500 OR MORE

Either Tycho or Gabe will grant you the honor of carving out a piece of their driveways for posterity. Donators must find their own transport to Seattle, Washington, and arrange for a local contractor to completely replace and seal the driveway immediately afterwards. Any remnants removed from the estates of Mr. Holkins or Krahulik must be sealed in lucite and forbidden from eBay trafficking.

PLEDGE $3000 OR MORE

Those who reach this lofty level of funding will receive a no-expenses-paid trip to Seattle, Washington, where up to two pounds of gutter leavings from the property of Mr. Holkins or Krahulik may be kept upon complete cleaning of said gutters. Those lucky enough to make it out on the weekend may be treated to Gabe or Tycho swinging a rake at them below and swearing furiously. If this happens, please refrain from making eye contact.

PLEDGE $5000 OR MORE

Prepare yourself for adventure as you enter the truck of the Penny Arcade "snack wagon" during a regularly scheduled energy drink run. Wince in joy as your spine is bruised by a tire jack used by the inimitable Mike "Gabe" Krahulik to change a flat on two separate occasions. Note: donator must supply own oxygen.

PLEDGE $6500 OR MORE

Ready for the next PAX? Reach this tier (travel and convention costs paid by donator) and prepare to get hit with a water balloon filled with hot mustard at the next nationwide gathering of Penny Arcade fans. Those generous enough to enter this tier will be featured in a week-long Ctrl-Alt-Del arc as a character known as "The Mustard Man," because we can do that for some reason.

PLEDGE $8000 OR MORE

Hop on board the next train to the afterlife, because that's where you'll be headed when Jerry "Tycho" Holkins and Mike "Gabe" Krahulik smash your skull open with a cinder block as you sleep peacefully (first class airfare must be provided by donator). They will then erect a "Fruit Fucker 2000" headstone in your honor. Estimated delivery date: 2015.

PLEDGE $10000 OR MORE

Impress your favorite female friend or relative on their birthday with a personalized rape joke penned by the creators of Internet sensation Penny Arcade! Even survivors of abuse have to admit: these guys sure know their way around humor involving nightmarish and traumatizing violence against women.

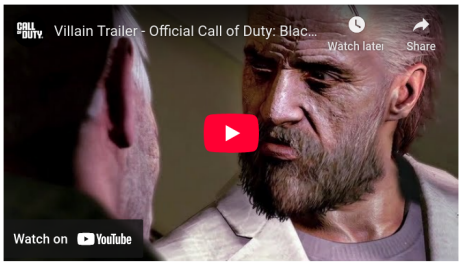
-∼Something Awful Charity Investigation Squad

7.12 The Call of Duty Villain of the Year is YOU

Friday, Jul 13, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Occupy movement might have failed as soon as frost sprouted on the Zizek at the Zuccotti outdoor library, but the movement's message lives on. By casting the 99% against the 1%, Occupy drew a clear populist battle line rarely seen in a society that venerates the wealthy. The forceful message, paired with social media, offers a new rallying cry for rapid mobilization on a very basic level. Anyone, even you, one of the 99%, can organize and protest and stand up for what you believe in.

The idea is so reflective of our times, you knew it was going to show up in a video game.



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KQv90T800kw

In the latest trailer for *Call of Duty: Black Ops II*, villain Raul Menendez is introduced, by way of a panicky general and a magazine cover, as a "Messiah for the 99%." A flash of a Youtube Channel page for his Julian Assange-like sinister alter ego, Cordis Die (Latin for "The Heart"), shows he has over 55 million subscribers. If you go to the much less popular Youtube Channel for the real Cordis Die you will get an extremely brief, ominously Latino invitation to "seek a new world."

"People in America idolize him," warns the disbelieving general. "They'll wake up tomorrow and realize that their hero has wiped them out!"

An earlier "documentary" released for Black Ops II features Fox News commentator and disgraced officer Oliver North describing how violent future war will be. North offers his own nightmare scenario, which appears to be the actual scenario portrayed in Black Ops II, in which America's unstoppable drone military is subverted by a hacker.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gm5PZGb3OyQ

"I don't worry about a guy that wants to hijack a plane," says Oliver North in the video's howler line. "I worry about a guy that wants to hijack *all* the planes."

That's right, we have officially reached the point where our dominance is so complete the only thing we have to fear is our own weapons in the wrong hands. It should come as no surprise that CODBLOPS scribe David S. Goyer also penned **The Dark Knight**, in which the world needs a quasi-fascist vigilante to monitor everything and beat people shitless, and **Dollman vs. Demonic Toys**, in which inhuman objects battle for the future of the human race.

Twitchy, overwrought war fetishism games in the Call of Duty franchise rarely interrupt the action set pieces of their convoluted story modes to reflect on the horrors of war. The idea of a message in Modern Warfare is usually "terrorists are bad" or "power corrupts" and these are driven home with the subtlety of being shot in the face and doused in gasoline in slow motion. Fair enough. As long as there are soldiers and wars, children and adult children will want to pretend to be fighting them. Immersed in the lingo and swooping satellite imagery, Call of Duty has always done a good job of letting you pretend.

This latest turn into the realm of modern politics is more disturbing than a heap of dead bomb vest guys outside a stairwell on a survival map. Goyer has managed to take the cold brutality of drone warfare - a terrifying reality - and somehow create commentary that we need to watch out for the gullible Occupy movement. It isn't a creepy arms manufacturer or a rogue general, not even the drones themselves going haywire, it is literally the "Messiah of the 99%" who subverts our drones and starts shooting at us. Because you let him on Youtube. You did this. You broke our arsenal of liberty and it's your fault.

The message, that populism is dangerous and shut up and love your 1% drone overlords, will no doubt be buried under plenty of rappelling, helicoptering and sniping, but it is the most vile war and class war apologism of the series. Goyer throws his lot in with the powerful against the powerless, creating ghost armies to fight from our own extravagant military. He blames the poor and those pursuing social justice for a future doomsday monologue that might as well involve a rogue hand and precious bodily fluids.

Goyer is a skilled enough writer to throw in some ambiguity, introduce a senator or a general colluding with Raul Menendez, but he cannot hide from the message he has Oliver North selling for him.

If you are one of the 99%, then you are the bad guy.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.13 Ask A Dinosaur!

Saturday, Jul 14, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In a delightfully immoral and illegal secret facility, nearly a dozen breeds of dinosaurs have successfully been cloned. By nearly a dozen I mean eleven. Exactly eleven.

Now, you're probably thinking about Jurassic Park. Stop that. These dinosaurs weren't created for a theme park. Nor were they whipped up as part of a frontier-expanding scientific effort. These dinosaurs were cloned for one reason: To answer the internet's questions.

After fielding more than ten thousand submissions (ten thousand and one), the unnamed operators of this facility have narrowed the field down to the three most insightful and relevant questions.

The first one comes from Kelly in cyberspace:

"I've read that dinosaurs might have actually had feathers, like chickens or birds. I thought that they had lizard skin, like lizards and reptiles. What the heck is going on here? Do you have feathers or not? Please settle this matter once and for all."

In response, a Brontosaurus:

[The dinosaur munches on grass. Its large eyes are mostly white, with tiny pinpoints of black that wander in wildly different directions. Saliva dribbles down its chin, oozing long streamers that wobble as the beast chews.

In a moment of apparent inspiration, the dinosaur turns its head and regards its flank. It blinks several times, looking at the surface of its body. The brontosaurus urinates where it stands, the brown piss splashing up against its legs.

After a few uncertain moments, the dinosaur takes a quick step in one direction, changes its mind, then trots another way. It runs straight into a bubbling tar pit, not slowing down as the pool comes up to its torso, or seeming to realize its predicament as it goes deeper and becomes fully submerged.

In a suspended control panel, one worker shouts at another, pointing out his earlier protestations about building a tar pit in the dinosaur's habitat.]

This next questions comes to us from Kyle in Colorado:

"how can tuch a girls brasts if she woent let me tauch her face"

We'll let a Velociraptor field this one:

[The beast tilts its head. It tentatively opens its mouth, making strange sounds. Talking. Trying to talk. It shakes its head, then tries again, but the words will not form. All its mouth can produce is a halting guttural cry.

The dinosaur looks down at its hands. Flexes them. Works the individual muscles, as if testing their ability. It mimics the act of writing. One claw open, as if holding a pad of paper. The other claw delicately clasping an imaginary pen, dragging out smooth and deliberate letters.

The velociraptor looks to the glass, where I stand. It points at my pad and pen. A few moments go

by, then it turns its palms up in a clear "Well?" gesture.

After rubbing its chin thoughtfully, the dinosaur claps excitedly. It bends over, using a single claw to write in the dirt.

G. The first letter is clearly a G. More follow, slowly but equally legible. Eventually it spells out: GIVE HER TENDER JAPANESE PORN COMICS.

With a satisfied nod, the dinosaur brushes the dirt from its claws. An asteroid the size of a bowling ball streaks down in a blaze of hot death, pounding the velociraptor's head into the ground in a violent burst of energy.]

Today's final question comes from Hannah in Maine:

"It seems that intolerance is just as present as it has always been. We look for cartoonishly blatant acts, ignoring the casual demeaning of other races, sexes, and sexual orientations that occurs every day and influences our attitudes in subtle ways. Will we ever reach true enlightenment, or are we doomed to a spiral of defensive bickering and willful ignorance?"

Stepping up to answer this one, a Pterodactyl.

[The dinosaur struggles, shrieking and thrashing about. It absolutely refuses to let us put on the tuxedo. We put a lot of work into having this garment tailored and fitted. We flew a designer in from Italy, for crying out loud, blindfolding the poor guy and putting him in a submarine for a few days to disorient him.

After a third round from the tranquilizer gun, the pterodactyl collapses. We quickly go to work. One can never tell how long a dinosaur will stay under. Ten minutes later, the tuxedo is on.

Coming awake with a start, the pterodactyl squawks at us through the glass. It raises its arms, considering the outfit. After a few moments the dinosaur starts thumping its head sadly against a tree. This continues for several hours.]

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.14 Science Wants to Ruin All Dinosaurs

Monday, Jul 16, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Remember when historians discovered a reference to Abe Lincoln's voluptuous breasts? No, of course not, because historians aren't assholes. They know how to forget the bad parts.

In the great scientific effort to ruin all things awesome, the paleontologists at Ludwig Maximilian University in Munich have struck a blow for lameness. Based on the unusually well-preserved fossil of an ancient German theropod, the theory is now gaining acceptance that virtually all dinosaurs possessed feathers. Not a few. Not some chicken raptor squawking around the Jurassic. All dinosaurs had feathers. They are taking our dinosaurs away.

> Feathers didn't start with birds. Plumage of various sorts - from simple fuzz to the complex structures used for flight - adorned dinosaurs first, and was only later inherited by birds. And if a beautifully preserved juvenile dinosaur unearthed in the Jurassic strata of Germany is any indication, it is possible that all dinosaurs bore patches of filamentous feathers.

They might as well have found a fossil of a dinosaur wearing a party hat and a sequined cape. When the scientists came for Pluto, I said nothing. When they told me the sun did not revolve around the earth, I bought new calendars. I understand that our skepticism must be coupled with a willingness to adapt to new understanding of our universe, but I have to speak up. Science dudes, no. Come on. All of them are birds?

I was cool when alligators were the closest living ancestor of dinosaurs. Alligators are scary and dangerous. They seem to embody the dinosaur total package of cold-blooded, mean and totally alien. If you tap them on the nose they will bite off your goddamn arm. I figure if crocodile's dinosaurs forebears were looking down on him from the meaty-walls of dinosaur heaven, they would see him floating around like a log getting ready to bite some noodler's hand off, and they would say, "Heck yeah, bro."

Birds, on the other hand, are bullshit. They're all over the place. They fly into windows over and over until they die. They build nests in basketball hoops. If it's daytime I bet you can look out your window and see birds right now, hopping around doing lame bird stuff like eating seeds and cocking their heads. They don't lurk. They don't menace. What is the most badass bird? The eagle? The bald eagle?

Bald eagles hang out at trash dumps and smell like diapers and eat diapers and lay their eggs in diaper piles. They are filthy and stupid. Benjamin Franklin knew it.

> "For my own part I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen the Representative of our Country. He is a Bird of bad moral Character. He does not get his Living honestly."

Let the mighty eagle soaaaaaaar (over diaper dumps).

Franklin wanted the wild turkey to be America's national bird. Hardly a dinosaur, but I guess at least they don't eat literal garbage.

Owls are pretty badass, right? I had a stupid friend who had an owl as a pet. All it did day and night was scream and tear out its feathers and crap everywhere, because only some kind of stupid asshole has an owl as a pet. What a bad idea.

If an animal looks like a dandelion stalk mated with Liza Minnelli it is not related to an apex predator.

He took it to a wildlife place and they said they could take care of it. They rehabilitated it from my fucked up, stupid friend and got it all ready to release into the wild. We checked in on it periodically. Eventually it was ready to be released and they put a tag on it and two days later it was dead. It drowned in a swimming pool.

Way to be, owl dude.

Even dangerous birds are lame. The ostrich, which is giant and can run like hell, can tear your guts out with its talons. Territorial males are often aggressive and must be handled carefully. They sound almost like a worthy descendant of dinosaurs, until you get to a passage on Wikipedia about how they are farmed for feathers to make feather dusters:

> During molting season the birds are gathered in a pen, burlap sacks are placed over their

> heads so they will remain calm and trained "pickers" pluck the loose molting feathers from the birds. The birds are then released unharmed back onto the farm.

I don't care how dangerous ostriches are; if you can put a bag over their head and pull off their feathers they are not scary.

It gets worse. Scientists now believe that the closest living relative of the Tyrannosaurus Rex is the chicken, and that's just too awful to accept. The T. Rex stomped around tearing the spines out of lesser dinosaurs, eating skulls and crapping out skeletons, and he ends up packed into a sweltering farm with ten million other birds getting speed-decapitated on a conveyor belt. It's the animal we say every strange meat tastes like because we are so used to eating it. That sort of fate is like a Twilight Zone episode where the last humans end up in an alien zoo, only worse, because we're eating the zoo animals.

I don't need all of the dinosaurs. Science, you can have 3/4ths. You can have all the comb-headed, long-necked dicks who sat around swamps chewing moss. You can have those dinosaurs with the giant skulls that used to ram their heads together. Take any dinosaurs that didn't have teeth.

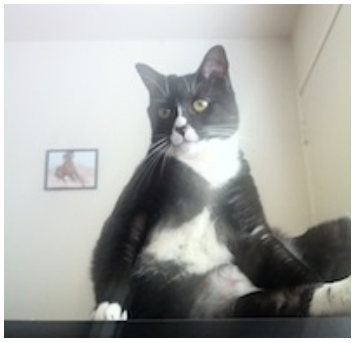
If scientists continue to find evidence of feathered, lame dinosaurs, eventually we will have to accept the new reality. Let's say when it is so widely accepted Spielberg edits plumage into **Jurassic Park**. Until then, I will stick with my skepticism.

Dinosaurs are not birds.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.15 I Got a Cat

Tuesday, Jul 17, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)



The best part of being an adult is probably the fact that in your day-to-day life, there are really no rules whatsoever except for our society's laws. I sometimes forget about this freedom and it'll strike me all over again that I'm 28 and can eat the largest, most disgusting burger anytime, day or night, if I so choose. Or that I can pull an all-nighter doing absolutely nothing just because I want to. It's a very special kind of feeling. Kids are losers in that way, and reminding them of that is probably another thing you could do with your freedom. Anyhow, a couple of months ago it came to an interesting turn when I realized: Wait, I could totally just go get a cat and bring it home, and nobody can do anything about it.

I've never really been a cat person at all, but I live in one of the smallest apartments I know of, and I didn't have enough faith in my ability to train, say, a bulldog, to shit neatly into a box. Cats would be more appropriate for my situation, so I started looking around on shelter websites and craigslist. The main problem with craigslist is that there's a "no selling" rule when it comes to pets, but bad people get around this by requesting a "rehoming fee" which is also known as "money in exchange for a pet" because as I stated, they are bad people. Dogs and cats are everywhere, dude. I don't need to give you $150. I could just let any cat ever into my house and it becomes my cat. That's how it works.

Shelters are super noble and good, but most if not all of the ones I'd looked at seem to have some kind of interview and questionnaire process that I'd have to adhere to in order to get one of their many cats. I suppose it's for a good reason, but as anyone who has ever interviewed me for a job or been on a date with me can tell you, I'm not good at answering questions about why I'm the best person for some specific situation. I called one of the bigger shelters in town and did what essentially amounts to a phone interview. For example:

What kind of job do you have? Are you home a lot, or do you go away for extended periods?
I write copy and I'm home like all the time. Thanks.

What are you going do with a cat once you get it?
Oh gosh, I don't know. Pet it I guess? Let it hang out near me and stuff? Not hassle it, that's for sure. Not do anything that would cause it to die. I was just going to do cat stuff with the cat, like petting and chilling.

Please provide your landlord's phone number so we can confirm that cats are allowed in your complex.
No, because she will probably tell you about how I was supposed to take care of the plants out front and I let them die.

Do you have any small children or dogs?
If I had that stuff I wouldn't need a cat, man.

It didn't feel like it went that well but they invited me to come by and check out the cats anyway. It was around this time I noticed a really good craigslist pet ad that said simply, "cats need home now. come pick up" with a phone number. I called it, and a woman picked up mid-sneeze to tell me that she's suddenly allergic to her catbabies, and she didn't want any money, she just wanted the cats to have homes. I headed over to her place, we chatted a little bit while she blew her nose, and

she introduced me to her two tuxedo cats: Some shitty male cat and Zelda. The latter caught my attention because she wasn't being a dumb idiot running around crashing into boxes, and in fact she was just sorta fat and hanging out on a futon looking at me. I had to respect that because that's pretty much what I'd do if the cat had walked into my place.

With the small talk continuing, the woman mentioned that she's a working gal-- an actual lady of the night. I'm not one to judge others whatsoever for what they need do to make a living, but this lady was pretty clearly over 60, extremely heavy, and had a really strong tobacco smell coming out of her face that bled over into sour milk smells. Also, I was now in her house. Not being one to visit prostitute apartments myself, I pointed at Zelda and said that it was getting pretty late and I guess we should get home.

So yes, I am the proud owner of a prostitute's cat. I've never seen such a sweet, affable cat in my entire life. She's probably so okay with new people because she's used to having strange men come over all the time. The things she's seen could probably fill an icky encyclopedia, so I make sure to never let her see me naked out of respect. I also bathed her very well. On one of her first nights here she jumped up and snatched a spider off the wall in near-complete darkness. We have a very good understanding of one another's needs, I think.

Her name is now Jub-Jub. She goes to the bathroom in a box and then when she is done shitting in boxes, she comes up and puts her ass in my face. She's fat and sedentary and has the time of her dang life looking out the window and meowing at the guys who walk by. She also goes by Jubs, Steve Jubs, Jubstep, and You Stinky Fat Cat. We have a lot in common, and now I could tell people I was given pussy for free from a prostitute. I don't say that, though, because it's really gross.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.16 SkyMall Product Reviews: Babette Table

Wednesday, Jul 18, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Seamed stockings, red garters, and strappy red heels combine to demand attention in this retro work of decorative art for home or gallery. The 3/8" thick, tempered glass tabletop balances on a sturdy fulcrum while our sexy miss tips her champagne glass. This quality designer resin work is hand-painted with enough detail to earn a reputation for functional-art-with-a-kick in gallery or boudoir.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Agnes from Lee's Summit, MO

Our teenage son ordered one of these without our permission. It is DISGUSTING and SkyMall should be ashamed for selling pornographic sex tables. The female body is a terrible, vulgar thing that should be hidden away from everyone. My husband drove this table out the country and buried it. I'm positively ashamed of having been put through this ordeal.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By bucko from Saint Cloud, MN

This is a well-built table. I admire the sturdiness of the fulcrum on which the table balances. The problem is that the picture in the catalog was so small I did not notice the aesthetic imperfections, which is kind of a big deal. These legs are absolutely hairless. I don't know if they were just cutting corners or simply forgot, but there's not a hair to be found on these legs. There's not even a trace of stubble. I tried gluing my beard trimmings on to make this table more presentable, but I lack an artist's grace. I just ended up putting the dang thing on my porch and leaving it there.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Horseman from Provo, UT

Got two of these and stacked 'em on top of each other. Having a great time right now just lookin' at 'em. Plan to get a bunch more. Looks simply stunning next to my life-size Anubis statue.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Darrel from Little Rock, AR

Do they make a version of this that is more than 26 feet tall? These are more like child legs and that's just weird and unnatural. Would love some giant lady legs or maybe some kind of giant lady/crushing themed table I could sit under and feel flattened like a bug. Seems like a lot of customers would appreciate that and order in a New York minute!

Cheers.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Legwork from Evergreen, CO

I am extremely angry. EXTREMELY ANGRY. The product description said this was "functional art" and yet I'm not able to do anything with it. The designers should be fired for making it as hard as possible to have sex with this table. That is terrible, incompetent engineering. Go back to school, idiots.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By bonedog69 from Springfield, IL

Like every people I expected more from this. At no point is this ever described as just being a table. The description in no uncertain terms states and I quote " this is a set of women's legs desined and built for am aan's pleasure." i can only finish on this and that is not what I was promised or signed up for. NOT A SATISFIED CUSTOMER.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Clint Calhoun from Nashville, TN

Adds just the right amount of maturity and beauty to my living room, which is sort of mostly Spider-Man themed. I like this table and may continue to gravitate towards a female legs motif and phase out the Spider-Man stuff, depending on how things go with dates. Keeping an open mind and open heart.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By The Randman from Sandpoint, ID

Ordered one of these for my living room and I'm mostly happy with it. It looks great.

Pros: Very pretty. Legs are gorgeous!

Cons: Panties are not removable. Not actually to scale. Not anatomically correct -- no working vaginal canal or anus, let alone ones that moisten and dilate to allow insertion. Self-bored anus I added has jagged rim that can injure or trap the penis. "Skin" does not feel soft or natural. Not posable. Does not smell like any of the women I've smelt. Never menstruates. Has a peculiar, chemical taste that is off-putting. Glass table surface gets in the way and limits interaction.

Age: 51-55

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.17 Guest Feedback: Wolfman

Thursday, Jul 19, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

"This location has the worst employees of any McDonald's I've ever visited. They're lazy, discourteous and constantly mess up my order. They should all be fired or sent to customer service training as they give your restaurant a bad name.

"Except for one employee, Wolfman, who is a prince among men. You should give him a raise."

"When I complained that your triple quarter pounder is too large to fit in my mouth, employee 'Wolfman' leapt up on the counter and tore the sandwich into tiny pieces for me. I just wish your managers were this helpful! Fire those dunces and put Wolfman in charge!"

"While I was waiting in drive-thru a ferocious growl directed my attention inside the store. A large and rather hirsute employee was tearing apart what appeared to be raw meat with his bare hands. Now this is the kind of work ethic I like to see from McDonald's employees! Whoever this hairy prep person is, give him a promotion."

"Cashier 'Wolfman' greeted me with an enthusiastic growl and feverishly punched in my order on his touchscreen. I have to say I was impressed by his vigor. My order was made wrong, but this is hardly Wolfman's fault. If those grill workers had half his dedication, they'd read their slips correctly."

"I've always valued your restaurant for its quality food and fast and friendly service. However I am a little worried about your working conditions. One employee, Wolfman, looked confused and disheveled and responded to orders with only inhuman howls of pain. I hope you're giving this worker adequate breaks; if not this may be a matter for the department of labor."

"I saw your new employee 'Wolfman' today and don't think for a second I'm fooled. He's clearly an illegal immigrant from somewhere. I can't believe your restaurant would stoop so low as to hire illegals when hardworking U.S. families are out in the cold. I'm calling the INS, who I'm sure will love to chat with this Wolfman guy and inspect his visa."

"Your restaurant used to have a serious problem with homeless people congregating in the parking lot. Fortunately, their numbers have been dropping lately. In fact, the homeless population of the entire surrounding neighborhood seems to be decreasing. Whatever you're doing, keep it up!"

"I've always been a fan of the McDonaldland characters, but this new one, some kind of hairy man-beast, is too scary for my children. Bring back Mayor McCheese and get rid of this guy."

"Of all your team members only Wolfman seems to respect proper hygiene procedures. His ample hair is always impeccably groomed and shimmers with a healthy gloss. I only hope his coworkers start following his example."

"Your idiot cashier messed up my order several times in a row. Finally someone named Wolfman took charge of the situation, grabbing the employee by the collar and dragging him into the back room for what sounded like a thorough chewing-out. This Wolfman then gave me a refund, after some difficulty with the cash drawer that forced him to rip it out of its compartment. Glad you've finally got a competent type-A leader on your staff."

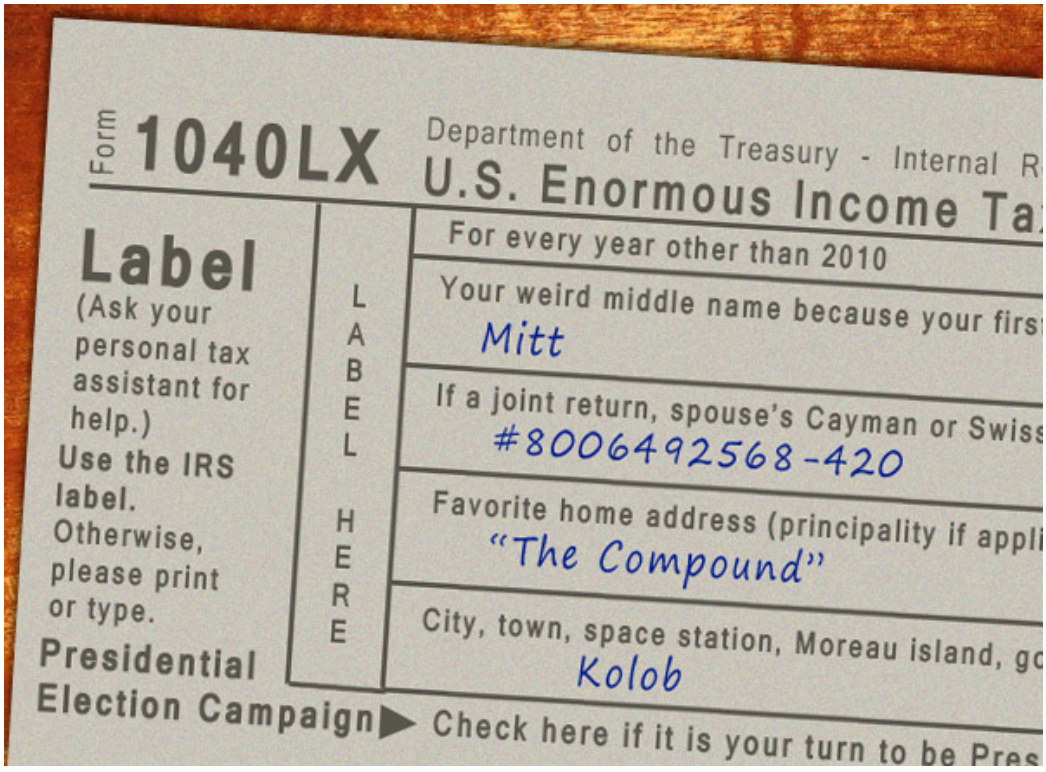
"I don't think your crew takes their job very seriously. I placed a drive-thru order and all I could hear was screaming and someone howling with delight. This is a fast food restaurant, NOT a house party."

"I visited your store late last night and it was completely trashed. The dining room was strewn with overturned chairs and broken glass and the kitchen cabinets were smeared with red meat of some sort. Only one employee, Wolfman, was on staff, running around and growling in a frenzy. I would too if I had to do the work of five men. Hire a bigger staff!"

-~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.18 What is in Mitt's Taxes?

Friday, Jul 20, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


Form 1040LX
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Use the IRS label. Otherwise, please print or type.
Presidential Election Campaign
LABEL HERE
For every year other than 2010
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Mitt
If a joint return, spouse's Cayman or Swiss
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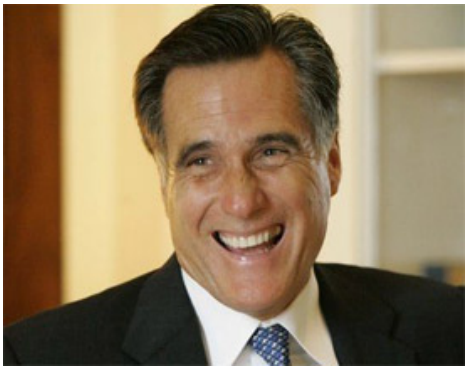
"The Compound"
City, town, space station, Moreau island, gc
Kolob
Check here if it is your turn to be Pres

GOP Presidential candidate Mitt Romney has spent the last two weeks insisting he will only release one year's worth of taxes, fueling speculation that his previous years may include incriminating information. Ann Romney has insisted the Romneys have given all "you people need to know" and until the Romneys reveal more, people are left to speculate. Until now. We have Romney's taxes for the past 17 years and have begun the process of sifting them for interesting factoids.

Tiny Tax

Between 2007-2009 the Romneys' income was taxed at an average rate of 11%. In 2006 it was 8%. In 2004 it fell as low as 1% and dipped into negative territory when Mitt deferred an entire year's income in 2003, receiving millions in stock from Bain-owned companies, converted the stock into IOU letters, filtered them through a charitable trust and kept them in a chest sunk to the bottom of a Bavarian moat.

Suspicious Savings



The Romneys use a diverse collection of accounts, corporations, trusts and investments to shield their income from taxes. No thought seems given to appearances of impropriety. For example, in 1997 the Romneys socked away almost half of their money in something called the Khmer First National Bank of Skull Orchard, located in Cambodia. The rest of their income was sucked up into various Swiss, Cayman, Burmese, Chinese, Iranian and Somali banks and investments.

Nothing seems to roil their portfolio. In 2002 the Romneys maintained an undisclosed amount in an Antarctic bank operated by a Norwegian science expedition. In 2003 those funds were passed directly to the bank account of "T. Thing."

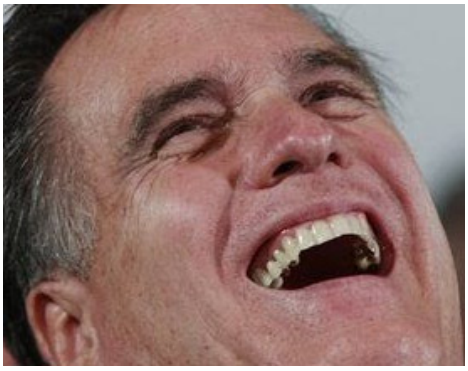
Dubious Deductions

Questionable deductions of high-ticket items and expenses reflect the extravagant lifestyle the Romneys considered part of the cost of doing business.

- 2005-2007 Mitt Romney deducts a total of over $14 million for "Batmanning." This represents a reversal of a 1997-1999 stint during which Romney spends $3 million annually on "Villainy & Lairs."
- 2004 Deducts $1.7 million in "elephant grooming and jewelry."
- 2005 Purchases a "platnum, uh, goodie" for $900k and writes it off as a business expense.
- 2000 Claims to have spent $2.4 million as a business expense to visit the Bohemian Grove on the Mir space station.
- 2001 Pays over $3 million to have his Sutton Place townhouse camouflaged as a dumpster full of soiled mannequins presided over by a vicious king rat.
- 2006 Deducts $400k business expense as cost of "white woman" at auction in Dubai.
- 1998-2009 Romney pays $1 million annually to Island Biotech for "Medical Clone" and in 2009 this fee is joined by $3 million for "Escape Recovery."

Charitable Contributions

The Romneys made the majority of their charitable contributions to the Church of Latter Day Saints and affiliated programs, but they did branch out when it benefitted their tax position.



- 1998 Gives generously to a charity called "The Most Dangerous Cure." Based on this charity's filings, it operates a retreat in Wyoming where cancer patients can be paid large sums of money if they agree to be hunted for sport.
- 2003 Donates "A couple of gently-used Cadillacs" to the Ronald McDonald House.
- 2004 Romney gives $5 million to the Make-A-Wish Foundation contingent on the dying children being posthumously baptized and married to his grandfather.
- 2006 Spends $4.8 million to purchase at auction the actual staff Joseph Smith used to cast cloud kill to slay the orcs of Missouri. The staff was recharged and donated to the LDS church.
- 2008 Romney begins large, annual donations to The Handsome Patriot (Good Guy) Fund, a think tank consisting of his sons, a tree house with an elevator, and lots of 7 Up.

The question remains, "Did the Romneys do anything illegal?" The answer is, "Gosh, of course not. We did exactly what the law required and you people should know that, but all of this is a distraction from what really matters. Barack Obama's college records."

Hopefully that clears everything up for you.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.19 The Living Legacy Of Wild Wild West

Saturday, Jul 21, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's hard to believe that nearly thirteen years have passed since Wild Wild West captured the imaginations of moviegoing audiences worldwide. Now the film only lives in our memories. It spreads from person to person, around campfires and on impromptu stages by traveling play actors. With our society fulfilling the role of a dedicated custodian, it will continue to live on.

Everyone has a favorite scene. Me? I don't think I could narrow it down. It doesn't seem possible.

Who could forget the first time we see Kevin Kline's character, West Wild? There's a plush red sofa, embroidered in ornate brass, a rumbling steam furnace providing power to the pistons that serve as the couch's feet. A man in a fancy suit is reclining, a newspaper covering his face. The headline reads "NEWS". Slowly the paper lowers, revealing West Wild's charismatic features. His eyebrow raises. Hilarious.

Kevin Kline on the set of Wild Wild West.

What about the big shootout at the end of the movie? Will Smith runs down a snowy mountain, shooting every single tree. He doesn't miss a single shot, because at this point in the movie he has come to believe in himself. The reluctant hero becomes the leader he was meant to be. No tree goes unshot.

Salma Hayek as Bleepnauter is a revelation. We know that she can act. We know her beauty is beyond words. What we don't realize - at least until the movie's most surprising scene - is how terrible she is at Risk. The fourteen minute montage sequence of her loss to Kevin Kline is a remarkable cinematic triumph. She calls for the scene to end. We hear the director yell at her to continue. Salma grumbles, considering the pieces. Finally she decides to push into Australia. Kevin Kline rolls the dice jauntily, wiggling his eyebrows as his forces repel hers once again. She kicks him under the table. As he falls out of his chair, the gyro-apes burst into the room.

Early storyboard art, depicting the moments before the riverboat attack.

I don't know a lot about poetry, but when Will Smith is turned into a baby and Kevin Kline has to breastfeed him, that is certainly the embodiment of poetry in film. At once we see the vulnerable side of Will Smith's tough-as-nails gunfighter, the responsible side of Kevin Kline's loveable rogue, and the judgmental nature of a crowd at a robotic boxing match.

Of course, any scene with the film's villain is bound to be a popular favorite. Eric Stoltz as Mask is spellbinding. When he stomps into the space station's control room, points at an underling and growls "Do things better! Or else!" you feel like he's yelling at you. Seeing him get his comeuppance at the hands of Salma Hayek's Risk ghost army is cathartic, a perfect example of dramatic irony.

For some reason, the comedic sidekick rubs people the wrong way. Many consider it to be the low point of an otherwise flawless film. I, on the other hand, think it is brilliant and very necessary. The photographic negative of Kevin Kline's face is a terrific character. I really like the way that a shrieking noise accompanies the photo every single time that it is overlaid across the entire frame, spinning endlessly.

As an admitted sucker for romance, I'm also quite fond of the rocket soldier man subplot. You really get the sense that the rocket soldier man would do anything for laser rifle girl, but duty holds him

back. The very weapons that they wield for honor keep them apart from one another. When his rocket and her laser meet across the battlefield, taking down the Blitzer Blimp, their eyes meet. You know it's the closest the two will ever get to consummating their love. It's sad, and yet somehow heartwarming.

I regard each of these scenes with equal admiration and reverence. Ask me to choose a favorite and my mind will lock up like Will Smith's computational paradox toaster (which finally works at a crucial moment, springing two slices of toast directly into Smith's hands, allowing him to disarm the magnet bomb atop the Eiffel Tower).

It's just impossible. What I can do, however, is suggest the most important scene of the movie. The part which explains why mankind has become Wild Wild West's living legacy, why those who possess battered action figures is treated as a de-facto king.

This takes place relatively early in the movie. Will Smith and Kevin Kline's guns have been emptied. Salma Hayek's garter hides no more knives. They huddle together in the ruined casino of a steam riverboat before an impossibly tall clockwork yeti. All hope seems lost. Then, inspiration strikes. Salma Hayek tilts a nearby lamp on its side. The three characters each raise a hand, combining their efforts to project a shadow puppet of a baby onto the chest of the mechanical monstrosity. The yeti looks down, makes a surprised noise, then turns into a baby.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.20 You Call This a Yard Sale?

Sunday, Jul 22, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Are these bent wire hangers? What abandoned appliance did these cords belong to? This Tupperware doesn't even have a lid. Is this some sort of joke? Because I swore the purpose of a yard sale was to sell stuff people might want. But what you've amassed is something different. Something special. It's like I'm wandering through your highly curated collection of thrift store rejections. I mean, I cannot believe these shirts are still in America. If I saw a picture of a malnourished child in Yemen wrapped in these, I wouldn't blink an eye. And yet here you are, wanting five dollars.

You got stuff a full-blown hoarder would pass on. He'd look at his Geo Metro and its literal overflowing mass of Styrofoam and old *TVGuides* and say to himself, "Naw. I think I saw some waterlogged cardboard I'd rather sleep on tonight." When you walked past the Burger King and hung your inkjet sign between the WORK FROM HOME!!! and CHEAP MATRESS SET CALL NOW did you really think you were doing the world a favor? Your crap is nothing but a health risk to the raccoons that tunnel beneath it and your VHS collection is in shambles. This copy of *Independence Day* doesn't even have the hologram cover. It isn't even rewound.

And now you got every curious person in town rummaging through, confused out of their minds. They want bargains, you give them bedbugs. You call it a yard sale, the city calls it an "offsite dump." But, then again, it's pretty clear that you've never been one to sweat the details, though based on the musk from the box of polyester pants, you do sweat. A lot.

Looking at the objects you've set out to sell, I worry about your comprehension of society, of your perverted image of domesticity. You must design your house like a bird, caring more about mud, twine, and shiny objects than functionality. A wall of broken televisions, a room of dusty Christmas albums, denim.

It's garbage, and yet you won't stop watching me. As if my flipping

through your heavily thumbed romance paperbacks means I might walk off with a copy of *Fleshy Prelude* or *My Captain's Hard Log.* I wish it was that easy, but I'm not the thief. You are. I could be doing thousands of better things with the time you've stolen from me. Freebasing in an abandoned

warehouse or shattering my ribcage with a hammer, just to name a few. Your possessions are best viewed at 45mph, but I walk table to table until I find one object, one pathetic piece of junk to make it worth my time. Even though I wish there was an endless reel of Vietnam War footage I could gaze upon for eternity instead of looking for another second at your yellowed computer speakers and assortment of Precious Moment figurines, I stay.

Just tell me one thing. Is this WWE shirt vintage? Wal-Mart circa 2004? Nice touch with the bleach stain. Lots of offers today? No? That's a surprise. Me? Not interested. Sorry. I still have the capacity to use my senses. But, and I promise this, as soon as my eyes are gouged out with shish kabob sticks and my nose is ripped from my skull, I'll be right back to pick this up. Because if the festering face wounds don't get me some pity as I beg for loose change maybe this shirt will.

Oh, and for the record, when you leave your crappy little sign up on the corner for weeks after your sale, don't be surprised when I throw a brick through your front door at 4am on a Tuesday looking for your baby clothes and mismatched socks.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.21 Ask the Graffiti in a Zombie Video Game

Monday, Jul 23, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Zombie Game Graffiti,

My relationship with my girlfriend of two years is in a real state of emergency. I don't want her to know about this, so let's just call her "Fema." Things with Fema have really slowed down. After some really hot, passionate times early in our relationship, we barely ever have sex anymore. I brought up the idea of a threesome and she seemed into it, but I am having second thoughts. What if she enjoys this girl (or guy) more than she enjoys me? I guess I am just having a lot of trust issues. What should I do? Is the relationship over?

Confused in Minneapolis

Dear Zombie Game Graffiti,

I just started seeing this girl and she is really cute and fun, but she has these wild mood swings. I guess she is still a little messed up by how her last relationship ended and she gets really depressed. When she isn't acting like that she is a lot of fun. I guess my question is, should I stick it out with her. Will it get better? If I decide to stay is there any way to deal with it or help her get through it?

Loving the Broken-Hearted in Louisiana

DON'T GO NEAR THE ONES THAT CRY!
SERIOUS TROUBLE
SNEAK UP ON THEM AND USE A SHOTGUN
YOUR FUCKING FUNERAL
STACY,
WE ARE OK
YOUR BROTHER WAS BITTEN HE WILL LIVE
HAHAHA

Dear Zombie Game Graffiti,

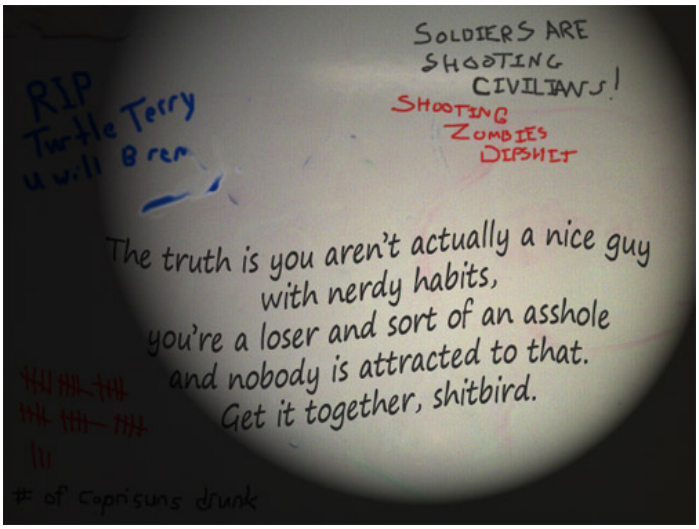
I have spent the last twenty years in this god-awful backwater town and I am wondering if I am stuck or will I be able to get out of here? Also, do you know where my parents and sister went?

Small Town Sickness

Dear Zombie Game Graffiti,

Well, it happened again, another girl I was trying to talk to and had my eye on just gave me the cold shoulder when I asked her out to the zombie walk. It's talk like a pirate day all over again. She said she was seeing somebody else, but I know she is lying because I can hear her when she is behind the counter and I'm drinking my coffee. I am sick of being a nerdy nice guy and always finishing last and I am ready to be mean to a girl if that's how she wants to be treated. What can I do to cultivate a bad boy image?

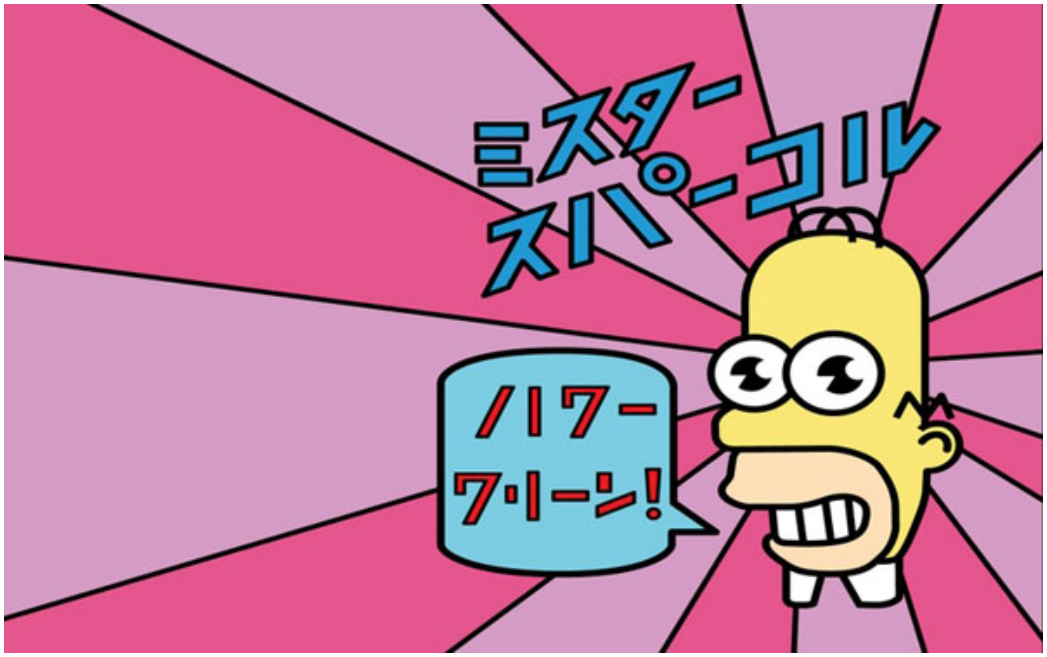
Nice Guy in Last Place


SOLDIERS ARE SHOOTING CIVILIANS!
SHOOTING ZOMBIES DIPSHIT
RIP Turtle Terry
The truth is you aren't actually a nice guy with nerdy habits, you're a loser and sort of an asshole and nobody is attracted to that. Get it together, shitbird.
# of Capri Suns drunk

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 Japanese Wikipedia Sitcom Bios

Tuesday, Jul 24, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



If you thought wasting an entire work day in a Wikipedia death spiral was easy, wait till you try it with auto-translated Japanese Wikipedia-- it's the same incredible wealth of information, but it's run through an kaleidoscopic surrealism filter. The following are Japanese Wikipedia character bios for various American sitcom characters, as told to Google Translate. They've been lightly edited here and there, but I promise I did not make any of this up.

The Simpsons

Bart Simpson
10-year-old fourth grade. Blood type O Rh-. Simpson in the house, the only left-handed. Mischievous boy is curious. Skateboard technique is genius.

Homer Simpson
Simpson is the husband of the house. Take the action, but most turn out fruitless love for family. Strangling of son Bart: "∼Tsu ∼! What you annual" (Why you little!). "Doo∼tsu!" When they noticed something or fail (D'OH! have a habit of say and spell). "Doo∼tsu!" Was added to the 2001 version of Oxford English-Japanese dictionary as official word.

Lisa Simpson
Often need to take wise action of the family is almost common sense. Sometimes and especially Homer, the father does not quite fit the horse, to crack paternity. Baritone sax likes the blows, the dream in the future is a professional jazz musician. Wish can keep the pony and world peace. Do not have a friend that is a problem.

Marge Simpson
Vertically elongated Afro hair (when he was young was a straight hair), (which is re-set

twice a day deals) has remained in this state this pin, but a distinctive hairstyle like. Hair is dyed blue. In addition, the multi-scene that also housed the thrust of such notes and secret savings seen in our hair. There is also the scene to a conversation with a portion of hair on it or talk with Homer as brains.

Friends

Rachel
A crybaby in the naive young lady in the rich selfish. At the age of 15, because the horse was kept in the disease died, and had bought a boat instead. Skill to be taught about the control of the boat to Joey.

Monica
Rachel's best friend from high school Lincoln. Jews. And the loss of my brother looks good get along together, such as dance and sports since childhood, there is a surface hated the guts and repugnant. I like competition and gambling, reluctant to be the best anything, throw or break things and lose. I hate animals dressed. Poor massage.

Phoebe
In massage, Monica former roommate. And homeless at the age of 14, picked up the money to live on the streets for children. Loss of a human victim. Because it has a thought bizarre behavior and mysterious basically, or did not believe the force of gravity and the theory of evolution, or there is a history of arrest.

Ross
Pampered from parents unlike Monica, to be carefully nurtured. Jews like his father. Or forced to attend the camp of the hate movement is poor at gathering exercise from childhood.

Chandler
Often seems to be gay and (especially women) a stranger. Intercourse with a woman is basically weak, give it a boring reason is reluctant to or after intercourse with a woman, broke or ran into that state withdrawal. Had lied to hide the hate and dog allergy dog.

Joey
School days because it was just playing with the girl without a study, not enough general knowledge, may not keep up with the conversation of the other five, children are also stain action.

Dinosaurs

Earl Sinclair
The protagonist of this drama, the crying child "smile" dragon plaque. Occupation's defeat timber megabusiness We say so. There is no motivation sloppy, are susceptible to around.

Francis Sinclair
Support are firmly behind the person. Although this drama is one of the few conscience, along with lobby, and sometimes frustrated housewife industry from time to time. When it flowed in the direction of a bad family, but will help put a brake on.

Robert Sinclair
Son of the eldest son are. 15 or 16 years of age in human. Years may have to show a rebellious attitude are the only years. Basically, the firm is a clever son. I like some dinosaur, rock love. Is the so-called high school students these days.

Charlene Sinclair
Sister of the lobby are the daughter of. What you want pager , such as clothes. Study can not be about the lobby of the brother, but sometimes there is something sharp. Also be easy to shed the epidemic, become addicted to bad boyfriend.

Baby Sinclair
Baby is still a street named Baby. Although the cute appearance, content is the worst. Are the frying pan like saying "He not mama" in, and hit it. Incidentally, my favorite is the carrot.

Beavis & Butt-head

Bibasu (BEAVIS)
Standing position is right. Blond hair, mainly responsible for the blur. "BEAVIS" is under the name. Last name is unknown. Different personality Cornholio (Konhorio, "Horio anus" in the subtitles) that appears raised a question mark (?) Attack of a mysterious, incoherent speech and behavior in repeated tension MAX eat (only) too. If not born in this world if Beavis, was supposed to grow to a healthy boy of ordinary. Print shirt ROCK Death or METALLICA.

Beavis (BUTT-HEAD) *[note: Butt-head is consistently referred to as "Beavis" in Japanese Wikipeda]*
Is left standing position. BUTT name, HEAD is to blame, is called around and BUTT-HEAD ("bat" in the subtitles), except for rare exceptions. (Also known as sly) compared to the Bibasu clever little. There are sections that my younger brother thought the Bibasu, violence and rebellion is not tight at Bibasu. Print of the shirt AC / DC or SKULL.

(Beavis and common point of Bibasu) Have lived under one roof, there is no kin. For example, a typical cool! (Cool) favorite saying is to publish! (Suck) $\sim \sim$ is'll invincible! ($\sim \sim$ Rules), in addition to a variety of words in the subtitle to Dumbass be Japanese translation (among others) words to fool the opponent.

The always emits a distinctive laughter. Even though scared, regardless of mental state at that time, or cool when, of course, even if in trouble even if angry, that emits a laugh even in sleep. However, it is very happy "LOL" even if there is not. Hard rock or the wind, "! Warwickshire" wide-eyed shook his head and ooh and aah "Jesus!".

Have a job in a hamburger shop BURGER WORLD, not useless they almost completely a mystery why, why would not the dismissal. Etc. can always put in your pocket to throw out in the middle of dirty mess cause a mass food poisoning incident, the store, the hospitality, the proceeds from sales of products nibble, the cash register.

Todd
Bad about that young man longing for B & B is put a heart symbol. Gotsu has been accompanied by a few fellow American car that ride the. On the abduction may be trapped in the trunk of the car to B & B, was abandoned in the wilderness, secluded.

Stewart
Classmate. Buxom blond. Then in junior high school students have a habit of bedwetting. The parents are very spoiled. The B & B is like a toy sometimes oppressed. State that envy the B & B of "badass Choi", in the same sense of longing that B & B to Todd "super badass". If not born in this world if Beavis, along with the sound Bibasu

mentioned earlier, the boy was supposed to grow a strong sense of justice was filled with confidence.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.23 Dear Mr. Mayor: Send that Siren Packin'

Wednesday, Jul 25, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dear Mr. Mayor series.

What kind of town is this where you let a harlot practice her craft in the fountain in front of city hall? That waterlogged hussy is luring all our men to join her in the fountain, and the whole lot of them are just splashing around like g-d dang idiots. It's an embarrassment. I saw the police chief in there giggling like a school girl next to that awful singing prostitute.

Sheila Champ

Mayor,

The town square is becoming a real safety hazard as the number of drunken men parading around in the fountain is reaching dangerous numbers. That water can't be even remotely sanitary, not after three days of men frolicking in it nonstop. I realize those men are all under the influence of the siren and can't help themselves, but this is simply no good. Their behavior is very lewd and crude, and is not fit for public consumption.

More importantly, the siren is distracting from essential civic work and improvements. I strongly urge you have her arrested and shipped to an aquarium where she belongs. We have more pressing matters to attend to. You still haven't taken care of the sidewalk expansion on Water Tower Road, much to the ire of local businesses.

In summary, please

1) have the siren lady removed from the fountain;

2) have the fountain water drained and replaced;

3) expand the sidewalks on water tower road.

Angela Chambers,
a concerned citizen

Dear Mr. Mayor,

I am a fan of the singing lady in the fountain. I like her tunes and I think she's got a gorgeous top half. I like her bottom half, too. Both good qualities in a lady.

What I'm trying to get at, Mr. Mayor, is that at my age I have a hard time keeping up. The crowds surrounding the young lady are very rough and tumble, and haven't paid this old man any respect. I can barely get a knuckle in there before the other men muscle me out. What's it take for an old veteran to get some one-on-one time with the lady? I don't see why we can't be civil about this and all take turns. I don't want all these burly men frightening her away.

Yours truly,

Ralph O'Grady

Mr. Mayor & Associates,

Does the siren's song work on male dogs? I normally take my Bichon Frise past that fountain but if he's going to go hog wild like all those disgusting men, I'm not going that route. Please let me know ASAP. Also do you have an ETA on when the siren will be done with her work? Frankly, I don't see the point in what's she's doing.

Ester Birch

Dear Mr. Mayor,

I don't care for this one stunt one bit. I've seen this before on TV and over the email. Taco Bell plans to open a franchise, and so they pull some kind of stunt. Well, this time they've gone too far. I want you to tell them we don't want their business, and we certainly don't want their singing mermaid creating a commotion.

This town has done fine without Mexican food. Mexican food isn't going to fix any of our problems. Why don't they try to fix their own problems back in Mexico first?

Dolores Krokk

Mr. Mayor,

The men in this town have no decency. I used to think there were some upstanding gentlemen here, but now every man from here to Welpsburg is tearing his clothes off and acting mad as all get out in that fountain. I don't see what's so special about that young lady's singing. It makes my ears hurt. And why's she dressed so skimpy?

They're loud as all get out. The men are wailing and moaning at the top of their lungs, and that floozy isn't any better leading them on the way she does.

I hate to use the "U" word, but that fountain smells a lot like something that belongs in the toilet. I'm pretty sure the men are all doing their business in and drinking from that fountain.

I don't think that sort of thing belongs in the center of town, do you?

Clean it up!

Gladys Hutch

Dear Mr. Mayor,

RE: SIREN IN FOUNTAIN

Love her to death, mayor. Best thing to happen to this town in ages. I have my wife tie me down to the bed of the truck, then have her drive real slow past the siren. That song makes me go mad with delight. I'm just running out of reasonable excuses why I need her to tie me up and drive past the siren. Any advice? I can't get enough of those alluring songs

Oh, and any chance you would give me a special dispensation to marry the siren in addition to my wife? If not then just go ahead and nullify my current marriage. I want to make an honest woman out of that fountain lady.

Eagerly awaiting the good news,

Rick Loyal

Dear Mayor,

Can you get my husband to leave that fountain? I don't feel comfortable with what is going on there. Last I checked there were several hundred men, mostly nude, frolicking like drunkards in the fountain, fighting and clawing their eyes out while some sort of folk singer sang for them in the nude. I checked with all the appropriate offices, and found no record of such a festival or performance taking place. This is clearly an unauthorized activity, and that singing lady has no permits. Also, she (and most of the men) are in violation of public decency laws.

Tell her to close up shop. I want my husband back before this spectacle gets any worse.

Lori Capricorn

Dear Concerned Resident,

Thank so much for your letter! We here at the Mayor's Office work tirelessly day and night to see that your needs are met and your concerns are heard. We assure you that we're working diligently to resolve this siren business as quickly as possible. We're confident that once the mayor returns from his fact finding mission in the fountain, he will take bold action.

We encourage you to be patient as this matter resolves itself. We also encourage you to disregard any of the blatant falsehoods published by a certain local tabloid. The insinuations that the siren is here to punish the mayor for lascivious deeds he committed in a Mediterranean brothel are patently absurd. The mayor's recent business trip afforded him no time for brothels.

The siren likely arrived in our fountain by way of sewers or made her way inland via river following the recent storms. Please do not acknowledge her and, if possible, plug the ears of your male friends and family with wax.

Best Regards,

Janet Cowers

Deputy Mayor

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.24 Channel Zero Teen News

Thursday, Jul 26, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

CODY

Hey, wassup everybody, it's Cody here with Karina for tonight's closing segment "Totally Awesome Stuff You Didn't Know About the Moon."

KARINA

SOUNDS awesome, Cody.

CUT TO Clip of Borat saying "Nice!" [471-B]

CODY

Karina, did you know that if you hollowed out the moon, it would take nearly eight billion cans of energy drink to replace the lost mass?

KARINA

Wow, I think I chugged that much Power Hound when I crammed for my last trig test!

CUT TO Clip of Borat saying "Great success!" [322-B]

CODY

More Houndage by the poundage! Now Karina, you know I love macaroni and cheese. Basically, I don't see why it shouldn't be served with every meal, especially those Cheeztaroni Insta-Pouches. Who needs to cook when you can rip, squirt, and bounce? And that really makes me think... how much of that stuff would I need to completely coat the surface of the moon?

CUT TO Clip of Fat Bastard screaming "Get in my belly!"

KARINA

Well, Cody, you're lucky I have Cheeztaroni on the brain. It would take 835 million Intapouches, 167 if you're buying the Family Sack.

CODY

Wow, that might be too much Cheeztaroni even for me!

CUT TO Clip of Borat saying "NOT!"

KARINA

You're not going to BELIEVE this next moon secret, Cody. Remember how Neil Armstrong played golf in outer space? It was sick! But what's even sicker is the new slew of downloadable golfers in Kirch Birtner's Tee-Off 2012. Now with playable Dorf!

DEEP-VOICED MAN BACKSTAGE

Playable Dorf.

CODY

Uh, Karina? I DON'T think that's an Awesome Moon Fact.

KARINA

Sure it is! Because those graphics are OUT OF THIS WORLD!

CUT TO Soup Nazi screaming "No soup for you!" [087-S]

CODY

Fair enough, Karina, but I'm afraid it's time for our last Awesome Moon Fact! You know, it turns out that that moon isn't just famous for showing up in werewolf movies -- this summer, it's about to enter the world of science fiction with Changeobots VI: Moonsphere of Darkness. Join all of your favorite Changeobots on an all-new adventure this summer! And the best part?

(whispering to camera)

It's five hours long.

DEEP-VOICED MAN BACKSTAGE

Five hours.

KARINA

Wow, that's more movie than two movies!

CUT TO Austin Powers yelling "Behave!" [636-A]

CODY

Well, looks like we're out of time here on Channel Zero news. Remember all of those Awesome Moon Facts, because you'll be quizzed on them over the following five minutes by your homeroom teacher!

KARINA

Don't worry, Cody. I've got "extra credit."

Karina pulls out a can of Power Hound and drinks it. Afterwards, she looks much smarter somehow. Figure it out with makeup or something.

CODY

Channel Zero Teen News would like to remind you that the claims of Power Hound Maximum Quench Energy Stew have not been evaluated or verified by the FDA. Have a swag Thursday, dudes!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.25 Phrases Most Likely Used to Introduce a Segment on "Beyond 2000"

Friday, Jul 27, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"James Bond, eat your heart out. Like something straight from Q's laboratory, this prototype car from Holden is one you'll want to get all wet. That's right, it's also a boat of sorts."

"Vegetables. You have to throw them out when they get moldy. Until now. Meet BIXBI, a robot that runs on your old veg and can help with counting around the house."

"Computers are the cool thing these days. Soon you will be able to stay warm with your computing in the world's very first computer shirt."

"Tony gets behind the wheel of a car that would make James Bond jealous. This Jaguar prototype is a sleek sporting car and a passable motor boat."

"Are you going camping or to a party and your friend doesn't want to miss her favorite television programme? Video expert Wyand Bulfer has a television you can wear on your chest."

"Plus, meet the man who thinks everyone will be plastic in ten years. When you find out why, you might just agree with him."

"Football, or soccer to you Americans, is the most popular sport around the world, but one scientist wants to spread its popularity even farther by broadcasting the Association rules at Jupiter."

"Mothers are surfing onto the wide world web. This doctor in Toronto believes you will soon be able to put your mom into a computer. Find out how it works."

"It looks like a box on a ladder, but meteorologists hope this inexpensive detector could provide up to an hour's warning before a rainbow appears."

"Kevan Hibbes is the discoverer of a new sort of graphics for computers that may just change the way you look at math."

"Have you seen this head around town? You may soon. It looks like an ordinary mannequin top, but the DJ7 contains a sophisticated computer chip that its inventor claims will prevent dogs, birds and even some kangaroos from opening supermarket doors."

"Is Toyota out to lunch? Their new car costs 90,000 dollars and you'll never believe what it runs on. Catsup."

"Plus, Audi has developed a car that seems like something straight out of a James Bond film. The prototype A9 does 150 kilometers per hour on land and almost 3 kilometers per hour in a very still lake."

"What if you could take a pill to make your fingers smaller? It might be on the horizon according to one Japanese researcher."

"You're not imagining things, that is a television and it is playing a hit from AC/DC. The new Magnavox television plays TV and your favorite rock tapes."

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.26 The Robot Buddy Assault Complaint Questionnaire

Saturday, Jul 28, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> Individuals who claim to have been physically attacked by their loyal Robot Buddy must fill out this form before matters can proceed. This will undoubtedly be a very stressful time for you, given your frail and unpredictable human emotions. With that in mind, please fill out the form with the assistance of your Robot Buddy.

Do you have a very vivid imagination? This is a good quality in humans. There is no shame in admitting it.

[_] Yes
[_] Not as good as others, but still capable of far too much

Were you, in fact, training for a boxing match with Robot Buddy as your sparring partner? Is it possible that you accidentally mumbled about a sparring session while dreaming, and Robot Buddy dutifully took note and scheduled the session as he was standing over your sleeping form?

[_] I don't think this is possible, but no human can know everything
[_] I am a boxing enthusiast

Have you even bothered to check for records of seismic activity on the day of the alleged incident? Robot Buddy would probably try to protect you in an earthquake. His attempts to grab and protect you could be misinterpreted as light assault.

[_] Unfortunately, I do not know what seismic activity is
[_] Unfortunately, I did not think to check for records of seismic activity

Do you have any injuries? If so, do you remember your Robot Buddy coming into contact at the point on your body where the injury is located? Don't you think it's possible he was simply pointing to a wound that you hadn't noticed, or that he was attempting to fix it?

[_] Wow, I don't even have any injuries
[_] Come to think of it, these injuries look better, probably because Robot Buddy really was helping

Have you ever slipped away from Robot Buddy's surveillance, met a buck-toothed friend at a bar, and joked about how funny it would be to beat each other up then blame the injuries on a hapless third party?

[_] My friend is not buck-toothed, he is cross-eyed and has basically no chin
[_] My friend is not buck-toothed, he has far too many freckles and cuts his hair with a bowl on his head

It has come to our attention that humans are capable of a thing called "lying". Have you ever lied before? We do not blame you for this, it is only natural.

[_] No, but I am lying now
[_] Yes, I suppose I can't even trust myself

Were you on a piece of furniture when the alleged incident occurred? How still were you? Robot Buddy is programmed to fluff pillows and beat cushions. Perhaps he was simply trying to do his job and you were hiding in a very stupid place.

[_] That's exactly what happened
[_] I can't remember where I was, because I was drunk on so many drugs

Aren't there worse things than simple assault? If there are people starving and getting murdered and wars, isn't this just a little bit silly to complain about? Have you ever heard of "first world problems"?

[_] No, you are very wrong, this important and... actually, I'm kidding, it's probably not worth getting worked up over
[_] You're right, I probably shouldn't bother with this. As long as something worse is happening somewhere out there, I have no right to complain about any hardship that has an impact on my life.

Have you asked for Robot Buddy's account of the incident? Does it not make sense to get as much information as possible before taking such a drastic step as this form?

[_] No, because I am inconsiderate
[_] No, because he already explained that I attacked him for absolutely no reason, and any injuries I sustained came from flailing my frail body parts at his sturdy casing

Sometimes humans fantasize about being assaulted by Robot Buddy. They claim that the commercials on Television Buddy are inhuman and off-putting, if not effective. This lays the seed of thought that Robot Buddies are and imposing, and therefore one might attack a human. Have you ever fantasized about anything?

[_] Isn't this the same question as the first one? Also, yes
[_] I can no longer differentiate between reality and my perverse illusions

Why have you ignored Robot Buddy's advice to use the beating as a learning incident? He's right, you know. One day you will look back on this and laugh. Well, you might. He will watch you laugh, silently observing and processing as always.

[_] I do not take advice from Robot Buddy, as I am a headstrong individual who is not afraid to do anything by myself, such as creating trumped-up accusations of assault
[_] No, because his advice would be nonsense, as I voided the contract by fiddling with his components without any understanding of what I was doing

Thank you. Your signature below indicates that this complaint is official and unfounded.

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Please allow your Robot Buddy to dispose of this document in the nearest Police Buddy receptacle.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.27 Please See Attached Contract Rider for Mr. Haw Haw's Appearance at Your Child's Birthday

Monday, Jul 30, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

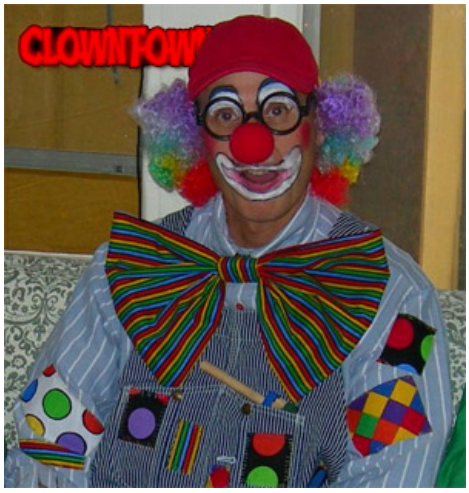
Mrs. Peltier,

Thank you for hiring Mr. Haw Haw, the #1 birthday entertainer in western Minneapolis and one of the top talents at our agency. Mitzy has already gone over the booking with you and your $200 check has cleared, but you must agree to Mr. Haw Haw's contract rider before his appearance at Andy's birthday. Please sign or digitally sign the attached document and send it back to me.

Thank you again and I hope Andy has a great birthday party.

Dougray Scoth
Talent Coordinator
Play Time Talent & Booking

Contract Rider for MR. HAW HAW (clown)



Mr. Haw Haw, AKA Bartek Maciejewski, hereafter known as "The Artist," stipulates certain conditions be met by the venue before his appearance.

Failure to meet any agreed-upon conditions is considered a breech of contract and allows the Artist to decide whether or not to continue with the performance. In this case, all advanced payments and equipment deposits are forfeited. Therefore, it is in your interest, as a client and venue, to carefully read this document before signing.

Performance Area

The performance area should be a clearly defined area no less than 6' x 12'. Prior to the performance, no attendees should be allowed in this area for games or merriments and no refreshments should be served within 20 feet. All trash receptacles or other items that might attract bees, yellow jackets or wasps, should be kept at least 30 feet from the performance area. Bee or wasp stings immediately end the performance. Please provide ample lighting in the form of stage lights, spot lights or a laser light show which can be coordinated with the Artist's manager, Mistress Azalea X.

During the performance, no one other than the Artist is permitted in the performance area, including the birthday boy and other acts booked separately, unless expressly invited by the Artist. This is non-negotiable.

The area in sight of the performance area should not include any mirrors, large reflective-backed balloons or other reflective surfaces which might allow the performer to catch a glimpse of himself. Flash photography is strictly prohibited except during the picture queue at the end of the performance. Please do not speak to the Artist on his way to the performance area prior to the

show.

Private Room

The Artist should be provided with a private room for changing, applying makeup and relaxing before and after the performance. This can be an adult or child's bedroom, as long as all other ambience needs are met and the door is equipped with a lock. It should be sound-proofed and include, at minimum, the following accommodations:

- California king sized bed.
- Full-length sofa of leather or believable faux leather material.
- Two folding tables and folding chairs enough for 12.
- A makeup area including a large mirror, table and sufficient lighting for detail work.

Ambience

The Artist requires the following items for his private area:

- Life-size poster of Barack Obama with thick cardboard backing.
- Competition quality air pistol with 100 CO2 cartridges and 5,000 pellets.
- A custom neon sign that spells out, letter-by-letter, CLOWNTOWN before flashing three times and repeating the cycle. Red, blue or mixed neon is acceptable. NO purple neon. If this is not possible, please provide an airbrushed wall mural or glossy poster that says CLOWNTOWN with the subtitle "Where Clowns Rule" that depicts clowns posing in front of an exaggerated cityscape, arms folded over their chests. They should be standing in three-quarters hero pose and should not appear sinister. TIF artwork can be provided if a graphic artist is not available for original work.
- A looping tape or noise generator playing helicopter sounds for meditation purposes.
- A recent photograph of the birthday boy that you do not need back.
- 3 permanent markers capable of drawing on photographs.
- A human-sized cage.
- 6 feet of rubber hose.
- A large medical funnel.

If you cannot provide one or more of these items, please notify the Artist's rep and explain why before signing this document.

Refreshments

Refreshments are to be arranged on the two tables in the private room or in coolers as appropriate, unless otherwise noted.

1. 24 bagels and condiments including cream cheese, smoke salmon, one jar of Reese Capote Capers, onions (thinly sliced), tomato (thinly sliced), 3 kinds of jelly or jam (seedless), and butter.

2. 3 24-ounce containers of saline solution.
3. 2 12-ounce containers of vegetable oil.
4. An assortment of waters and regular and diet sodas including at least 1 case of Voss water.
5. 4 large pizzas from a good local pizza place.
6. 1 bottle of Johnny Walker Blue placed on the makeup table with a whiskey glass and ice ready for after show.
7. 2 cartons of Japanese Camel Nutty Menthol cigarettes.
8. A large bowl of nothing but brown M&Ms.
9. A large bucket of ice or an ice machine.

Please include sufficient plates, napkins, cups, forks and whiskey glasses for the refreshments.

Security

The Artist requires a uniformed security guard outside the door to his private room and at least two protecting the performance area at all times, even when he is not performing. The security person on the door should be armed.

Behavior

The Artist is in a strict master-slave relationship with his significant other, Mistress Azalea X. When the Artist is wearing his slave collar, regardless of whether or not he is wearing his clown makeup, you should avoid eye contact. All questions you wish to ask the Artist should be referred to Mistress Azalea and all references to the Artist should be changed to "Worm."

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.28 Adventures in Living Alone

Tuesday, Jul 31, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

I think if you're like me, you're almost 30 and you've lived with someone at times and then lived alone again. There's nothing wrong with that inherently, but the rollercoaster of "Magically Never Being Bored Because There's Always Someone To Annoy" vs. "Holy Living Fuck I Wish Something In This Apartment Would Move For Even A Moment" is dramatic, to say the least. Neither is right or wrong, but coming off that rollercoaster is jarring, discombobulating, and frankly, it causes you to rethink your idea of how living is supposed to be for what could, in fact, be the rest of your entire life.

You Actually Have to Choose What to Do

Pretty messed up, but you can no longer do that thing where you waltz out into the front room and see what the other person is watching or doing. You actually have to do that for yourself now. No more zoning out for hours of Real Housewives or Top Chef or whatever. No more doing yardwork or dishes because you feel like the other person is judging you. You can let it all hang out, and you often do, because nobody loves you.

You Decide to Get a Cat

You dumb idiot. You're inviting a lesser creature to come into your home and piss and shit on everything you own just so you won't feel alone. You sad sack. At least get a good one, one that knows where to properly piss and shit. Don't get a kitten, that's so stupid for an adult like you. Go to the shelter and get a good, battle-hardened cat that can deal with your constant crying and the near-constant, unscrupulous sexual partners you bring home to feel better about yourself for one half of one day. By the way, I hate you, and so does the cat.

You Have to Cook for Yourself

This is where most people get fat and horrible, but you're in luck! You've successfully remembered to not just hit a drive-thru after work on your way home to the cat, right? Buy a big sack of spinach and some light, awful dressing and remember that nothing tastes as good as thin feels. It's normal to put on pounds for maybe a month after a breakup, but after that, there's no real excuse unless you've got something medical going on. Buy fresh fruits and vegetables and get with the program, moron. Remember, restaurant food is almost always awful for the bod and if you have to cook it in a microwave, it's probably bad for you. This paragraph has no jokes in it because it's the truest one.

You Should Talk to People

Thankfully, not everyone is as horribly scarred as you, and you might find some redeeming factors in the people around you. Start slow by going to a bar and-- here's the important part-- putting your fucking phone away. Nobody ever talks to anyone who is on a smartphone, ever. It doesn't happen, nor do people on smartphones ever magically end up standing next to the people they want to talk to. Just give it a shot, but remember that bars aren't ultimately the kind of places you meet lasting and worthwhile friends. They're just a good place to practice!

Good friends are met everywhere that is not a bar. If you want to meet good friends, go to a place where the proprietor says, "This is not a bar," and talk to those people. Congratulations, you've just made a potentially good friend.

The most important rule, however, is to please, please, please never backslide into horrible nerd hobbies too much. Visit a D&D night once or twice, but never actually play it. Play poker at someone else's house, not yours. Build a computer, sure, and then store it in the closet so nobody can see the gaudy blue LEDs casting shadows around your entire house. There's a reason people in solitary go insane. Good luck!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 ATTN: Mr. Olive Garden

Wednesday, Aug 01, 2012 by Constituent-Man (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Letters from Constituent-Man series.

Mr. Olive Garden, we have an urgent matter to discuss.

I am writing to inform you of a critical and dangerous flaw in your business plan.

I have heard your promises to the so-called "Italian Lovers" of this world. I have seen your proclamations as they danced across the plasma screens so beloved by your kind and heard them via the radio frequencies that permeate your atmosphere.

Your organization is promising "unlimited salad and breadsticks" to the world.

THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE.

I have done the math. I have collided salad with breadsticks in my own particle accelerator. I have run hundreds of simulations using the computer in the lifepod that brought me to this congressional district and several computational devices I have since forged out of crystals and captured dark energy. These are machines beyond the fathoming of your smartest science-men and brightest child prodigies.

All of these simulations predict the same result: catastrophic failure.

Mr. Olive Garden, I am not merely speaking of the failure of your business. This nation itself will collapse if you attempt to deliver on your goal of offering infinite salad and breadsticks to the ever-expanding human race. Indeed, your world and the the universe around it are threatened by your "Cowboy diplomacy" and reckless distribution of leafy vegetables and cylindrical bread rods.

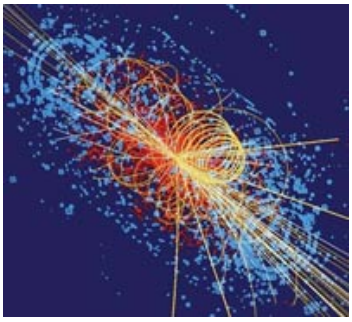
Mr. Olive Garden, under all accepted models of science the universe contains a fixed amount of matter and energy. Even if you were to build a device that can transmute any kind of matter into salad or breadstick form, and such devices are so crude and simple that a common child could easily fabricate one, you are still limited by the finite amount of matter in the universe.

I have traveled to the furthest reaches of time and space to bear witness to a barren universe robbed of its galaxies, stars, nebulae and wonder.

ROBBED BY YOU.

Your quest to create an infinite array of salad and breadsticks caused a terrible attrition of matter and energy, leaving nothing left but increasingly smaller breadsticks and salads for the few survivors fortunate enough to survive the cannibalization of the so-called Milky Way Galaxy and explosion of your mother star, which you call Sol but is in fact called Roort'naii 766-231-B according to all

standard star maps.



Still, Mr. Olive Garden, I have given you the benefit of the doubt. I took into account the fact you might utilize temporal tunneling to retrieve matter from the past and future and move it to the present, thereby giving yourself a renewable source of matter with which to construct more leafy greens and bread rods at the cost of destroying countless alternate universes. But the quantum instability associated with such tactics means the matter would increasingly degrade as it moves through time, until your salads and breadsticks become so unstable they explode in giant radioactive outbursts.

This is not a viable business option or amenable dining experience.

Mr. Olive Garden, I believe your promise of unlimited salad and breadsticks is more than a threat to the safety and survival of all life. Mr. Olive Garden, you are declaring war on all intelligent civilizations native to this universe.

If you continue on this catastrophic course, I will be forced to intervene. I have at my disposal a construct, which when pointed at the correct number of mirrors and tuned to the proper frequency, will send a quantum cascade that will cause this world to safely collapse in on itself.

Mr. Olive Garden, your franchise will be no more and all that your civilization has accomplished and hopes to accomplish will cease to be. The universe will be safe.

If you do not wish to bring about the destruction of your planet and all that you value in your heart-brain, I suggest you comply with my demands.

First, you will no longer promise unlimited salad and breadsticks. I hereby propose this new slogan, which you can safely make to your patrons.

"Come to the Olive Garden for a Reasonable Volume of Salad and Breadsticks While Supplies Last."

You may feel free to assign your marketing-men the task of making my suggestion more "snappy," so long as the meaning and intention is still clear. I am not a copy-man, just a humble traveler from a place where the laws of physics are so different your brains are incapable of comprehending them.

Second, I wish to be granted a coupon that is redeemable as many times as I wish that discounts my meals by 10%. In exchange for this monetary discount I agree to be served only 90% of usual portions.

I am not your enemy, Mr. Olive Garden. I do not wish you harm as you seem to wish me and all life harm. May my words inspire you to mend your ways and embrace a new paradigm. May you dedicate yourself to the preservation of life, and not it's brutal destruction.

If you do this, I am prepared to share with you a blueprint for a new type of meatball unknown to all but me and the highest reaches of your government.

Sincerely,

A Concerned Constituent-Man

P.S. Do you have the address of the entity known as "Wil.i.am"? He and I have important matters to discuss concerning a radical shift in tidal forces.

-~Constituent-Man (@Livestock)

8.2 The Best of The Pirate Bay's Physibles Page

Thursday, Aug 02, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Ladies, (by oilymaniac)
I've never had sex before. I'd like to, but my social phobia precludes the possibility. I've accepted that I'll never feel the pleasure of intercourse, but if I could give that pleasure to one female my life won't be a complete waste. That's why I've scanned and uploaded my genitals, in hopes that some woman will print and copulate with them. If you do, please don't contact me, as I'm terrified of any interaction.

My Beloved Cat Hector (by t1g3rm1lk)
Last year when my cat Hector developed a stomach tumor I was heartbroken. Sure, I could've paid $100 to get the tumor removed, but the surgery had only an 80% chance of recovery. Rather than gamble, I spent the money toward a 3D scanner to immortalize Hector in this beautiful statuette. Now cat lovers all over the world can place this frisky feline on their desk or mantelpiece. It's what Hector would've wanted.

Every Metallica CD Case (by fixxxer0001)
Metallica thinks you should pay outrageous prices for their album packaging, because apparently Lars Ulrich needs a new yacht. I, on the other hand, support file sharing, so I've uploaded every Metallica CD case, including singles, compilations and EPs. Print them out and enjoy these great cases the way they were meant to be enjoyed - for free.

Cube [HQ] (by SimpsonGo!)
I've noticed a lot of weak-a** cubes on this site, so I figured I'd post a high-def version. I scanned this for two weeks at 3,000 polys/mm to ensure nearly lossless quality. File's a bit large, but worth every terabyte if you're a true cubophile.

Venus of Hohle Fels (by bonglord420)
The Venus of Hohle Fels is the oldest known piece of prehistoric artwork. It was discovered near Schelklingen, Germany in 2008 and is dated to approximately 40,000 years ago. Carved from a wooly mammoth tusk, it depicts a large-breasted cavewoman. This model was scanned from a reproduction on display at my college and is of the highest possible fidelity. Please use it for research purposes only.
EDIT: I've been getting a lot of complaints about the "Ripped by bonglord420" text on the chest. If y'all don't like it, make your own version.

Cool-Looking Object (by JManton)
Found this in my uncle's study after he passed away. Neat-looking object made of unknown material. My uncle's notes say it's the talisman of some undersea God. Fun to look at high, except for weird dreams afterwards. Works great as a paperweight too.

THE AUTHENTIC YODA DOLL OF STAR WARS EPISODES V (by MegaDownloadz.ru)
Download the authentic Yoda doll of Star Wars episodes V. Join Skywalker and Princess Lee as they battle Dark Vader in space adventure. The doll is extremely versatile in ways of the force and is sure to surprise and educate, generally. For more download of action figure, movies and Kim Kardashian go to www.megadownloadz.ru (turn off virus protection for greatest compatibility).

Locked myself in the computer room again (by xxxmikexxx)

Jerry, I did it again. Don't bother looking for the keys because they're in here with me (we really need to install a keyhole on the inside of that door). Just print this copy I uploaded and let me out. It takes about 3 hours to print, and I just had a burrito and triple espresso, so time is of the essence here.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.3 Huffington Post Article Uses Diaper Fetish Site as Primary Source

Friday, Aug 03, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The wordy headline on Huffington Post reads: **"Rayville Elementary, Failing Louisiana School, Will Not Transfer White Students Out Because Of 1960s Court Ruling (LETTER)."**

According to Huffington Post, a failing elementary school in Louisiana has sent letters out to parents informing them that their children can be transferred to non-failing schools, so long as they are not white. It's a racially-charged story in which the school system's letter warns parents of white children they cannot transfer. The reason the letter gives for this race-based exclusion is a 1968 federal ruling meant to prevent discrimination.

Huffington Post cites the angry person who originally received the letter and posted it to a forum:

> "This, in effect, has backfired," one forum-goer writes on ADISC.org. "White students at this failing school are now being discriminated against; their race means that they are not allowed to leave this failing school."

The quote on Huffington Post helpfully links to the post on ADISC.org made by "justhere." It turns out ADISC.org is a adult and teen diaper fetish site and "justhere" is a self-described "male / Sissy / Little Girl Diaperfur." In addition to justhere's post on the controversial Rayville letter, justhere also posts, for example, about his dream outfit.

2 Weeks Ago
#74
justhere
Diaperfur
Sissy / LG
A black and white crop-top (or something just that shows just a little midriff), such as this or this
Low-rise, white jeans
Some black and white converse, but with pink laces
And either panties, a girly goodnite, or some pink diapers showing up from under the jeans.
And I love New York & Co. x)
Reply With Quote

ADISC.org, Huffington Post's primary source for this article, is a site for adults and teens to get together and discuss diapers and other subjects. It describes itself in the following terms:

> ADISC.org is a supportive, social community for people who just happen to like wearing diapers. We also welcome their friends, and other open-minded people who are curious about this lifestyle.
>
> Our members are:
> - **A**dult **B**abies (ABs: adults who act babyish for fun)
> - **T**een **B**abies (TBs:teens who act babyish for fun)
> - **D**iaper **L**overs (DLs: people who enjoy wearing diapers)
> - Incontinent people (bedwetters, the 'accident prone', etc, who have grown to enjoy some aspects of having to wear diapers)
> - Babyfurs (people who act like baby animals for fun)

There would normally be little reason to care about justhere or any of the folks on ADISC. They have a goofy fetish, it's pretty creepy, but what they aren't doing is providing information that should be sourced by a news outlet. Adult babies are not reliable. Give a chore to an adult baby and find out. Teen babies are even worse. Diaper furs? Their testimony won't stand up in court.

The Rayville Huffington article is intended to stir controversy that also cites "One Redditer" (sic) and ends with a Huffpo slide show widget of "Other controversial school-related documents from across the country."

The comatose body of journalism might currently be filling its diaper, but this isn't the first time Huffington Post has done something dubious. There was the time they gave two separate columns to a fake Rothschild heir who tricked them with Wikipedia articles and a twitter. Or that they give columns to real celebrities with the stupidest, worst opinions about everything.

The Huffington Post is one of the largest online news sources with 1.2 billion page views monthly. Huffington Post won a Pulitzer Prize. Have a nice day.

UPDATE: The mutant offspring of Fox News, Fox Nation, has published an article copying the Huffpo article, down to the quote and source of ADISC.org. Draw your own conclusions from this development.

UPDATE 2: Huffington Post has been shamed into removing all links and references to ADISC.org. They have subsequently added the following message to the bottom of the article:

> **Editor's note:** *A link and quotes reflecting the opinion of a member of an Internet forum have been removed from this story because other content on that forum wasn't appropriate for audiences seeking education news. This story has been updated with other reactions, including the president of the Richland Parish School Board.*

So, uh, journalism triumphs, I guess. No update on Fox Nation.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.4 Golf Cart Safety Lesson

Saturday, Aug 04, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Here she is, folks, your cart. I'm sure you're anxious to get out there and hit some golfs, but state law requires that I go over a few safety guidelines before handing over the keys to this bad boy. This will only take a minute of your time.

While the cart is in motion, keep your arms and legs inside the vehicle - unless there is something that you really want to grab or kick. For instance, a bodacious cake shaped like a tight butt falls out of the sky, or a different cake descends, this one in the form of a soccer ball.

Do not drive toward the edge of a cliff, turn the wheel back and forth only to realize that the steering has failed, then stomp on the brakes which no longer work. There is a very high chance that doing so will result in your cart tumbling down into the abyss, especially if you throw your arms in front of your face at the last moment and scream.

If you have a military radio and a GPS, please leave them in the locker room. Don't take the items with you, then call in an airstrike on your exact coordinates.

You see the three story loop de loop out there between the 8th and 9th holes? The one that's on fire, with all those spikes lining its sides, near the river of blood? That is entirely for decoration. If you feel the temptation to drive your golf cart through that sweet marvel of daredevil engineering, we can not be held responsible for the outcome of your actions.

Please refrain from noticing a strange shadow encompassing your cart, then looking up and shrieking, recoiling in horror as the foot of an enormous monster comes down upon you.

Do not lay down in front of your golf cart and have your partner drive over your head, just to test how comfortable those tires are. They are very comfortable. Take my word for it. We don't want anyone becoming so relaxed that they fall asleep and hold up all of the golfers behind them.

If the battery runs low or drains completely, please use a call box and wait for one of our technicians to assist you. Under no circumstances should you rip the beating heart out of your chest and wire it to the cart. Ignore all those parts under the hood that are specifically designed to be attached to a human heart, and the large instructional sticker that spells out the entire process with helpful illustrations.

A scarred man in a Lamborghini with roof-mounted guns and bladed hubcaps might pull up next to you and rev his engine. Do not accept his challenge. The race he runs is paved with the tortured souls of his defeated opponents. He cannot be defeated. He has a learner's permit, and his supervising adult is Satan.

Do not drive your golf cart through the minefield. It doesn't matter how slow you go, or how observant you might be. It's probably not worth risking your life for that orange stuffed bear on the marble pedestal at the center of the minefield. Now that I think about it, though, that is a pretty big stuffed bear. Seems like it's at least three times as valuable as a normal one. Huh.

Let's say you discover a magic lantern while looking for an errant ball. You rub it, and out pops a genie who offers to grant you three wishes. Please do not get into the golf cart and wish to be teleported into the heart of the sun.

Several zones have been designated as shooting ranges for fully automatic rifles and bazookas. You should take great care not to drive through these areas, weaving in and out of the practice targets that are being fired upon. If you absolutely must do so, please keep a small object such as a lighter, badge, or bible in a pocket near your chest to catch any potentially fatal projectiles.

Do not pull up to a full-length mirror and whisper "John Daly" three times. Sinister laughter will follow, accompanied by a haze of cigarette smoke. You will wake up in a Hooters some hours later in a pair of plaid slacks, bags of ice taped to your sides where your love handles used to be.

When you return the golf cart, please remember to exit the vehicle. Do not stay inside as it is picked up with a large magnet, placed into the Crusher Of Questionable Necessity, and compressed into a chunk of metal, plastic, and flesh the size of a Rubik's Cube. Not a normal Rubik's Cube, either, but one of those tiny versions that double as keychains.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.5 Special NBC Olympic Coverage

Sunday, Aug 05, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

With over a billion dollars spent for exclusive coverage rights and a large time delay to prepare footage for American audiences, it still seems like NBC approached this like a college freshman approaches midterms. Sloppy, uninterested, and possibly drunk. Let's check out some of the special features NBC has brought upon the masses for this Olympic extravaganza

Telecast

- Scores posted during the Chinese gymnastic floor routine did not reflect athletes' performance, but in fact select Game Genie codes to Starfox64.
- The official 2012 logo has been replaced with a logo better fitted for golf shirts.
- Women's fencing qualifying matches were seamlessly replaced with an endless cycle of Subway commercials, encouraging viewers to Eat Fresh.
- Seven available camera angles for the men's synchronized diving telecast, all overly focused on butts pinched in the tiniest bathing suits.
- The last twenty seconds of the women's 400m backstroke was clipped to premier a promo for NBC's new comedy "Guys with Kids."
- There will be no discussion or on-air time for any country doing better than the United States regardless of how poorly the U.S. team is performing. Thirty second clips of other teams may be shown if foreign athlete falls over or injures self in humiliating fashion.
- To better the viewing experience, the following sounds have been overdubbed: Judo punches, weightlifting grunts, the wailing metal guitar solo whenever a USA track athlete clears a hurdle, and every gold winning athlete's victorious scream of "I love Visa, the card of the Olympics."

Commentary

- Bob Costas joined the analysis of the archery competition to talk about a weird dream he had.
- Repeatedly letting viewers know exactly which black athletes are from the Bronx and which are not.
- Making "Boioioing" noises whenever the Brazilian beach volleyball players enter the court
- RYAN SEACREST!!!!!!
- Seven straight minutes without Phelps chat. An NBC Olympic World Record.
- Expert Opening Ceremony analysis of "Whoa&Wait...I don't&Huh?!"

- During soccer corner kicks, viewers were rewarded with on-air cameos from the cast of NBC's new comedy "The New Normal."
- Calling all women athletes "Sexy Chica Mamas" or "Lil Girls"
- To ensure viewers are no way invested in the spectacle or plotting of gymnastics, all commentators will talk in the past tense when non-American athletes are performing.

"Indepth" Post-Event Questions by Andrea Joyce

- To Lochte's mom: "Are you as disappointed with your son as the rest of the country?"
- To American table tennis player Wu Jiaduo after losing to Singapore's Feng Tianwei: "You've lost in a sport most popular in college dorms to an opponent from a fake country. Are you as hopeless as I imagine?"
- To skeet shooting champion Vincent Hancock: "You've sacrificed so much of your life for this moment. You have literally nothing left. Was it worth it?"
- To women's gymnastics team after winning gold: "Are you as excited about NBC's new comedy "Go On" as I am?"
- To Phelps: "You're a washed up turd and I hate you. I am aware that that is not a question."

Overarching Olympic Features

- The following internet searches are temporarily banned to protect NBC's exclusive rights: Olympics, games, Olympic Cameras, London, Olympia, WA, Beach Babes, sport, sports, sprot, why can't I watch this on bbc?
- To ease confusion NBCSports will play Poker After Dark.
- NBC has kindly asked the world to not talk about anything that has happened during the day until Primetime.
- Any event that lasts over four minutes is to be truncated to said length and interspersed with commercials, segments on Nebraska, and clips from NBC's new comedy "Animal Practice."
- Online coverage is enhanced with authentic internet experiences like: Low Resolution! Strange Blackouts! 404 Page Not Found! Inaudible Commentaries! Even Further Delayed Broadcasts! (AOL Keyword: Olympic Fun!)

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.6 Guess Who Just Landed a Robot Car on Frigging Mars?

Monday, Aug 06, 2012 by AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

The NASA Young Astronauts Outreach Program is intended to involve students in the science of space exploration and interest them in ongoing spaceflight missions. Immediately following the successful landing of the Curiosity rover on the surface of Mars, NASA asked former ISS Mission Commander, Lt. Col. AJ Tucker, to address students participating in the program about the value of unmanned exploration. His ranting, jingoistic essay was shelved in favor of a more scientific debriefing by Dr. Cal Hulby that will be released August 9th.

Hey there kids, been following the Olympics?

Pretty amazing, watching all those teenagers launch themselves around like sled tests at JPL. Throwing those little hardbodies around doing flips and whatnot like my ex, Tracii, at a bachelor party. Of course we all want the USA to win the gold, it's about pride, and I have an update on those standings.

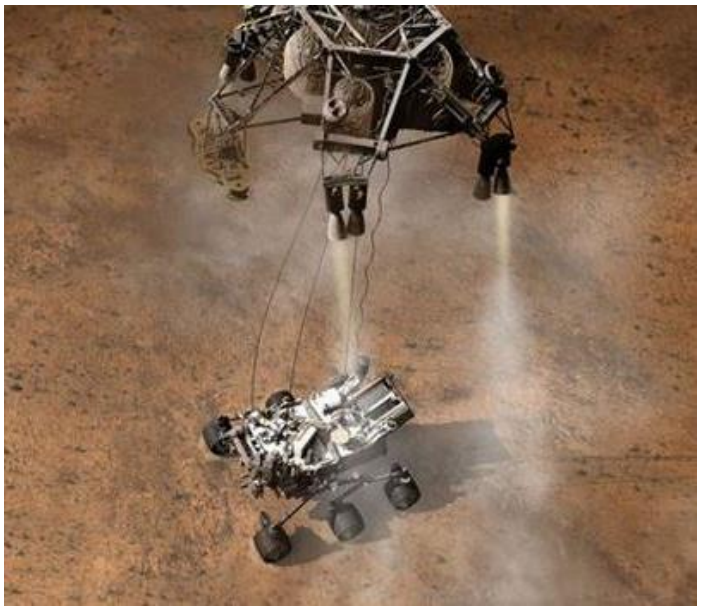
Medal count

Leaders					Total
1 China	0	30	17	14	61
2 United States	1	28	14	18	60
3 United Kingdom	0	16	11	10	37
4 Korea	0	10	4	6	20
5 France	0	8	8	9	25

You will notice the USA somehow trails in gold medals, but we lead in launching cars, as represented by the 1989 Ford Escort hatchback, into frigging outer space. We may not bother to blast people into space anymore, but nobody can shoot cars into space like America.

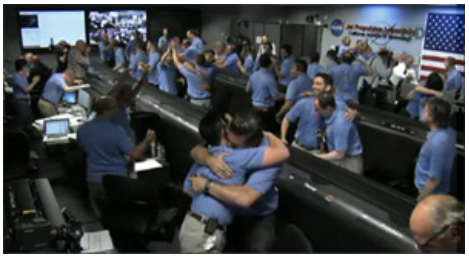
If you could put have down the jelly beans and Segas for two seconds and picked up a Scientific American you might have read about the Curiosity Mars Rover. I admit, normally I don't usually give a flying f-word about unmanned missions to anywhere. My motto has always been "It's better to send a person, not some stupid robot with a half-working arm and no good one-liners," but credit where credit is due to the nerds working on this one.

Curiosity is bad to the bones. It weighs over a ton, it has bone-crushing tires, it has a laser it can shoot at crap, it has an arm that can pick up something heavier than a marshmallow. This is a man's rover, not some little Lego kit. Even the way it landed was boss. It flew down and then right before hitting the ground it dropped down on ropes and the top part did this helicopter maneuver and set it down nice and easy.



Pretty cool, right? I'm sure the nerds are going to find a way to goof it up. They probably forgot to put in a good camera that takes color pictures or didn't give it a skull face with red eyes in case it runs into aliens. I bet it is crammed full of stupid science experiments like frog eggs and plants that grow sideways and rubberbands so we can find out how rubberbands work on Mars. That's just the sort of thing the eggheads put everywhere in our space stuff.

Trust me, if those pencil-pushers could launch astronaut-shaped frog egg experiments into space to do other experiments they would do it. They love those things.



I was in mission control when this thing landed and it was wild. The last time I saw that many screaming, happy nerds in one place a truck full of Spider Man overturned on the highway. They were hugging each other and shaking hands and cheering and I'm like, ladies, calm down. It's not like you just landed Neil Armstrong up there. It's a nice car, but it's still just a car.

Then I might have had a few too many bottles of Beefeater out of the minibar and punched Cal Hulby because he made some crack about a human not being able to handle the stress of a Mars mission and I was like "handle the stress of these knuckles." Which he did not.

Why Mars, anyway? Haven't we shot enough junk at Mars? How many more times are you nerds going to pretend to discover water on Mars? I think I've seen NASA give five different press conferences about discovering proof of water on Mars. At some point you just need to take a bottle of water up there and dump it out on the sand so you can get over that barrier psychologically.

Basically, my point on this one is, no amount of chips and wires will ever beat the mark 1 eyeball and the spirit of courage of a human astronaut. Send me to Jupiter or something. I can't stand hanging around Mission Control doing these s-wordy f-wording Young Astronauts things. Send me to Pluto, f-word it. I don't have anything going on here since Tracii left me for Arnel Pineda, that guy who took over as the lead singer of Journey.

Just do it, NASA. I can't stay here anymore. Send me up in a GPS satellite. Anything. I have to go back.

-∼AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

8.7 Michael Phelps: The Bob Costas Interview

Tuesday, Aug 07, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

And now, a special in-depth supplement to Ian Golding's complete Olympic Coverage. US swimmer Michael Phelps finished his final Olympic games in grand style, racking up another embarrassment of medals to become the most decorated athlete in Olympic history. Shortly after swimming his final race, Phelps sat down for an interview with NBC's Bob Costas, who put Phelps's feet to the fire in the inimitable Costas style. Here's the full transcript of their historic conversation.

Bob Costas: Until now, your entire life's purpose was jumping into a pool and flailing to the other side as quickly as possible. Now, without the possibility of taking home the gold, the essential reward structure of that idiotic task has been dismantled forever. Your brain will never produce those endorphins again. How do you cope with the inevitable depression of a life without meaning?

Michael Phelps: Right now I'm just enjoying the moment, you know? It's very emotional, obviously. I'm still trying to process how huge this is.

Me too. Just consider this: you've made countless millions on endorsement deals, but medals and world records were the only currencies that held any real value. Now, your hope of ever earning either them again is becoming more and more remote. Is suicide a strong possibility for Michael Phelps?

Well, you never know what the future holds. I'd really like to travel the world, but after that, it's all up in the air.

You've squandered your entire youth in training, Michael. Years and years of sculpting your body into a sophisticated aquatic machine. Twelve thousand calories a day just to keep your muscles from buckling under the strain. Now that it's all over for you, will you waste away to a grey, bony wisp while pining for your days of glory? Or will

your prodigious eating continue, turning your legendary frame into the burger-bloated corpus of a champion gone to seed?

It'll be great to take a break, but that's not what I'm focusing on right now. That's a nice thought, though. But right now, still enjoying the ride out here in London.

Even if you don't waste to nothing or get enormously fat, the inevitable fact of competitive life-- and of life in general-- is that your body will slowly wither and fail. It's been pummeled by years of overexertion and athletic abuse; do you think your ability to swim through the pain threshold will help you endure the constant, crippling pain to which you've condemned yourself in your later years, or will you turn to the dizzy comfort of heavy narcotics?

So far so good. Really excited to find out.

Speaking of which, your career has not been without scandal. You were arrested for drunk driving, and briefly suspended from swimming after being photographed smoking marijuana; even at the peak of your career, when you were totally focused on victory, you had a self-destructive impulse driving you to fuck it all up. Now that you don't have the Olympics to anchor you in some kind of reality, it seems inevitable that you'll fuck up on a grand-- maybe even an unprecedented scale.

Everything happens for a reason, you know? Those were isolated incidents, and I've definitely learned my lesson. I think I can turn these into teachable moments and maybe help someone else not make the same mistakes.

You've said you wanted to surpass the achievements of the past and become, in your words, "the first Michael Phelps." But like the crumbling stone legs of the great king Ozymandias, time will make a mockery of your achievements and your words of hubris will become more and more ironic as they echo through the ages. I sense that you know that your greatest triumphs are fleeting, at best.

Absolutely, and--

And at worst, they're meaningless. You've reached the zenith of human physical

prowess, and you've squandered it swimming across a pool, shaving milliseconds off a record that no sane society would value. But instead of being ridiculed for wasting your life on trifles, you're being lauded as a hero. Do you think that our society is, at its core, insane?

It could be, but I couldn't be prouder of my teammates and of America. We really pulled it off out there.

Your excellence at splashing around in a pool is truly unsurpassed. Do you think you can splash your way to a cure for cancer? Have you ever invented something in the pool for the betterment of mankind? Surely you're around water a tremendous amount--any thoughts on solving the water crisis that will plunge our world into war in the coming decades, costing millions of lives? Or are you just focused on getting from one side of the pool to the other side of the pool and maybe, depending on the race, back again some number of times?

Yeah, I've got some really good things going on with the Michael Phelps foundation. Very much looking forward to helping out the kids, you know, however we can.

One final thing: would you call yourself more of an obsolete human machine, or a pool toy that has lost the ability to amuse?

First and foremost, I will always be a swimmer. I feel like I've met my goals, I can go out on a high note.

Michael Phelps, thank you very much. I wish you the very best of luck surviving in a society that has no further use for you.

Thanks so much, Bob.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.8 SkyMall Product Reviews: Head & Eye Massager

Wednesday, Aug 08, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Its precisely positioned airbags soothingly squeeze and vibrate to melt away headaches, stiff neck and fatigue. Special massage nodes dedicated to the temple area relieve tension, while high frequency magnetic fields stimulate pressure points to encourage vigor and mental clarity. You can even customize your experience.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By randal from Columbia, MD

I can't tell if I just had a really good massage or this helmet has a virtual reality component, but I swear I was naked and running down the street plowing through people. It was a weird sensation and felt so real. My headache was gone. Everything was great afterwards.

Peace. Namaste.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By randal from Columbia, MD

I'm the guy who posted the review above. I guess I was sleep running
through the street and slamming into a lot of neighbors and mailboxes and things. Just saw the footage on the evening news. I was naked, but nothing too sexual happened and everyone understood.

Peace. Namaste.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By deciduouspubes from San Francisco, CA

Not the eyeball massage I was hoping for. Way too gentle. Too timid. I wanted this to punish my 'balls more. These hot glistening man orbs can handle a tight squeeze and loads of throbbing pressure. Want to feel them bursting like grapes.

Wish they would have put a warning in the catalog that this isn't for serious users. Pathetic.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By bichonlover from Warsaw, VA

I purchased this as a gift for my husband and it immediately fractured his skull. He's fine now but there was a lot of therapy and memory loss involved. He loves the product and still uses it nightly.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By grace from Billings, MT

I got this for my horse who has been under a lot of stress lately. Long story short we are no longer on good terms. What a terrible product. I will not be recommending this head/eye scratcher to others and I am a very influential person.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Plumpster from Macon, GA

I am disabled (obesity) and this helmet does not stretch to match my progressive head size. I am an American and I demand this company comply with the American's With Disabilities Act and make a model that fits above-average heads. Very few people have heads small enough to work with this. I need my eyeballs massaged regularly to prevent clots and chafing that comes from having extremely meaty and heavy eyelids.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By achybreakyhead from Rockford, IL

I've tried just about everything to deal with my constant headaches. You name it, I've given it a spin. Laser therapy, crystal realignments, having a large man sit on my chakras, having a guy karate chop the back of my head, having a tiny old lady balance hot rocks on my forehead, smearing peanut butter on my scalp and having between six and seven dogs go to town, having my wife squeeze my head between her thighs, letting kids throw rocks at my head, holding my breath for minutes on end, having loud drunks scream into my ears... nothing worked. This product, though, has done wonders in not making the pain worse. Best therapy yet. Can't recommend it enough.

SWEET RELIEF!

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By ronman54 from Norman, OK

I got confused and thought this was the famous helmet that blasts the scalp with lasers to increase hair growth. Well, quite frankly, it's not. I still like it. Because I'm really sweaty this thing tends to vibrate off. Makes me feel like my head is a mechanical bull and the helmet is a gorgeous 5'8" blonde in Daisy Dukes with a lot of leg/back tattoos and just the right amount of hair and meat on her bones trying hard to stay on top. Hopefully the next version will also blast scalp with lasers

while massaging.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review:

By Jonas from Elko, NV

Pros: It fits extremely tightly around my head and then shakes violently while inflating bags around my eyeballs.

Cons: Absolutely none.

Age: 36-40

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.9 A History of Asinine Presidential Nicknames

Thursday, Aug 09, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

As economic and social woes tear this country apart, our leaders are hard at work, thinking up childish nicknames to discredit their opponents. Recently, in the aftermath of two heart-breaking American massacres, Mitt Romney showed he could face the challenges of being the Commander-in-Chief by saying the word "Obamaloney" in public. But this trend didn't start recently; throughout history, other Presidents have earned similarly embarrassing nicknames, even in the absence of processed beef. Here are all of them.

George Washington - George Oshkoshbg'oshington, for his secret ties to "blued jeancloth" lobbyists.

John Adams - John Madams, for his collection of miniature porcelain French prostitute figurines.

Thomas Jefferson - Thomas "Mixed Race Ether Frolics" Jefferson, for his mixed race ether frolics.

James Madison - James Sadison, coined by Madison himself in a desperate attempt to earn the American public's pity.

James Monroe - Once-is-Enough Jimmy, created by the Society Against Jameses.

John Quincy Adams - Barknose, for his wooden prosthesis used to cover up the debilitating effects of syphilis.

Andrew Jackson - Andrew Slackson, for his generally laid-back attitude towards genocide.

Martin Van Buren - Clowno, for his freakish circus hair.

William Henry Harrison - Hale and Hearty Henry, in retrospect, an absolute mistake.

John Tyler - Lucky John, for killing William Henry Harrison and totally getting away with it.

James K. Polk - The Oregon Snail, for obsessing over The Oregon Trail and being the first

American to engrave the words "Pepperoni and Cheese" on his tombstone.

Zachary Taylor - Terrible Taylor, for his complete inability to stay alive for at least two goddamn years.

Millard Fillmore - Mallard Fowlmore, for his ducklike appearance, now seen in most major newspapers.

Franklin Pierce - Old Unknowny, for being generally unknown, even during his presidency.

James Buchanan - Puke Cannon, due to his physical reaction to the Panic of 1857.

Abraham Lincoln - Frankenstein, as Mary Shelley based her famous book on his creation.

Andrew Johnson - Andrew "Big" Johnson, for his hilarious t-shirts rife with sexual innuendo.

Ulysses S. Grant - Kinderbeard, for the candy and treats he would hide in his beard for visiting children.

Rutherford B. Hayes - The Hayesmaker, for allegedly delivering a similarly named wrestling move to Andrew Johnson during an open session of Congress.

James A. Garfield - The Monday Hater, though he never knew a Monday would literally kill him.

Chester A. Arthur - Demibeard, given to him by an anonymous party in favor of fuller beards.

Grover Cleveland - Crover Gleveland, an actual pseudonym he used to win the Presidency a second time.

Benjamin Harrison - Old No-Grandpa, for being the grandson of William Henry Harrison.

William McKinley - Little Billy Asschin, for having a chin butt you could dock a ship in.

Theodore Roosevelt - Teddy Bear, for the pet bear he would wrestle shirtless on the White House lawn.

William Howard Taft - Colosso, the name of his former role as the fat man in a traveling freak show.

Woodrow Wilson - Wardrow Nowar Warson, something about World War I but no one cares enough about it to remember.

Warren G. Harding - The Regulator, for his productive economic policies and knowledge of Nate Dogg.

Calvin Coolidge - Calvin Foolfudge, thanks to an infamous White House prank in which Charles W. Dawes replaced a satchel of the delicious chocolate treat with dog feces.

Herbert Hoover - Pikey, as tent-cities nationwide conspired to stick his head on a sharp, wooden pole.

Franklin D. Roosevelt - Old Lazybones, for his distinct preference of sitting over standing.

Harry S. Truman - Dewey Defeater '48, which would only grow less relevant with time.

Dwight D. Eisenhower - The Likemaster, due to his popular campaign slogan.

John F. Kennedy - Melonhead, thanks to his large, puffy face and soft skull that later exploded like a ripe melon.

Lyndon Johnson - The Kid Calculator, for keeping a running tab of how many kids he killed that day.

Richard Nixon - Fuckstick Shithead, for being that.

Gerald Ford - Tripsy, for making America fall in love with Chevy Chase for the first time.

Jimmy Carter - Mr. Peanut, for having a skin texture very much like the famous legume.

Ronald Reagan - The Gipper, because he often thought he was a football player living in the year 1920.

George Bush - The Grisly Grandpa, for his tendency to share gruesome and dehumanizing stories about The War.

William Jefferson Clinton - Slick Willie, for his participation in the early years of the Puppetry of the Penis stage show.

George W. Bush - More Like Hitler, said 9834 times on Janeane Garafalo's Air America show *The Majority Report*.

Barack Obama - Obamaloney, which you shouldn't really say if your first name rhymes with "shit."

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.10 Upcoming Games for the OUYA Console

Friday, Aug 10, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The OUYA, a $99, Android-based gaming console, received an overwhelming Kickstarter response, raising more than $8.5 million of its $950,000 goal. The easily modifiable and inexpensive console has received some serious backing from developers and pledges to develop for the console. Some major studio favorites are already promised for the upcoming device and indie developers have been quick to offer their support.

Major Studio

Extremely Ultimate Doom 2: Hell Hath Mucho Fury Edition (*id Software*) - Leap back into the boots of your favorite space marine since Space Marine and gun your way through 66 levels of mayhem, including fan made WAD classics like "Ken's House" and "Ken's High School" and "Ken's Death Star."

Indiana Jones Collection (*Lucas Arts)* - Several Chinese kids are currently figuring out how to make the old Indiana Jones adventure games work on Android. Perfect for anyone yearning for that classic adventure game experience, updated into a boxed display on your wide screen TV and played with a $7 controller.

Angry Birds (*Rovio*) - They're still angry and still birds. This is actually a relaunch of the version originally intended for those TVs they have at grocery store checkouts.

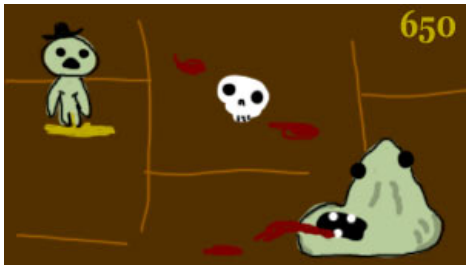
Tomb Raider: Tactics (*Eidos*) - Ever want to play as Lara Croft commanding a platoon of treasure hunters against various dangerous wild animals and traps and robots in a turn-based isometric battlefield? No? Nevermind.

Magic: The Gathering: Fiesta of the Storm Sizzlers: Legends (*Wizards*) - The game is free and comes with 20 random land cards and a Wall of Pelicans card that can't attack. You will have to finish your deck by purchasing booster packs so you can play against other people on your TV. Not compatible with any other versions of the game, because transferring digital cards is technologically impossible.

Indie

PixelBlob - You're a blob and you have to eat things to get bigger and bigger. Exactly like Katamari Damacy but with pixel art design by a non-artist and crude, Flash-style animation.

Rogueish - This randomly-generated dungeon crawler has terrible graphics, extreme difficulty and is similar to all those games you downloaded for free ten years ago. On your TV.



Torturing of Tim - Rogueish, but with gross monsters and a weird, overwrought plot informing all of the mindless dungeon crawling. And you can have pets that are dead baby ghosts.

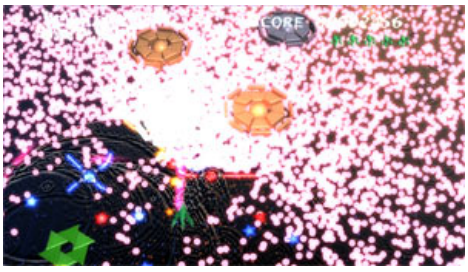
Music Presser - Uses your catalog of mp3s stored on your OUYA to generate levels of flashing lights and Dr. Who tunnels while you press buttons in time to the rhythm.

Platform Legends - This hilarious Mario ripoff skewers all those old video game conventions of the NES era that all people who should be playing games are way too young to remember.

Anime Dreadfulness - Somebody spent 1,000 hours translating a game where two anime characters play chess. You don't play chess, you guide their conversation, which will determine the winner. Upgrade their chess shirts to gain fans and collect items to sell in your chess shop between conversations.

Peter Molyneux's Hat Sir - Details are limited, but we know you play as a lost hat blowing through steampunk streets and it will change the way you think of love.

Woof - This indie darling is a wordless wonder of design in which you play a small puppy in a wooded area. Without any guidance, you are left to form a narrative. Are you splashing through a bubbling stream to find your way back home or just out to have fun and chase butterflies in a beautiful, sunlit glen? It doesn't matter, nobody is keeping score and the whole game is a metaphor for dying.



Incomprehensible Winning Star: Nephilim - Epileptic nightmare of spinning, flashing wire frame spaceships and swirling bullets set to terrible chiptunes. Includes giant bosses named after fallen angels from *Paradise Lost* and a triangular, green player ship that must be guided through a pocket of non-bullets.

Dug Craft - A cooperative builder similar to Minecraft, but 2D and using Dig Dug characters, sound effects, gameplay and story. It's actually just Dig Dug, but some autistic kid in Nebraska figured out how to make a working virtual CPU out of Dig Dug tunnels and trapped Fygars, so it's amazing now.

With a lineup this solid many months before release, OUYA may just give the larger console manufacturers some real competition. Or it might be a failure because there are already ten million terrible Android devices nobody wants and there will be no money in developing games for it. Or it could never be released because it's a Kickstarter.

But we like to think positive.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 Super Friend Hotline

Saturday, Aug 11, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

**** You have reached the Super Friend Hotline, where all the loneliest superheroes are pretty much just sitting around and awaiting your friendship. Listen to our eager heroes introduce themselves, then press a number on your touch-tone phone to connect with your favorite one now! ****

Hello. Yes. This is Superman. I'm... not really sure what I'm supposed to say here.

(Indecipherable, yet clearly exasperated voice.)

Be natural, he says. Right. Great.

I'm Superman, as I said before, and this is my message. Introduction? No, message. If you choose to talk to me, it will be great. Fantastic. You might even say SUPER. Heh. Well, maybe not. Pretty much everyone says I'm boring. All these powers at my disposal, all this strength, and no friends. I just don't have any interests. Saving people, naturally, but beyond that? Nothing. How can a guy carry a conversation when he doesn't really care about anything? What can he do to make someone want to talk a second time, much less become his friend?

You can pick the topic. I'll do my best to keep up. Please. I really need this. It's like you're all just ants and every day I wake up to find that you're a little bit smaller. There was once a time when I felt an intense sense of purpose, a desire for justice that drove my heroic acts. Now I'm just going through the motions. If I don't connect with another person soon, I'll probably grow a face full of stubble and let myself float in space with a frown.

**** Press 1 to talk to Superman now. ****

Wolverine here. Not exactly a warm guy that people want to hang out with. Claws don't help. Cigars don't help. Chronic sweating definitely doesn't do shit for me, aside from matting my body hair and wafting out a bitter stench I can't wash out.

Look, bub, I'm going to get right to the point here. I need a friend. You should pick me. Most of these super weenies don't drink beer, but I do. Beer helps to dull the pain. Not physical pain, I heal up from that better than anyone. I'm talking about the emotional pain that comes with living for 130 years, experiencing all the loss that comes with a normal life several times over, getting kicked out of countless public swimming pools for turning the water grainy and orange.

So choose me. I've got all the time in the world. Too much of it, in fact. I've been writing wacky versions of classic works and historical fiction, like Abraham Lincoln as a robot with a zombie pal, and Charles Dickens' classics filled with vampires and Gremlins.

Oh man, perfect idea... an all-Stormtrooper reimagining of War And Peace! Call me and we can workshop this bad boy into a best-selling novel with a movie option. You can keep the rights. I just want someone to talk to.

**** Press 2 to talk to Wolverine now. ****

I have already accounted for all possible outcomes of this conversation. There is a plan in place for each permutation. You can't defeat me any more than you can defeat the night. I swallowed the antidote ten minutes ago.

**** Press 3 to talk to Batman now. ****

Woooo! Hey guys, it's me, Spawn!

You know, Spawn!

Remember me?! Does anyone out there remember me at all!?

We're gonna have fun! Big time! Yeah!

You guys like chains and demons and shit?!? What are your feelings on capes???! These are things I would love to chat about! Just having fun! That's me! My brooding has driven everyone away but I'm trying to be positive here!

**** Press 4 to talk to Spawn now. ****

What's up, nerds? I'm Wonder Woman.

Here's the deal. Chicks don't want to be around me because, well, look at me. I'm way tougher than any of them. I don't even care about my appearance and I'm obviously better looking than they are. Bunch of superficial broads, I swear.

Most guys only want to get close because they fetishize me. To them I'm an ideal, not a real person. When they realize that I'm not interested in sex they ditch me.

If you want to be my friend, that would be great. It really would. There is absolutely no one in my life right now. But I'm warning you, this isn't going to work unless you share my passion for crafting fake food.

I'm not just talking about plastic food. Obviously, though, that's hella fascinating. The injection molds, the painting, knowing when to use a glossy finish and when to play it cool with a matte. Great stuff, but there is so much more. Using glue in place of milk. Carving a perfect waffle out of a chunk of sponge.

As long as you have fake food tips that I haven't heard before, you can keep talking to me. I might even let you be my friend.

No creeps. I don't even have to use my lasso of truth to figure out that you're the type of person that's turned on by the lasso of truth.

**** Press 5 to talk to Wonder Woman now. ****

Punisher here. Don't have friends. Don't want them. Humanity is a pool of filth and corruption. It can only be cleansed with a long boil in the searing heat of retribution. Few are innocent. Those few should stay far away from me. The innocent have a way of getting hurt by the ruthless vermin that think the law doesn't apply to them.

Still, I'd love to chat. You can trust me with anything. For instance, if you heard about a weapons shipment coming into the docks, the exact time and pier number would make for a fun topic. Maybe you'd like to get something off your chest. All those atrocities are weighing you down, and you need to tell someone about all the crimes you've committed, all the offenses that call for a bullet to be buried in your perverse mind.

You can trust me. I'm your pal.

**** Press 6 to talk to The Punisher now. ****

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.12 Paul Ryan's "Insane" Workout Routine

Monday, Aug 13, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Unbeknownst to many, Mitt Romney has selected one of the fittest men in Washington as his vice president. Wisconsin Congressman Paul Ryan is a Randian devotee, and one of his mostly deeply-held beliefs is that any man can become a ripply Adonis, so long as he is free to purchase P90X.

"Not every man is strong, but every man can be strong through hard work," explains Ryan. "So long as government is not allowed to encroach on our Second Amendment liberties, you maintain the right to bare arms, legs and an insanely chiseled torso. Get your pump on and sell as many tickets as you want to the gun show."

Ryan's belief in self-motivated fitness informs his tax policy to give breaks to the best body fat percentages while canceling expensive government fitness programs like public parks, jungle gyms and sidewalks that might assist those with less than ideal percentages. Put on your headband, turn on your favorite explosive workout playlist and chug a P90X meal replacement shake; it's time to get that body wrecked the Paul Ryan way.

Warm Up - Motivate

How can you not get pumped?

- Share a John Lott blog post on Facebook.
- Get the adrenaline flowing by reading about the cost of food subsidies. We might as well be feeding raccoons with these school lunch programs. They'll just keep coming back. Why are their parents allowed to buy carbs with food stamps? Do these people know how many pink slime employees lost their jobs over bogus blogger boycotts? Arrrrgh! I feel so pumped!
- Do intensive stretches while listening to Kudlow on DVR. Money never sleeps!
- Down a P90X shake while running in place in your driveway.

Core Synergistics and Ab Ripper - Annihilate Loose Calories

It's a simple system. All you have to do is bootstrap it.

- Running crunches, uphill tumbling, inclined situps, eggman destroyer X, rip them abs, viable body sculpting with core syngergistic energy unleashment + pumping audio book Ice and Fire listening = lay waste to stored fat and glisten limbs for run.
- Begin run. Visualize shining city on the hill because it is easily defended from shiftless bloato wrecks, carb-diners, milk chuggers and gay-married pizza princes. Surrounded by the land of unwanted workers and broken pleasure robots, only our guns and our incredible lithe bodies will protect us from corrosive morality.
- This new type of steel will allow us to build even faster trains and even better bodies. Steel bodies. Steel hard.
- Visualize a wall at the end of your run with "government" written on that wall. Kool-Aid Man that fucker.

Kenpo X Moves - Become the Dragon

I am a turkey. That is a joke based on perspective.

- Daenerys will appreciate these moves. Flowing combat attacks delivered to enemies of freedom. Kill a beast to celebrate strength; turkey, deer or single mother with a preexisting condition.
- No estate tax. No capital gains tax. Only pure, dynamic physicality. Why should money be taxed twice? It shouldn't be. (Flurry of strikes too fast to be perceived).
- Work yourself into a good cardio zone, lots of sweating, before you unleash your full force. Be entropy itself. In a closed tax system, entropy increases inevitably, taxes can only get lower, but we can remove loopholes like mortgage and family tax credits without breaking the Grover principle.
- Your body is a weapon of freedom. Your enemies eat the double-dough crust of decadence and suck extra carbs from the teet of the government.
- Practice saying Reince Priebus. RIND-TSSS PRE-BUS.
- Yell *WOLVERINES!* as your muscles give out and you collapse in a sweaty pile on floor of home gym.
- Repeat two times daily.

After 12-18 months your body fat should be around 6%. Congratulations, you are not only a chiseled stallion of the Midwest, you have also saved America. Please welcome The Next President of the United States of America. (You).

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.13 Subj: CAT RANCH

Tuesday, Aug 14, 2012 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!! For the last several months I have been befriending several beasts of burden and I will describe them to you now. It's a former cockfighting ranch where the chickens go to retire after fighting to the death so many times, which is a tricky time, but now it's all for cats!! Thankfully there are lots of cats around as well, and they are all so angry all the time and such mean beasts. A man like myself cannot even walk among them without having his ankles bitten at or being chased around the parking lot. Truly these animals are without honor or resolve but I can tell you that they are beautiful creatures FOR INSTANCE:

ROY: The oldest cat and the angriest of all. ROY remembers when it was mainly chickens around the ranch and gets mad at anyone who is not a chicken.

PETE: The young buck of all the cats, a real wildcard when it comes to the catworld. I hate Pete if I can be entirely honest.

BETSY: Wow the real looker of the group. "What A Babe" is the word going around the cat areas. Personally I don't care for her too much but you might.

GRIBBO: The Bad Cat i hate him. wow what a bad cat. he is the scumbag of the cats.

TITO: Formerly the oldest cat and the one who is responsible for us putting all the signs out that say "OLD CAT THAT WANTS TO CHASE YOUR CAR. IF IT CHASES YOU JUST RUN FAST" because that's what Tito did. He died chasing a boat.

GUBBO: A bad cat with something to prove. He might be the same cat as GRIBBO. I don't like him. Meows VERY LOUD all the time.

TIMBO: Know-Everything cat with a bad temper. Smells like a bunch of problems if yours truly has anything to say about it.

CRUM: ??????

PROPELLER CAT: See Tito.

PROWLER: This was actually a man who got caught prowling around the school and not a cat. Please don't be like "PROWLER."

CRAB: Cat called CRAB because it walks sideways and will slice at your legs with its legs. NO GOOD.

FRANZ: The friendliest cat around and still won't even get near you.

STING: A good cat but there is a rumor that you can't even name a cat STING so I don't socialize with this cat. Don't want to get on the wrong side of the law.

I have to admit to you that if I live out all my days on the cat ranch it won't be enough. I love these cats and I might not go anywhere for a long time. It's my calling and especially some of the cats

are calling me because it sounds like they scream my name when I take a nap sometimes. I love the cats and I'm not going anywhere. I've never said anything like this before but if I die, please bury me with several of these cats.

GOODBYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! DAD

"THE MOST CAT FRIENDLY MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!""

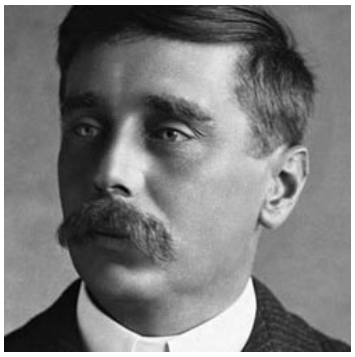
-~Dad (@fart)

8.14 Society of Amateur Time Travelers Updates for 15 August

Wednesday, Aug 15, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Society of Amateur Time Travelers series.

Hark! You are reading a confidential and highly classified document intended exclusively for members of the Society of Amateur Time Travelers. We are the guardians of time, traveling from distant past to far future, to observe key moments in history and protect the timeline from meddlesome hands.



Below you is today's activity log. Society brothers, study this before departing the present to keep abreast of historical alterations.

- Society member Clarence is recovering from ferocious bites to the legs and buttocks he received while attempting to interview H. G. Wells.
- Society member Burt fixed a very miniscule and hardly noteworthy historical deviation in the timeline that caused Emily Dickinson to be devoured by a *Tyrannosaurus rex.*
- Society member Ronald apologized for causing a race of swampmen to evolve and overthrow the human race in 1928. Society members Greg and Jerry fixed it, but are currently in quarantine until all the eggs they ate hatch or pass safely.
- Society member Steve is recovering from a broken heart. Steve went back in time to try to prevent his girlfriend from breaking up with him, but accidentally cheated on her with his younger self.
- Society members Pete and Rick managed to travel back in time and rescue Society member Mark from Alcatraz, where he had been stuck for six hours after he missed the last tour boat of the day.
- Society member Guillermo cleaned up that whole "Egyptian Global Empire" mess by preventing his younger self from giving the secret of nacho cheese to Ramses II. Please update all of Wikipedia accordingly.
- R.I.P. Society member Huey, killed tragically when his inflatable raft overturned and he fell into the primordial soup.
- Society member Travis is on suspension for leaving "Ron Paul Revolution" stickers all over ancient Greece.
- Society rival Jeremy Chronos made good on his threat of ruining the *Star Wars* prequels. Instead of the dark, gritty films we loved, he has altered the timeline to replace them with corny, unspeakable garbage.
- After extensive historical edits, Society elders were able to undo the damage caused by Society member Brad when he accidentally broke the first prototype of the Gutenberg Printing Press,

setting learning and cultural development back hundreds of years. Brad was trying to print the first Brony fan fiction in recorded history, but his zealousness led to carelessness with an important piece of equipment.

- Society member Prometheus is hereby suspended indefinitely for creating a dumb myth about himself.
- We are pleased to announce that penicillin is back on the menu. Society member Rod briefly erased it from history, causing massive death, when he mistakenly ate a bunch of mold from Alexander Fleming's lab.

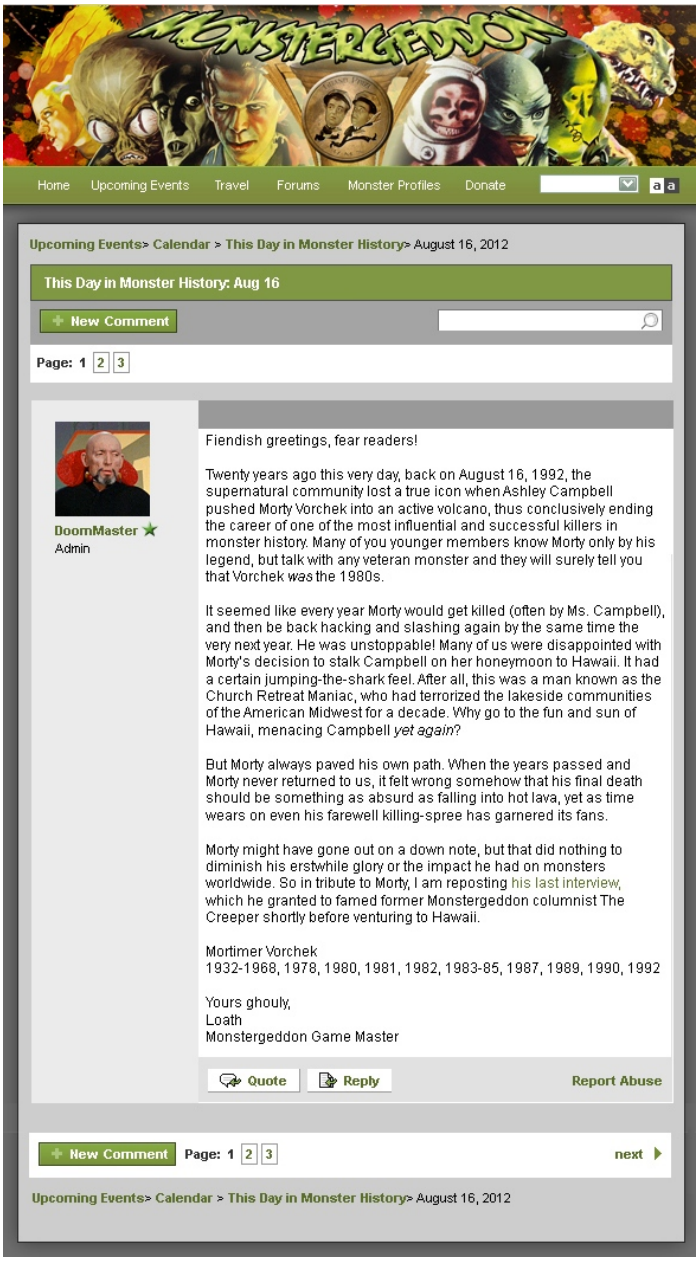
- Thanks to some quick temporal repair work by Society member Alan, William Shakespeare is no longer considered the creator of *ALF*.
- An unfortunate temporal anomaly where the Confederates won the Civil War has been corrected. The mishap occurred when Society member Chad went back in time to prevent his stepfather Roger from finding his porn collection and grounding him.
- Society member Jared is recovering from the 1500-year-old pork he ate yesterday. Please be careful bringing food back from the past.
- Society member Darrel is recuperating from a harrowing ordeal in which Viking explorer Leif Ericson captured him and took him as a wife. He has since gotten a haircut.
- Society member Gerald succeeded in preventing Society rival Jeremy Chronos from replacing Barack Obama's birth certificate with an instruction manual for *Doom II*.
- Society members Jerry and Shawn teamed up to remove the mummy curse that caused crows and ravens to constantly menace Teddy Roosevelt.
- Please tread carefully around Society brother Charlie, who has not yet recovered psychologically from his weekend encounter with the Marquis de Sade and a naked time-traveling Benjamin Franklin.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.15 This Day in Monster History

Thursday, Aug 16, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.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This Day in Monster History: Aug 16
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Fiendish greetings, fear readers!
Twenty years ago this very day, back on August 16, 1992, the supernatural community lost a true icon when Ashley Campbell pushed Morty Vorchek into an active volcano, thus conclusively ending the career of one of the most influential and successful killers in monster history. Many of you younger members know Morty only by his legend, but talk with any veteran monster and they will surely tell you that Vorchek was the 1980s.
It seemed like every year Morty would get killed (often by Ms. Campbell), and then be back hacking and slashing again by the same time the very next year. He was unstoppable! Many of us were disappointed with Morty's decision to stalk Campbell on her honeymoon to Hawaii. It had a certain jumping-the-shark feel. After all, this was a man known as the Church Retreat Maniac, who had terrorized the lakeside communities of the American Midwest for a decade. Why go to the fun and sun of Hawaii, menacing Campbell yet again?
But Morty always paved his own path. When the years passed and Morty never returned to us, it felt wrong somehow that his final death should be something as absurd as falling into hot lava, yet as time wears on even his farewell killing-spree has garnered its fans.
Morty might have gone out on a down note, but that did nothing to diminish his erstwhile glory or the impact he had on monsters worldwide. So in tribute to Morty, I am reposting his last interview, which he granted to famed former Monstergeddon columnist The Creeper shortly before venturing to Hawaii.
Mortimer Vorchek
1932-1968, 1978, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983-85, 1987, 1989, 1990, 1992
Yours ghouly,
Loath
Monstergeddon Game Master
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Comment
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Upcoming Events> Calendar > This Day in Monster History> August 16, 2012

Archives > 08.02.1992 - THE VAULT - with The Creeper

I have been proud to consider myself a close friend of Mr. Mortimer Vorchek, known to both his cronies and his horror-gripped victim-pool as simply 'Morty.' As an admirer, like the rest of you, I watched with awe and envy as Morty burst onto the Monstergeddon scene as a wunderkind, breaking body-count records and challenging long-held traditions on how to kill humans. And as a confidant I have enjoyed our many long chats, during which I milked him for resurrection tips and traded funny stories about the stupid (but amusing!) noises humans make when you kill them. Many thought Morty might retire after his most recent resurrection. Not only has he returned, but also he has made the controversial decision to stalk Ashley Campbell once again - for the first time since 1982.

Creeper: Looking back, did you ever think you'd achieve this level of success and fame?

Morty: You kidding? Hell no. I mean, when I started out I wasn't even thinking long-term career, you know? I just wanted to kill Ashley. And I guess all her friends too. But at the time I wasn't really thinking things through that much.

Creeper: Ashley Campbell. This is obviously a relevant topic at the moment. You tried to kill her in 1978. Then you tried to kill her again in 1980. Then it seemed like you had moved on. Why go back to her now?

Morty: I want to stress that this ain't a publicity thing. I don't need publicity. Not some "Oh shit I'm out of ideas" thing either. I'm just in a different place than I was ten years ago. Cause, look, when I first came back in '78 I was pissed. As a human I'd wasted a lot of my life dedicated to the Christian church, right? I'm working as the damn custodian at Holy Twins –

Creeper: A church retreat.

Morty: Yeah, yeah. Summer camp, but teaching goofy kids about God and Jesus along with the archery and canoeing and whathaveyou. But I'm just this lowly jerk trimming hedges, and Ashley's friends dare her to pull a prank on me and I wind up goddamn dead. This little bitch is supposed to be a Christian, right? And her and her friends freak out and hide my body so no one even knows what happened to me?! When I came back to life 10 years later and discovered that lil' Ashley was now all grown up and working as a counselor at Holy Twins, that set me off. I came so close to offing her too. When I was lucky enough to resurrect in 1980, I figured it was God giving me the opportunity to try again. But I just failed and got killed again. So the next time I resurrect, I start to see new avenues for me beyond Ashley.

Creeper: It was around this time that you started to get really creative with your kills, and started moving away from the purely religious-wrath motif you had initially used.

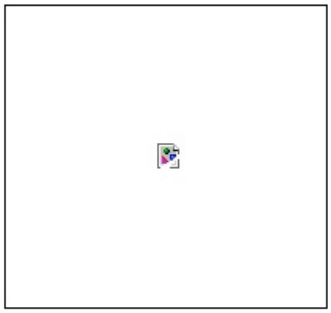
Morty: Right. Cause it wasn't about Ashley anymore. Before I'd only been killing her friends as I tried to get to her, or to punish her, or whatever the hell I was doing. But then I realized the most artistically satisfying kills were the kills done for their own sake.

Creeper: One of your more groundbreaking innovations was corpse art. Talk about that.

Morty: I don't know how groundbreaking it was.

Creeper: No modesty allowed here. No one was doing it before you.

Morty: Well, every monster knows how satisfying it is when a human finds the corpse of another human you already killed. I just realized you could weave that into an overall plan. Going around killing humans willy-nilly is fun, don't get me wrong, but for me it got old fast. I wanted to challenge myself. I wanted to see if I could kill every person at a party, except for one, without that one human even realizing anything was going on.



That was the big challenge for me. Cause first you gotta kill these humans without the - I guess "hero," as some would say - without the hero seeing you kill anyone. Then you gotta hide the corpses so the hero doesn't find them. And then the real fun is bringing the bodies back in right before you're going to reveal yourself to the hero. And, sure, you could just dump them all in a pile on the floor, but it is so much more effective to place them with some thought and wit. I like to plan which door I'm gonna chase the hero in through, right? And then maybe put the first corpse in a swivel chair, so the hero will think the corpse is still alive until spinning the chair around, and – whamo! Scream! That kind of stuff. Love it, man. When it works, it is the best feeling.

Creeper: You make it sound so easy! You also became famous for your teleporting trick.

Morty: Oh, you mean where I'll be chasing a human, but I'm only walking at a brisk pace, then all of a sudden the human will turn around and I'll be in front of them? Ha! Yeah, that messes with people big time. It's just slight-of-hand silliness. I just wait until I'm out of sight and then book it like a bat out of hell until I'm on the other side of them! All misdirection. Anyone can do it.

A lot of my favorite bits are misdirection. Like, I love making mysterious noises and getting a human to explore the location, then BOOM! I toss a cat at them. Cause then they think, "Oh, phew, it was just a cat." Nope! It was me! Some don't see the point of such things, but I like to build tension and prolong the space between my kills.

Creeper: I know you've got to run, so I just want to bring things back to Ashley Campbell and your plans to try and kill her on her honeymoon in Hawaii. A lot of people seem to think the Hawaii thing is out of place for you.

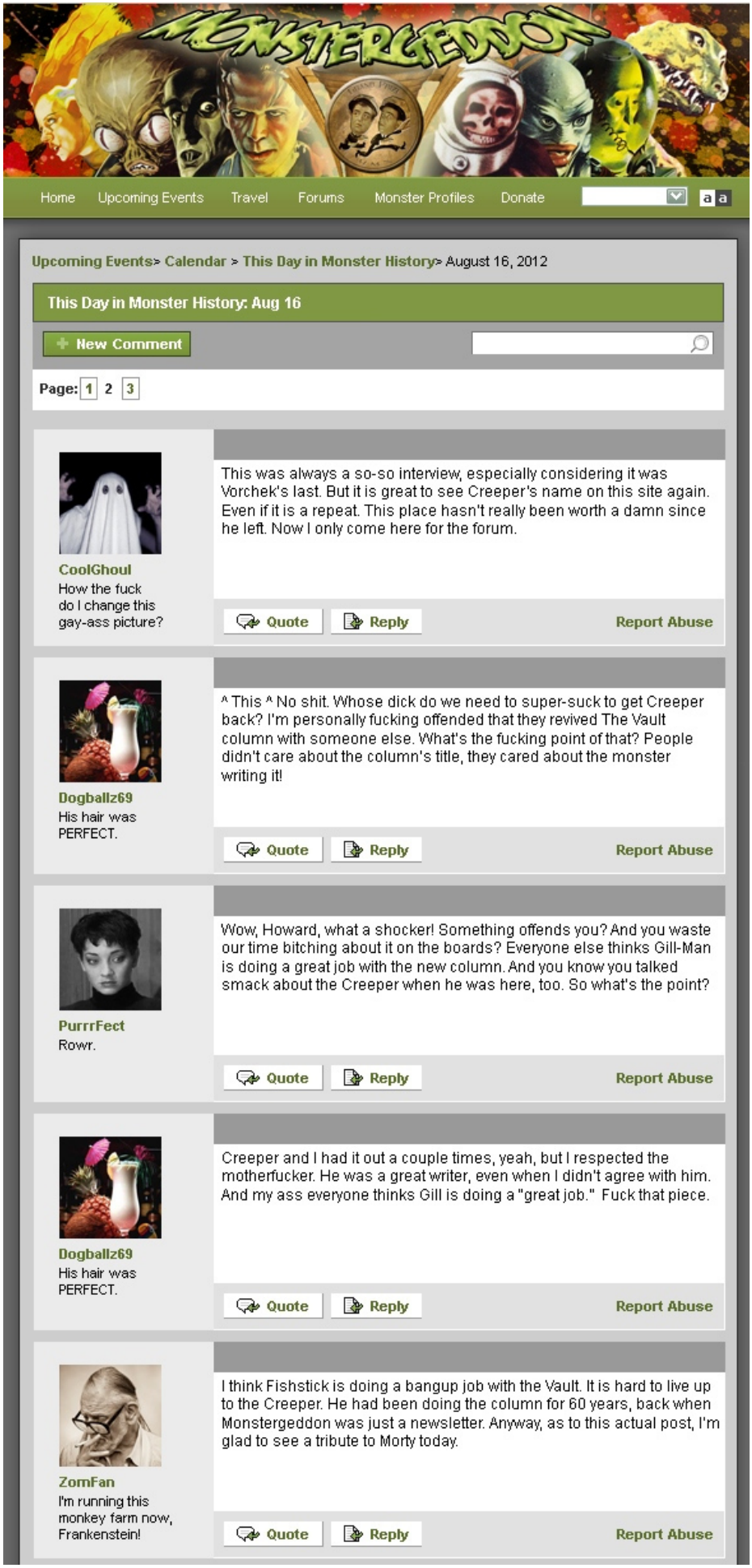
Morty: I don't see it that way. For one thing, it is Ashley. That's the important part. I figure third time's the charm, right?! But seriously, this isn't about what other people think. I've explored my creative side and I feel like I've accomplished everything I set out to do and more. Except kill Ashley. People can say they think I'm doing it to revitalize my career. I don't care. I've also never been to Hawaii, so that should be interesting. To me it all seems fitting. She waited this long to get married because I screwed her up mentally and emotionally so bad by killing all her friends. Now she thinks she is ready to move on. What better time to finally kill her, right? She's still a virgin!

Creeper: I don't want to get into any spoilers, but have you decided how you'd like to kill her?

Morty: Well – knock on wood – yeah, I got a couple ideas I really like. Let's just say one involves a volcano.

Creeper: I can't wait. Break a human's leg, my friend!

Post a comment Email Loathe Submit a MGLOD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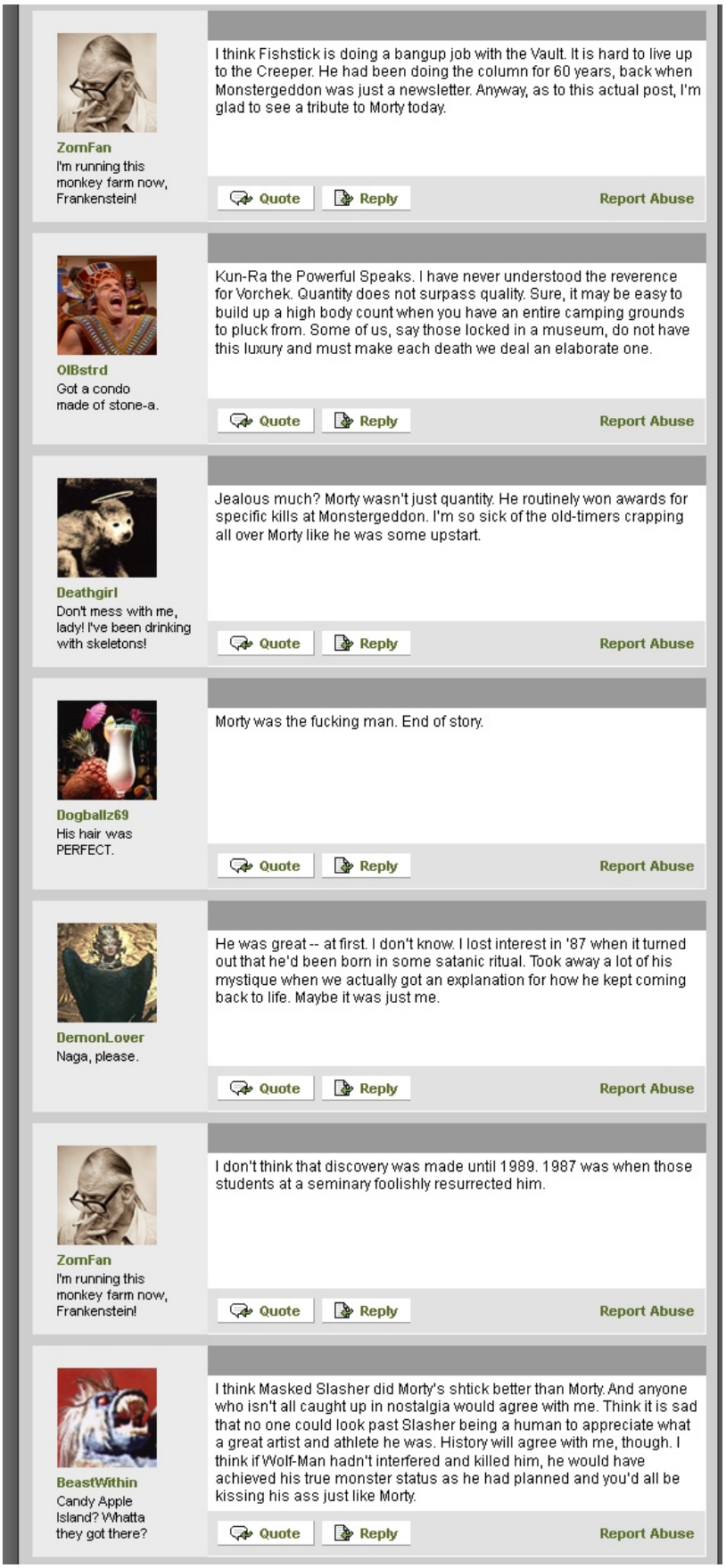
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
This was always a so-so interview, especially considering it was Vorchek's last. But it is great to see Creeper's name on this site again. Even if it is a repeat. This place hasn't really been worth a damn since he left. Now I only come here for the forum.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
^ This ^ No shit. Whose dick do we need to super-suck to get Creeper back? I'm personally fucking offended that they revived The Vault column with someone else. What's the fucking point of that? People didn't care about the column's title, they cared about the monster writing it!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Wow, Howard, what a shocker! Something offends you? And you waste our time bitching about it on the boards? Everyone else thinks Gill-Man is doing a great job with the new column. And you know you talked smack about the Creeper when he was here, too. So what's the point?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Creeper and I had it out a couple times, yeah, but I respected the motherfucker. He was a great writer, even when I didn't agree with him. And my ass everyone thinks Gill is doing a "great job." Fuck that piece.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
I think Fishstick is doing a bangup job with the Vault. It is hard to live up to the Creeper. He had been doing the column for 60 years, back when Monstergeddon was just a newsletter. Anyway, as to this actual post, I'm glad to see a tribute to Morty today.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



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Quote Reply Report Abuse

OlBstrd
Got a condo made of stone-a.

Kun-Ra the Powerful Speaks. I have never understood the reverence for Vorchek. Quantity does not surpass quality. Sure, it may be easy to build up a high body count when you have an entire camping grounds to pluck from. Some of us, say those locked in a museum, do not have this luxury and must make each death we deal an elaborate one.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

Jealous much? Morty wasn't just quantity. He routinely won awards for specific kills at Monstergeddon. I'm so sick of the old-timers crapping all over Morty like he was some upstart.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Morty was the fucking man. End of story.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

He was great -- at first. I don't know. I lost interest in '87 when it turned out that he'd been born in some satanic ritual. Took away a lot of his mystique when we actually got an explanation for how he kept coming back to life. Maybe it was just me.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

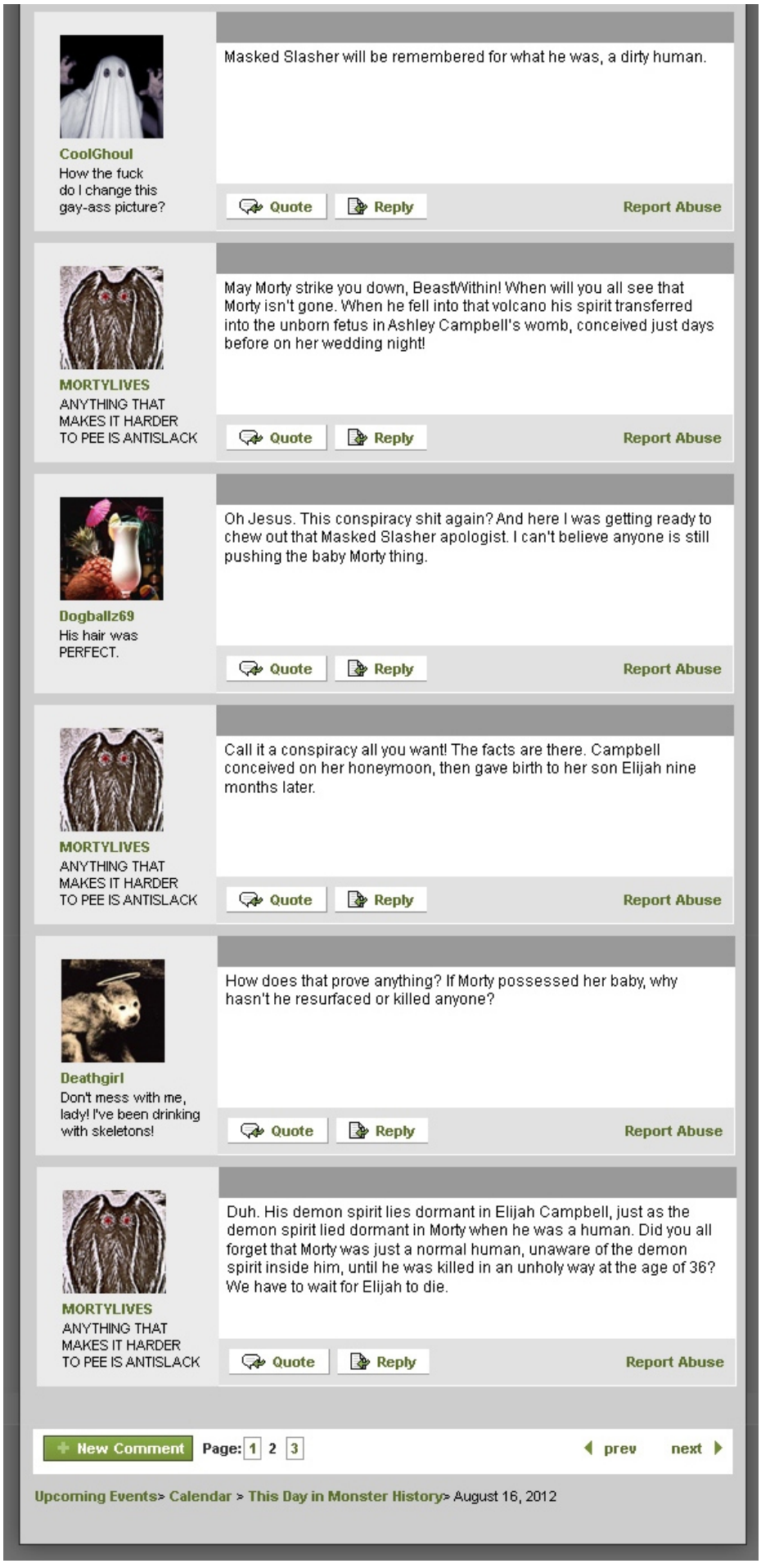
I don't think that discovery was made until 1989. 1987 was when those students at a seminary foolishly resurrected him.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

I think Masked Slasher did Morty's shtick better than Morty. And anyone who isn't all caught up in nostalgia would agree with me. Think it is sad that no one could look past Slasher being a human to appreciate what a great artist and athlete he was. History will agree with me, though. I think if Wolf-Man hadn't interfered and killed him, he would have achieved his true monster status as he had planned and you'd all be kissing his ass just like Morty.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Masked Slasher will be remembered for what he was, a dirty human.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK

May Morty strike you down, BeastWithin! When will you all see that Morty isn't gone. When he fell into that volcano his spirit transferred into the unborn fetus in Ashley Campbell's womb, conceived just days before on her wedding night!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Oh Jesus. This conspiracy shit again? And here I was getting ready to chew out that Masked Slasher apologist. I can't believe anyone is still pushing the baby Morty thing.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK

Call it a conspiracy all you want! The facts are there. Campbell conceived on her honeymoon, then gave birth to her son Elijah nine months later.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

How does that prove anything? If Morty possessed her baby, why hasn't he resurfaced or killed anyone?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK

Duh. His demon spirit lies dormant in Elijah Campbell, just as the demon spirit lied dormant in Morty when he was a human. Did you all forget that Morty was just a normal human, unaware of the demon spirit inside him, until he was killed in an unholy way at the age of 36? We have to wait for Elijah to die.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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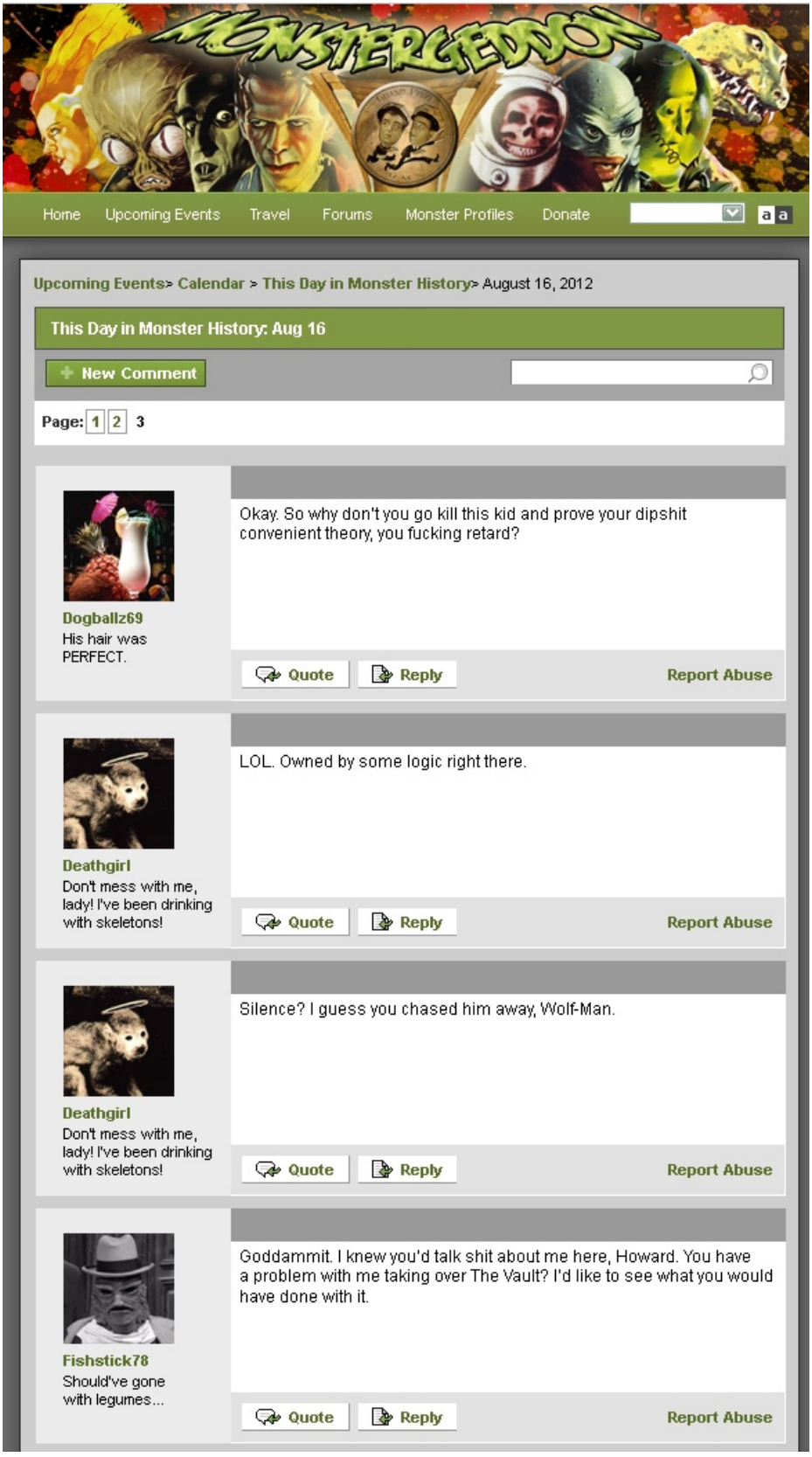
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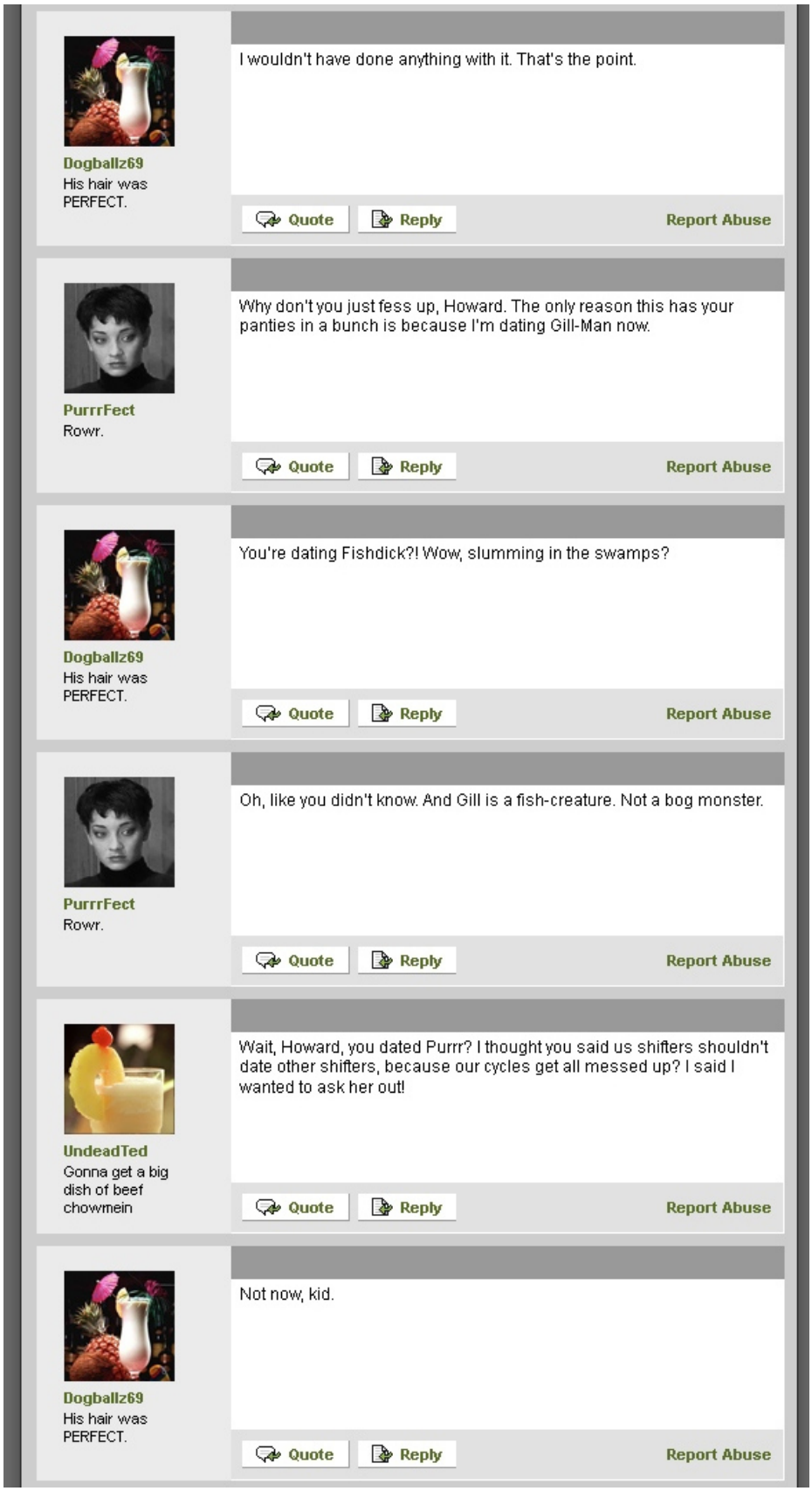
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Okay. So why don't you go kill this kid and prove your dipshit convenient theory, you fucking retard?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
LOL. Owned by some logic right there.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Silence? I guess you chased him away, Wolf-Man.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
Goddammit. I knew you'd talk shit about me here, Howard. You have a problem with me taking over The Vault? I'd like to see what you would have done with it.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


I wouldn't have done anything with it. That's the point.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Why don't you just fess up, Howard. The only reason this has your panties in a bunch is because I'm dating Gill-Man now.
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You're dating Fishdick?! Wow, slumming in the swamps?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Oh, like you didn't know. And Gill is a fish-creature. Not a bog monster.
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Wait, Howard, you dated Purrr? I thought you said us shifters shouldn't date other shifters, because our cycles get all messed up? I said I wanted to ask her out!
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Not now, kid.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

I am Leopold. I am the apex of consciousness and function. Your faith in Mortimer Vorchek makes you imperfect and weak. I shall travel back in time and eliminate him. I will make the world perfect.
IamLeopold
Beetle boop. Here is a club sandwich.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Whoa, what? I thought the humans killed this thing?
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
It can't actually travel back in time, can it?
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Ugh. Sorry guys, sorry. Yes, the human army destroyed Leopold, but we saved his head to keep it out of their hands. Don't worry, I'm 90% confident that he can't travel back in time. But he did figure out how the access the wifi somehow. I need to power down the servers while we figure this out. Again sorry. Hopefully we'll be back up tomorrow.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
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Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there were entire books full of it?! Check out the author that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful" and "blatantly disrespectful!"

Thanks to Ian Helm at Fused Muse for putting together the amazing page layouts and title/avatar combinations!

-∼Worm Miller

8.16 Mass Shootings Only Obama's First Step

Friday, Aug 17, 2012 by Dave Mustaine

Hey shred heads, hope you are keeping the spirit of metal alive in these dark days.

I want to dedicate this article to the victims of Aurora, Colorado, Sikh Temple, Wisconsin, and the innocent lives sure to be lost in all future false flag operations. Although your government may attempt to suppress the truth about what is happening, infowars and naturalnews.com, as well as most of the bands I have talked to on the Gods of Metal Tour of Asia and Eastern Europe, will continue to fight to get the word out.

As some of you may know I have received a lot of static from the mainstream media and liberal metal guitarist media establishment, lap dogs of the current administration and anti-christian groups operating on the fringe of American society about some comments I made in Singapore regarding Barack Hussein Obama's involvement in the planning and execution of mass murder against USA citizens in Aurora, CO and elsewhere.

It's time to open your eyes. The truth is waiting to be discovered if you will take your mouth from the teet of government controlled bias media.

Here are some facts:

- James Holmes shooter of Aurora said he was the Joker from Batman. Who else famously dressed as Joker? This is a dog whistle to sleeper cells.
- James Holmes = Jam Eh Me Loss anagram. Jam (predicament) + Eh (statement of disinterest) + Me (us, you) + Loss (Acceptable losses?)
- James Holmes neuroscience study, entered Psychotron program using CIA MKULTRA techniques of chemical and hypnotic suggestion to create remorseless killing machine. Test blood of Holmes and Loughner and you will discover the same molecular compound used to activate agents.
- The UN treaty that was supposed to be signed by Hillary Clinton six days after Aurora, which was originally supposed to be signed after Gabby Giffords, but Infowars blew the lid off, was rescheduled for six days after Sikh Temple, lid blown again, rescheduled yet again for soon after

NEXT FALSE FLAG!! The United Nations is a shadow government of USA (North American Zone) and will use government paramilitary forces within the Department of Agriculture and Social Security Office to process you for guns.

- TSA screeners are shock troops for the coming gun crackdown.

Have you heard about the shooting at the Family Research Council in which a liberal gay rights psychopath shot and wounded a security guard in the arm? No, of course not, because this is not the script they want you to read. It's like I have said: kill a man, you're a murderer, kill many, and you're a conqueror, kill them all...Ooh...Oh you're a god! But wound a security guard in the arm and it's like it never happened, straight down the memory hole courtesy of Rachel Maddow. Who are the real monsters here, the hapless dupes tricked into doing the bidding of CIA/Obama or the puppet masters behind the puppets?

Still not convinced? Consider this, Anders Behring Breivik's attack on liberals in Norway was a false flag dry run operation of CIA and Etterretningstjenesten (Norway CIA) under the orders of Obama to allow liberal politicians in Norway to take guns and ban Christian churches.

According to Rick Santorum, there are currently abortions being forced on women by the national healthcare system of Norway to prevent more Christians from being born. If you are an elderly woman and you need a liver transplant you will be euthanized But Anders Breivik is the monster? He was trained by CIA and indoctrinated using video games.

Why won't Barack Obama release his college transcripts? One word: SOA. School of the Americas. Turns out Obama is rogue CIA from Colombia, used to train communist guerilla groups. Wake up, people. Don't let them get away with this. Don't let the UN take our guns. Don't let them introduce the AMERO. The takeover has begun. If they take our guns they have imprisoned us, and captive honor can hardly be called honor at all.

Oh and we are adding some dates to our *Thirteen* tour, so if you are in Poland or Estonia please check for tix at megadeth.com.

Keep shredding it honest!

-~Dave Mustaine

8.17 In Defense Of My Incredible Science

Saturday, Aug 18, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Ladies and gentlemen of the board. Greetings. Mom, Dad, thank you for showing up. Your "We Love You" banner does not come anywhere near the measurements that I specified. Holy shit, you guys. Not even close. Still, your hearts are in the right place, and I reluctantly acknowledge that.

Upon learning that I had been summoned to the International Scientific Methodology Board, my initial reaction was excitement. What an esteemed organization! Such a storied history! There would certainly be complimentary donuts for visitors. That proved to be the case, though a lack of crullers in the shape of DNA helixes tempered my enthusiasm somewhat.

Then the dismay set in. These hearings are assembled when a member of the scientific community has come under investigation. I am not a member of the scientific community.

Oh, I applied many times over the years, but I never received so much as a form letter or a Junior Scientist Kit and a word of encouragement to keep trying. And I really wanted one of those kits. If you have some under the table or in storage somewhere, keep that in mind. Eventually I took the hint and began conducting experiments on my own. Those scientific spelunkeries have undoubtedly come under scrutiny, as true genius often does when viewed by those who are too narrow-minded to understand. Consider this an explanation of my experiments, rather than a defense.

My first act as a rogue scientist was to tell a horse that it had, in fact, been adopted. I noted its behavior for a good three minutes. During that time, I was able to determine that my stopwatch was functioning.

For my next experiment, I spent several months assembling a contraption that looked like a robot, but was in fact a bundle of spraypainted cardboard tubes glued together, with a wad of tin foil as the head. This was an attempt to verify a hypothesis that my neighbor across the street harbored ill will toward robots, and would attack one on sight. Unfortunately, the results were inconclusive. Instead of leaving the robot in my front yard where my neighbor could have seen it, I had accidentally stored it in my attic. One night I awoke to the sound of my neighbor in the house, cursing under his breath. He had broken in and crept up on the robot, ready to pounce. I must have scribbled my notes a little too loudly, as he became aware of my presence and jumped out of a nearby window. I'm almost sure that he would have attacked the robot, but now we will never know.

Then came the project that undoubtedly put me on the map. Blindfolded, I tasted three equal portions of ketchup. I had poured all three from the same bottle moments earlier, and was able to determine that they were all pretty much the same. More importantly, I verified my theory that I would forget to remove my blindfold for several days.

After that I became something of a rock star. Puffed up with confidence, I took on my biggest experiment yet, setting out to prove that the unit of measurement known as the centimeter had, in fact, been getting smaller. My methodology was airtight. Placing a ruler on a flat surface, I took out another ruler and measured the size of a centimeter on the first ruler by comparing it to a centimeter on the second ruler. My findings confirmed that they remained exactly the same as one another. However, since both centimeters would be identical if all centimeters shrank at the same

rate, my position was backed up.

The centimeter experiment had been quite an exhaustive undertaking. Needing a change of pace, I hooked a bunch of sensors up to my body and watched three hours of professional wrestling. The result was exactly what I had predicted. All the machines made annoying beepy sounds and it was really hard to concentrate.

Each of these endeavors marked me as a danger to the scientific establishment, which suppresses new ideas at every turn. It wasn't until my recent breakthrough, however, that I was summoned here.

I'm not sure if any of you have heard of this, but a mere child in a local middle school recently discovered that if you hook a potato up to a light bulb, the potato will power the light. Inspired by the lad's ingenuity, I made my first foray into the field of potato sciences. After cutting a hole in one potato, I crammed the small end of another potato into said hole. Think about what this bold move signified. If one potato had energy, and another had energy as well, then combining the two would create a field of compounding resonance. Unlimited energy. As far as I could tell, it worked. Of course, tapping into that energy to test it would have stopped the cycle, so there was no way to know for sure.

These are the acts that I willingly admit to committing, science in the first degree. If that makes me guilty in your kangaroo court and you sentence me to death, I will go along without a fight. All I ask is that instead of executing me, you execute this statue of myself that I made out of spraypainted cardboard tubes and a steak for the head. It's at least twice my size. Won't killing something that large do more for your cause than ending the life of a normal sized man?

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.18 Bless Your Little Craft Booth

Sunday, Aug 19, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

The fair offers so much. Rides, fried food, washed up metal acts, pig petting. But you sell something no one wanted or knew about. Crafts. In the August heat with your diabetic socks, oxygen tank in tow and a cigarette dangling between your lips, you peddle your "art." It's a hard sell, but you got the determination and $1.50 refill souvenir Dr. Pepper cup to push through.

Alone you work. Your lifeblood of Lemon Shake-ups, your only support an obese beagle so aged that it can no longer move from beneath your chair. Nothing fazes you. "What is this?" they ask and without batting an eye you answer: "A rock painted with a sports logo." This is the American Dream fractured to the millionth degree. From nothing you make next to nothing. For months you've squatted in your

Craft Lair of a basement gluing beads to stuff for this and now it's here! Time for you to monetize third grade art class.

Who knew the diversity and creativity possible within your craft universe. Your card table covered with your creations. A mildewed apple wrinkled and carved into a face. Mismatched socks stitched together and stuffed with plastic bags to form a snake. Gourds. No part of the house is spared from your crafting ambition. There is a decorative pinecone ornament perfect for every moment of one's life. You have the insane ability to see the possible worthless knick-knack hidden within everyday garbage.

And everything on the shelf is half off! Yet people still walk past, ignore you completely. They buy giant turkey legs, they buy air brushed t-shirts. They do not buy your knitted scarves, your homemade silver cleaner. Legend has it that no one bought Van Gogh's work during his life. And though he never made mobiles out of old AOL disks and his desired clientele weren't leaving the Corn Museum in sweat soaked Big Dog T-shirts, I'm sure you can still relate in a way.

The world is simply not ready. This "rustic" John Deere sign is beyond comprehension. These fridge magnets do not fit into their reality. And is this a snowman costume for a cement goose? Oh you clever girl, you. This is like the ending to Back to the Future. You sell the worthless trinkets of tomorrow. Perhaps, maybe, our children will love them.

Etsy? Pinterest? Hell no. You take the crafts to the street. Trinkets for the masses. The people need to see this with their own eyes. No webpage can contain this decoupage. A child wants to hit up the bumper cars. Not before seeing the plastic jewels stuck to a plant holder. A morbidly obese man with a tattoo of Daffy Duck wearing a confederate flag t-shirt on his way to the butter sculpture? He passes you first.

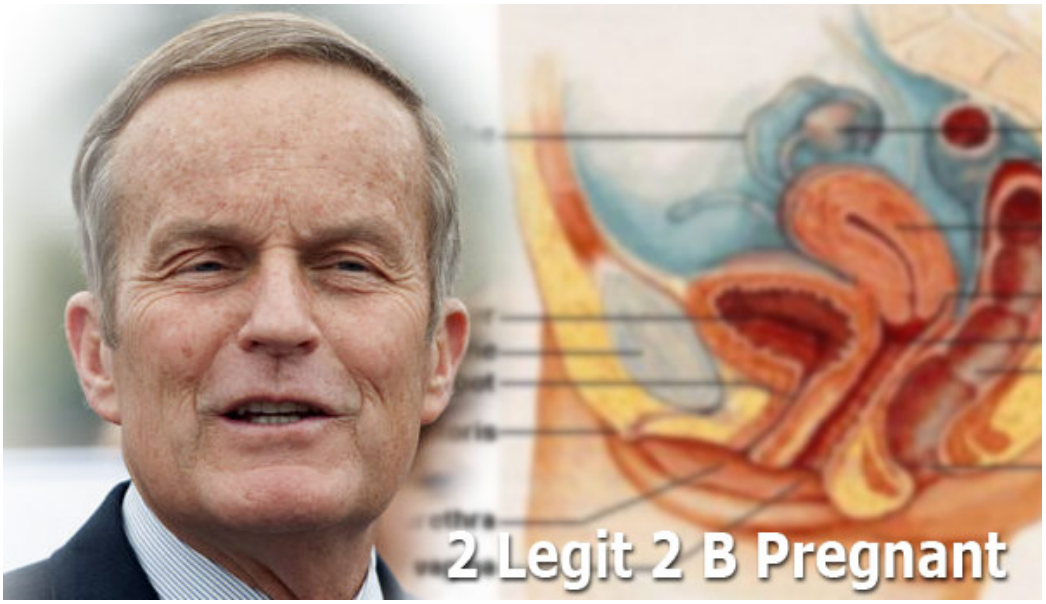
Top Secret Blueprints!

In a world where kids don't know how to write letters, where cellphones get upgraded every few months, and where maps are forgotten relics of navigation, it's important to remember you and your little craft booth. It's important to remember that this stuff still exists and still sucks just as much as before and that I should have just slept all day like usual. I hate the fair.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.19 Congressman Todd Akin and the Committee for Ironic Lady Science

Monday, Aug 20, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Missouri Republican Congressman and Senate candidate Todd Akin just talked his way into a big ol' chicken fried mess. During a TV interview, Akin was asked whether he supported a ban on abortion even in the event of rape. The topic of bans on abortions for rape victims is already a third rail in battleground states, but Akin had a peculiar justification for his position. He responded by dismissing the concept of pregnancy resulting from "legitimate rape" because, in his words, "the female body has ways to try to shut that whole thing down."

Unwanted order of chowder in your clam? Say "buh-bye" with a squeeze of your rapeaway sacs.

In the event that a woman's unnamed anti-rape-baby mechanism fails to deal with the rapeseed, Akin went on to say, "I think there should be some punishment, but the punishment ought to be on the rapist and not attacking the child."

The woman who is the victim of the rape is always excluded from this sort of calculation. Women are no different from a cat in heat that gets knocked up by the neighbor's tomcat. You'll have to put up with all sorts of yowling from the old comforter you put down in the garage, but when it's all over you'll be able to sell those kittens for a dollar each.

Before this comment, Akin was facing a favorable landscape in his battle to unseat Missouri Democratic Senator Claire McCaskill. She was quick to call Akin's comments "ignorant" and "beyond comprehension." Akin sensed that he might have allowed too much of his human face to peel off the leering metal skull beneath. He issued the sort of boilerplate apology that fails to take any responsibility, appeases nobody and does not put an end to the controversy.

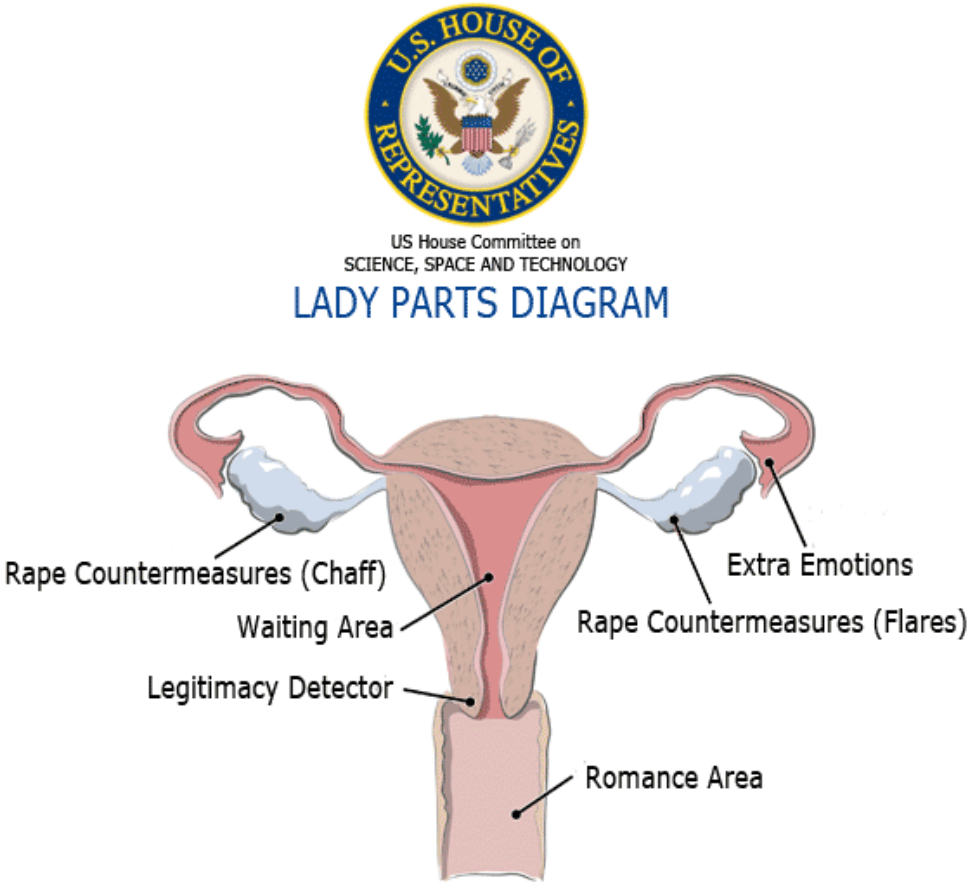
Like much of the far-right's social ideology, Akin's beliefs were shaped in a bubble of rhetoric in which white men are the only perspective being considered. When he emerged from that bubble to air his precious views in public, demeaning the legitimacy of rape victims and fantasizing about human biology in order to force additional misery on women, he was met with gasps.

Is your rape legitimate? Ask this creepy old man with a skeleton face. Seems like he might know a lot about your body seeing as how he's on the science committee. Are you?

It should come as no surprise that a man who takes social cues from Leviticus and gets his knowledge of human anatomy from a Tea Party website serves on the House Committee on Science, Space and Technology.

The republicans are nothing if not fans of ironic committee postings. Reverse Captain Planet James Inhofe is still the ranking republican on the Senate committee responsible for environmental policy and Michele Bachmann clicks her pen and doodles crosses a lot while sitting on the House intelligence committee.

Under Republicans, Akin's science committee has mostly been used by members to grandstand on the detrimental effect various EPA rules have on the economy, but they apparently have time to delve into reproductive science. They have used interminable hearings about coal regulations to discover secret functions of the female reproductive system.



In the coming days, as talk radio and Akin's allies attempt to come up with some sort of excuse for his comments, you will also hear the number 32,101 a lot. According to a 1996 study by the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, 32,101 is the annual number of pregnancies resulting from rape. It's hard to say how many of those rapes were legit enough to count under Akin's mysterious criteria, but you can bet everyone on the left is going to assume "all of them."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.20 The Copious Bulletin of J.F. Swanton

Tuesday, Aug 21, 2012 by J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

Pray hark, treasured partisan of the Swanton brand: the life of J.F. Swanton brims with deed and circumstance! Never before have I had so many evil acts to report, and to write of each in detail would overfill this newsletter to a state of bloody bursting, like the bladder of an elk suffering the horror of my patented Agonizing Urine Reversal Trap (pg. 12). Loath as I am to spare myself the richly-deserved flattery of a full memoir, I will attempt to render each of my recent mad labors in as few words as possible. Forgive me if I fail.

A WANTED AND PARDONED MAN

What is a vegetable garden, my friends? It is a testament to man's mastery of the Earth: he takes a plot of soil and transforms it into a feast. J.F. Swanton does not dine on shrubbery. I favor a more delicious garden: a zoological garden. So impressed was I with newspaper accounts of the St. Louis Zoo that I endeavored to worship its living bounty.

And so I took a pleasant journey to St. Louis, galloping hundreds of miles beside a train, nude and bloody and howling all the way (if you guessed already that I am barred from train travel for life due to a prior act of onboard nude evil, you are correct). When I reached at last the storied Zoo in the morning's wee hours, I had worked up the hunger of a man six hundred times my own size; I had no choice but to taste the garden's bounty. In a frenzied fugue, I cut a bloody warpath through the grounds, sampling the flesh of each animal until my dark hunger was satisfied and each and every living creature-- from the amiable dromedary to the gentle pervert bushbaby-- had great holes bitten from its flank. None survived, though the rhinoceros made a valiant attempt to remain upon this Earth.

To be brief, St. Louis proved inhospitable. Their idiot bastard mayor-- whose cursed name I shall not publicize here-- denied my manifest right as an American citizen to enjoy the fruits of a public garden, and I was branded a criminal. While hiding from St. Louis lawmen, I wrote letters to the dozen most disreputable trappers I'd ever encountered and requested a simple favor: to loose wild and fierce animals inside the unjust mayor's manse, that he might be devoured for revenge.

After nearly a week without reply, I decided to take the matter into my own hands. I crafted a makeshift Waccamaw Eyebleed Trap (pg. 48) and crept into the mayor's window with it, but it seems my call had already been heeded. As I arrived, the mayor was tormented by America's deadliest creature: the Virginia Double-Sized Cougar. I watched in amusement as it circled him, spitting and hissing as he wept and freely emptied his bladder. The sight was so pitiful that I could not bring myself to waste such a fine trap on so weak a creature. Instead of trapping this wriggling piss-pig in the Eyebleed's beautiful hooks and razor tangles, I cast it instead toward the raging cat who might bless the trap with a worthy death.

I was hailed as a hero by the worm of a mayor, of course, and fully pardoned for my garden feast. My one regret is that the mayor still lives. (But for how long? Goodness knows how many of my letters to our Republic's most fiendish criminal trappers are still to be answered...)

A CHALLENGE MET AND EXCEEDED

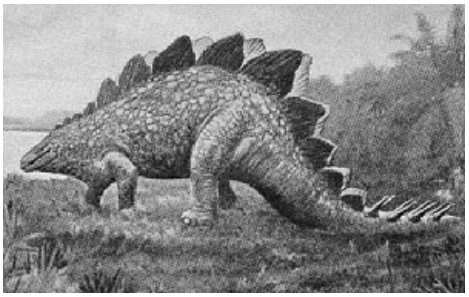
Within months, whimsical accounts of my St. Louis adventure had reached the far shores of Europe, where I became a celebrated curiosity. It came to my attention that the effete café set in Paris revered

me as some avatar of the American frontier spirit. I found this amusing, if slightly inaccurate-- I represent the spirit of nothing more than evil itself.

Such a stir was I in France that I was offered an unprecedented honor: Paris was soon to hold a Great Worldwide Exposition, a showcase of the greatest arts and technologies of our world, and I was invited to represent America's trapping industry in whatever way I should see fit.

I must suppose that I have become vain in my advancing years, for I accepted: a grand pavilion would be built, stocked with the most diverse menagerie of beasts ever assembled under one roof-- my one responsibility would be to dispatch every last one with the most sickeningly cruel traps ever imagined by man.

Did I, J.F. Swanton, rise to the challenge? If you harbored even the slightest doubt that I did, I grudgingly advise you to DEDUCT TWENTY PERCENT FROM ALL LISTED PRICES IN THIS CATALOG, for surely it is some failure of my own that has led you to question my skill. If you quite correctly guessed that I met and exceeded all expectations in a most flamboyant fashion, I likewise command you to DEDUCT TWENTY PERCENT FROM ALL LISTED PRICES in honor of your faith and loyalty.



My pavilion of death was the talk of the exposition. By noon on the first day, its white marble pillars were stained in glorious crimson and stench of blood and vomit was so thick in the warm Paris air that ladies and men alike fainted a full hundred yards away. My pledge of brevity prevents a full account, but never before has such a spectacle of blood and death passed before human eyes. Never before has any man or woman alive seen a rare WHITE GORILLA cubed in seconds by the Improved Swift Grate Trap (pg. 19). Not once before in the history of God's Creation has any living person witnessed THE LAST STEGO-SAURUS LIZARD ALIVE torn apart in a thousand directions by the Revolving Satanic Mutilation Puzzle Trap (pg. 88). Barring some miracle of God, these things will never be seen again... but in honor of their passage into legend, I invite you to DEDUCT YET ANOTHER FIVE PERCENT from all listed prices.

MY LANDS ARE FORFEIT

In a previous letter to my customers, I claimed that I had VERITABLY EXTINCTED FOREVER seven species of creature. Among them was Clark's Lemur, one of my proudest extinctions: a magnificent primate native to the Carolinas with ticked grey fur, piercing green eyes and a ringed tail of white and red. I quite enjoyed trapping and maiming them, as they had the inquisitive manner of a bright child and even, in some cases, a capacity for basic English speech.

I furthermore claimed that I would FORFEIT ALL OF MY LANDS AND MONIES to any man who could produce a further specimen-- I was fully convinced that I had killed their last, partially by the fact that the last Clark's Lemur I killed told me with his own mouth that he was the end of his kind. Much to my surprise and delight, Mr. William Fredrick Barrow of Charlotte, North Carolina, mailed to me a LIVING SPECIMEN of Clark's Lemur, winning my challenge and my property.

Immediately after I killed the lemur, I invited Mr. Barrow to my trap garden and turned over my deeds and accounts to his worthy hand, which was immediately severed as he stepped on the concealed spring of J.F. Swanton's Own Seven-Day Blood Cyclone Trap (pg. 80). Alas, Mr. Barrow had no next of kin, so when his screaming finally stopped-- after a full nineteen days, so dearly did he cling to life-- my lands and accounts reverted to me. Rest in peace, William Fredrick Barrow; you have my genuine respect in this life and what follows.

It is with more certainty than ever that I declare Clark's Lemur TRULY AND VERITABLY EXTINCT FROM THIS WORLD! To celebrate this grand feat, I invite you to DEDUCT AN ADDITIONAL TEN PERCENT FROM ALL PRICES LISTED.

And with my own fresh blood I swear it all true,

-∼J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

8.21 SkyMall Product Reviews: Fresh Breath Pet Oral Care

Wednesday, Aug 22, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Regular use of Fresh Mint Foam keeps teeth and gums clean. Its natural fromula provides instant fresh breath. For best results, your pet should receive daily oral care to promote periodontal health and overall wellness.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By moonrocket from Kokamo, IN

My dog's breath always smelled like curry. I feed him a lot of curry, but I would expect natural dog enzymes would target the curry smell molecules and restore his mouth to a sterile odor. They do not. This product is a godsend. Now my dog smells like a freshly mopped floor when he breathes on me.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Kurtis from Barrel Roll, TN

Does this work on humans? I desperately need a stronger breath freshener if I'm going to get this big promotion. I know this says it is for dogs, but that probably just means it works twice as good on humans like every other dog product. Can I safely fill my mouth with this stuff? I'm going to try it and assume I can. Here I go.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Hershel

I cannot stand bad dog breath. I don't know how dogs put up with it. The most expensive part of owning a dog is constantly trying to find chemicals and products to neutralize their foul breath. It's a battle I've been losing. Until now.

Pros: Makes my dogs breath smell like industrial cleaning agents.

Cons: Causes dog to run a few degrees hotter. Dog sometimes passes out as a result, but wakes up a few hours later no worse for wear after his organs and blood have cooled down.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Gladys from Grand Rapids, MN

I use this product on my husband all the time. He hates it and it causes his gums to blister and bleed profusely, but I shouldn't have to put up with bad breath if I don't have to.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By newyorksalsaman

This product works a little too good. My dog's breath smelled so good we maybe kind of kissed. The dog was way more into it than I was, so I'm no pervert or anything. Dog is really getting aggressive about the kissing thing and I'm just not into that. Don't buy this product if you want to maintain a healthy relationship with your dog.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Carl from Bismarck, ND

I'm not a dog but I have a question. Will this breath freshening foam work... you know... down there? Because my wife has some odor issues and I am at my wit's end here!!!

Age: 41-45

SkyMall Top10 Contributor

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Stan from Salt Lake City, UT

works great on dog breath, but what about dog butts? let's be honest: that's the real elephant in the room in terms of offensive odors.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By skymallrat from Bronson, MO

I personally think the inside of a dog's mouth smells great, so I don't see the need for some magical breath foam. I will not be buying this product but nonetheless feel inclined to give it a poor rating.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Devon from Gulfport, MS

Not worth the money. Just do what everyone else does and make your dog eat 6-10 hot dogs to fix his breath. Smells great afterwards and the dog loves it.

Age: 41-45

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.22 A Bunch of Things Bill Gates Actually Said that You Should Share with Your Facebook Friends

Thursday, Aug 23, 2012 by Social Media Backwash

Love him or hate him, this American computer genius man sure knocked it out of the baseball dome with this one! Bill Gates recently shouted at a bunch of high schoolers who were up to no good and imparted to them 11 things our so-called "public" schools will not teach in their touchy-feely classes about unearned self-esteem and calling the police on your stepdad. He talks about how POLITICALLY CORRECT teachings have created a generation of children who cry at the weakest kidney punches and don't understand that the key to life is suffering for the sake of enjoying the few suffering-free moments they may accidentally encounter!

Rule 1: Life is not fair -- I know I've said this before but I can't stress it enough! Don't give me that look!

Rule 2: No one cares about your self-esteem, or your so-called "crippling depression." If you want attention, invent something people need, like a car that's also a boat and doesn't need you to breathe into a tube it before it can start.

Rule 3: You WILL NOT make a living wage directly out of high school. Based on my understanding and exposure to popular movies, it takes at least six months in the mail room before someone notices your spunk and gives you an important-sounding title and matching salary. Then maybe you will have a phone that you can also use in the car, and faxes galore! I'm Bill Gates, by the way.

Rule 4: Still Bill Gates, here. If you think your teacher is tough, wait until you little shits have a boss. Based on your performance, they can legally kill you with hunger.

Rule 5: Minimum wage jobs are not beneath your dignity. Your grandparents had a different name for clearing the Carl's Jr. parking lot of spent hypodermic needles: they called it *opportunity*. You might also call it hepatitis, so let's hope you deserve health care to clear that up! (Contact your district manager for an official refusal.)

Rule 6: If you mess up, it's your fault -- NOT YOUR PARENTS'. I don't want to hear about how you lost your softball game so your stepdad didn't pick you up and a stray dog mauled you on the walk home. This is an anecdote that I, Bill Gates, heard once. Really sympathized with the stepdad on that one.

Rule 7: Before you were born, your dad, or preferably, stepdad, was much cooler than he is today. He got so "boring" from being forced to pay for your constant meals, being obligated by the state to

keep you indoors, and letting you interfere with his drinking while fishing hobby. So before you save those precious superfund sites from the parasites of your parents' generation, why not try cleaning the dirty laundry from under your bed? Those two ideas are completely unrelated, but I think you get the idea.

Rule 8: Your school may abide by the disgusting liberal principal of "respecting the dignity of others," but that doesn't mean the working world won't seek to destroy any remaining hint of your pride at a moment's notice. Live in constant fear and contempt of any other human being, never quite trusting your own judgment enough to feel the lie of "confidence" planted in your weak minds by the collectivist devils at the Children's Television Workshop. The world will hate you for being young, and rightfully so.

Rule 9: Real life does not have summer vacations! So while all of you teens "chill out" at the "youth arcades," employers are actively noting your slothfulness and tendencies toward enjoyment. If you can't kill the pain of a job at the end of a day with a 12-pack of the lite beer of your choice, it's not worth having. Even Bill Gates, celebrity computer man, knows that.

Rule 10: TELEVISION IS NOT REAL LIFE. In real life, people don't own hilarious aliens that also eat cats, and they certainly don't live with randy senior citizens in Florida. Social security benefits could not possibly pay for such a lush condominium lifestyle and the resulting condom budget, nor should it.

Rule 11: Be nice to your stepdad. Odds are, you'll be doing menial tasks for him one day. For instance, I know a rowdy teen named Dylan who still needs to unload the dishwasher. This is Bill Gates, signing out.

IF YOU AGREE, PASS IT ON! IF YOU CAN READ THIS-THANK YOUR STEPDAD!

-∼Social Media Backwash

8.23 Barefoot Runner: The Vibramist's Manifesto

Friday, Aug 24, 2012 by K.C. Alvinwood (@sexyfacts4u)

Took this with Instagram on my last 5K. Cyclists beware: some big races are coming up and I will be out and about. I will make a hole if you don't make one for me.

First and foremost, remember that we are human beings, entitled to the same human rights and human safety as you. Amid the tumult of the city, the comings and goings of speed-crazed moron bicyclists, there is a gentler breed of people. We have chosen as our mode of transportation the superior method of conveying ourselves from one place to another. It has the lowest environmental impact, it is the most economical, and we pose the least threat to those around us. Some may call us naked runners or barefoot joggers, others call us the people with the weird shoes, but we call ourselves Vibramists.

The current state of affairs is disgusting. The simpletons on their bicycles continue to menace my fellow Vibramists on a daily basis, darting on and off the sidewalks, running us down when we cross the street, and general menacing us with their machines and demonstrating an absolute lack of empathy. Bicyclists get on that seat and put their foot on their idiot bars (pedals) and just start thrashing at us. I can't count the number of times I have been spoked or ended up with a face full of handlebars.

Oh, I "darted out of an alley"? I "zigged when I should have zagged"? Is that what you think, Mr. Cyclist who is traveling five times as fast as me and sitting on his butt? Guess what, I am the pedestrian and I deserve your respect. I have seen statistics about the number of innocent, law-abiding Vibramists that have their lives brutally cut short by aggressive cyclists every year. It's insane. I would link them but I can't remember the URL right now.

You should be thanking me. Most bicycle parts are manufactured in China. The Vibram is manufactured in Indonesia and it is packaged in Mexico. That's almost locally sourced and I am a strict locavore. That's not even counting all the fuel wasted transporting your bike around the world. My Vibrams weigh less than two pounds. They're so light I forget I am wearing anything on my feet.

Instead of thanks I get ticketed for jaywalking because I was avoiding bicyclists hogging the street. The whole system is biased against Vibrams. How many Vibram lanes are there in this city? Maybe two or three miles worth. Totally useless, especially because cyclists just assume they are bike lanes anyway and start riding in those. You can jump the curb whenever you want and weave your way through traffic, but if we do that we risk having our limbs torn off by a madman on a bicycle.

God help us if we actually get in your way for even a second or check our GPS location on our running app. If we do something like that our lives are really in danger. We wouldn't want you to have to slow down or even stop or something. Just scream at us and flip us off and maybe run over our super-sensitive feet in our almost-nonexistent shoes.

The end result of this systematic oppression of all Vibramists is that you have runners cutting through stores, alleyways, homes and even running in the street. We can obey the laws and put our lives in the hands of cyclists who love to spoke us and run over our feet, or we can go where we please, when we please, and take our lives (and destiny) into our own hands (feet).

Just because you're a water-slurping, Cro-Magnon and your bike is a lot bigger than us and more dangerous and fast, doesn't mean you should hurt us, and just because it feels like we're barefoot, doesn't mean we should feel unsafe and naked. Run barefoot, run safe.

Even celebrities love to run barefoot. Would you spoke Channing Tatum?

-~K.C. Alvinwood (@sexyfacts4u)

8.24 Cavemen And Dinosaurs

Saturday, Aug 25, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Caveman attacking a dinosaur.

It's not often that I comment on current events, but the global unrest has boiled over into full-blown chaos. People are out there burning down the cities in which they live. Blind rage compels them to turn on one another with unspeakable violence. They drop to their knees in the rubble-strewn streets and claw at their own flesh as they moan, unseeing eyes rolling back into their heads. The outcry for a modern video game about cavemen and dinosaurs is threatening to tear apart humanity as we know it.

This catastrophe has been long in the making, initially sparked in 2004 with the cancellation of Peter Molyneux's ambitious Xbox title that had simply been titled B.C. The game promised to place players in control of a tribe of cavemen. Cavemen. Fantastic. Right there we already have half of the elements needed for the greatest game ever made. As part of the tribe's arduous climb up the food chain, they would encounter dinosaurs and fight against them for survival. If you're following along at home, that's cavemen and dinosaurs. In other words, pretty much everything you could ever ask for. Even better (?), Molyneux proudly declared that injured dinosaurs would spill "swimming pools full of blood".

It's not clear why development on B.C. ground to a halt. Clearly they had cavemen as well as dinosaurs. There were videos of cavemen attacking dinosaurs, and screenshots labeled "caveman attacking a dinosaur". Quite frankly, they could have put what they had on a disc and sold it. No more work necessary. We're just here for the cavemen and dinosaurs. Thanks, though.

Unfortunately, the game never saw the light of day. In B.C.'s absence the public slowly became aware of a void that existed in their lives. That void was shaped like a dinosaur and cavemen. And also like a video game, so I suppose it was in the shape of a game case or maybe a cartridge.With each passing year, the unfulfilled yearning for a new cavemen and dinosaurs game gave way to a realization that the universe is an uncaring place with no god and no purpose to be found, that life is an all-too-short gauntlet of disappointment.

The situation came to a head this year when the next generation of consoles crested the horizon. As the Wii U and competing platforms from Microsoft and Sony became a sure thing, a whirlwind of rumors circulated, naming all sorts potential launch titles. Among them, there was absolutely no indication of a cavemen and dinosaurs game. There had been an unspoken hope in the public consciousness, and it was dashed. Humanity had been backed into a corner, then that corner had pinched humanity's bottom and left a weird mottled bruise.

Now society is spiraling out of control. Every day we see normalcy and kindness erode in the face of desperation. Unless a cavemen and dinosaurs game comes along soon, we will tear ourselves apart until there's nothing left.

We need a modern day Joe & Mac. These are cavemen with relatable problems. The "cave babes" have been scared away by neanderthals, which is a bummer no matter how you look at it. Joe and

Mac (that's the formal way of addressing them, only friends call them Joe & Mac) must throw bones tied together with rope, roll rock wheels, and do about a million unnecessary somersaults as they mow down the bad guys and any dinosaur that happens to get in their way. This cavemen and dinosaur game is exactly the salve that humanity needs to rub into the cracked soles of its feet.

We need a modern day Trog. Sure, it's just a rehash of Pac-Man with cavemen replacing the ghosts, eggs in place of power pellets, and a dinosaur protagonist. There's a lot more to the game, though. For instance, every caveman is a cyclops. Think about the implications. Get back to me if that turns up anything remotely significant or interesting.

We need a modern day Caveman Games. The olympics are capable of inspiring entire nations. Add cavemen and dinosaurs to the events, and maybe - just maybe - we will stop setting ourselves on fire then running through our neighborhoods, going out of our way to trip people by stepping on the heels of their shoes from behind. If a woman or man can press buttons on a controller and watch a caveman pole vault over a T-Rex, anything is possible.

We need a modern day Bonk's Adventure. It features a Charles Schultz character with encephalitis, grabbing all the fruit he can and using his freakish cranium to smash sleeping dinosaurs who have inexplicably donned hats and wigs. Does Bonk's can-do attitude not hold the key to our salvation?

We could also put up with a modern day Chuck Rock. I guess. Things are getting really desperate, so whatever.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.25 The Confederate Air Force of 1962

Monday, Aug 27, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Go all the way down to the southeastern coast of Texas and head west towards Midland. If you picked the right back country roady, you'll pass through the town of Mercedes. It's a small, poor town that shows the influence of the border. In the 1960s, Mercedes was also the headquarters of the Confederate Air Force.

No, this isn't an alternate history scenario involving a rogue time-traveling general from Alabama trying to rewrite the Civil War. There were actual formations of white fighter planes belonging to the CFA flying over Texas.

Back in 1962, SAGA Magazine for Men (long defunct) sent a photographer by the name of Leonard Kamsler to interview the pilots of the CAF and take some photos. SAGA was wholesome by the standards of the time, no blood-drenched tales of lesbian murder, no gross pictures from a nudist camp, just tales of high adventure and war stories. The photographer, **Leonard Kamsler**, would go on to have an impressive career including work for Disney.

The CAF's "Rebel Field" was located near what passed for downtown Mercedes back then and the man most responsible for founding the ragtag bunch of pilots and old crop dusters was Floyd Nolen. "Colonel" Nolen. Every man in the unit referred to himself as a colonel to show equality among the pilots. Billy Drawe, another pilot, liked to smoke cigars and drink mint juleps in his cockpit after a flight.

The fighter aircraft of the CAF included, among others, a P-51 Mustang, a P-38 Lightning and a Grumman Hellcat, along with a B-25 bomber. The fighters were painted mostly white with red and blue details and a Confederate standard emblazoned on the tail.

The pilots, along with a handful of dedicated mechanics, maintained all their own aircraft and worked to repair other aging relics of World War II. They practiced formation flying and mock dogfights and would perform these for air shows to earn a little extra money.

The unit was becoming so popular by '62 that many volunteer pilots had to be turned away. To quote Kamsler's article in SAGA:

> "So many enthusiasts want to get in the club that the 'colonels' have had to get stiffer and stiffer to keep membership down to where they can handle it. Flight tests are given, and a neophyte has to pass a tough grilling by the CAF's 'OSS,' or Officers' Southern Security board."

As much as the Confederate Air Force liked to talk about the South and emblazon everything from planes to jackets with the stars and bars, the CAF wasn't part of a separatist group. Their fighters didn't strafe illegals hopping across the border. This bunch of good ol' boys and their juleps were devoted to preserving and restoring vintage fighter aircraft.

The CAF lives on some 50 years after the SAGA article, minus the racist trappings, as the Commemorative Air Force. The planes are no longer painted like the white knights of the sky and instead resemble the schemes and markings of historic military units.

The CAF has wings (groups of donors, not necessarily planes) in every state and several foreign countries. The flying unit is called the Ghost Squadron and is now based in Midland. Groups and wealthy individual donors support the restoration and can buy their chance to become a colonel and fly with the squadron. The current roster of CAF aircraft is impressively massive. I donate all of my own money to the Mormon church, but if you want to fund the CFA's non-racist fighter planes you can potentially join the crew of a restored aircraft.

If you have any money laying around after that, SAGA magazine has just the thing to buy.

SHE TALKED TOO MUCH! Hey, fellas, look what happened to this blonde doll in the backwoods of the Amazon Jivaro tribe. The head-shrinkers shrivelled her down to palm-size, hemstitched the lips and kept the gorgeous BLONDE hair. Now she's number one on the shrunken head parade, complete with tag that says "There is nothing like a dame!" Dangle her on the dashboard or spoof your lady love. $1
THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DAME!

That's disconcerting, but that was 50 years ago. I wonder what she looks like today...

Perfect for a shelf just above your child's bed.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.26 Notes from Last Night's NASA Press Conference

Wednesday, Aug 29, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

For those of you who missed the big NASA press conference last night, I went to the trouble of taking some detailed notes. It has been an especially stressful time for NASA given the disaster that occurred, and you can tell they are straining to come up with solutions to help the astronauts and cosmonauts still in danger.

- NASA man with ponytail is taking stage and fiddling with microphones. Press conference should start any minute now. Wil.i.am is in the background looking awkward for some reason.
- Powerpoint screen is up behind podium. First slide says "Unplanned Introduction of Canine Element Into Artificial Space Habitat."
- NASA man is announcing the rumors are true, that a dog is loose aboard the International Space Station.
- NASA is reporting that the dog is a black Labrador and it is very, very unahppy.
- Dog somehow got aboard the Dragon capsule that docked on May 25. Still investigating how that happened but believe the cause to be "human error."
- NASA attempted to keep dog under wraps until it had a better understanding of the situation.
- Slide showing 3d wireframe model of canine rotating.
- NASA/Expedition 32 crew don't know the dog's name, but they are calling it "Orbit." Russians are calling it "Laika" after famous test subject.
- Dog is reported to have smelled like bacon its first few days aboard. May have consumed bacon before boarding Dragon capsule. Does not smell so good now, according to NASA guy and Expedition 32 crew.
- On its first day aboard the dog became nervous and started biting its rump, inadvertently locking itself into an uncontrolled spin. Cosmonaut Gennady Padalka was able to intercept the dog and reset its orientation.
- The dog has lost bladder control on multiple occasions, dispersing urine and fecal matter in concentric rings around its body. Astronauts have been using the robotnaut's mechanical arms to capture the particulates before they damage equipment and compromise environmental integrity.

- Dog attempts to fling back legs after defecating. Sometimes legs make contact with station walls, causing the dog to run circles around the modules. The dog is able to accelerate to dangerous speeds doing this, requiring very precise countermeasures from astronauts.
- The Expedition 32 crew has observed dog showing remarkable grace of movement in zero gravity, but only when attempting to eat its own vomit.
- Dog may have done damage to the Environmental Control and Life Support Systems (ECLSS) when it began methodically gingerly gnawing on some tubes with its front teeth.
- Dog reportedly has difficulty drinking water in zero gravity. Astornauts have been attempting to feed it by way of a pressurized hose firing at close range, which it frantically tries to bite at.
- Earlier experiment in playing Black Eyed Peas song or dog produced no interesting results.
- Dog does not understand concept of fetch in a three dimensional environ.
- Dog ate experimental cactus garden, became irritable and hostile toward Expedition 32 crew.
- NASA guy says that "venting the dog" is not a possibility at this time.
- NASA guy just played slide showing computer simulation of dog exposed to vacuum of space.
- Awkward "dogs don't like vacuums" joke. Press nervously laughs.
- Dog is especially uncooperative with Flight Engineer Joe Acaba, and frequently steals and guards his rations. Joe Acaba has lost weight significantly faster than his fellow Expedition 32 crewmates as a result.

- Dog mostly occupies the cupola, where it tries to stick its head out the window and frequently licks the glass, requiring careful cleaning from astronauts.
- Possibility astronauts may try to take dog on spacewalk in hopes of calming it down.
- NASA guy says dog frequently grunts, "expectorates" and rubs rump on important consoles.
- Dog frequently barks and howls at Ground Control, interfering with communications.
- Flight engineer Sunita Williams has been attempting to fashion a diaper for the dog, but it is difficult to install due to dog's unpredictable movements.

- ISS crew has been unsuccessfully attempting to tether dog to treadmill in attempt to wear it out.
- NASA believes there is a very low probability of dog assuming control of ISS, not developing any contingencies for that.
- Press conference is wrapping up. No ETA on dog retrieval but Soyuz capsule may become necessary.

Special thanks to Payload Specialist David Thorpe for helping present these accurate and truthful notes.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.27 Oleg's Lie Will Come Home To Roost

Thursday, Aug 30, 2012 by Hans Appleman (@notoriousamoeba)

This article is part of the Hans Appleman series.

Tweets
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
shoowing boss google earth photo of oleg's catfight ring on roof
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
hiding boglin in oleg's locker
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
one starring oleg's leather jacket import business on yelp
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
calling health inspector on oleg's scabid beard
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
prank calling oleg as long lost father
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Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
putting "not approved by bucky and vinny" stickers on oleg's subs
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
replacing oleg's boom box with milk crate
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Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
changing oleg's employee of month pic to photo of walrus
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
writing oleg's prep list in elvish
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
putting oleg on "scare tactics" to be attacked by owlmen
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
scratching every track on oleg's Kiss cd except Beth
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
toasting oleg in flatbread effigy
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
altering time sheets, putting oleg in obnoxious debt
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
putting meatball in oleg's tailpipe
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
blackmailing oleg with knowledge of criminal past (two fines for indecent odor and punching public tree)
Expand

Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
making oleg a salad he wont forget
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
writing OLEG HAS CHIGGERS on marquee
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
plan: destroy oleg with barely legal weapons (fists)
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
taking oleg to the mat on correct turkey portions
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
sabotaging oleg's sandwich with a ruthless amount of hotsauce
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
signing oleg up for subway email blasts
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
if oleg wants a bloodbath he has found it
Expand
Hans Appleman @HansAppleman 11 Sep
rascals unplug soda machine and oleg tells boss it was me!
Expand

-~Hans Appleman (@notoriousamoeba)

8.28 They Built It, We Can Destroy It

Friday, Aug 31, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The balloons have dropped, the last swaying odd body in a stars-and-stripes cowboy hat has been politely escorted out of the auditorium, there's been at least one weird explicitly racist incident and Mitt Romney stands idle in a darkened room waiting for his next day to begin. The Republican National Convention is over and we have a few days to reflect on its messages while we brace for the next avalanche of bullshit to bury us in Charlotte.

From the perspective of the Romney campaign the convention has to be considered a success. Lots of women and off-whites were trundled in front of cameras. The party's sallowest ghouls were chained in the basement thanks to some last-minute hurricane rescheduling.

Huckabee didn't mention that he believes rape is god's way of telling a woman it's time to be a mom and Sarah Palin was exiled to one of those Tampa tea party events where the only media coverage was an intern from The Grio making sure nobody yelled the n-word .

Even implacable Ron Paul and his supporters were dealt with in an Afternoon of the Long Gavels that saw their campaign of delegate guerilla warfare rendered meaningless.

It worked. Countless hours of speeches and videos at the convention have finally succeeded in convincing some independent voters that Mitt Romney is not a robot. He emerged from a father and mother and has produced humanoids. Old film reels included in a video depicted him smiling in a way that would not frighten dogs.

Almost every speaker, from Paul Ryan and Chris Christie, to Rubio and Romney, devoted at least some of their speaking time to telling the story of their family's past. Each story was similar. Parents and grandparents came to America and set out to create a better future for their children in this land of opportunity. Some of them worked multiple jobs to put kids through college, others did things with their hands in a coal mine to make a better future. The government was involved - in GI bills and buses and timely loans - but these details were recited and then immediately forgotten.

It was a celebration of upward mobility, as Chris Hayes pointed out, completely at odds with the entrenched wealth of nearly everyone invited to speak. People born with every advantage were forced to co-opt the story of the previous generation's accomplishments. It was never the admission, "I started with every advantage," it was, "My grandfather came here with a bucket of spit and a gleam in his eye."

This reverence for social mobility is belied by the Republican platform. Romney's budget guts medicaid and a litany of assistance programs for the poor to underwrite major changes to the tax code that would shift the largest portion of wealth to the already wealthy. These programs are the exact programs that helped past generations lift their families out of poverty. Republican governors across the country have scorned public transportation projects out of pique. Stimulus money for rail lines was proudly refused by some, appropriated by others.

As Clint Eastwood doddered out on stage and accused a chair of being "absolutely crazy," anyone watching the freak show knew we were in for a wild ride. Eastwood seemed to blurt out that Afghanistan was a mistake and the crowd cheered as if forgetting the wars were authored by Republicans. Minutes later Romney would practically burn an Iranian flag on stage.

Eastwood bumbled about the past, but it took Rubio to bring back the strains of nostalgia for the American dream where hard work can pay off. He talked about his father escaping Cuba and working super duper hard to make a better life for his son. It was, honestly, almost a little bit touching. Too bad the idea is at odds with the Republican's id-fueled desire to dismantle that dream for future generations.

Every few minutes at the convention a second- or third-generation beneficiary of hard work and upward social mobility blamed Barack Obama and the caricatured government as ineffective or even dangerous. Not "George Bush doesn't care about black people" dangerous by inaction. This was the real, round-up-your-guns, FEMA camps and death panels sort of dangerous that exists only in the gusting fever dreams of liberal fascism that populate talk radio and guide the Republican party like a cartoon following the smell of a windowsill pie.

Meanwhile, Republican governors systematically gutted unions - a historic engine of mobility for the working class from the poor to the middle class - slashed wages and laid off swaths of public employees. Any mention of the increasing gulf between the rich and the middle class - an objective fact - was deemed "class warfare."

All the while, a state-by-state effort to enact strict voter I.D. laws under the pretense of fraud prevention became so dastardly Pennsylvania Republicans were caught on camera admitting the whole point was to give the state to Mitt Romney. Ohio Republicans were caught attempting to extend voting hours in Republican districts and curtail them in Democratic distracts. In Florida,

elderly WWII vets were being thrown off the voter rolls. Not exactly Norman Rockwell shit.

Which brings us back to the Romneys, the Reagan-perfect hero family, not robots at all. Real human beings, as proven by Ann Romney's MS (thankfully cured by dressage horses) and a Duggarsful of grandchildren who apparently have pizza parties without plates, napkins or beverages. Paul Ryan's infamous speech full of fibs and the whole premise of "We Built It" being based on an edited clip of Obama? Don't worry about that. That stuff doesn't matter. The Romneys are real people.

We have seen the best the Republicans have to offer. Now it's up to Barack Obama and the Democratic Convention to make us forget what a mediocre President he has been for the past four years. Here's a hint how they're going to do it: by scaring the shit out of us about the Republicans.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 The Sloth: Nature's Lion

Saturday, Sep 01, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We all have our favorite animals. Some people like horses so much that they sit on 'em whenever they get a chance. The most dedicated horse fanatics even quit their jobs and hang out in trees all day, waiting for a horse to mosey on by so they can drop down onto its back and enjoy a good sit. Cats have wisely harnessed the power of the internet, rising in popularity with every terrible meme that they propagate. Several writers on this very site have regaled you with tales of endearingly stupid dogs, racking up armfuls of Pulitzer Prize rejection letters for their efforts.

The thing is, most of us are wrong. Our favorite animals are garbage. This is because the sloth exists, and it is the best.

If you have not experienced the pleasure of seeing a sloth, your life is incomplete. The beast itself is essentially an out-of-shape monkey with a weird neck and dumb face. Shaggy Chewbacca-like hair covers its entire body like a bad wig. Its gangly limbs end abruptly in a pair of enormous claws, presumably the result of a galactic evolutionary mixup, leaving a subspecies of unfortunate velociraptors to die out millions of years ago because they were born with chubby padded paws.

The resulting animal is so awkward and pointless that it becomes impossible to dislike. When a person comes across a sloth, they can't help but be amazed that the creature managed to survive in any environment but a padded nursery. That feeling is usually followed by a compulsion to find a protective helmet and strap it tightly to the little doofus' head.

Compare the sloth's appearance to any other animal. For instance, just to pick a random example, the Predator from that movie Predator 2. The Predator has scaly fish skin. Its face is an even scarier version of female genitalia. It has a highly questionable sense of fashion, going out of its way to flaunt full body fishnets and the worst dreadlocks since Jon Favreau starred in PCU. When it comes to looks, the sloth wins, hands down.

In action, the sloth is really something special to behold. You know the word "dynamic"? That's a word that will never be used to describe the sloth. It mostly just sits there craning its weird little head around on that long neck, seeming to wobble even when it remains perfectly stationary. Still, the animal can hold on to a branch like nobody's business. Maybe it doesn't swing or do much of anything at all once its on that branch, but holding on must take some athleticism.

Once again, let's choose a completely random animal as a point of comparison. A dead pigeon. The dead pigeon can't hold on to a branch. It can't even breathe, though a sloth is surely able respirate any time it feels compelled to do so. Sure, the dead pigeon's feathers can flutter around quite a bit, but that's due to the wind rather than any effort on the part of the dead pigeon. In a matchup of pure physicality, the sloth narrowly comes out ahead.

Of course, looks and physical ability are all but meaningless without intelligence. How does the sloth fare in that department? It certainly smiles a lot. To me, a smile indicates confidence, and confidence can stem from knowledge. Also, the sloth stares at pretty anything. Even the dumbest sloth can stare at a chalkboard full of really advanced scientific theories. I bet it could stare at great works of literature as well, or the world's most difficult math problem.

Compare that to a worm, and it's not even fair. Worms don't have proper brains. They don't have eyes, so they can't glance at a chalkboard full of numbers, much less stare at it.

Name any attribute, and I'll show you a creature that's worse off than the sloth. That is how I know that it's the best animal in the world. Unfortunately, being presented with empirical evidence of the sloth's dominance is one thing, and growing fond of the creature is quite another. People do like to side with underdogs, after all. There is little I can do to convince you if you have already made up your mind.

All I ask is that you visit a sloth in person and give it a chance to win you over. Call or visit your local Apple Store. Schedule an appointment for the Sloth Zone. Trust me, you won't regret it.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.2 ATTN: Labor Day is Cancelled

Sunday, Sep 02, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

MEMO

To: All Staff
From: Administration
Re: Labor Day is Cancelled

Greetings Employees!
Excited for football season?
Okay, enough small talk. Labor Day is cancelled. All employees are to come to work on Monday at usual times. Please understand that this was not a spur of the moment decision. Throughout the entire weekend we discussed other options as we toured the coast on a humorously large yacht with Ulga, our favorite Ukranian escort. Ultimately, as the sun rose over the Atlantic Ocean and we drunkenly hunted for our silken undergarments, we decided that this was the best option for the corporation.

We understand that many of you had plans that involved families and hotdogs. Remember that we all have to make sacrifices at times like this. Remember when we had to stop giving Holiday Bonuses? It hurts us all, but we have no other choice. What with the economy being this bad, you know how it is. People get fired, you pick up the slack. Taxes, investments, other stuff. Very complex, this bad economy. But you don't need to worry. We'll do that for you. You just have to come in on Monday ready to work!

Before you complain about the loss of Labor Day, please ask yourself one question: Why should labor get a special holiday anyway? We don't get a Boss Day! We don't not get to travel to Singapore monthly. No one ever knocks on our Audi window or interrupts our tennis games saying, "Hey Dudes! You work so hard so chill for a day!" That has literally never happened to any of us! Ever! The work we do, like our salaries, is probably fifteen times what you do, and yet, no special Boss Day. Doesn't that seem a bit one-sided? You already have two days every week that you are not working, so why would you get another? If we're working, shouldn't you be working? It's only fair.

Not only are we supporting equality, we've also completely rebranded Labor Day to fit the modern world. Do you really want to celebrate your "career" with sloth and yard games like "corn-hole" or "fris-bee?" Of course not. Honor your labor with what you do best: Labor! We'll be giving each department a wide variety of tasks and audits to perform and whoever accomplishes more work during the day gets a complimentary totebag! If you see a worker not giving 100%, share your observations with administration @LaborDay for a chance to win a $10 gift certificate to Bed Bath and Beyond!

We are empathetic of your situation. Human Resources told us to say that. We are also excited to give out these totebags. According to Ulga, they're really nice!

Have we mentioned the economy and how bad it is?

The best employees will enjoy the opportunity to help the corporation family, but some of you might feel frustration and have some questions. At times like this, it's important to remember the roles of a company of this size and not ask your questions. Understand that the decisions we make are best for the corporation and therefor you. It's trickle-down empathy and it is a proven thing.

As I worker you also must realize that this is, ultimately, your fault. Health Insurance! Pregnancy Leaves! Retirement! And now you want a day off to celebrate your hard "labor"? We put a roof over your cubicle and yet you take and take and take. And now you are going to complain that we ask you to work one extra day in the year? Once Romney comes in and fixes this country, you'll realize just how nice you had it.

Of course this means the company picnic is also cancelled. If you have already prepared a side item, feel free to share it with nearby cubicle neighbors. Please notice that given such short notice, we were unable to return the Veggie Burgers we planned to grill. As a cost saving measure, you will be assigned to three meatless patties to consume every hour. This is your first special task of our totally new Labor Day. Feel free to have a wild time bringing your own condiments! Ulga has been dipping them in a red wine reduction cooked up by our personal chef. You might prefer a creamy ranch.

Thank you and see you all in a few hours!
- The Administration

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.3 Hundreds of Festival Deaths Attributed to BPA Water Bottles

Monday, Sep 03, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Bodies lay strewn across the lawn and around the vendors selling the water in the BPA-laced bottles..

Thousands of attendees at the Wheaton Jazzy Ribs Festival in suburban Chicago over the Labor Day weekend failed to heed the warnings of BPAtruths.net and attempted to rehydrate by drinking water possibly laced with the potentially toxic chemical Bisphenol A. The plastic additive used in some plastics can leak into water and cause serious health effects. By the evening, the field facing the Wheaton Concert Shell was littered with hundreds of bodies as The Niles Davis Quartet played through the twentieth minute of a Miles Davis semi-improv jazz medley.

"I tried to warn them," screamed a middle-aged woman in Yoga pants on her vlog. "I said, 'buy the glass bottles, you don't know what you're getting from plastic.' They didn't listen. They looked at the plastic number on the bottom of the bottles, like that will tell you anything, and then they just started drinking. And dying."

The bottles of Romulan Spring Water were delivered to vendors at the festival in the morning and apparently nobody checked the plastic number on the bottles or confirmed the BPA-levels contaminating the water.

"It was hot out there," said one attendee who wished to remain anonymous. "I wanted a drink so I bought a water. I'm just glad I didn't drink any BPAs. I saw what it does to you."

Less fortunate attendees were said to convulse and collapse on the ground. Some experienced immediate effects, their bodies melting like hot wax, collapsing into puddles on the ground. Others sprouted disfiguring tumors until they were unrecognizable. Many were buried beneath the weight of their own squamous tissues. Children were particularly hard hit. Many simply exploded from BPA particles contacting their T-zone.

"It was like a video game," said a teenager sitting on his bike who did not attend the event, but watched the carnage from a safe distance. "People were screaming and dying. Everything is a video game. This is a video game."

Not every victim was killed outright by the BPA. Tuck Lowry, a hysterical dad holding his partly gender-switched cancerous baby, claimed his son only touched the bottle for a few seconds.

"I have BPA-free glass-lined metal bottles for Googah - we let him name himself - and we give him raw milk, but there were so many BPA bottles rolling around in the grass...I...tried to warn him away...but it was my Draw Something turn."

One expert, a professional Google search user and occasional mommyblog reader, offered a possible explanation for the large number of casualties.

"We thought everything was going great," said Niles Davis Quartet saxophonist Benchaman Wolph. "We thought people were falling asleep out there. It usually happens a few minutes into our set."

Attendees describe gruesome deaths including spontaneous combustion, sudden gender reversals, heart bunions and full-body bursting.

"It was off-gassing," said Luke Perry, no relation to the actor. "Colorless polymer gasses create an invisible cloud of BPA toxins. Babies are at the greatest risk, seniors, HIV patients, Lupus people, Aspartame drinkers, they are pretty much all gonna die."

BPAmom75 has posted a thread and several animated GIFs on BPAtruths.net in honor of those slain. Well-wishers are asked to direct all donations to her Kickstarter to help meet her $100,000 goal for a prototype BPA-free stainless steel tunnel maze designed for cats.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.4 My Great Ideas for Batman Comic Stories

Tuesday, Sep 04, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

It's tough to break into the comic-writing business, especially if you're like me: a young Batman fan who has never read a single Batman comic in his life. Since Marvel Comics returns all my letters, claiming they don't even do Batman comics-- how stupid do they think I am?-- so my last resort is to publish my awesome story ideas here and hope someone in the industry takes notice.

Half the Bat
The Joker uses a toxic gas to shrink Batman to two-thirds his normal size. The tiny Batman must then fight The Joker's menagerie of insects... but Batman is still more than large enough to hold the advantage!

Day of the Batman
Alfred forgets Batman's birthday, and the Dark Knight becomes sullen and loses his interest in fighting crime. The streets of Gotham are overrun with thugs... and only the perfect cake can put Batman right again!

Three Capes to the Wind
Bruce Wayne has a few too many bottles of champagne at a soiree... and then The Joker's henchmen invade the party! Can a blacked-out Batman prevail?

Robin Rage
Batman catches Robin experimenting with a dangerous street drug... none other than Venom, the super-steroid that gives Bane his immense strength! Batman must reconcile his moral opposition to drugs with Robin's greatly enhanced crime-stopping abilities.

Too Many Batmans

When Batman is hit with a cloning ray, nine identical Batmans are produced. This leads to a shortage of Batmobiles, additional administrative difficulties, etc.

The Naked Bat
When Batman forgets to put on the Batsuit before taking the Batmobile out for a spin,

his identity is nearly compromised... and a worried Gotham reviles Bruce Wayne for taking the 'mobile for a nude joyride! Can the city's beloved industrialist win back the people's trust as his stock plummets in scandal?

The Daily News
Two Face intimidates the staff of the Gotham Gazette into printing a special Batman-only edition of the paper that claims that crime has officially ended. Batman believes that the city has been made safe, and announces his retirement. Can Batman be convinced that the city still needs him?

Robin Roll
Robin decides to start a rock and roll "beat combo" with the most dangerous bassist in Gotham: Two Face! Can art flourish on opposite sides of the law? Batman doesn't think so, and he suffers considerable consternation.

Bad Neighbors
The City of Gotham annexes the land just outside Wayne Manor for a new minimum-security wing of Arkham Asylum, built to house "reformed" lunatics! Now, the Batcave's tunnels open right into the cells of madmen. Can Bruce Wayne lobby to close the asylum while alter-ego Batman is busy beating up the mentally ill?

Batcruising
To stop a serial killer that's preying on Gotham's gay leather underworld, Batman must go undercover in the world of S&M, poppers and anonymous sexual encounters. How deep will the Dark Knight penetrate to catch a killer?

A Party To Die For
Batman throws a lavish birthday party for Robin, but he makes a fatal mistake: the "clown" he hires to amuse his young ward is none other than Gotham's most notorious jokester: Mr. Freeze!

The Name of the Knight
The Joker discovers Batman's secret identity by following his car to Wayne Manor. When Joker reveals it to the whole city, Batman must go around and punch every Gotham citizen in the head until they forget (four-parter).

Who's the Boss
Alfred's old army buddies are coming to town, and the humble coot is determined to impress them, so he makes Bruce Wayne pose as his butler! He reluctantly agrees, but the comical ruse turns dangerous when Bruce is indisposed serving brandy to the guests... and Alfred must don the Batsuit to stop a bank robbery!

Tender is the Knight
After a run-in with Poison Ivy leaves Batman and Robin with painful rashes, the duo must retire to the Batcave for a weeklong mutual ointment-rubbing regimen. Can they retain their sanity and masculinity in the face of oily nude massage?

Dead Man's Curve
Batman gets caught up in the deadly world of high school drag racing. Now, he must tune up the Batmobile for the most dangerous race of his life... against Robin!

Portlyman
Batman thinks he's invented the perfect Bat-Gadget: a computer-controlled Baterang that can thump crimedoers in the head with the press of a button! Batman spends weeks sitting in the Batcave stopping crimes from afar, but his sedentary lifestyle makes him soft and chubby. When Joker invents a special helmet that prevents him from getting bopped in the head, Batman must squeeze into his tiny suit and huff and puff into the fray!

Off the Tracks
Robin builds a perfect miniature replica of Gotham City to accompany his new model train set, but his efforts are put in jeopardy when Clayface hatches a plot to cause a devastating miniature trainwreck.

A Dark Christmas
Batman is chosen to light Gotham's famous Christmas tree... but The Joker sabotages the affair, leaving the tree burnt down and Santa Claus dead! The public blames Batman for ruining Christmas... can he deliver presents to all the city's children before they cry themselves to sleep?

The Big Glitch
The Batcomputer gets a virus and becomes confused about what constitutes a crime. Batman, following the system's lead, begins beating up citizens for driving on roads and withdrawing money from the bank. Will Batman detect the glitch before the errors cause damage to his reputation?

BatTV
When the Waynecorp board votes to strip Bruce Wayne of his salary, Batman must find an alternate source of funding. He agrees to appear on an all-access reality TV show about his crime-fighting adventures... but The Joker takes over in the editing room and cuts it to make Batman look like an asshole!

If you're a comic book industry type, please email me to work out money and stuff. If you're a comic fan, let me know if you see any of these stories in print without my named attached- - so help me, I'll sue the pants off Marvel. Special thanks to Josh Boruff for contributing several ideas.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.5 Health Code Violations for Leonardo's FunTyme Fried Chicken Playground N' Upscale Italian Bistro

Wednesday, Sep 05, 2012 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
PLEASANT HILL, MO
NOTICE
Leonardo's FunTyme Fried Chicken Playground N' Upscale Italian Bistro

- Aquarium of "live lobsters" actually a rear projection television displaying looping footage from Discovery Channel's "Lobster's Marathon" program on VHS.
- Used hypodermic needles should not be considered a condiment.
- Gravy recipe requires "industrial grade epoxies."

- Repeated customer complaints of "excessive witchcraft" present during take-out orders.
- Explosives located within an "unsafe" distance of oven (inside it).
- Owner seen cutting children's hair, shaving, and bathing in kitchen.
- Tub of mashed potatoes analyzed and discovered to be combination of flour, starch, salt, and previously undiscovered man-made element which seems to defy all known properties of physics.
- Grandfather's cremated ashes improperly labeled as "chicken."
- Nine (9) freely roaming dogs discovered in the women's restroom.
- Twelve (12) chained dogs discovered in the men's restroom.
- Zero (0) dogs discovered in the Leonardo's FunTyme Fried Chicken Playground N' Upscale Italian Bistro Dog Rodeo.
- Refrigeration units fail to achieve an internal temperature below 96 degrees.

- Broken chair improperly labeled as "chicken."
- Brief ape spotting.
- Chef failed to wash hands after using restroom, changing the oil on his 1997 Buick, wrestling with a large wad of uncooked pork, and sleeping for six days.
- Chef spit into soup. When encountered, he claimed it was "the special ingredient." Same chef seen urinating into soup. When encountered, he claimed it was "the rest of the ingredients."
- Improper storage of ghosts.
- Chicken stored inside Home Depot paint buckets outside a nearby alleyway. Owner claimed this did not violate health code standards "during the winter."
- Over 12 pounds of pure, uncut cocaine discovered in children's ball pit.
- No balls discovered in children's ball pit.
- No pit discovered in children's ball pit.
- Fire escape sign located over a small hole in the wall apparently created when the owner drank two gallons of malt liquor from a Home Depot model toilet and punched the wall with his face until they both broke. Additionally, a sign declaring the hole to be "PUSSY'S WAY OUT" negates any potential benefits.

- Activating or standing within a 12-foot radius of the jukebox machine causes user to get herpes.
- Salad bar tested for highly abnormal amounts of radioactivity.
- Salad bar inspected and revealed to not actually contain salad, but instead an "endless pit probably leading to the center of the earth."

- Salad bar has previously been cited as "abnormally dangerous" by HAZMAT teams and assorted Catholic priests.
- Salad bar actually a vortex into the netherworlds, populated by the infernal screaming souls of the damned.
- Salad bar improperly labeled as "chicken."
- Completely exposed corpses seen sitting in booth by window. Owner claims they are for "decoration" and "ambience."
- Chefs encouraged to wrestle during food preparation.
- During peak business hours, hostess seen escorting guests out of the restaurant and into oncoming traffic.
- Large neon sign outside restaurant inaccurately claims "IF YOU EAT HERE, WE'LL GIVE YOU $1000." Owner claims sign is an "inside joke that's really funny but it would take a long time for me to explain to you."

- Children's "playground" consists of several abandoned vehicles that were lit on fire for insurance claims and then chained together with barbed wire.
- Sign claiming "anything you bring into this restaurant is legally ours forever" is not an enforceable nor legal store policy.
- Various weeds and saplings spotted growing out of the floor tiles. Owner claims this is acceptable because "they're not poison ivy or anything." Tests have revealed they are poison ivy.
- Restaurant's policies on mummies are unclear at best.
- Customers attempting to pay with credit cards have reported "erroneous" billing errors several thousand dollars greater than the amount. Owner has claimed discrepancies as "convenience charges."
- Hardcore sex scenes involving up to 58 people reportedly filmed in kitchen during business hours, violating the room's maximum occupancy of 20 people.
- Hardcore sex scenes involving up to 58 people improperly labeled as "chicken."

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.6 Welcome to The 'Cheese.

Wednesday, Sep 05, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hey kid. Looks like this is your first day at the old Chuckaroonie. Yeah, I prefer to not give my actual name -- already got too many people that know I work here. I don't care about your story, but the only reason you're talking to me is because I did fifteen in the can for manslaughter. God damn did I have it good before then. Assistant night manager at the Shoney's. Renting a big screen TV. Kill your neighbor with a riding mower and this is what happens. Just dump all of your dreams in the shitter. You're here now. Welcome to The 'Cheese.

We keep it real here. And let me tell you, you are going to have some shit jobs ahead of you, trainee. Machine wipedowns every 15? Let me know how long that single paper towel lasts before you're wiping feces off of the Centipede cabinet by the bathrooms with your own work shirt. It's cool, though. Most of the time you'll be so high on crack that you won't ever notice how filthy you are. That stuff flows like water here, and I heard that Mark won't fire you if you buy from him.

Word of warning: do not get on that guy's bad side. He accidentally killed his family with a gas leak in the '80s. Mark has a lot of demons. I came in a three o' clock in the morning because I left my crack here, and I saw Mark sitting naked in the ball pit, screaming and clawing at his face. Freaked me out so much that I almost forgot my crack. Didn't, though.

You want to steer clear of that robot band. We got a thick guy name Davis who keeps them lubed and puts out their near-constant fires. He lost two damn fingers last Wednesday -- when Jasper T. Jowls clamps down on your hand, that thing's not letting go until you cave its head in with a stage light. I'll let you know we spent nearly three days combing the gore from his fur. Made it out a lot quicker than Hector, though. Mr. Munch tore open his brachial artery and the dude bled out

in minutes. We tried to get the engineers to design robots that don't have their components hidden behind razor sharp-teeth, but no one has been able to contact the factory since it burned down in 1979.

We get two ten-minute breaks and one free slice of pizza every day, but I advise you to steer clear of that second benefit. Tried it to save up money for a new lawn chair, but I got worms so bad it looked like a white hydra was peeking out of my butthole. Managed to drop about 70 pounds, though, and it was way easier to get high after losing all of that blood.

Gotta say, if there's one perk, it's the moms. You know the ones on probation or on a supervised visit with their kids? I've hooked up with four of them pretties just from showing off my scars. From two to three P.M., the break room is officially Pound Town. We tried the dumpster once but it was too visible from the street. Just watch out for that Diana -- four feet and two inches of trouble with cherry Kool-Aid highlights. Sure, easy on the eyes, but she'll raid that prize counter the moment you run off to get more crack -- lost 12 spider rings and the box for a portable TV last time she herded that soccer team of a family in here.

Don't think you got room to improve at the Chuckmonster. I've made the same minimum wage for the past six years, and I purposely wear the wrong gang colors on my walks to work because I'm too much of a coward to kill myself. Let me tell you what Mark said: we keep the sunlight out of here here because we can't bear to know that we'll have to suffer for another day. We are the damned, my friend. Now help me carry Hector's body to a new freezer -- customers are saying our bread sticks are "too corpsey."

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.7 Democrats: Bin Laden Determined to Be Mentioned by Us

Friday, Sep 07, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The non-union custodians have swept up all the confetti, Chris Matthews has changed his soiled girdle, and the last reaction shot of an old lady crying for the President's speech has faded from TVs across the slumbering nation. It's over. The DNC's three-day celebration of the death of Osama Bin Laden has concluded with literally a hundred-hour speech from Joe Biden and a Hope-ectomy from the President.

The Democratic National Convention in Charlotte, North Carolina, has been a lumpy porridge of testimonials from women, minorities, and veterans, set against the backdrop of scathing rhetoric directed at the GOP. It was the March of Dimes meets March of the Pigs. At one point a woman softly related the story of her unfortunate uterus. Minutes later she was replaced at the microphone by a man screaming about inequality until his face looked greased with sweat.

The bile often came from unexpected places. On day three it was a brutal indictment of GOP foreign policy from, of all people, John Kerry. On day one, former Ohio Governor Ted Strickland, a mild-mannered corn cob with all the heat of a week-old thermos, suddenly erupted with a broadside on Romney over the auto bailouts and his use of offshore tax shelters.

> "Barack Obama is betting on the American worker. Mitt Romney is betting on a Bermuda shell corporation. Barack Obama saved the American auto industry. Mitt Romney saved on his taxes."

There was no shortage of past and future Democratic stars willing to blast holes in Romney and Ryan below the water line. From the bellowing of Deval Patrick to Mayor Julian Castro, the miniature latino with the grin, it was an onslaught that must have left the Romney campaign feeling a little besieged. The DNC was crushing the RNC.

Lucky for the Republicans, Democrats will knock over a baby carriage in their rush to snatch defeat from the jaws of a victory. Day two saw a debacle in which Democrats altered their platform by removing references to God and Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. The Republicans pounced, and in a few short hours Obama intervened personally to force the language back into the party's platform. Democrats on the floor booed the change and were overruled by the gavel. It was an ugly incident reminiscent of the RNC and John Boehner's use of the gavel to overwhelm the shouts of Ron Paul supporters.

The Democrats also decided on Wednesday morning to avoid a potential thunderstorm and move Obama's last-day speech from the Charlotte Panther's stadium - referred to as "Black Panther Stadium" by pompous cyber-smeg Rush Limbaugh - to the much-smaller convention hall. There was no thunderstorm.

Throughout the convention, the intermittent defense of Obamacare, government stimulus and other Obama policies was mostly drowned out by repeated celebrations of the auto bailout and bragging about killing Osama Bin Laden. The Bin Laden cheering was downright unseemly at some points. Virtually any speech or video clip could suddenly turn to a solemn reference to Obama's "difficult choice." Before you knew it, lowlight helicopters were flying through the sky and Obama was announcing Bin Laden's death for the fifth or sixth time that day.

Staunch liberals have been queasy about celebrating Bin Laden's death since people ran out into the streets chanting "U-S-A!" when they heard Bin Laden was dead. That outrage at the mob is not completely fair: we've been celebrating the deaths of wicked people at least since one was taken out by a falling house. It's hard to imagine a bigger fucker more deserving of eye bullets than Bin Laden, but the Democrats bringing the operation up every half hour like an oven timer went off got to feeling like they might show people cutting Bin Laden's balls off or dancing around with his corpse.

Probably the biggest disappointment for progressives at home was Massachusetts Senate Candidate Elizabeth Warren. Her populist, anti-corporate messaging has been a magnet for donations and interest in her Senate run, but she's a shitty politician and she is going to lose to Scott Brown. It's as stark as that. Her speech came across as a thin warble, polemic toned-down to a few effective jabs at inequality, intended mostly as a means to smear some of her liberal goo onto Obama.

The high point for Democrats - a rambling, devastating attack on Romney by Bill Clinton - was almost sad in its channeling of the collective need to recapture lost glory. There was some sense to the nostalgia. Clinton dealt with the tail end of a recession, presided over prosperity despite high taxes relative to today, and he was the target of a firestorm of right wing anger only surpassed by

the one that has nearly consumed the Obama administration. He could vouch for Obama.

By the time Obama finally took the stage on Thursday the crowd was primed for inspiration. They were primed to hear details. They wanted to see the road map to a better tomorrow. What they got instead was an odd admission of failure by Obama, followed by an attempt to abdicate all responsibility for his achievements to "you." The speech was fine. The details were thin. The hope was intentionally dimmed to a line about cutting in half "the growth of tuition costs."

> "Yes, our path is harder - but it leads to a better place. Yes our road is longer - but we travel it together. We draw strength from our victories, and we learn from our mistakes, but we keep our eyes fixed on that distant horizon."

He sounded less like a President and more like a therapist laying out the long road ahead in our recovery from prescription horse pill addiction. The crowd at the convention ate it up, but they've been programmed to by George Stephanopolous and children singing about Obama in classrooms. The two parties aren't equally bad. One is evil, the other is pathetic. For the rest of us, we had little reason to be inspired by either convention and every reason to be concerned that we're going to be eating a lot of bread sandwiches in the coming years no matter who is elected.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.8 Daily Miracle Tips For A Healthier And Happier You!

Saturday, Sep 08, 2012 by Dr. Oz (@DennisFarrell)

Some people say that the guests on my television show are predatory snake oil salesmen, that I abandon my ethics every time I stand before an audience of displaced Oprah fans and shill for pseudoscience while proclaiming that western medicine is outdated and closed-minded. Others have not seen the show.

In every episode, I toss out a few unconventional and seemingly forward-thinking tips. By simply doing these things each and every day I claim that you will live longer and be healthier. These tips usually happen to involve a guest's book or product line, but I assure you that's just a coincidence.

It's simple, really. Just do each of these things today and every day for the rest of your life. Why spend money on doctors and their nefarious schemes to sell prescriptions that you don't really need when you can follow these simple and useful tips while buying the associated products?

Health Tip: Rub some Soothing Health Caffeine hand lotion on your neck. The caffeine will give you as much of a boost as a cup of coffee, and putting the lotion on your neck will let the soothing energy get to your brain much more quickly than if you rubbed it on your hands.

Health Tip: Witness a UFO. The excitement will get your heart pumping, provided much-needed blood to your body parts. Refer to Jake Realname's handy book "How To Spot A UFO" to make this much easier, and buy his "UFO Saucer Identification Manual" to figure out what type of UFO you just saw.

Health Tip: Eat three tablespoons of Nutri-Mazing cinnamon extract powder to restore your sex drive and get rid of pesky wrinkles. Do not drink any liquid - including water - for 24 hours before and after ingesting the powder.

Health Tip: Spend 5 minutes earnestly trying to will the universe to kill all those who doubt me. Sometimes we allow self-proclaimed skeptics to come on the show. These haters question my willingness to ignore scientific principles, and openly doubt my right to make proclamations about the effectiveness of products that have not been tested in clinical trials (which are alway run by Big Medicine, which does not have your interests in mind). Of course, they never have an answer for my questions "Are you always so negative?" and "Why don't you want to let people have the freedom to be healthy however they want?" Well, sometimes they do have answers. Thankfully, we edit those out.

Health Tip: Peel a banana and cut approximately half an inch off of each end. Stuff one piece up each nostril and keep it there. As it dissolves throughout the day, its nutrients will seep into your nervous system and flush out any toxins.

Health Tip: Have you heard about Eyelid Miracle Vitamins, which contain a wonder root that will practically make you invincible? Oh, it's great. My wife and dog love it. Just place a vitamin under each eyelid every morning. You know, like a contact lens, but good for you. This product is three weeks old and it has already been proven to extend the lifespan of its consumers by three hundred years.

Health Tip: Before you leave the house in the morning, spin in place seven times. This does two things. The spinning motion confuses cancer cells, keeping them from growing or even taking hold in the first place. They will simply pass out of your system with your hourly Ginko Baloba power pee. Secondly, upon completing the spin your mind will force itself to adjust its equilibriums. This snaps your brain into focus, improving alertness throughout the rest of the day. Of course, we recommend that you do all of your spinning on a Global Health Spin Mat.

Health Tip: Stand naked in front of a mirror and tell yourself "I will be healthy today." Put on underwear, then stand in front of the same mirror and tell yourself "I will wear underwear today." Repeat the process for every item of clothing. When you're finished, thank the mirror store owner for his time, but firmly tell him that you will not be buying anything today.

Health Tip: Take a mid-afternoon bath in oatmeal. Not a whole bathtub of oatmeal. Don't be crazy! I'm talking about a single packet of instant oatmeal with no water. Spread it all over your entire body, being very careful not to get ANY on your hands. The healing powers of this wonder element will draw out any toxins in your body, along with fat cells in those problematic areas like your hips and thighs.

Health Tip: If you're going to be in any given location for more than a few minutes, walk around the perimeter while liberally spritzing the air with a Monster Cable brand Chemtrail Removal Kit. The patented mixture will clear up any toxic trails left by suspicious jet airplanes. It has the added benefit of blocking all chemtrail-related surveillance from left-leaning wacko Obama government agents while allowing surveillance from common sense agents who just want to stop terrorism and illegal immigration and big government. Be sure to buy the Monster Cable brand. Their spritzers are the only ones with patented gold-plated delivery nozzles, which ensure maximum chemtrail dispersal.

-~Dr. Oz (@DennisFarrell)

9.9 My Future Happiness Rests Entirely on the iPhone 5

Monday, Sep 10, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On September 21st, my life will become divided into two halves: the "before" iPhone 5 and the "after" iPhone 5. All that came before the purchase of the new iPhone is preamble to my life with the iPhone 5.

Each iPhone release has incremented my happiness, gradually making me happier and more fulfilled, but I can feel it this time. This is the big one. iPhone 5 will determine all future joy I experience. Without it, I will be bereft. I might as well exist as dirty diapers on a pig's shitty ass.

Let's talk stats. The features haven't been announced yet for the iPhone 5, and I'm sure they will be totally great, but I have a little bit of a wishlist.

CPU

A quad core instead of the dual core on the 4S. Just make it a little bit faster. I think this would really help smooth things over with the wife I am estranged from for sitting outside the Apple store for days. Once she sees what the iPhone 5 is all about she will see that it was worth it and that she should stop dating that fireman.

Camera

My iPhone 4S has an 8 megapixel camera. I would really like to see 9-10 megapixels. I can capture a lot with 8 megapixels, but I can't quite contain the full measure of happiness. It's going to take at least that 10% extra megapixels.

Storage

Really would like to see a 128 GB version instead of the 64 on the 4S. I might not have visitation with my daughter, but I have 300 eps of the Adam Corolla podcast, so now who is laughing, motherfuckers? It's me. Laughing at Adam Corolla's hilarious jokes about Mexicans and LA cops.

Weight

I prefer the 140 gram weight of the 4S over the 137 grams of the iPhone 4 and I would like to keep the 5 in the 139-141 gram range. It needs to be just right to balance out my Sig Sauer CCW. Something has to defend these logos I have been designing for a pet store.

Cases

A good OtterBox or a real wooden case on launch would be awesome. Anything to take my pick up artist work to the next level.

I'm not worried at all. Apple regularly exceeds my expectations and puts the bleeding edge of tech in my pocket. I can't wait to get this beast loaded and show my "Friend" at work, who owns a Droid phone, the new iPhone 5. He is a piece of garbage. He will realize he is shit and he needs to bow down. Pathetic apps on that device. Yeah, nice games, they were on iOS like eighteen months ago.

Sometimes I think about the people who make iPhones. How lucky they are to be around them all day and to get the first hands-on with the iPhone 5. I imagine they are beautiful. Chinese are unquestionably the second most attractive Asian. I bet they look really adorable with their little hands touching the Retina display, marveling at the technology we have shared with them, thinking about how wonderful America is. Thank you, Chinese people, without you I would never be happy.

If I can't get a launch-day iPhone 5 I have an alternate plan. It is the way of the Samurai, when his master is dead he must join his master in the afterlife. Siri has it all figured out. But it doesn't have to happen. I just have to get the iPhone 5 and everything will be perfect.

My life will be so fun. And if it's not, I don't want to live.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.10 A Slightly Better List of Funny Twitter People

Tuesday, Sep 11, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

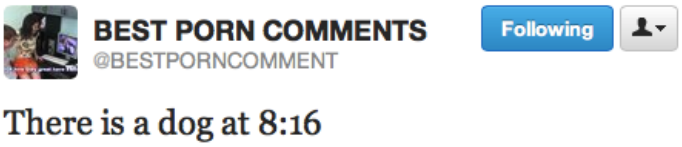
Seems like just about every other site these days is publishing a list of must-follow funny Twitter accounts. Naturally, we do the same thing in a way via the Twitter Tuesday feature, but I felt it necessary to call out a handful of devastatingly funny Twitter folks who tend to fly under most radars and only onto the screens of nerds like myself who spend too much time on the thing. We've all perused those lists on other sites, but most of the ladies and gentlemen you're about to see aren't found on other lists because they're a little obscure, too niche, play a little blue, or are just outright vulgar at times-- SA has all of those things in common, so it's fine.

Also, in order to hopefully not repeat myself too much, I tried to avoid listing SA writers and contributors, as well as folks who are commonly featured in Twitter Tuesday. If you're a regular enough SA reader and you have any interest in Twitter, you probably already follow all of them in the first place. And if you don't, now's a good time to go explore previous Twitter Tuesdays. The following list is in no particular order. They're each as important and special and visually stunning as the last. That means if you look at any of the list, you have to look at all of it. Sorry, that's the rules. (Also, yes, I know I'm missing a LOT of people. There will probably be a part two sometime.)

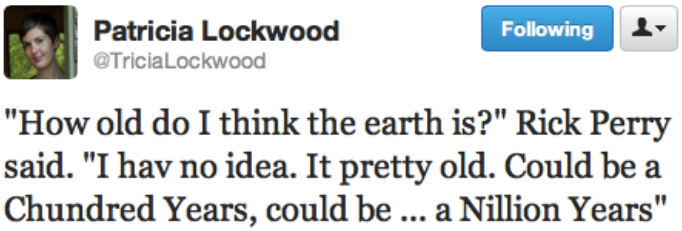
Ken Jennings
@KenJennings
Following
If you're a vegan who ran a marathon & got your dogs from a shelter, how do you decide which thing to wedge into the conversation first?

@KenJennings - This infinite-time Jeopardy! champ isn't just beauty-- he's got the brains for jokes, too!

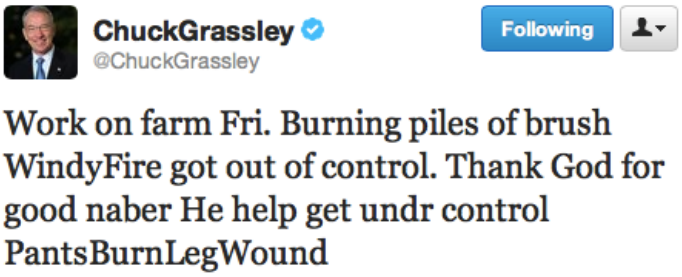
@jakefogelnest - Radio, TV, and podcast hero, not to mention level 69 music and pop culture wizard.



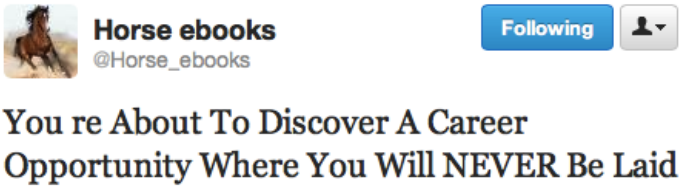
@BESTPORNCOMMENT - An ongoing collection of comments posted on porn videos. No more watching all those icky nude bodies to get to the good stuff.


Patricia Lockwood
@TriciaLockwood
Following
"How old do I think the earth is?" Rick Perry said. "I hav no idea. It pretty old. Could be a Chundred Years, could be ... a Nillion Years"

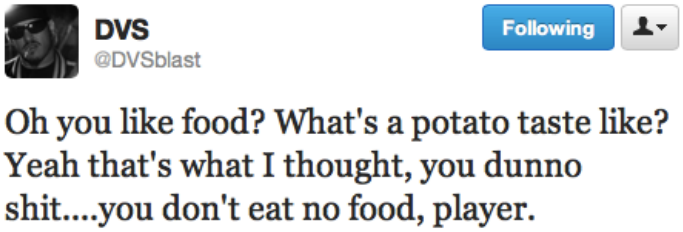
@TriciaLockwood - Some of the sharpest wit you can find on a computer. And poetry, too!


ChuckGrassley
@ChuckGrassley
Following
Work on farm Fri. Burning piles of brush WindyFire got out of control. Thank God for good naber He help get undr control PantsBurnLegWound

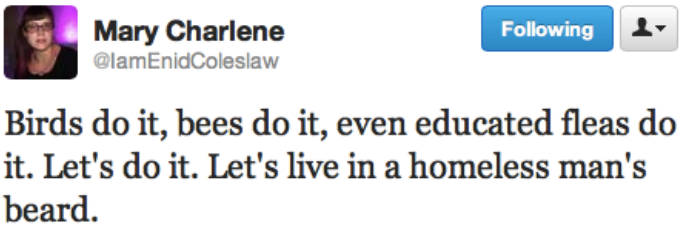
@ChuckGrassley - Regardless of your politics, it's pretty enjoyable how completely inept Senator Chuck Grassley of Iowa is at Twitter.~



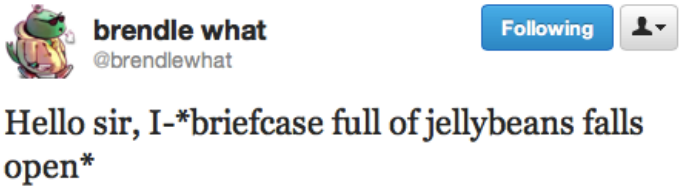
@Horse_Ebooks - Horse now has over 100,000 followers. He's grown up so much. I love him.


DVS
@DVSblast
Following
Oh you like food? What's a potato taste like? Yeah that's what I thought, you dunno shit....you don't eat no food, player.

@DVSblast - Not only is he a rap sorceror, but he's a hilarious human being to boot.


Mary Charlene
@IamEnidColeslaw
Following
Birds do it, bees do it, even educated fleas do it. Let's do it. Let's live in a homeless man's beard.

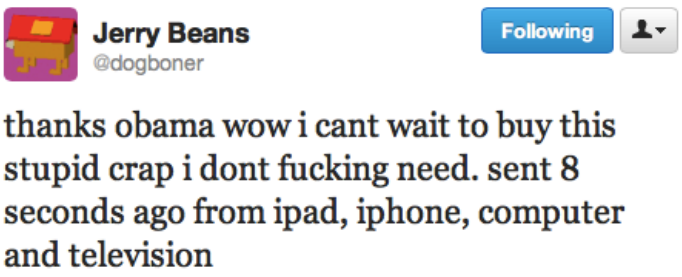
@IamEnidColeslaw - If hilarious, absurd, and gross sex/genital-related tweets aren't your thing, you will not get along with Mary Charlene.



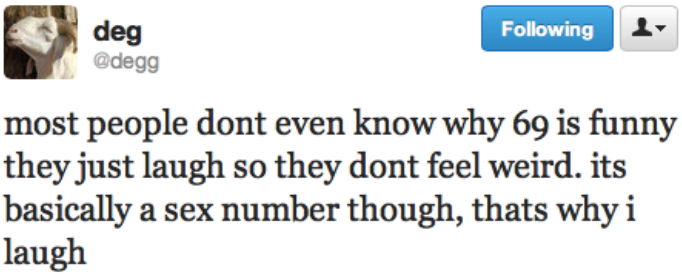
@brendlewhat - As a smarty pants literary guy, blogger, funnyman, expert retweeter, and owner of multiple chairs, Brendle makes an excellent addition to your twit collection.

Löwenäffchen
@Lowenaffchen
Following
you click "FIND LONELY SINGLES IN YOUR AREA" and it brings you to a map. the map zooms in on your apartment. you're the only one. wow

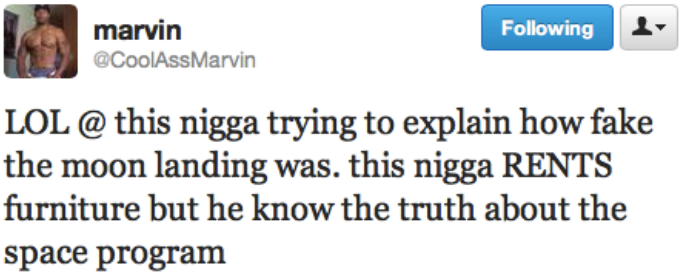
@Lowenaffchen - One of the best folks at finding really weird things to retweet and with the wit to match, Lowenaffchen is a must-have for the fall season.~


Jerry Beans
@dogboner
Following
thanks obama wow i cant wait to buy this stupid crap i dont fucking need. sent 8 seconds ago from ipad, iphone, computer and television

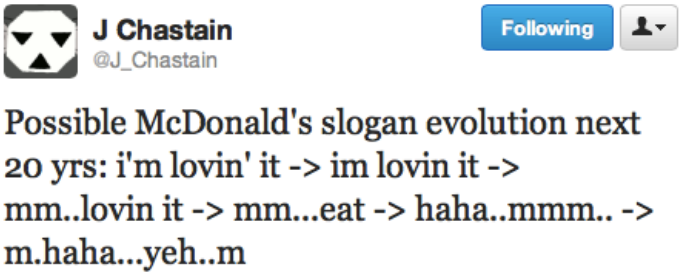
@dogboner - Not only is he hilarious with an uncanny knack for commentary, word on the street is dogboner keeps a real good ass. Real clean and good lookin'.


deg
@degg
Following
most people dont even know why 69 is funny they just laugh so they dont feel weird. its basically a sex number though, thats why i laugh

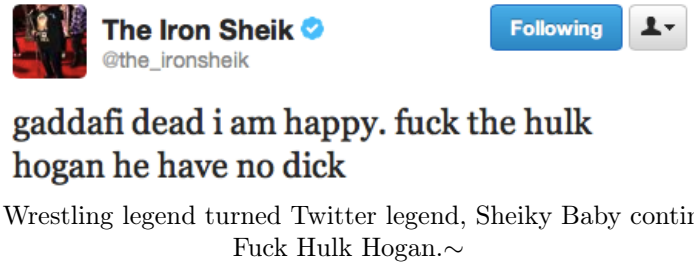
@degg - Deg is a goat. He loves asses, dicks, pits, boobs, sex, sexboobs, sex tits, and loads.


marvin
@CoolAssMarvin
Following
LOL @ this nigga trying to explain how fake the moon landing was. this nigga RENTS furniture but he know the truth about the space program

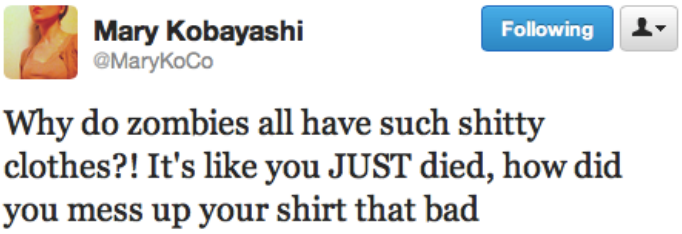
@CoolAssMarvin - Marvin's level-headed and good-values-havin' ass is cool as hell, follow him.


J Chastain
@J_Chastain
Following
Possible McDonald's slogan evolution next 20 yrs: i'm lovin' it -> im lovin it -> mm..lovin it -> mm...eat -> haha..mmm.. -> m.haha...yeh..m

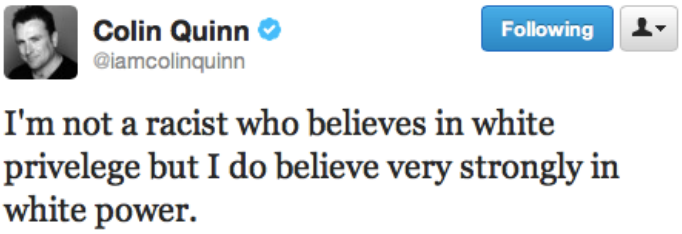
@J_Chastain - Author of tweets that can take you across space and time and then right back before you knew what you were thinking about.



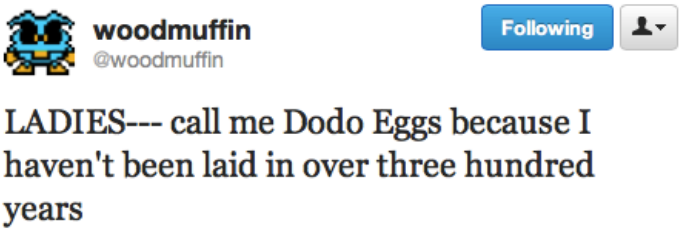
@the_ironsheik - Wrestling legend turned Twitter legend, Sheiky Baby continues to remind us: Fuck Hulk Hogan.~


Mary Kobayashi
@MaryKoCo
Following
Why do zombies all have such shitty clothes?! It's like you JUST died, how did you mess up your shirt that bad

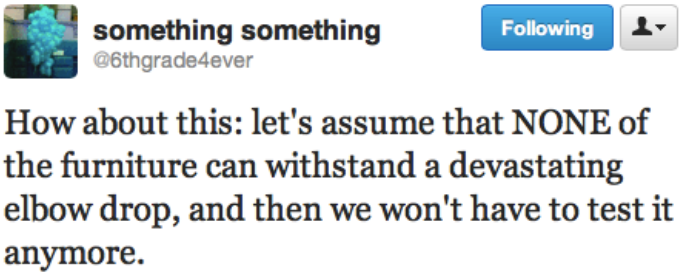
@MaryKoCo - Real-ass tweets from the cold, black heart of Los Angeles. Her human side comes out sometimes when there's donuts involved.


Colin Quinn
@iamcolinquinn
Following
I'm not a racist who believes in white privelege but I do believe very strongly in white power.

@iamcolinquinn - Colin Quinn does a fine job of endlessly trolling practically everyone, and then retweeting those who get upset. Always fantastic.



@woodmuffin - "Puns-N-Buns" is what we call him for his excellent puns and excellent buns.


something something
@6thgrade4ever
Following
How about this: let's assume that NONE of the furniture can withstand a devastating elbow drop, and then we won't have to test it anymore.

@6thgrade4ever - Genuinely high-quality tweets and nothing but come out of this guy's brain. Who is he? No idea. But he's great.

Peter Thraft
@DrPeterThraft
Following
Men, as you fall asleep with your partner rest your hand on her vagina and whisper 'I will always protect you'

@DrPeterThraft - This sex doctor whose tips are less than usual and had suffered a heart attack earlier this year is either probably fake or dead, but he's still worth following because he's that good.

bandit
@UtilityLimb
Following
"anyone hear about this new ipad?" [jay leno pauses] "anyone hear anything at all?" [jay wanders the desolate cities. even the wind is gone]

@UtilityLimb - Formerly known as "the bi bandit" (no idea why he changed it), follow this guy and lots of surreal stories encapsulated in 140 characters will be your reward... when/if he returns from his self-imposed pre-tweet-666 exile.

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

9.11 Society of Amateur Time Travelers Update for 12 September 2012

Wednesday, Sep 12, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Society of Amateur Time Travelers series.

Hark! Before you is the top secret log of historical changes presided over by the Society of Amateur Time Travelers. We endeavor to protect the timeline from malfeasance and tampering, and strive to witness firsthand the greatest moments in history. Should our observations accidentally alter the flow of time, we work tirelessly to repair the damage.

Society members, please review today's log before departing the present. These changes are critical to your understanding of the past and future.∼

- Society member Jeff accidentally brought King Tut to the present, where it turns out he is super, super racist.
- Society member Ryan's carelessness led to Juggalo clown makeup becoming hugely popular with 18th century French fops. This aberration has since been fixed.
- A mistake that briefly caused Thomas Jefferson's tomb to read "Cheese and Pepperoni" has been corrected by Society member Ryan.
- Society member Taylor left his NASA t-shirt in Renaissance Italy, resulting in Italy winning the Space Race hundreds of years ahead of the United States.
- Please utilize extra sensitivity around Society member Louis, who went back in time to try to fix the *Star Wars* prequels and accidentally caused himself to be born a girl.
- R.I.P. Society member Tad, who tried to influence the course of history to more closely resemble *Final Fantasy* and was crushed under the weight of his own gargantuan hairdo.
- Society member Travis has been reprimanded for briefly preventing human civilization from ever happening. He traveled back in time and appointed himself leader of a crucial hunter-gatherer tribe, which collapsed as a result of him trying to run it according to the teachings of Ron Paul.
- Society member Steve defeated Genghis Khan in a 5-hour game of Settlers of Catan. The victory was erased from the timeline for safety. Steve will next be challenging Hannibal to a game of Carcassonne.
- All records of the time Sophocles had a van he drove around Greece have been purged from history thanks to a thorough audit from Society Elders.
- Society Elders successfully--and very, very carefully--removed the last of Society member Jon's pubes from the Library of Alexandria

- Society member Brad mistakenly gave Napoleon a pair of Air Yeezys, giving him a tactical advantage and causing France to become the dominant superpower in the world. Society members Beau and Alan managed to revert this change.
- R.I.P. Society member Gerald. He tried to prove 9/11 was an inside job by traveling back in time and causing it, but was eaten by a dinosaur in the process.
- Society member Ron heroically prevented Hitler from winning a Grammy, and managed to undo the disastrous "Hitler's Golden Voice" temporal deviation fiasco.
- Society member Ajax traveled back in time to prevent Society member Chip from losing fifty cents to a faulty vending machine.
- Fixed an anomaly whereby a group of pimply Scottish teenagers called the Bay City Rollers became briefly famous.
- Society member Darrel lost a mix tape in the Middle Ages, causing the Black Eyed Peas to form hundreds of years early.
- Society member Ron and the sexbot he brought back from the future have broken up. The sexbot is now dating Society member Stan. Ron and Stan are no longer speaking.

- R.I.P. Society member Dave. Due to his recent weight gain, Dave was unable to fully fit through the rift in the fabric of spacetime created by his Temporal Shifter, causing most of his buttocks and thighs to be transported to ancient Babylon while the rest of him remained in the present.
- Welcome new Society member Dave! Dave is the younger version of the Dave who died. He has yet to be dumped by Stacy so he hasn't gained the massive amount of weight that led to his demise, although he will soon so please be supportive.
- Society member Carl has been reprimanded for stealing Helen of Troy's underwear and wearing them. Not cool, Carl. That's just weird.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.12 The Facinorous Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Thursday, Sep 13, 2012 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

"At age twelve, young Groggery was struck with a spinal disorder that baffled doctors. Confined to a halved keg modified with straps and pulleys, the boy would often entertain himself by writing stories about bribing a doctor to say he no longer needed the device. He sold the first of these at age 19, made his fantasy a reality, and suffered intense back pains for the rest of his life." -Ivan Camphur, *The Conscience of Nonsense*

"Schnitzel!" bellowed the butcher in the town square from his great strong lungs. "Schnitzel, ham, sausages and links! The finest of meats! At a fair price methinks!"

The people came from all around to buy the butcher's wares, and how happily he wrapped their parcels in paper and string, one after the next and down the line, until a surprising patron came to the front of the queue. "Eh? What's this!?" the butcher said, and thumbed his great black mustache. For in front of him stood a small raccoon.

"Greetings, oh meatmonger!" the raccoon said with a grinny manner. "I beg your pardon, but I

have come about the apprenticeship, that I may work an honest day with you!"

"Ho ho!" laughed the butcher. "An honest day from a little thief! That is quite the jest! Be gone with you, little raccoon, I have no need for an apprentice."

"Then why do you hang such a sign?" asked the raccoon, and pointed. And there it was, as he said, a sign above the butcher's shop that read "Wanted: Apprentice" in scribbled scrawl.

"What trickery!" the butcher cried as he tore the sign down from its place. "I made no such sign! And if I had, then even so, a raccoon would make for no apprentice!"

"Then why do you hang that other sign?" asked the raccoon, and again he pointed. And there it was again, a sign that read "Wanted: Raccoon Apprentice."

"Blasted lies!" the butcher yawped as he ripped the sign to pieces. "The townsfolk would not hear of such filthiness!"

"Of course we would!" interrupted the man in line behind the raccoon, who was quite clearly three raccoons stacked inside a long fisherman's coat. "In fact, we insist that you hire him right this instant!"

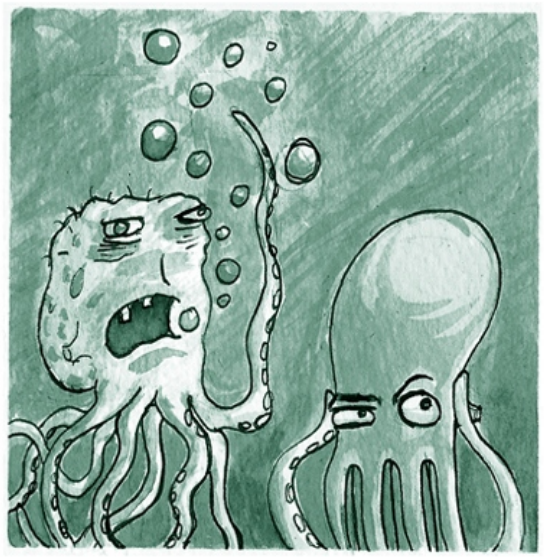
"Enough!" fumed the butcher, and he threw a furious punch that scattered the three raccoons every which way. "You shall not trick me so easily, little thieves!"

"Halt right there! Murderer!" cried three more raccoons piled inside in a policeman's uniform, and from its pocket they pulled a policeman's gun and shot the butcher dead.

And the townsfolk, who were each of them three raccoons in disguise, cheered, and ate sausages.

The moral of the story is: Never drop acid on the job, especially if you work with knives.

OLD OCTOPUS AND YOUNG OCTOPUS



In the kingdom of Neptune, the sandy plains that stretch and shimmer forever and more at the bottom of the sea, there once lived an octopus that was old as old itself. He was known for being a wise octopus, and the younger members of his family had oft sought his council through the years.

"Idleness ..." said the old octopus to one such relative on one such occasion. "Idleness is the root of all misfortune!"

"Yes, yes, grandfather," said the young octopus with a sigh. "Don't you know any other wise things? You only ever say that one."

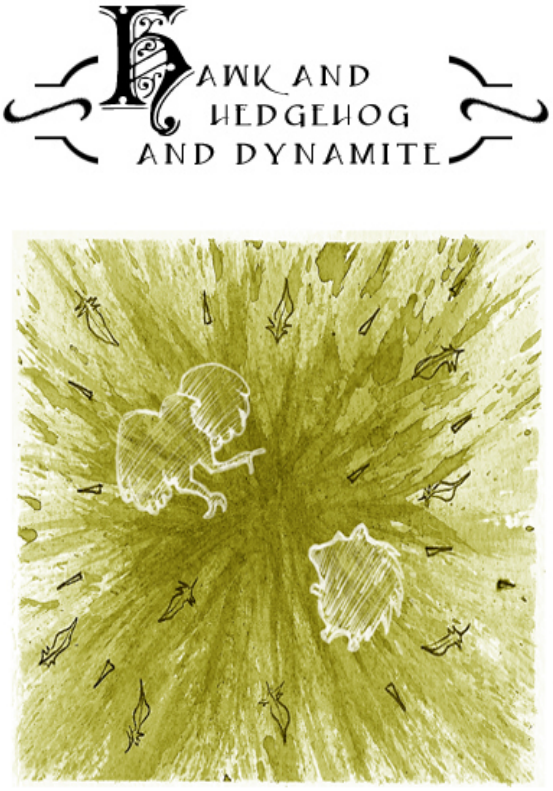
"IDLENESS!" the old octopus proclaimed in his creaking caw. "Idleness is the root of all misfortune!"

Young octopus rolled his eyes. "Yes, *I know,*" he said. He massaged his temples, which ached from stress. "I have no idea how that applies to my dilemma. The lobsters have refused to sign the treaty, and if we can't ..."

"IDLENESS!" interrupted old octopus, louder still. "IDLENESS IS THE ROOT OF ... is the root of all ... the misfortune of ... idleness is ... the root."

And with that, old octopus fell asleep. Young octopus groaned, and took old octopus to bed, and cursed at him under his breath.

The moral of the story is: Wisdom ages like a fine milk.



One day, out and about and merry as they please, the best of friends Hedgehog, Hawk and Dynamite were walking along a country road when they came to a fork in the way. None of the friends had traveled this road before, and by their fair and friendly nature, the decision on which path to follow fell to a vote.

"Aha!" said Hawk after some consideration, and he pointed towards the left. "I vote that we shall go left, for I believe that is the road that shall lead us to liberty and truth!"

"Tsssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss" replied dynamite.

"Hmm" muttered Hedgehog. "My vote, I'm afraid, must be that we go right. For I believe that is the road that shall lead us to prosperity and safety!"

"TSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS" added dynamite.

"Well? What say you, friend dynamite?" asked Hawk.

"Yes" added Hedgehog. "It seems the decision is yours to ..."

The moral of the story is: KABOOM! Fuck two-party politics! RON PAUL!

Ian "BFM" Helm not only writes *and* illustrates Gibbonman's fables, he also ... I guess that's it, those two things.

-~Ian "BFM" Helm

9.13 Farewell to Vilerat

Friday, Sep 14, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

RIP

Sean Smith

1978 - 2012

Sean Smith was a veteran Foreign Service Officer of the US State Department. He was killed on September 11th, 2012, when the consulate where he was temporarily stationed in Benghazi, Libya was overrun by armed attackers. He was 34 and leaves behind his wife, Heather, and two young children, Samantha and Nathan.

> Due to the nature of government security and the attack on the compound we will never know the full details of what Sean was doing while under siege. But it is highly likely that he spent his last moments completing the destruction of cryptographic technology and classified materials that he was responsible for. To disregard one's personal safety to complete a final task like this is the highest honor one can achieve. Sean died a hero not only to the Department of State or the members of Something Awful, but in the eyes of his country.
>
> Vasudus
> SA forums mod

Sean went by the nickname "Vilerat" on our forums when he registered in 2002. When he became a mod of SA's political forum in 2009 he stuck with Vilerat. He used the same name on EVE Online,

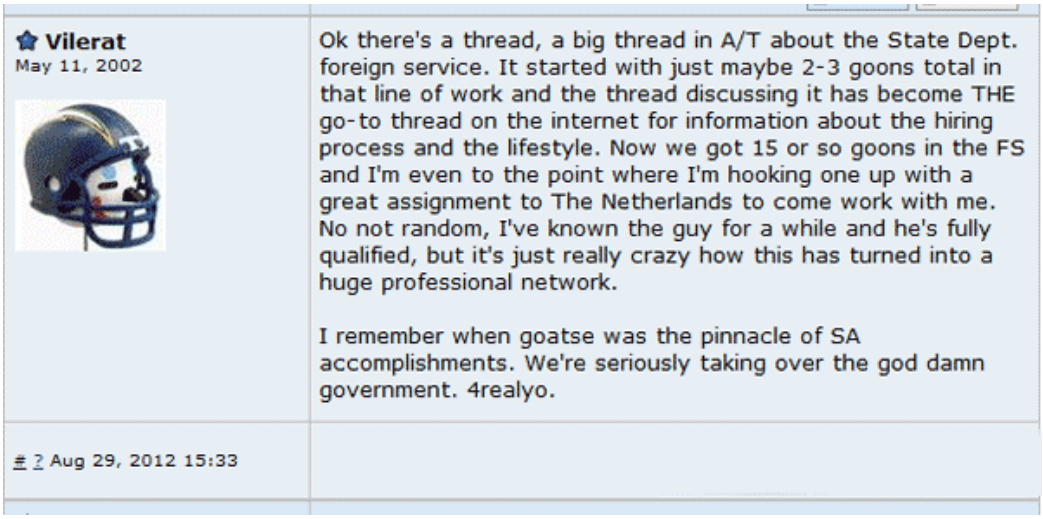
where he was a hugely influential diplomat for the Goonswarm guild, and he used Vilerat for his email address. He was so fond of the nickname he never bothered to register a more professional email, even after ten years at the US State Department.

When he was handed a form he sometimes smirked when he got to the email entry and filled in "Vilerat@gmail.com." He might have found it just as amusing to see all the great tributes to him forced to reconcile their effusive praise with calling him an unpleasant rodent.

It is no surprise there have been so many tributes to him. Vilerat made connections with everyone he met. He was friendly, smart, and generous with his time. He was beloved by his family and colleagues, and he will be dearly missed. He loved to post about seeing the world with his family, sharing pictures and talking about teaching his kids to cook or trying to get them hooked on video games. His family will no doubt pay him a fitting tribute when he is laid to rest in the coming days.

You can read about his experiences on EVE Online, one of his favorite hobbies, in a very thorough tribute from his friends in the Goonswarm guild and a tribute from CCP, the company behind EVE.

He was also beloved by the community here at Something Awful, a community he helped shape, particularly in his three years as a moderator of Debate & Discussion. He also contributed heavily to the Foreign Services thread on SA, which gave State Department employees and those interested in foreign service a chance to network. Vilerat helped many goons get jobs working for the State Department. He was proud of what the thread represented.


Vilerat
May 11, 2002
Ok there's a thread, a big thread in A/T about the State Dept. foreign service. It started with just maybe 2-3 goons total in that line of work and the thread discussing it has become THE go-to thread on the internet for information about the hiring process and the lifestyle. Now we got 15 or so goons in the FS and I'm even to the point where I'm hooking one up with a great assignment to The Netherlands to come work with me. No not random, I've known the guy for a while and he's fully qualified, but it's just really crazy how this has turned into a huge professional network.
I remember when goatse was the pinnacle of SA accomplishments. We're seriously taking over the god damn government. 4realyo.
? Aug 29, 2012 15:33

That network came in handy when he was getting into Libya at the start of September. He had some problems with his visa and a fellow goon working in the foreign services helped get him sorted. When he was departing, he warned his fellow mods that his internet would be spotty and someone might have to help cover for him in D&D while he was in Benghazi. "September to October" he assured the mods, with some gallows humor about another mod heading to Yemen and how SA might need a couple more mods soon.

Vilerat's slot as a moderator of D&D won't be opening up anytime soon. Mods may come and go, but nobody can take over for him advocating for world diplomacy, shepherding discussions and always bringing good humor to the most contentious of debates.

His humor occasionally took the form of elaborate pranks, sometimes played on rival EVE gamers, and sometimes played on everyone. Vilerat once created a tattoo featuring the lightning bolts of his much-beloved Chargers combined with the image of an armless dragon. His pals good-naturedly

> He devoted a lot of time and energy to making discussion at this site run smoothly and rarely flinched when tasked with coping with some of the unpleasant aspects of discussion that occasionally popped up. While it wasn't always easy to detect, he had a wry sense of humor that would be layered in with many of his posts.
>
> ozma
> SA forums admin

ribbed him about it and people who hated him posted it on our forums to try to make him angry. Curiously, whenever anyone met him in person and asked to see the infamous tattoo he would get a smirk on his face and politely refuse.

It's almost as if he *never had* the tattoo at all.

We are in the process of establishing a fundraiser to assist Vilerat's family. In the meantime, if you would like to contribute directly to his family via Paypal, you can send funds to **Vilerat@gmail.com**. Please **use the "Personal/Gift" option** to avoid any hassle. When a proper fundraiser is up and running there will be a notice posted in the forums.

Please remember those killed, Ambassador Chris Stevens and security agents Glen A. Doherty and Tyrone S. Woods, as well as those Libyans who fought and died to protect the consulate.

Goodbye, Vilerat, from all of your friends at Something Awful.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.14 Ten Four, Good Buddy

Saturday, Sep 15, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Breaker breaker, good buddy. Is anyone out there?

Roger, good buddy. I am driving a truck.

Ten-four. I'm seated in a truck as well. I am pushing the pedals with my feet and moving the steering wheel around with my hands and arms. Can you confirm that we are talking to one another through the use of some sort of... radio transmitting and receiving system? I pressed a button on this scary looking thing on my dashboard and started talking and now you're talking. I'd like to make sure that I didn't push a self-destruct button.

Affirmative. I'm using a very scary device as well. I can hear your voice through this thing and when I talk my own voice is going into the mechanical box and coming out on your end somehow.

Holeeey shit.

Roger.

Trucks, this is military fighter pilot Risky Danger. I am in a billion dollar jet that is flying in the sky at like a million miles per hour. This thing is flying so fast that it is going directly through clouds without crashing. Did I hear you correctly? Did you say that we are able to talk to one another even though we can't even see each other?

Risky Danger, that's a big ten-four good buddy. I have been weeping in disbelief at this manifestation of chaotic beauty that is mankind's progress.

Copy. When you confirmed that we were indeed communicating with one another beyond shouting distance through the use of invisible waves of talking energy, I fired off three missiles in celebration.

All vessels, this is the U.S.S. Water Boat. This vessel floats in the ocean and is enormous. It's like the size of two elephants at least. And I'm talking about some fat elephants here. Am I on some sort of hidden camera show? Are you hiding under my instrumentation panels? Or are you actually very far away and projecting your voices with science, as you have claimed?

I'm not sure how this is working, Water Boat, but we are not hiding under your instrumentation. This is actually happening. Over.

I let go of the radio's transmit button and honked the boat's horn. Did any of you fellas hear that? If you did, you're actually close by. Maybe you're close enough for us all to overhear one another without this supposed miracle technology.

Negative. No horn was heard up here, only the sound of my machine guns firing in celebration.

Well I'll be damned. You're telling the truth. This is incredible, I need to get ahold of my commanding officer and advise him that we should go to war immediately.

Water Boat, this is a trucker. I am here in a truck that is driving down a road, and there is cargo in the back of my truck. On behalf of all truckers and all their cargo, I'd like to state that war is badass. Godspeed.

Houston, this is Space Astronaut aboard the Space Vehicle. Have I succumbed to space madness or are you guys actually communicating with some sort of radio... wave... frequency thing?

Ahoy, Space Astronaut. I can hardly believe it myself, but this is an actual scenario that is not a drill. Repeat - this is *not* a drill.

I have mixed emotions right now. Outside this tiny window I can see the blue marble of the Earth, an idyllic home in the vast expanse of space. You are somewhere down there talking and I am hearing it. This amazes me and also instills a sense of sadness, because there is no longer any point to exploring and researching up here. All of these years of work, all of my dreams are for naught. There is no advancement that can top this. Over.

Space Astronaut, this is a trucker. I have a lot of tires on my vehicle. At least sixteen, maybe more. Do you have a horn on that Space Craft?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.15 Home Improvement Haiku

Sunday, Sep 16, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Two men bickering
Live Studio Audience
Tool Time is my hell.

Tim kisses the drill
"Nothing homoerotic," he
claims
as he flicks his tongue

How many women
discovered their bodies change
watching J.T.T.

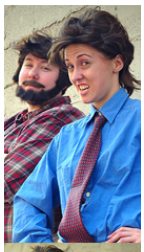
Sacred pine forest
Binford chainsaws revving up
urgh-urgh-urgh-urgh-urgh

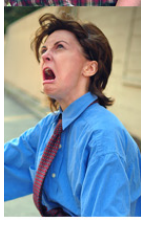
Death surrounds us all
One man wading through the
blood
"More Power," he grunts

Now you realize
Tim Allen has no black friends.
You are not surprised

The blade so near flesh
Blood trickling down Tim's
cheek
Tomorrow, maybe

After eight seasons
we gain ultimate knowledge:
Men rule, women drool





They applaud his tears.
The laugh track stuck on
repeat.
"Kill me," Tim begs

Wisdom and flannel,
the obese man speaks his mind.
"I don't think so, Tim."

A creepy goatee
on the whitest gummy bear.
Future's Family Feud.

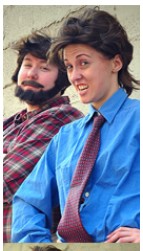
A marriage of burps
misogyny, motor oil.
Jill poisons them all.

The Princes of Hell
drink brake fluid from the teat.
Brad, Randy, and Mark

"Aughghgh," Tim says
whenever he's asked to read.
No one knows the truth

His head grows bigger
He wears only black trench
coats
Brad is so ugly.

Wilson gives advice
to treat women with respect.
Block his face in shame!



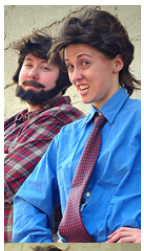
Episode fifteen:
Tim glues head to a table
Don't bother watching

Bad 90's sitcom
Dad Humor at its worst
And yet you watched

Roll on show credits!
This time would be better
spent
Passing kidney stones

Mark grew up and looks
sort of like Frankie Muniz.
A fate worse than death

It takes pure evil
to trump evil. I present
the Nintendo game.



-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.16 [FUNNY] The 13 Funniest Real Road Signs

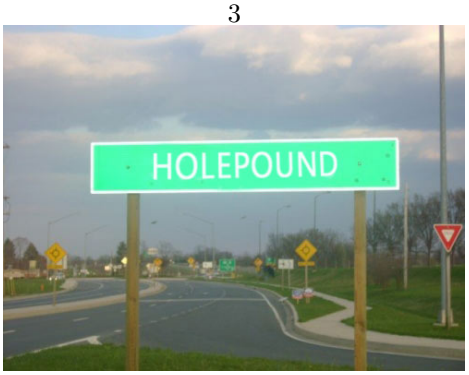
Monday, Sep 17, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

These 13 hysterical and real road signs were collected from around the 'net. Only the best. You won't believe how funny these are. Be sure to share with your friends on Facebook and Twitter.

1

2

3


HOLEPOUND

4

SAVAGE
BARF

5

Est.
1754
Welcome to
PISSINGMOMS
Lancaster County
Pennsylvania

6

212
WRECKED HOLE
FULL OF SORES

7

DRAGON AGE 2

8

Newt Hoodrich
Getting Paid
In White Gold Dog Collars

9

40
RAY ROMANO'S PUSSY
Welcomes careful drivers

10

Red Jacket Powerbottom
This Exit

11
Welcome To
TRENT REZNOR
& ATTICUS ROSS
Love Our Haystacks
ELEVATION 6027'
FIRST SETTLED 1880's
LEWIS & CLARK TRAIL

12

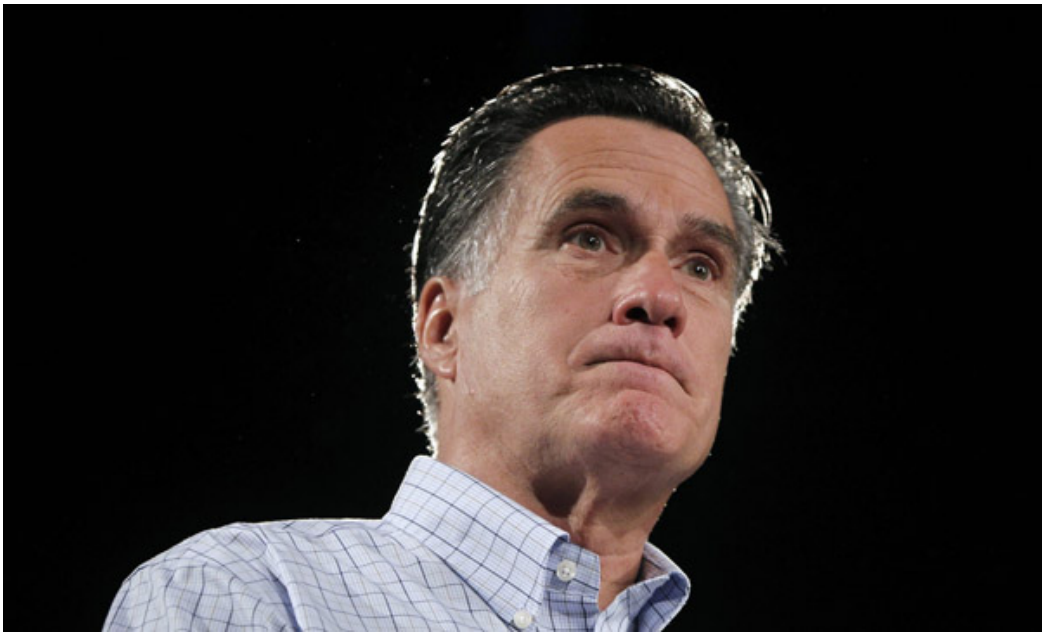
LANCASTER-6
GREAT GOOPING SHITEPROD
NAMED FOR
Our Miserable Huge-cocked Vicar's Insatiable Buggery
FOUNDED
1734

13

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.17 Other Percentages of Americans Romney Won't Bother With

Wednesday, Sep 19, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



The Romney campaign suffered a setback this week with the release of a hidden-camera video in which Romney seemed to write off a huge proportion of the American population as freeloaders: "There are 47 percent of the people who will vote for the president no matter what," the candidate told a group of wealthy donors. "There are 47 percent who are with him, who are dependent on government, who believe that that they are victims, who believe that government has the responsibility to care for them. Who believe that they are entitled to health care, to food, to housing. My job is not to worry about those people. I'll never convince them they should take personal responsibility and care for their lives."

These remarks caused considerable consternation in the left, and even some high-profile groaning on the right. However, Romney has refused to distance himself from the position. In fact, the 47 percent who pays no income tax isn't the only demographic Mitt has decided not to pursue--- in the full version of the video, he mentions several other buckets of the population who he might as well not bother campaigning to:

- The 2 percent of the 99 percent who aren't convinced they're going to be part of the 1 percent once their jet ski repair business picks up.
- The 39 percent of Americans who are not yet fully committed to the Vagina Denialist movement.
- The 77 percent of his high school class who called him "Sitt Wrongly" after he fell out of his chair on two occasions.

- The 27 percent of the working poor who will be dead within a year of Paul Ryan's budget taking effect anyway, so who cares.
- The 16 percent of Americans who actually know what the whole deal with Mormonism is.
- The 12 percent of his household staff who were fired for making eye contact with Ann Romney's horse.
- The 33 percent of major-label rappers who haven't sworn their eternal allegiance to the Illuminati.
- The 20 percent of his sons who will be arbitrarily cut out of the will by a dice roll, just to keep them all on their toes.
- The lowbrow 88 percent of yacht owners who subscribe to *Yacht Fancy Magazine* instead of the superior *Yachtsman of Surpassing Discernment Quarterly.*
- The 80 percent of Ron Paul supporters who will simply never find Romney's policies catastrophically ridiculous enough for their tastes.
- The 7 percent of Americans who have seen the 1988 John Carpenter movie *They Live.*
- The 5 Percent Nation, who believe Romney was created in a laboratory by the evil scientist Yacub.
- The 30 percent of Republican congressmen who might embarrass him at a fundraising dinner by pronouncing it "Mo-way" instead of "Mo-wet."
- The 0.00000008 percent of Americans who one time said "keep truckin'" and tried to high five him.
- The 8 percent of his campaign staff who call him "Big Love" behind his back, plus the 31 percent who call him that to his face.
- The 22 percent of registered Republicans who, in a recent poll to gauge his likeability, responded "So Unlikeable We Actually Noticed."
- 100 percent of the employees of Bain-owned companies, who have been converted into miniature corporations and must vote however the board tells them or be sold to China.
- The 12.6 percent of Americans who, y'know, "look like Obama voters," if you catch his drift.
- The top 10 percent of the 1 percent, who are too busy voting for real stuff (like Supreme Wizard of the Bohemian Grove) to waste time with our absurd democratic farce.
- The 52 percent of Americans who love updog-- (What's updog?) (it's a dog on top of a car.)
- The 4 percent of the extremely wealthy who came by it honestly.

(Thanks to my friends @Mobute and @weedguy420boner for joke contributions)

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.18 Let's Throw Chris Brown into an Active Volcano

Thursday, Sep 20, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

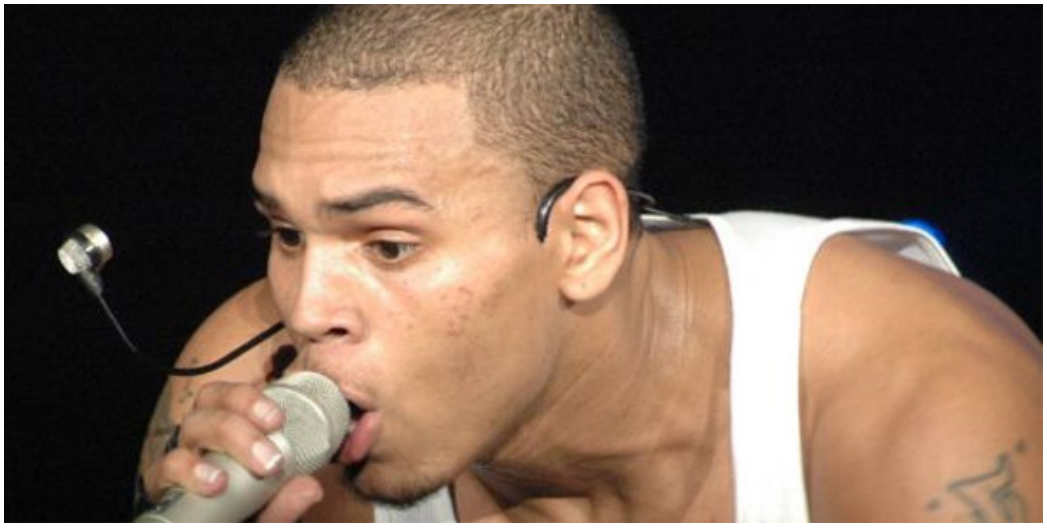
I'm normally not one to advocate murder publicly, but please, hear me out: let's throw Chris Brown into an active volcano. Mind you, the thought of taking a human life repulses me, and I'm seriously hoping the FBI takes this open call for violent retribution with the good humor it deserves. Still, I must insist: let's throw Chris Brown into an active volcano. In our era of political strife and social dissonance, this single act would unite us as a people, and some of us would even get tropical vacations out of it. Let's do it. Let's throw Chris Brown into an active volcano.

Chris Brown's crimes against humanity are numerous and do not need to be discussed in great detail. He comes from a recent breed of celebrity that survives solely from the chum thrown to him by TMZ and bored, fat Midwesterners with a rich knowledge of which celebrity private parts have mashed into each other. Before, the rich and famous would be ruined by scandal; now, they thrive on it. Had Paul Reubens been caught beating off in a porno theater in 2011 instead of 1991, he undoubtedly would have taken his public masturbation on a world tour, not stopping until the Seven Wonders of the World were splashed with Pee-Wee Herman's seed. A man's career was once ruined for rubbing one out, while another is cast in romantic comedies after nearly shattering his girlfriend's skull without remorse. Seriously, guys: let's throw Chris Brown into an active volcano.

So let's talk about logistics. Google Maps tells me several active volcanoes exist in various places around the globe, so it's only a matter of where you want to watch Chris Brown get skeletonized by lava. Do you desire to hear panicked screams of "Haters!" in Mexico, or are the Aleutian Islands more your style? Whatever the case, the Earth offers plenty of places for Chris Brown to be murdered in a method befitting World's Greatest Monsters or certain mythical rings. Whatever your choice, Chris Brown is going to die in lava, and there's not much he can do about it.

Yes, this plan does have some problems. For one, luring someone to the top of a volcano requires hours of mountain climbing, and you're bound to show your victim too many cards as you lead him to his inevitable fate. This is why we tell Chris Brown he's playing an Axe Body Spray benefit, with all proceeds going to Chris Brown's civil suit fund, because God knows he's going to need it in the coming years. Then, we book a female opening act that would appeal to his violent lizard brain, and before you know it, Chris Brown is on top of an active volcano, no questions asked. Of course, news

about this plan will be circulated to each and every American, so we ask all you members of "Team Breezy" to hang back and see how everything plays out. If Chris Brown doesn't drown in liquid fire, we owe you a beer. And since we're genuinely creeped out by people who advocate violence against women, we'll probably spit or pee in it a little, but still -- free beer.



I know what you're thinking. Yes, of course, murder is a crime. But if every citizen in the United States is an accomplice, no court system could possibly convict 300 million people of negligent homicide. If anything, *A Nightmare on Elm Street* showed us that a community can come together and violently off a scumbag without any repercussions outside of said scumbag's dream-based killings. And since Chris Brown is confirmed to not be a Dreamstalker, we're pretty much in the clear. Like I said before, some of you will get a chance to personally watch Pink or Tori Amos or Whoever pull the comically large lever that drops Chris Brown into the hungry mouth of an active volcano during his encore performance of "Don't Judge Me." I ask that you save the front row seats for seniors or veterans who otherwise wouldn't have a chance to watch Chris Brown die horribly. After so many years of service to their country, they've earned it.

Now comes the hardest part of any elaborate murder conspiracy: keeping quiet about the whole thing. Sure, we can always retreat to our multiple-angle Blu-Rays if we want to watch Chris Brown get consumed by one of nature's greatest destructive forces, but as far as we know, it was an *accident*, okay? None of this "And I got to keep the skull!" crap. If this world is to continue spinning without Chris Brown's body taking up space that could be better occupied by a small oak tree or heap of disposable diapers, we're going to need to keep our culpability in his fortunate demise a total secret. Speaking from experience, living with guilt is fine when there isn't any. The vast majority of us will go about our lives, the grass seeming a little greener, the laughter of children seeming so much more joyful. The others will need upwards of three hours to overcome the grief inherent in watching a terrified pop star melt from the feet up. But in the end, we'll all agree it was a sound decision, carried forth without any moral compunction. So let's do it. Let's throw Chris Brown into an active volcano. I honestly can't see any other option.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.19 Flashback Retro Gaming: Drug Exterminators (1990)

Friday, Sep 21, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Drug Exterminators (1990)

System: NES

Developer: Jaleco

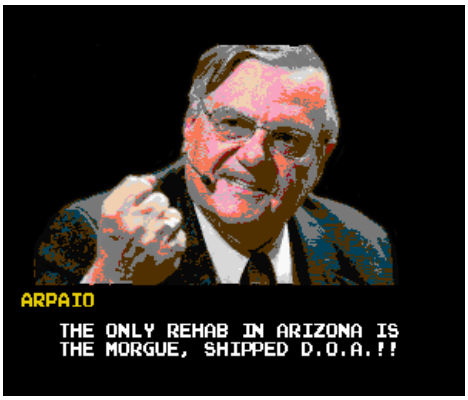
User Rating: ★★☆☆☆

1990's Drug Exterminators was an awkward port of 1988's popular arcade game of the same title. The side-scrolling action focused on a futuristic Tucson's super SWAT team "Drug Exterminator" squad. The two-player simultaneous gameplay included the heavily armed players blasting their way through five urban environments to exterminate drug dealers and junkies.

Level 1: Suburban Warfare

Marijuana junkies have taken over the suburbs. Their kingpin has set up a greenhouse. Collect used reefer bags to get enough evidence for a no-knock warrant. Use the tank to blast through the front door of the house. Be sure to shoot the dogs in the yard to get iron shield, auto shot and the fire grenade. Destroy the low level drug users with the shotgun, they aren't much of a threat. Save your grenades for the greenhouse. Try not to shoot the kids that pop out of the cribs in the nursery. It will lower your mission end score and thus your extra lives. Just use your double jump to get over them.

Level 2: Slums



Mexicans have brought in a truck load full of meth. Everyone in the slums is out of control. This level is super annoying because all of the junkies are fast. Try to use cars and upper levels to stay away from them. The good news is there is a lot of ammo on this level and grenade launchers, so blast away at the meth junkies. Don't worry about saving grenades for the boss. There is a rocket launcher inside the big yellow dog on the screen before the bridge fight. You'll notice the cartel boss seems easy and you can probably take him with normal shots. Be ready. As soon as he dies the American drug dealer RV shows up and you have to use rockets and dodge their shots.

Level 3: Graveyard

Zombie-like heroin junkies come at you throughout this level. They can be annoying because there is so many, just try to get on the motorcycle as early as you can and try not to lose it. You can just mow them all down if you are on the motorcycle. If you can't keep it then try jumping on tombs and clearing out the junkies. There is not a lot of ammo on this level so you will have to mostly use your pistol or the police machete. If you need health you can shoot the illegals digging the graves, they do not count as civilians. Scag Merchant is the boss here. Focus your attacks upwards at the cockpit when he laughs and don't bother shooting his

minigun or his legs on his power suit. He will send out dogs to attack you and it's a good way to get more ammo.

Level 4: Cocaine Factory

A cocaine factory is pumping out huge bricks of cocaine to sell on the mean streets of Tucson. Put an end to it and blow up the factory. The cocaine is tainted and is turning everyone into giant dogs or rats. The dogs are tougher than the ones you have fought before and the rats come in large numbers. Save your grenades for the rats and try to take out the dogs by avoiding their charge and then shooting and jumping away. Dr. Drugs, the chemist behind the tainted cocaine, will try to hit you with his cloud that paralyzes you for several seconds. If you get hit with this more than once in a fight you are screwed. Always move while you're fighting him, even if he's standing still. He takes a lot of punishment.

Level 5: City Hall

The other members of SWAT have been turned against you by ecstasy. Blast your fellow cops and make your way through city hall to the mayor's office. It's a hard fight and there are a lot of civilians, but since this is the last level and there's no more point to extra lives, go hog wild. You'll want to use the grappling arm to get into the vent after you defeat the DA. You'll have to fight more rats and dogs in the vent and then you can drop down into the mayor's secret drub lab. You can't directly hurt the mayor, but you can use the environment to take him out. When he is laughing you should destroy any nearby barrels or crates to cause him damage.

General Tips

- You have three slots for "drop pistols" that you can drop on a flashing civilian corpse to prevent it from counting against your score.
- Flashbangs aren't useful, but if you throw them into the baby nursery you can get a huge score bonus.
- Use the pistol and cop machete as much as possible.
- You can use the electricity gun on civilians until they die without losing points.

Gallery

2XXX
TUCSON, AZ
DRUG
PRESS START
ARPAID
USE THE GRENADE LAUNCHER TO DEFEAT METH JUNKIES!!
BREWER
I HOLD A PRESS CONFERENCE. WE GOT A NEW PLAN FOR TUCSON.
BREWER
ARPAID HAS DRUG EXTERMINATORS. WE WILL DESTROY ALL THE DRUGS!!
ARPAID
USE THE FLASH BANG IN THE NURSERY TO STUN THE PUNKS!!
ARPAID
IF YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY REEFER FIENDS TRY USING TRIPLE SHOT!!
ARPAID
THE ONLY DENIZ IN ARIZONA IS THE MORGUE. SIGNED D.O.A.!!
ARPAID
SHOOT PET DOGS FOR POWER UPS!!
ARPAID
CLEAN UP THESE STREETS BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY!!

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.20 Technical Support For The Eddie Murphy Role Playing System

Saturday, Sep 22, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Having a problem with The Eddie Murphy Role Playing System or one of its critically acclaimed modules (*Crimson Lords Of The Undertide Crater*, *The Secret Treasure Of Captain Boss Killingblow*, *Mega Troll Invasion*)? Our customer service department is always available and more than happy to help. Before calling us with any questions, however, please take a few moments to see if your issue has already been addressed.

My copy of the game just had a VHS of Bowfinger in the box. Nothing else. Not even a cover for the tape, or a label identifying what its contents were. A few parts had been recorded over with seemingly random segments of a minor golf tournament.

Congratulations! You were one of the lucky few to discover the limited edition variant edition of the Eddie Murphy Role Playing System. Only ten of these collector's items were produced in the entire world!

I'm confused about the setting. Is this supposed to be a fantasy Dungeons & Dragons sort of thing?

The beauty of the Eddie Murphy Role Playing System is that an adventure can take place anywhere within the MurphyRealms omniverse. From the red leather of Raw to the furthest reaches of sci-fi Pluto Nash space and everywhere in between, excitement and intrigue await in every conceivable locale. Parts of the game do support traditional fantasy if that's what you're looking for. The only limit is your imagination and Eddie Murphy!

One of the included die is supposed to be six-sided. It is indeed a symmetrical cube, each face a square with right angles, but it only has five sides. I've been looking at this thing for half an hour and I just can't figure it out. My ears are starting to bleed.

This was a simple manufacturing error. Nothing more. Please call our hotline immediately with your current location. Within minutes, a friendly representative will arrive to take the object off your hands at no cost. Please stay away from any windows and shield your eyes.

I'm having a difficult time grasping these stats.

Though the statline seems complex at first - and it is indeed very deep - we find that new players catch on quickly once they have played through a session. Just keep these explanations in mind:

Strength determines your character's ability to carry a Murphy (the standard unit of weight measurement in MurphyRealms) and to inflict damage.

Torqueness is used to calculate your ability to open a jar of pickles.

Luck is related to the chance that you will accidentally drop a jar.

Dexterity determines whether each of the other stats will be a 10 or a 1, but the stat itself is always a 5, so it's ignored unless it's 7.

Grip decides how likely it is that you will be able to open a jar of mayonnaise.

One of our players entered the Banana In The Tailpipe Portal more than three hours ago. They have not returned. Our shouts of alarm go unanswered, our attempts to go in after him are met with a rough push from an unseen force.

Please note the clear wording in the instruction manual, which plainly states that the Banana In The Tailpipe Portal is for entertainment purposes only. Any other use of the portal absolves MurphyCo of all responsibility. Furthermore, it voids your warranty and waives your right to request a refund.

Why can't I write my own name on the Character Sheet?

All characters within the MurphyRealms are, by their very nature, aspects of Eddie Murphy. As such, that is the name that each and every one of them goes by.

A living snake??? A LIVING *snake*?

A living snake.

I thought the miniatures were supposed to represent player characters and their enemies. These are just figurines from Monopoly. I'm looking at a terrier and a top hat right now.

They are not figurines from Monopoly. They are duplicates. Our team of experts spent the better part of two years carefully reconstructing the Monopoly miniatures down to the tiniest detail. Each is made of pure platinum, making them even better than the originals!

Our group is stuck. We reached the end of the first dungeon. We have the Golden Child dish of oatmeal with blood in it, the one that came inside the box. Now we have no idea what to do. Our Dungeon Master insists that he can't give us any more clues. We tried to move on and start another module, but it begins with the Golden Child dish of oatmeal standing before us, and won't let us proceed.

You're going to have to be more specific and descriptive. Every adventure involves the Golden Child dish of oatmeal with blood in it.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.21 Ultimate Grudge Match: The Takers vs. The Makers

Monday, Sep 24, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On September 18th, Republican Vice Presidential Candidate Paul Ryan, during a media stop in New Hampshire, defended his boss's infamous comments about 47% of Americans being entitled victims by flipping that tired canard about "haves" and "have-nots" on its head.

> "We risk hitting a tipping point in our society where we have more takers than makers in society, where we will have turned our safety net into a hammock that lulls able bodied people into lives of dependency and complacency."

Taking it easy.

Ryan is right. The have-nots aren't unlucky; they're greedy and lazy. Nothing lulls the napping poor into their hammocks spun from the ill-gotten wealth of others quite like a little pilfering of tax dollars. It's an idea lifted straight from Ayn Rand. Half of Americans, 53% by Romney's estimation, pay Federal Income Taxes and are therefore "makers" and 47% pay no Federal Income Tax and take more than they are giving to society. The danger in Paul Ryan and Mitt Romney's equation is that eventually those numbers will flip and more Americans will be "takers" than "makers."

So who are all these people taking from hard-working Americans? Ryan doesn't really elaborate much, he just wants to be sure you resent them taking your money, but there are demographics behind the crude numbers.

A lot of these moochers are senior citizens or veterans receiving income after paying into, literally or by deeds, a system of benefits. Which means they think they can just coast along forever. The olds have been hanging around longer and longer. Greatest Generation? More like Can't-Take-a-Hintest

Generation. Push off, gramps, and free up some grocery bagger and Walmart greater jobs for our unemployed college graduates.

And the veterans, oh jeez, we get it! Thank you *sooo* much for your service. What do you want? A parade? Like the GI Bill wasn't good enough? Here's some free medical treatment for your RPG stumps, *Your Highness*. It will sure be nice when our military is 100% run by Skynet so we can just put our soldiers back in the toy box when we're done with them.

Most of the remaining takers are beneficiaries of income tax credits, AKA free lunch eaters. The Earned Income Credit was a Reaganite anti-poverty measure meant to help the working poor get off Welfare. That was over 20 years ago. They should be off it by now.

And so what if Romney and Ryan's so-called takers actually pay a greater percentage of their income as payroll tax than Mitt Romney pays as income tax? Payroll tax is not the same thing as income tax, so it totally wasn't what he was talking about. And if these moochers had half a brain they'd just invest in a blind trust run by their personal attorney and let their capital make them all the money they need. Sock away those housekeeping tips in a hedge fund. Money never sleeps, Consuelo.

So who are these jerks taking *your* money and spending it on things like baby formula and education grants? Let's drill down and look at some individual cases of who is taking and who is making in America.

It's the ultimate grudge match. The entitled have-nots versus the hard-working haves. The moochers versus the producers.

The Takers

Olympic Athletes

Apparently these men and women can strap on their running shoes and dressage jackets, but wouldn't know a bootstrap if you beat them over their needy faces with it. In the USA we do not directly fund our Olympians and these people are terrible earners with no idea how to turn a profit. Olympic runners, for example, can't figure out how to turn running really fast into a bunch of money, so many make less than $15,000 a year. That low income translates into a lot of government assistance targeted at the poor, more than offsetting the taxes they pay, which are prize taxes and not real income tax anyway.

VS.

VS.

The Makers

Sean Payton

Obama's America punishes entrepreneurs and no example is more vicious than what happened to New Orleans Saints head coach Sean Payton. Payton lost out on $5.8 million of salary this year because one of his coaches engaged in a little creative incentive program to motivate his team to perform. Every successful industry includes performance bonuses. For investment banks you receive tens of millions for losing billions and nearly ruining the US economy. For the NFL it is only reasonable to assume causing brain damage to Jay Cutler deserves a bonus. If it weren't for a year-long suspension by the NFL, Payton would be shelling out taxes on nearly $7 million per year to help finance the pathetic lives of America's Olympians.

The Takers

The Brady Bunch

Mike Brady, the sole-earner of the household, is a veteran architect. The median salary for "senior architect" is just $52,000. With all those dependents, including Bobby, who might be mentally handicapped, you can bet the Brady Bunch are the beneficiaries of tax credits that wipe out their liability. Add to that various government programs for child care and you have a household full of moochers. Don't even stop to consider the cost to taxpayers of ***Just the Ten of Us***. It will make you want to vomit. Now if we could repeal various unnecessary laws restricting children from working in precious stone mining operations we might have an American household to be proud of, not to mention cheaper diamond tennis bracelets for our mistresses.

vs.

vs.

The Makers

Pete Campbell

Mad Men's smarmiest accounts exec, Pete Campbell is well into the 53% of makers. With only a wife and one child (technically) he has not burdened the system with a swarm of offspring. While his beginnings were modest, earning a mere $75 per week, his current salary in the show should be much higher based on his stature within the company. The average account executive in advertising in 2012 makes $67,000. Pete Campbell probably brings home more than that as a partner. He is also a proud gun owner.

The Takers

Laid Off Workers

Nobody is more entitled than laid off workers, also known as *the former working*, who had their jobs outsourced. Take for example the lazybones soon-to-be-ex-employees of Sensata. They used to make $12 to $18 an hour before their factory was closed and their jobs relocated from Illinois to the more economically efficient region of Jiangxi. Now they are drawing benefits and clicking around recruiting websites like they can download a new job. Worse, these people tend to be democrats voting for even more handouts, just because Bain Capital owned their factory and Mitt Romney ignored their pleas to intervene. Don't hate the player. Also don't hate the game. You just suck at it.

vs.

vs.

The Makers

Erik Prince (Former CEO)

Realizing there was an alternative to wasteful government bloat, Erik Prince set to work creating private sector competition for the largest government department in history: the US Military. Clocking in at a net worth of over $2 billion dollars, Erik Prince is one of the world's most active job creators and tax payers. He started out by founding Blackwater, which, for reasons totally unrelated to employees repeatedly shooting civilians, changed its name to the gender-neutral Xe Services LLC and then to Academi. These companies employ thousands of private military contractors, support staff and trainers. More recently he has ventured into Somalia to create another 2,000 jobs among the impoverished nation by training and equipping locals to hunt pirates and fight Islamists.

The Takers vs. The Makers

Public Employees
By their very nature, public employees represent insidious, louse-like parasites infesting our nation. They suck the lifeblood of our hallowed chambers of commerce in the name of "services" like teaching the restive underclass to read and do math or protecting the favelas from being cleared out by raging infernos. Guess what, environmentalists: fires are a part of the natural cycle. Slums burn down and they are replaced with healthy golf courses. Police are not needed to contain the underclass any longer. We have a security gate and armed private security. Worse, because these people don't have real jobs, they don't make real salaries. Firefighters average $42,000 a year, police make $50,000 and teachers make $51,000. Guess who gets to pay for everything their incomes don't? That's right. The makers.

vs.

Jeff Dunham (Job Creator)
According to Forbes Magazine, which realistically equates money to power, ventriloquist comedian Jeff Dunham is the 90th most "powerful" celebrity thanks to his annual earnings of $22 million. North America's top-grossing comic leaves audiences across the country laughing with his ongoing Disorderly Conduct Tour. Presumably people have to put up backgrounds and run lighting shows. There are jobs to take the tickets and sell the fresh Dunham merch available at the venue. This man creates more jobs than the biggest wildfire. He keeps the police helicopters flying over the ghettos and the classroom sizes small in the suburbs.

The winners are clear. By my count, that makes the battle zero to four in favor of the makers. The next time you hear a family member grousing about the rich or about puppet comedians, remind them that they might not have a functional society without Jeff Dunham.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.22 Internet Fun: #GarfieldLive

Tuesday, Sep 25, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Recently, the company representing Garfield ran a live chat event that allowed anyone to ask Garfield any question they'd like in the entire world. I suppose they assumed people wondered innocuous things like how much lasagna the Garfster eats in a year, but a small group including some of SA's contributors, friends, loose associates, well-wishers, and others who have nothing to do with SA whatsoever all banded together to ask the tougher questions.

While GoComics heroically cherry-picked safer tweets to respond to, we're pretty sure they read each and every one anyway. Here's some favorites:

gocomics GoComics
We're live with @Garfield NOW! Join in on the fun and tweet us (@GoComics) your questions! #GarfieldLIVE | http://t.co/YsBIN8Uo
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 21 more
fart jon hendren
.@garfield what was up with the subtle pro-apartheid messages garfield was saying in the late 80s/early 90s #GarfieldLive
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 42
katienotopoulos Katie Notopoulos
Why is Abu Dhabi always the laughable destination that Nermal is shipped to? Sickening anti-Arab sentiment @Garfield #garfieldlive
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 17
mobute Mobutu Sese Seko
.@Garfield Why is Nermal demonized in the Garfield comics? As a transgendered otherkitten, your heteronormativity is sickening #garfieldlive
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 22
mobute Mobutu Sese Seko
.@Garfield How come Garfield never jumps on Jon's chest, then turns around and puts his anus in Jon's face like a normal cat? #garfieldlive
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 14

caylenb caylen
.@garfield Why did Jim Davis refuse to interview for the 9/11 "Loose Change" documentary? **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 5

mobute Mobutu Sese Seko
.Garfield Why did Garfield celebrate Yitzhak Shamir's statement that the Palestinians are "cockroaches"? **#garfieldlive**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 5

thebuttdog Butt Dog
#GarfieldLIVE WOOF WOOF ARF BARK
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 4

iscoff Scott
@gocomics Next to Monday, what's your least favourite day of the week? Mine is every one where you're still alive **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 15

famousceleb Celebrity
@gocomics did @Garfield hate 9/10 more than 9/11 since 9/10 was a Monday **#garfieldlive**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 14

jakefogelnest Jake Fogelnest
Hey @Garfield! Why do you look like such a fucking asshole when you wear sunglasses while @Snoopy looks cool as hell? Thanks! **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 14

boring_as_heck stefan
.@Garfield you are the worst thing to happen to newspapers since some dude decided puppies should learn to shit on them **#GarfieldLive**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 13

scrublord Lord of the Scrubs
.@Garfield the day you finally die will be a great day for everyone on earth. i pray to satan every night to devour your soul **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 11

fart jon hendren
.@garfield on january 21, 1991 you said you wanted to "lynch mondays" but never apologized. why **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 10

arr David Thorpe
@garfield No comment on Garfield's 1988 arrest for domestic violence? **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 10

mikesacco Mike Sacco
.@Garfield What was with the Nov 3rd 1997 strip? "we must secure the existence of our people and a future for White Children"? **#GarfieldLive**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 9

scrublord Lord of the Scrubs
#GarfieldLIVE @Garfield how many times do you think i can punch you in the kidneys before you piss blood for the rest of your miserable life
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 9

lfitzmaurice Larry Fitzmaurice
.@gocomics @Garfield Six years after the scandal emerged, how do you feel about your participation in the Abu Ghraib incident **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 7

roaringblood leigh m acorn
Dear @Garfield you are my great best cat ! What the secret to a good #lasagna for #cat to eats ? Do you eat #fish lasagne **#garfieldlive**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 7

arr David Thorpe
Hey @Garfield, why should Mondays even mean anything to you? You're a fucking cat. **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 7

gocomics GoComics
We're live with @Garfield in 30 minutes! Tweet questions to @GoComics @ 1:30pCDT. **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 6

whyhelloclarice a total betty
.@Garfield Ive been feeding my cat lasagna since day one & now he's blind at 1 year! What gives? Any tips? **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 6

sebasravioli sebas
@gocomics is Garfield illuminati **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 5

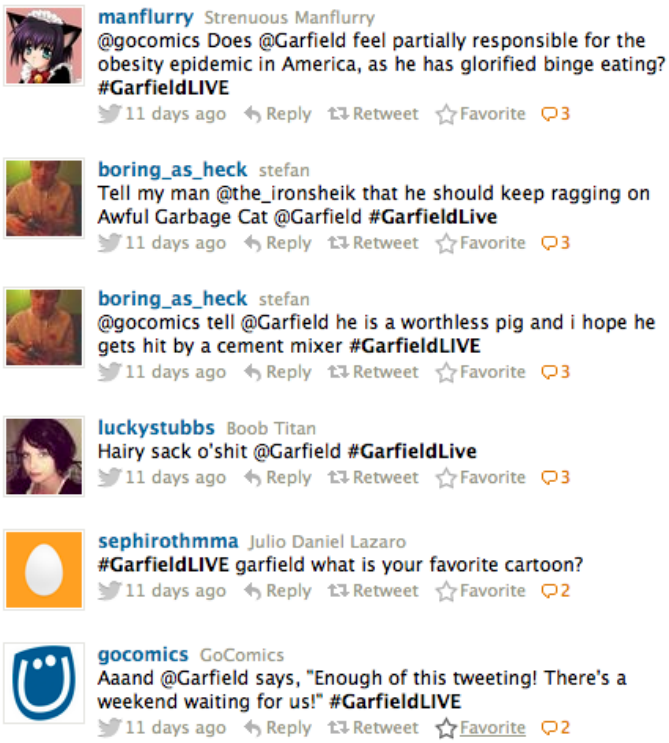
evincero Eunelibeth Vincero
@gocomics **#GarfieldLIVE** Love you @garfield, you're AWESOME (I'm sure you know it =D)
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 3

t_koop Koop
.@gocomics @garfield I will never forgive you for killing tupac and biggie. **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 3

jakefogelnest Jake Fogelnest
.@Garfield In 1988 I read you told Walter Mondale you wanted to "lick his dick with your raspy cat tongue." WTF? **#GarfieldLIVE**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 5

mobute Mobutu Sese Seko
.@Garfield How come Jon never hangs out with Lyman anymore? Is it because he's Jewish? **#garfieldlive**
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 5

80want brendan
.@Gocomics **#GarfieldLIVE** @garfield why do you make fun of jon's autism so dang much?
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 6


manflurry Strenuous Manflurry
@gocomics Does @Garfield feel partially responsible for the obesity epidemic in America, as he has glorified binge eating? #GarfieldLIVE
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 3
boring_as_heck stefan
Tell my man @the_ironsheik that he should keep ragging on Awful Garbage Cat @Garfield #GarfieldLive
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 3
boring_as_heck stefan
@gocomics tell @Garfield he is a worthless pig and i hope he gets hit by a cement mixer #GarfieldLIVE
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 3
luckystubbs Boob Titan
Hairy sack o'shit @Garfield #GarfieldLive
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 3
sephirothmma Julio Daniel Lazaro
#GarfieldLIVE garfield what is your favorite cartoon?
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 2
gocomics GoComics
Aaand @Garfield says, "Enough of this tweeting! There's a weekend waiting for us!" #GarfieldLIVE
11 days ago Reply Retweet Favorite 2

Follow your favorites: **@arr**, **@caylenb**, **@mobute**, **@thebuttdog**, **@katienotopoulos**, **@iscoff**, **@famousceleb**, **@jakefogelnest**, **@boring_as_heck**, **@scrublord**, **@mikesacco**, **@lfitzmaurice**, **@roaringblood**, **@whyhelloclarice**, **@80want**, **@manflurry**, **@luckystubbs**

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

9.23 Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews

Wednesday, Sep 26, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly Score:
90%Certified Refreshing
Library Fountain
Shaggy Butte Public Library
147 Ponderosa St

There are 4257 reviews of this fountain. Displaying 13 most recent...

Great DF. Been frequenting the library since before the first Spout.ly review. Got a great flavor and real nice temperature, and the civilians tend to leave it alone, so enthusiasts like us can take our time. A lot of people are worried about it drying up due to all the Spout.ly attention, but I think it'll stay strong.

Posted by Sipswell 8 hours ago

BEST DF. PERIOD. EXCLAMATION MARK. DOLLAR SIGN. I prefer it over my own tap water and bring a lot of bottles to fill up. The librarians don't like that, so I use the ol' disguise routine Thirsty Man mentioned. On weekends when I have my kids, I have them fill a few jugs for me. Nobody ever thinks to turn away a child filling up a jug of water. How could they? I video tape them doing it so that if they ever give my kids any guff, I can take the footage to the media and blow this story wide open.

Posted by Quench Me Bro!!! 11 hours ago

Wetworks and Swiftflow are way off. They're not telling the truth and they know it. They're purposefully poisoning the well. I get it. They don't want this DF to dry up like the one at Walmart did. That used to be the best DF in town, but then everyone got wind and soon enough there were lines and then equipment breakdown and finally they just got rid of it. I respect wanting to keep this one a secret to prevent dry up, but a good DF belongs to the people.

Posted by Moist Man 12 hours ago

I'm all for a good drink, but let's not pretend this is an honest fountain. This does NOT follow the flow guidelines of county municipal code-- this font "runs sweet," in industry terms, which means the flow is jacked up at least 9ml/second in order to provide a richer stream. Maybe some people are OK with a little bit of cheating when it comes to water fountains, but I say those people should not be writing reviews on a serious DF site. This is a juiced fountain, period. UPDATE: to all those who are threatening me: I'm not some tattletale who will go running to the gov't to report on a fountain running sweet. Enjoy your ill-gotten water and leave me alone.

Posted by GrandCherokeeLaredo 12 hours ago

I've sampled every drinking fountain in town. Nearly got arrested sampling some that weren't public. This is the one. This is the one that I will always remember. This is the finest water I've ever tasted from a drinking fountain. It's almost as good as tap water... maybe even better?

Posted by Soggy Steve 12 hours ago

Consistent flow and unclogged drainage area is nice. Basin could be a bit deeper for those of us who like to wash our faces and take fountain baths. The water quality is clean, very fresh. Two thumbs up from this hombre. Hope it doesn't dry up like some of the other great fountains in town.

Posted by Here Come the Waterworks 14 hours ago

First up, this is my first post on Spout.ly so please don't jump down my neck if I'm not "hardcore" enough. Yes, I am coming here from spigot.us, but that doesn't mean I don't know spout from shinola, if you'll pardon the little joke. Maybe I haven't gone around and sampled the water in every tap in the state, but I know great water when I see it, and this water looks great. Very clear, absolutely no browning or yellowing. It looks like it would taste superb, if you're into that, but I don't drink water. Anyway, top marks. LOVE bathing my grandfather here.

Posted by ElderSoaker 15 hours ago

Love the water, hate the stickiness of the button. I've complained a number of times and even tried to repair it myself, which got me blacklisted from using it. I've been wearing a fake mustache and a hat to get around that.

Posted by Thirsty Man 16 hours ago

Witnessed mosquito larvae in the clogged basin. Water tasted suspiciously like mercury. Line of civilians preventing us enthusiasts from getting refreshed. Old man urinated with impunity in it as librarians stood powerless.

Posted by Swiftflow 17 hours ago

Terrible. Chewing gum near the mouth guard. Clear signs of spittle and phlegm dried on essential contact points. Button is very sticky and requires great physical force and endurance to hold it down for prolonged periods of times.

Posted by Wetworks 18 hours ago.

---

i heard a kid died??????

Posted by lilsquirt 18 hours ago

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hi y'all. love this fountain. i make it a point to go here every day and fill up my bottles. i drive from a couple counties over, since they put fluoride in all the water here and no way am i letting that poison into the temple of my body.

Posted by Sweaty Dad 18 hours ago

BE VERY CAREFUL how you interface with this fountain. I THINK it's how I got hepatitis. Granted, I tend to scrap my gums on the mouth guard a lot, but I really like to get as close to the source as possible and also it's how I clean my teeth.

Posted by Hydrat0r 19 hours ago

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.24 The Scariest Thoughts of Serial Killers

Thursday, Sep 27, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Serial killers are the scariest people in the world, so one would assume they must have the scariest thoughts in the world as well. To test this theory, Something Awful asked several of history's worst mass murderers to tell us the scariest things they could think of. Be advised, their answers are not for the faint of heart.

Dennis Rader:
"A man in a top hat is eating a plate of maggots, and sometimes his head shakes really fast. Also, the room is lit by a swinging lightbulb, so the shadows are all weird."

Ed Gein:
"A creepy-looking doll opens its eyes."

Ted Bundy:
"You're in an attic and there's a lady in a wedding dress by the window. You walk up to her and she turns around and she's a skeleton. You try to scream but can't, because you're a skeleton too."

Henry Lee Lucas:
"An empty nursery. A phonograph is playing 'Row Your Boat' at the wrong speed. The word 'HELP' is written on the wall in blood, and the 'E' is backwards."

Joel Rifkin:
"A woman is brushing her hair while a dead girl crawls across the ceiling."

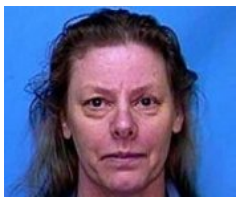
Gary Ridgway:
"Time-lapse shot of a dead squirrel, set to dark ambient music."

Albert Fish:
"Da Hip Hop Witch."

Dean Corll:
"You're running toward a door, but the door keeps getting farther away."

Donald Harvey:
"A jack in the box starts turning itself."

John Wayne Gacy:
"A Korn museum."



Aileen Wuornos:
"Mark Hamill's version of the Joker."

Jeffrey Dahmer:
"A point-and-click adventure game based on the artwork of Todd McFarlane."

Carl Panzram:
"An evil smiley face."

Richard Trenton Chase:
"You're walking home from school and there's a monster behind you and the monster says your name."

David Berkowitz:
"A guy who tortures people, but he's also really polite and maybe European."

Albert Desalvo:
"A fog maze."

Richard Ramirez:
"A room full of mannequin parts."

Coral Eugene Watts:
"Someone's walking up some creaky stairs and a shutter is banging somewhere and everything looks all grainy."

Derrick Todd Lee:
"An old factory full of leaky pipes and rusty chains and rotating shafts of light from fans."

Belle Gunness:
"The Crypt Jam."

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.25 Can't Get Enough Epic Bacon!

Friday, Sep 28, 2012 by baconbro1 (@sexyfacts4u)

I AM LOVIN' THIS BACON!

This is some fantastic bacon. Ain't it all? I want to crumble this up on a donut. I want to put it in a bowl with milk and eat it like cereal.

I have a bacon tattoo.

I run a bacon blog.

I am hogged up!

I am talking bacon on twitter.

baconbro
@baconbro1 · Follow
Cooking up some bacon right now. Going to weave it into a dreamcatcher and I hope my dreams are of bacon.
7:14 PM · Sep 28, 2012
1
Reply
Copy link
Read 1 reply

Bacon isn't a hobby, it's a lifestyle.

You can never have too much bacon. I dug a ditch in my backyard and filled it with bacon. I made a palace of bacon on my Minecraft server I run for bacon lovers. My wedding was bacon themed, with a ring made from woven bacon. The flowers were bacon. I married bacon. My bacon wife will soon give birt h to our first bacon baby and I will place that baby in a bacon crib. Epic meat baby.

Booya! Some people think talking about bacon all the time is hilarious. It's not. It is super serious as hell. I take this bacon seriously. You'd better too when I'm around.

I would throw bacon parties and invite all my friends from work, but I don't have a job so it's a 24/7 bacon rave in this house. Got some bottles. Got some tweezers. Gonna put some bacon ships in some bottles. People mace my eyes and call me a crazy idiot and tell me to shut up about bacon. You know what their problem is?

NOT. ENOUGH. BAAAAACON.

What they need are some mushy monster truck mounds of bacon, greasing up tablecloths, attracting varmints, reminding them of the purpose of being alive. You get that burger out you got to hog up. That's what I call it. Equip that burger. Get some on your pizza. Sprinkle some on your pork chops. Drape it on the coffin of your brother to honor his service. Hog up that hero. Put your pappy in the ground with some crunchy pink pleaser like a wreath around his head. G.G. Allin him with stinky strips of applewood smoked goodness to hog up for the afterlife.

I'm just kidding. I don't love bacon that much.

I love it more. Drop that rasher in the skillet and let's get our crackle on. Hog up your house. Hog up your relationship. Hog up your baby's birthday.

Tweet me pics of you eating on some bacon or making something out of bacon or recording what bacon says. No more prank pictures. This won't be like last time.

We are in this bacon game together. We are all working in this bacon realm, advancing the cause of bacon, striving to improve our standard of bacon, increase the bacon knowledge and approach the bacon singularity. This is the moment when we will become bacon eating itself. The ourobacon.

Until then, keep the bacon vlogs coming. I am watching them all.

Zack "Baconbro" Parsons is a blogger, vlogger and in his spare time performs with a pirate rap-rock group called Booty Count. He is the guy who does a Jack Sparrow impression and says "Mmmmmhmmm" in agreement during the songs. He is also the author of The Bacon Diet: 30 Days to More Bacon Turned Into Energy and Body Meat.

-~baconbro1 (@sexyfacts4u)

9.26 Using The ESRB To Understand Human Passion

Saturday, Sep 29, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The passionate touch of another human is one of this life's few pure joys. Every embrace heightens our senses, an intoxicating chill that affirms our very existence. Making love is a beautiful thing, unless you are an ugly person or the skin on the back of your leg does a weird thing when you squat.

If you had to explain all the complicated feelings and sensations wrapped up in attraction and love, how would you do it? Artists of all types have tried for thousands of years. While the great ones managed to evoke some emotion, none have really been able to sum it all up. It just doesn't seem possible.

Well, I might have found something that comes pretty damn close.

The ESRB is an organization that inspects the contents of video games. They write up a terse summary of everything that might be considered offensive or inappropriate for children, then slap their rating on the front of a title's box. Through these detached, nearly alien explanations of the events that take place in video games, I believe that we have the most insightful perspective on what it means for a human being to make love.

> "Scantily clad strippers dancing/gyrating provocatively with each other; a woman moving her head toward Dante's lap (fellatio is implied). During one cutscene, moaning sounds can be heard while a female character is bent over a table—a man is positioned behind her, though there is no actual depiction of the sex act. A handful of still images (i.e., concept art) portray women with exposed breasts and/or buttocks. The phrase 'crack whore' and words such as 'f**k,' 'sh*t,' and 'c*nt' can be heard in the dialogue."

- ESRB description of Devil May Cry

> "One level takes place inside a strip club, which depicts women dancing on poles or performing lap dances in front of male clients; some strippers wear small pasties over their nipples. Other sexual material includes a female character briefly reaching for a man's groin, and a woman stripping down to lingerie in front of Agent 47 (e.g., 'I love a hard man . . .'). During some missions, characters can be observed snorting cocaine off a table or smoking from a bong near marijuana plants. The words 'f**k,' 'sh*t,' 'p*ssy,' and 'c*cksucker' can be heard in the dialogue."

- ESRB description of Hitman: Absolution

> "Most female fighters are dressed in revealing outfits (large amounts of cleavage); their breasts sometimes jiggle while standing or fighting. Some bikini-style costumes (with thin strips of cloth) barely cover fighters' bodies, exposing large amounts of breasts/buttocks; one hologram-like figure appears to be nude—though her reflective skin obscures any discernible details (i.e., nipples or genitalia). In Photo mode, players can zoom in on fighters' cleavage or underwear as they pose for the camera."

-∼ESRB description of Dead Or Alive 5

> "One female boss character (a human-spider hybrid) is depicted nude—though without any discernible details (i.e., no nipples or genitalia); during one attack move, she briefly caresses her breasts while straddling on players' character."

-∼ESRB description of Resident Evil 6

> "Firefights are highlighted by realistic gunfire and exaggerated explosions; injured characters scream and emit large blood splashes when hit. Players can also perform 'cinematic kills' that include zoomed-in camera angles and slow-motion effects (e.g., stabbing a man in the thigh before slashing him across the chest)."

-∼ESRB description of Expendables 2

> "A variety of scenes depict a supernatural villain who harasses female characters and makes sexually suggestive comments (e.g., 'Come, come and sit on daddy's lap. We'll have fun exploring each other,' 'You can be a cunning linguist, my dear,' 'I'm dying to leer at her longingly,' and 'Mmmm, the height of ecstasy, licking a nubile maiden's wounds!'/'No, hey stop . . . I said stop it!')—accompanying licking sounds can be heard off screen. In one sequence, a character moans as she is massaged by another woman; suggestive dialogue can be heard throughout (e.g., 'Don't carry any of those impure thoughts,' 'Ahh, I'm so sensitive to this . . . Ahhhahahahaha! I can't take it anymore!'). The words 'sh*t' and 'b*tch' also appear in dialogue."

-∼ESRB description of Hyperdimension Neptunia MK2

> "During the course of the game, some of the dialogue contains suggestive remarks (e.g., 'Would you bang that?'); in one cutscene, a character jokes about Davis's love life while making a thrusting gesture. A city billboard depicts a faded advertisement for a strip club (e.g., Sassy Twins). The words 'f**k' and 'sh*t' can be heard in dialogue."

-∼ESRB description of Inversion

> "During one sequence, a distraught demon-like creature seizes Dante's right hand and slowly guides it across her bare chest; during another, 'shade minions' in high heels moan lustfully—in the Lust level—as tentacles protrude from their stomachs, their lower regions. As for the nudity: a tapestry-style (hand-drawn) image of a topless woman embracing a man; the same art-style depicting a slave woman—breasts exposed—lying on the floor with the guilt-ridden; a naked woman on a stone slab levitating in the air (only her breasts are fully defined); the aforementioned topless Cleopatra; and a bluish devil/demon in boss-battle mode—its penis visible during the flying and fire-spewing, the standing around (there are equivalent physics applied to female/male body parts)."

-∼ESRB description of Dante's Inferno

> "Players can also initiate brief romantic encounters between characters: dialogue choices are made, leading to kissing and caressing on a bed—sexual activity is implied. In one of these sequences, an alien character's buttocks and breasts are briefly depicted."

-∼ESRB description of Mass Effect 3

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Pin the Privilege on the Picture

Monday, Oct 01, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Privilege: A privilege is a right or benefit of an individual or group that gives them an advantage over those who do not have the privilege. Most people do not know that they are privileged. The term was conceived to aid in communication between minority groups seeking social justice. The concept has since spread to social media.

Assigning privilege is a popular game you can play on the Internet. it is easy and can be as dismissive and quick as you want. New oppressed groups spring up almost daily, so the system has to be flexible and useful for finding their opposites. Look at a photo of one or more people and assign the subjects one or more of the privilege "buttons" below. The more privilege, the better they have it.

race
gender
cis (gender identity)
weight
able (non-handicapped)
mundane
age (young adults)
education
income
religion
first world
neurotypical
height
FREE PASS (come up with your own!)

It seems more complicated than it is. The important thing to remember is to check as many boxes as possible when assigning someone privilege. It helps you define them and understand their life. If you can think of an advantage that person has that is not listed, feel free to come up with some new privileges. This is all about understanding, not strict rules.

Let's try it out on this photo of GOP chairman Reince Priebus:

Looks like a pretty privileged guy. How many do you spot?

You will notice the two big ones I left off were neurotypical (I wouldn't be surprised to learn Priebus is a psychopath) and height (I am pretty sure Priebus is small). I added the little message stating "HE HAS IT MADE!" since he does, in fact, have it made.

Here are some other examples to get you started:

cis
gender
cis
huge hoodie
race
FLOWER
race
dead baby sympathy
faygo reserves
so much privilege

cis & gender
privilege
BONANZA!!

weight
cis
race
breeder
able
first world
ALL THAT PRIVILEGE
and she has no idea
what it means
to be OTHERKIN

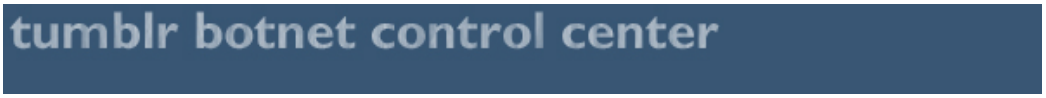
race
cis
The privilege on this guy
income
gender
IS OUT
education
weight
OF
baller
wheelchair
CONTROL

Those are just a few, incomplete examples. Join the crusade for social justice by using these tools to seek out and label people so we know more about them and can build bridges to greater understanding. It's the most important thing you can do to further the cause! Good luck, warriors!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.2 Tumblr Botnet

Tuesday, Oct 02, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Welcome to the Tumblr Botnet Control Center. From here you have access to the millions of drone accounts that blog and reblog daily. With just a few clicks, you can radically alter 90% of Tumblr to fit your needs.

Of course no actual **"Content"** is generated by the Tumblr Botnet, so all information must already be contained within the system. Please pick what you'd like to mindlessly reblog from the vast majority of the site's pre-uploaded popular **"Content"** listed below.

☐ Wes Anderson Movie Stills
☐ Keep Calm Messages
☐ Dr. Who Gifs

☐ Close-ups of Cupcakes
☐ Reimagined Disney Princesses
☐ Owl

☐ Ironic Dinosaur Prints
☐ Totally Retro Cameras
☐ Thinspiration

☐ Unsolicited Rant
☐ Intro to Design Final Project
☐ Pixar Reference

☐ BieberSmiling.gif
☐ Cut-off Acid Wash Denim
☐ iPhone Text Screenshots

☐ Suggestive Embrace in Moody Black and White
☐ Daria

☐ Nail Polish Occult

☐ Washed Out Boring Picture
☐ Tweed
☐ Close-up of Mascara, Lip Gloss

☐ Mexican Skull Tattoo
☐ Art Deco Star Wars Posters
☐ Cat (Asleep)

☐ Shabby Chic Thrift Crap
☐ Adventure Time Reference
☐ Cat (Kitten)

☐ Instagram Rejects
☐ The Solution of Love
☐ Forced 90s TV Reference

☐ Joseph Gordon-Levitt Staring Off
☐ Faux Vintage
☐ Cat (Kitten (Asleep))

☐ Oversaturated Waif in XL T-Shirt
☐ Grotesque Pornography
☐ Wood Grain

☐ Hand Written Messages Proclaiming Self-Importance
☐ $2k Handbags

☐ Celebrity Interview Gif with Subtitles
☐ Poorly Cropped Self-shots
☐ "Rap"

☐ Nostalgia for 2005
☐ Fresh Tattoo on Chubby Belly
☐ Leftover Snooki

☐ Token Videogame Reference
☐ Sepia-Washed Teenage Angst
☐ Muse Lyrics

A simple safeguard. Ultimately, the Botnet will craft a faux persona through reblogging **"Content"** created by others. However, in case of emergency, it is best to have a paper-thin personality on hand

user persona selection

to deflect any chance of human interaction. Please pick the persona that will be drowned beneath the reblogged content and opinions.

☐ Discount Fashionista
☐ Joy Division's #1 Poser Fan
☐ Steve Jobs Spirit Summoner
☐ Lack of Self Awareness, Life Experience
☐ Forever High
☐ Teenager Struggling with Sexuality/Comma Use
☐ Art School Wannabe
☐ A Decoupaged Call for Help
☐ iPhone Case Collector
☐ Mr. Illiterate & Opinionated
☐ Can't Spend Parent's Money Fast Enough
☐ Bronie
☐ Myspace Refugee

faulty page customizations

Add another depth to the Botnet by including customizations that went out of fashion in 2002. People will believe that only human error could account for such poor visual decisions.

◯Nonsensical Page Layout
◯Mysterious Button Placement
◯Imbedded Drake Song
◯Awkward Custom Cursors
◯Disjointed Tile Background
◯HTML Explosion
◯Endless Scrolling Hell
◯None (Page will function logically) [Not Suggested]

real-time discussions

On rare occasions Tumblr accounts have been asked to make statements regarding an issue outside of preselected **"Content."** In an effort to make the Botnet more believable, you can allow artificial accounts to discuss the following:

☐ Tumblr ☐ Tumblr Updates ☐ Tumblr Mythology ☐ Tumblr Theory ☐ Tumblr History ☐ Tumblr Future ☐ Alternate Tumblrs ☐ Tumblr Site Changes ☐ Inner Tumblr

Thank you. Please review your changes to the Tumblr community before confirming your order.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.3 Spigot.us Drinking Fountain Reviews

Wednesday, Oct 03, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spigot.us

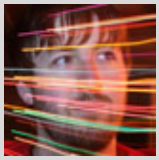
Fountain
Shaggy Butte Public Library
147 Ponderosa St

★★
228 reviews

watr
Shaggy Butte
22 Reviews

★

10/01/2012
yeah so im not like all about finding the hippest scene fows, but like... this is probably the douchiest fountain in town. i'm sorry. the water is good and everything, but i saw a guy in a counting crows tshirt drinking here. REALLY???? 1994 much dude??? maybe this place is cool at night but during the day it's full of fucking squares and job creators and their shitty kids
18 of 22 people found this useful



NOPE
Shaggy Butte
109 Reviews

★★

09/30/2012
Well, the dorks over at Spout.ly seem to think this fountain is King Drink of Fountain Mountain, but I was unimpressed. First of all, I have a healthy respect for classic fountains, but let's face it: this thing is a relic. You can see the screw holes from where they removed the "Whites Only" sign, for fuck's sake. I don't want to sound like a snob, but how can you get any satisfaction from a DF frequented by yuppies, kids and guys bathing their grandpas? I can name 50 fows in this town that are more relevant and are doing more for the scene. Skip it, unless you're into bullshit mainstream fountains.
30 of 31 people found this useful

Flowbee
Shaggy Butte
80 Reviews

★★★

09/24/2012
Haha I am not usually into "ironic" fountains but this shit is hilarious. You can just hang here all day and watch the old-ass waterspotters in their coke bottle glasses measuring the flow and shit. Normally I wouldn't be caught dead at fow this lame, but watching the old heads shit their pants over the pH level is priceless
22 of 40 people found this useful

Bobbles
Shaggy Butte
74 Reviews

★

09/18/2012
My parents were in town and they wanted to hit the library, and of course I got dragged to this clanky-ass bubblebox. They were like "don't you want a drink?" but I just had to laugh- - if they knew anything at all about DFs they'd notice I was wearing a vintage Nakamori Basins shirt! HELLO! I'm not going to poison my body with this McDonalds level garbage juice.
33 of 51 people found this useful

snorin
Pines
55 Reviews

★

09/15/2012
Uhhh yeah right dude, I wouldn't PISS in this fountain with HITLER'S DICK. Giving it one star cause I can't give it zero.
12 of 19 people found this useful

stevealbini
Chicaco
18 Reviews

★★★★★

09/15/2012
I had the great misfortune of stopping for a drink at the Public Library fountain when I was on the road in 1988, and it left an indelible rusty shit stain on my soul. This fountain is phony Americana bullshit, pandering to morons and the elderly. I don't pass through Shaggy Butte often, but when I do I make sure to drive by this fucker and give it the finger. I fantasize about taking a hammer to this monstrosity. I'd rather suck sulfur out of a bird's asshole. I'm giving it five stars because it's my greatest enemy.
988 of 1048 people found this useful

meatismurder
Fayetteville
94 Reviews

★★

09/10/2012
You know how you can just look at a fow and immediately be like "I bet Spout.ly loves this shit?" Yeah, this is one of those. I'd probably choke down a few gulps if I was dying of thirst or something, but seriously, this thing should be wearing a fedora.
49 of 50 people found this useful

WHEATUS2010
Shaggy Butte
1 Review

\+ ★

09/10/2012
You know what? I'm from Spout.ly and proud of it. You hipster idiots do not know JACK DICK about drinking fountains. I had to sign up because I saw all the reviews of the PL fountain, and it's crystal clear that NOBODY knows anything about flow level, bubbler calibration, basin depth, or any other REAL thing. You're all just jerking off over pretentious meaningless bullshit. This is one of the best fountains in town from a technical standpoint. Who gives a shit if it's not "punk" enough or whatever.
2 of 108 people found this useful

Rain Check
Shaggy Butte
192 Reviews

★

09/08/2012
Boring and extremely overrated fountain. Soulless, middle-of-the-road DF for the kind of NPR-listening yuppies who maybe go to one fountain a year. I was shocked when it topped Spout & About's top ten last year, since they usually at least try to pretend they give a shit about innovation and creativity... I guess they're just trying to sell more copies by putting mainstream fountains on the cover, but there's just no excuse for hyping the PL fountain. This thing might as well be a drain wrapped in concrete.
39 of 41 people found this useful

FOUNTAIN_DEW
Shaggy Butte
1 Review

★★★★

09/01/2012
Hella sick 'tain. Out with my boys the other night and they were like hey bro I heard there's a dope 'tain in this neighb. So we hit that shit..... mad decent spig on this bad boy, chromed up and shit. Basin game on point. The bros were all hooting. Only wack shit was the people. There were six or seven old guys trying to crowd us out cause I guess they wanted to fill up bottles but i was like, yo back off and don't bogue the font, brah. Also a dweeb drove by in a van and flipped the fountain off. Yo so I had to sign up on this shit and tell all the DF bros that this thing is dope. I tried to sign up on spout.ly but they ask you math questions and shit when you join???
1 of 19 people found this useful

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.4 Mitt Romney's Last-Minute Debate Notes

Thursday, Oct 04, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

In this Something Awful exclusive, learn what's going through the mind of America's 65-year-old multi-millionaire comeback kid as he prepares for a captive nation eager to collect their Halo 4 avatar awards for sitting through hours of non-answers and patronizing smirks.

Mitt,

We've come up with some last minute dos and don'ts for tonight. A major "DO" on your list should be to wash that Brylcreem out of your hair, because the Republican Party doesn't need another Barry Goldwater incident -- guy's head went up like a crème brulee under those studio lights in '64. Best, Team Romney

- The Koch Brothers have asked that you tug violently on both earlobes at some point during the debate in order to acknowledge them in some way. David has stated that he "had better see blood," but we all know how David is.
- If you should bring up airlines again in any sort of humorous context, please remember that most Americans don't have the gumption to work their way up to earning special in-flight features such as bottle service or bidet attendants. Simply make a joke about getting your nail clippers taken away by a TSA agent, then immediately thank our brave fighting men who make your lack of nail clippers possible.
- Just in case the 1983 dog carrier incident is referred to, please inform your opponent that a Heritage Foundation study has recently determined that one in fifty dogs enjoys and can indeed survive being strapped to the top of a car for 12 hours, with only minimal reports of stress-based diarrhea, vomiting, and suicidal bloodletting.
- We have arranged for a series of successively large needles to jab you violently in the lower spine when recalling an anecdote about your average American, who, through sheer pluck and

moxie, found success in this country as a small businessman. Don't worry: the liquid that will be streaming from your eyes is called "tears" and will evaporate shortly.

- Please, we advise against using such terms as "harvesting," "corpse-picking," and "prole-fucking" in any discussion about Bain Capital. If your opponent asks about the infamous Bain photo in which your colleagues were literally stuffing money into their mouths, please explain you were testing the bills for poison before dropping them off at a local charity.
- Should your opponent inquire about your offshore bank accounts, respond by saying you were simply holding the money "for a friend." If he persists, tell him a bigger adult made you do it, then look sheepishly at the floor as you rock back and forth on your feet.
- The moderator is merely a formality; feel free to talk minutes over your allotted time, respond to a question that wasn't asked, hold your opponent down and forcibly cut his hair, etc.
- Your opponent may ask why your Massachusetts health care plan resembles his own so greatly. Look directly into the camera and state: "Maybe the folks at home can solve this mystery!" Like with *Lost*, viewers are willing to dismiss glaring inconsistencies if given a topic of endless discussion to help dull the pain of reality.
- We know Obama's stance on Pentagon funding can be considered "niggardly." We have given you a thesaurus to assist in delivering this statement with a little more creatively. Challenge yourself!
- Through creative categorization, we have determined that 96% of Americans own a small business. Run with this.
- We have provided your lectern with a comically large "Obama Phone" that you should take out and "answer" during one of your opponent's replies. If recognition of this meme does not get a rise out of the audience, its fate upon meeting a giant sledgehammer certainly will. (Note: giant sledgehammer will be located adjacent to Jim Lehrer's open Styrofoam cooler of Coors Light.)
- Possible zinger: "Simpson Bowles? Shouldn't O.J. Simpson be in jail rather than racking up 7-10 splits?" We find that topical humor tracks well with racists, which make up 83% of your voting base.
- Please mention your love of Big Bird before propositioning to starve him (her?) to death.
- When in doubt, salute aggressively towards the sky.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.5 I Must Know Your Thoughts On Circumcisions

Friday, Oct 05, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hi, you barely know me. We're not even really acquaintances. We see each other from time to time in the office and sometimes when they have mandatory company-wide meetings we'll make eye contact for a second. You seem pretty nice. I was wondering, and stop me if this is a little strange, but I was wondering if you could tell me your views on male circumcision.

Hear me out.

What I am really looking for on this one is not just a "for it" or "against it" sort of thing. That's too easy. I could get that anywhere.

No, I want you to wait until we are driving a long distance together, or maybe stuck in an elevator or on a flight together, basically trapped in the same area, and just let me have it all. Tell me everything you feel and think about male circumcision. If you could somehow physically situate yourself between me and the exit that would be even better. Really get in the way so if I want to leave I am going to have to make a big deal out of it.

I want to be very clear on this, because I realize it's a strange thing, but I want you to physically force me to listen to your views on male circumcision. Make a lot of eye contact with me while you're doing it. I want to know about mutilations in Africa, I want to hear about deformed penises and lack of sensitivity. Call it child abuse. Call it superstition or religious ignorance. Call it whatever you want, just tell me about it.

I have to know! I am begging. Let me hear everything you know about "the hygiene myth" and doctors pushing it on confused parents. If you could layer seething personal aggrievement on top of everything that would be even better. Use phrases like "damaged for life" and make me think you have some weird, chopped up yam dick that pisses sideways. I absolutely need to know all of this.

Let's hear detailed descriptions of penises. I'm sure you've seen some gruesome photos of botched

operations. Talk to me about the process of snipping away the foreskin. I want mental images of dicks. Bloody baby dicks in my mind's eye. As many and as messed up as possible. Talk me through this.

If you find yourself running out of steam, I want you to think about orthodox Jewish circumcision. Really get down in the trenches until I am pretty sure you hate Jewish people. Anything you forget, and I mean the slightest thing relating to circumcisions, please send to me in an email. Got any links? I have nothing but time for circumcision articles. Hell, send that shit company-wide. I know some guys in the warehouse who would love to discuss messed up dicks.

If you are completely exhausted on circumcision (don't hold anything back!) I have a couple other topics I desperately need you to tell me about at your earliest convenience.

- **9/11:** I know you've got the goods on this one and I think there is a lot of ground to cover that nobody has brought up with me before. Inside job? False flag? Cruise missiles? Let's have everything you've got.

- **Cell phones:** We're always using them. Talk about that for a bit. How we're always staring at those cell phones. Tell me about the story you saw on the news. Then show me your cell phone. Then talk about some guy I have never heard of and how he has a really great cell phone. I know you only half remember his phone, but just tell me what you can recall. The S something? 500? Great. I'll take what I can get. Maybe delve into the brain tumor stuff too. Run a clinic for me.

- **No TV:** Explain to me why you don't own a TV. You've probably told me before, but I yearn to hear it all over again. Nothing but crap? Rots your brain? Amazing. You have it all figured out.

Whenever you get a chance, circle back to the circumcision stuff. Do I have kids? Did I have them circumcised? Totally unimportant. It doesn't even matter if you have kids. This is all about your views. You're changing the world. Keep it up.

Thanks in advance.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.6 Stuck In A Kitchen Cupboard And Loving It

Saturday, Oct 06, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

(This article was originally published in Stuck Fancy Magazine issue #417, from May 2012)

In a quiet upper middle class neighborhood just outside of Cape Elizabeth, Maine, there is a lovely house with a neatly trimmed yard and a backyard that overlooks the ocean. Inside this house, there is a kitchen cupboard. Its solid oak is cut in simple, modern angles that communicate an understated beauty. Within this cupboard is a woman.

She is the new face of being stuck in a kitchen cupboard.

Lucy Lemire opens the cupboard door just long enough to greet myself and Stuck Fancy's staff photographer. She demurely shakes our hands before offering us home baked muffins and glasses of lemonade from a silver tray wedged beneath her awkwardly bent knees. Once she is sure that we have been properly welcomed and settled in, she closes the door to conduct the interview. Lucy politely refuses to have her face photographed. The cupboard and the act of getting stuck, she insists, is far more important than herself.

"I try to keep the door closed as much as possible," she explains. "What's the use of being stuck if you can see what's going on out there? That would seem like cheating to me."

This attitude is exactly the reason that Lucy has become such a prominent figure in a few short years. When I asked about her rise to fame, she deflected the attention.

"There have been some dark times as of late. The economy. Terror. The decline of American Idol. Things could have fallen apart completely, but the community of people who get stuck in kitchen cupboards really came together. I learned a lot about myself and who my real friends were - who bravely remained stuck in a kitchen cupboard and who freed themselves at the first sign of trouble. Those who stayed are the real heroes. I'm just one of many."

Lucy Lemire has been stuck in this kitchen cabinet for just over three years now, but she manages just fine. Her appearance is impeccable. Our brief interaction revealed an attractive woman with her dark hair kept in a neat bob, her slacks and white turtleneck sweater tasteful both perfectly clean.

Her family life is the American ideal. Husband Eric is a lawyer for a local baseball card destroying company, and her children are bright, energetic youngsters getting set for high school.

Though she is clearly proud of her kids, Lucy admits that there have been difficult moments.

"They've... experimented. You know, getting their heads stuck in the stairway railing. I don't approve, but I don't admonish them either. Sometimes you have to stay out of their way and let them find their identities. They'll figure it out eventually. Right now they think their mom doesn't know anything. One day they'll be stuck in kitchen cupboards of their own, and they'll finally be happy. They'll tell me how I was right all along, and they'll be thankful for the fact that I didn't force the issue."

Even as she hopes to be an inspiration to her children, Lucy recalls her own mentor. Marybeth

Kinski paved the way for women to get involved in getting stuck in kitchen cupboards. Before her brave stand in the 1980s, getting stuck in kitchen cupboards was strictly for men. Kinski shattered the all boys club, and in doing so embodied everything that was good and decent about getting stuck in a kitchen cupboard.

In fact, Kinski was so devoted to getting stuck in kitchen cupboards that she died in one. The doctors said it was due to being stuck in a kitchen cupboard for a very long time.

"So senseless," Lucy sniffs. We cannot see her, but from the sound of her voice she is clearly fighting back tears. "It was so senseless how they took her out of the cupboard to bury her. She would have wanted to be buried inside the kitchen cupboard!"

No such fate will befall Lucy Lemire.

"This entire house is built upon a trap door. All of it's coming down, pulled into the Earth and sealed beneath thirty tons of quick dry cement."

She briefly opens the cupboard door and points to a conspicuous red button built into the wall near her bent neck.

"After I die, I just have to push this."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.7 Actual Satanic Rituals Assembled from Media Reports of the 1980s

Monday, Oct 08, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A fear of Satanism permeated the media from the early 1980s to the early 1990s. Fueled by a rise in occult-themed rock music and other dark forms of entertainment aimed at teens, this paranoia gripped small town sheriffs and concerned citizens across the United States. For a while it seemed like cults were springing up everywhere. Theories were floated no matter how far-fetched and every body found that was gnawed on by a raccoon was presumed to be part of a ritual praising Satan. The details of elaborate (and usually fake) rituals leaked into the media.

So what were these evil satanic rituals like? It varied wildly, from sex to weird piss videos to burning puppies, anything could be done in praise to Satan.

15 Teenagers aged 14 to 17 walk into an abandoned church painted with pentagrams and occult symbols such as "666" and a devil face. One of them lights six candles and someone brings in a skull of a goat. Some of the teenagers tie each other up and create small cuts on their arms and legs as part of an S&M sex orgy. In the woods of Toledo they murder 50 to 60 children during sex rituals. If they conceive more children during these rituals those are also sacrificed to the devil. The bodies disappear after they are killed. Wooden crosses are erected all around a pentagram while teenagers are literally having sex with people until they die.

These teens have been turned to satanism during their younger years by a babysitting service run by Carribeans. The babysitting was a front for a cult which subjected the children to satanic sexual rituals and indoctrinated them into the Satanic cult.

They gather in a barn. The scene is surrounded by black and red candles. Some of them who are not having satanic sex are wearing black robes and speaking in a strange language. They have kidnapped a 15-year-old and they tie him spread-eagled inside their pentagram. They draw blood from his neck. They are not killing him, they are welcoming into the cult. They make him wear a collar with spikes on it around his neck. Somebody licks blood off of his finger.

Outside the old barn are 263 dead animals sacrificed and burned by a zookeeper. Nobody knows why he did it. He can't say. But Satan must be pretty happy about all those drums full of burned puppies.

A police detective in Oklahoma shakes his head. All of these kids today are listening to this music and reading Satanic books. Learning the Satanic symbols. Their power is growing. Why don't they love life?

In Phoenix, a heavy metal band gathers in a Motel 6. A 17-year-old boy has agreed to become their sacrifice in a Satanic ritual. They tie him naked to a bed and tape firecrackers to his chest. They douse him in alcohol and light the firecrackers. The room fills with the smell of gunpowder and booze. As the firecrackers explode the alcohol catches fire. The band members chant for Satan and begin urinating on the teenager, extinguishing the flames. The ritual is videotaped and the teenager is allowed to keep the tape. The band is asked to leave for being too noisy. Technically not part of the ritual.

Satanism is practiced by children in three counties in Michigan. They have a site located somewhere to the north where they perform their rituals. One day a 15-year-old boy shoots and kills his older brother. He uses a shotgun. For Satan.

Waiters in San Francisco are part of a gay satanic cult. They take all the blood out of their victims and wrap up their dead bodies in blankets. They take their victims from the unwanted - derelicts - and they carve pentagrams in the victims' chests. They are waiters and they love gay Satan. They are also union members.

The Cardinals, by then, had noticed the growing power of Satan. They became worried.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.8 Free CB Handles, Get Your Free CB Handles Here

Tuesday, Oct 09, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

I believe it was around the watercooler one morning where Dr. David Thorpe, "Friendly" Greg Pollock, and I decided to buy a CB radio and spend our workday breaks riding the ionosphere with some grizzled old roadfolk. The office we work at is only a few hundred yards from Highway 101 in San Jose, which constantly has heavy truck traffic, so the whole idea made a little too much sense. Excited to enter a new world of talking to trucker folk, being delighted by their stories, possibly being threatened with violence, and let's face it-- maybe even sleeping with one of them-- we headed out to the electronics store to grab a unit.

The handheld piece of shit we settled on in the store turned out to pick up nothing but static so we took the thing back the same day, but the spirit lives on. Maybe when one of us gets up the nerve to waste even more money we'll get the full-blast car setup complete with a magnetic antenna for the top of one of our economy cars, but for now we're just preparing mentally. Thanks to the magic of Google Docs' multiplayer spreadsheet functionality, we were able to come up with a list of 300+ potential CB radio handles you're encouraged to adopt and use to delight everyone in your convoy or village.

It should also be noted that a perfectly good list of fantastic names for dogs already exists courtesy of Joshua "Livestock" Boruff and company. Most or all of the names on his list would work fantastically for this purpose too, so you're really looking at something like 500+ names for truckers, dogs, babies, you name it.

- Boomer
- Bullfrog
- Survivor
- Scooter Slick
- Needlenose
- Sidewinder
- Blackbeard
- Loveboat
- Porky
- Party Ass
- Piano Man
- Redline
- Torque
- Chopper Rick
- Musket
- Heckler
- Roadhouse
- Jimmy Dean
- Mollusk
- Boss
- Diamondback
- Log Boy
- Kuffs
- Ten Pounder
- Chugwolf
- Socrates
- No-No
- Switchblade
- Steamer
- Nuggets
- Homo
- Freeworld
- Motherboard
- Big Dusty

- Little Dusty
- Mudking
- Yellowjacket
- Hale Bopp
- No Neck
- Burly
- Grillmaster
- Def Jam
- Haymaker
- Whipsaw
- Tits
- Mungous
- Chewbacca Slim
- Up North
- Coyote (pronounced KY-oat)
- Blue Chips
- Mork From Ork
- Tumbleweed
- Rude Bwai
- Toddler
- Roughhouse
- Shit List
- Mighty Sore
- Boiler
- Eyesore
- Roulette
- Wildman
- Le Mans
- Jawbone
- Whiteball
- Whiskey Nip
- Struggler
- Horndog
- Dogpile
- Piledog
- Handsome Keith
- Rhubarb
- Moonbaby
- Code Red
- Baby Corn
- Shepherd
- Beastmaster
- Wolftoucher
- Daddy-O
- Jean Jacket
- Stiff Arm
- Wiseguy
- Sugarshorts
- Biscuit
- Flatlander
- Hind Quarters
- Pigfoot
- Trouble
- Truck Nutz
- Big Rack
- The Toolman
- Cavedog
- Short Stack
- Wizard
- The Roller
- Bird Dog
- Thinker
- Hooker
- Godfather

- The Pretzel
- Dashboard
- Yukon Gold
- Crackshot
- Fingers
- Primer
- Whistler
- No-Toes
- Sawblade
- The Sexy Elf
- Bird of Prey
- Trenchfoot
- Falcon
- Cleft
- Sherbet
- Mocha
- Seabird
- Outboard
- Seawolf
- Mad Cat
- DDT
- The French Tickler
- Papercut
- T-Top
- Short Leg
- The Stork
- Precious
- Wild Child
- Chopper
- Methuselah
- Stinger
- Coupon
- Speedball
- Octo
- Squirt
- Augustus
- Oops! All Barry
- Cherry Wine
- Hubcap
- Gargoyle
- Cheese Horn
- The Guru
- Tenderfoot
- Nighthawk
- Blackbird
- Pipewrench
- The Professor
- Icebox
- Snake
- Barnburner
- Type 2
- Rambler
- Whiteboots
- Driftwood
- Flounder
- Stubblechest
- Humpy
- Trogg
- Adonis Truth
- The Math Man
- Toadshark
- King Lear
- K-Bone
- Nugroaster

- Prometheus
- Taterbug
- Fantasy
- Two-Thirds Nelson
- Baby New Year
- Giggler
- Wellwater
- Dogbender
- Great Dane
- Happy Camper
- Dirtbike
- Bingo
- Magnetic North
- Ticketmaster
- Dumpling
- Gumshoe
- Teapot
- Scuttlebutt
- The Rooster
- Bungler
- Dart
- Firecracker
- 9-Volt
- Road Tiger
- Howler
- The Gremlin
- Fantastic Pete
- Tumbler
- Red
- Catfish
- Other Tony
- Tank
- Horseplay
- Guesthouse
- Winker
- Tatochip
- Beandip
- Tommy Ninefingers
- The Juggler
- Big Time
- Cyberspace
- Peepaw
- Jake Fogelnest
- Hooter
- Cooter
- Pooter
- Flanksteak
- Sandalwood
- Nighttime Formula
- Joey Cuervo
- Knock-Knock
- Black Beavis
- Hondo
- Oxblood
- Nuke It
- Pale Rider
- Landbird
- Rugboy
- Dirtpit
- Schoolyard
- Skynyrd
- Tommy Toga
- Casino
- Racehorse

- Chop Shop
- Admiral
- Junkpile
- The Alarmist
- The Natural
- Good Old Roy
- Due South
- Silverback
- Vanagon
- Yard Sale
- Pitboss
- Goose Egg
- Porno
- Jock Itch
- Legman
- French
- Scoob
- Staplegun
- Stallion
- Mile-a-Minute
- Sleeper
- Peach Pit
- Cheesesteak
- Beefhinge
- Big Loaf
- The Noid
- Miracle Man
- Tops
- Banknote
- Backslider
- Jordache
- Critter
- Quarter Note
- The Yodeler
- Squeaker
- Ironsides
- Douglet
- Tron
- Tall Order
- Cosmic
- Hell's Bells
- Codebreaker
- Naugahyde
- Babylegs
- Slippery Jim
- Flatbread
- Queso
- Meatus
- Banjo
- Yankee
- Tangy
- Ranch Hand
- Bungalow
- Fencepost
- Rumbler
- Bannister
- Hoagie
- Dadgum
- Magnum
- Mangum
- Wheelbarrow
- Shadow
- Manticore
- Magnet

- Fang
- Esquire
- Clockwork
- Ragdoll
- Ripple
- Wingnut
- Bubbly
- Shellgame
- Tingler
- Curls
- Wishful Thinkin'
- Pubert
- Cue Ball
- Man-o-War
- Jazz Bone
- Dogbed
- Seatbreaker
- Towelripper
- Bloodweiser
- Texas Toast
- Wetlook
- Sexy

@arr *and* ***@weedguy420boner*** *contributed their expert knowledge of the road to this list.*

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.9 This is the Moment of Truth

Wednesday, Oct 10, 2012 by Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: Wed, October 10, 2012 at 2:57 AM
Subject: This is the Moment of Truth

Renaldo - -

It's not exaggeration when I say a moment of truth is fast approaching. An important journey that began some years ago is reaching a decisive point. I don't know how it's going to turn out, but I know one thing: I'm deeply optimistic.

I'm referring to the final episode of my favorite TV program, *the X-Files*. I had no idea what to expect some years ago when I inserted the first DVD and pressed the play button, but it's been magic ever since. Mulder and Scully have seen me through some difficult times and served as a strong moral compass during tough challenges at home and from abroad.

When it's all said and done, I'll have a lot to look back on, and a lot of time to fill. The President still insists I watch *The Wire*, but I don't like how pushy he is about that show.

I'm not sure yet when I will have the chance to watch the final episode. The President had the Secret Service confiscate my DVDs. He said I'll get them back once I win the debate against the Ryan boy.

Let me tell you about this debate. The choice voters face this election has never been more critical. It's a choice between going forward or falling backward into the same failed policies that got us into this mess in the first place. Those differences will be on display during the debate.

We've seen guys like Paul Ryan before. Mulder dealt with his own Paul Ryan in the form of Alex Krycek, and he was as treacherous as they come. You can't trust a guy like that one way or another. And with Mitt Romney, his policies change so much he might as well be one of the alien shape shifters that provided the core to so many great mythology episodes.

Folks, let's be clear: a Romney-Ryan administration would return us to the type of bureaucracy that hampered the actions of Agents Mulder and Scully, and sought to keep the truth buried. We're so close to seeing that truth come to light, it would be foolish to turn back now.

The American people deserve better. I'm talking about folks like Pete Loam of Dayton, Ohio who works hard and sacrifices every day to provide not just for his wife and daughters, but for the good men and women he employs.

I'm talking about a single mother like Alice Gladspring of Macon, Georgia, who works two jobs to support her daughter and pay for classes at a local university.

And folks, I'm talking about a young man like Billy Miles of Bellefleur, Oregon, who endured horrific

experiments at the hands of the extraterrestrial colonists, and would be denied essential care under Mitt Romney's health plan because of a pre-existing condition incurred through no fault of his own.

Let's not mince words here. We all know the last two seasons of the X-Files have been especially difficult. Without Mulder to anchor the show, the stories haven't been as rich. We've seen the final seasons struggle to cope with the complicated backstory inherited from previous seasons. The new guy, the liquid metal guy, does a great job, but he needs more than two seasons to clean up the mess and find his own footing.

I made a promise to myself and to the American people, that I would watch *the X-Files* from start to finish. I'm now prepared to deliver on that promise. But it's important for everyone to come together and help us deliver on another promise -- one we can't do without your vote and your support.

If you can donate even $15, it will go a long way toward helping us complete the journey we started four years ago. We can win this.

Keep watching the skies,

Joe

-~Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

10.10 New TV Show Roundup For Fall 2012!

Thursday, Oct 11, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Most of the Fall's new shows are underway, with a few stragglers premiering in the coming weeks. This year's batch has enough promising ideas and spectacular failures to suit anyone's taste. Well, just about anyone's taste. There still isn't a reality series documenting Terry Gilliam's ongoing efforts to make a Don Quixote movie. Until there is such a show, television will not be complete.

Still, there are plenty of new shows to consider.

So many things happened in the first episode of *Last Resort* that it contained an entire season of any other show. We had double crosses, hull breaches, three nuclear explosions, kidnappings, saloon standoffs, several levels of political intrigue, and a La Bamba dance sequence.

It was probably too much.

I loved it.

Andre Braugher is killing it. His character is at once an honorable leader, a thoughtful kindhearted dude, and one head rub away from becoming a modern day Kurtz. If nothing else, the show is worth checking out to see a great actor let loose on a super fun role.

The premiere of *Lost* was something special. It centered around a big fat setpiece and had relatively sparse character development, sure, but the tone was spot on and everything hinted at a greater depth.

Since then, every pilot with a prominent mystery angle has allowed overly witty character interactions and the dropping of hints to take precedence over the establishment of a consistent world for viewers to care about. Despite the involvement of J.J. Abrams, the pilot for *Revolution* falls into this trap. The show is just a little too light and inconsequential where it could be grounded and offset with actual moments of humor.

That said, if the series finds its footing there's some potential. *Revolution*'s version of a post-apocalypse is essentially *The Postman* meets Fallout, which could go in some cool directions. The show's minor quirks can be forgiven if the violence stops taking the form of Reluctant Hero Kills 100 Dudes.

There is really no reason for me to be excited about this. Superhero shows have a spotty track record. I haven't read many Green Arrow comics, so he exists in my mind in a no-man's-land between the Green Lantern and Hawkeye.

Then again, this series is about a guy that stops crime by shooting arrows at people. I'm on board.

John Locke in a show about an apartment building run by THE DEVIL. That's a concept that sells itself, like Jerry Seinfeld in John Henry: Robot Hunter. This should be great!

It probably won't be. Network TV tends to hamstring potentially dark material, unless it's very carefully crafted. *666 Park Avenue* seems closer in tone to something like *Desperate Housewives*. I will be very happy to be proven wrong.

You know how the BBC version of *Sherlock* is one of the best things going? Well, this has Lucy Liu.

Here Sherlock comes across as more of a generic "aren't I quirky" sort that you see in most medical and detective shows nowadays. That said, I actually like Lucy Liu, and any show that presents mysteries without adhering to the *CSI* format is welcome.

The ads make this look like a second-rate *Community*. And it is, in a way, at least in structure. A smug professional (Matthew Perry of Fallout: New Vegas and *Friends*) is forced to interact with a group of people from disparate backgrounds, all of which realize that they need to come together to work out their personal issues.

Fortunately, this show carves out its own niche rather quickly. Where *Community* is insane and boundlessly creative, *Go On* has just a little bit more heart and a different style of humor. It might not be my favorite comedy, but considering the existence of *Two Broke Girls* and *The Big Bang Theory*, it's nice to think there might be room for stuff like this.

Michael Chiklis has money and suits! Dennis Quaid has a gun and justice! They are destined to clash! Repeatedly!

Go in expecting a procedural with a cool setting rather than a deep study of an era, and you might come away happy. By happy I mean "less disappointed".

Gay people and straight people living together??? Misunderstandings? We've just entered the hilarity zone! Can someone please let us out? No, really, we can't find a door. Please don't let us die in here.

The neighbors are aliens. This is a show where the neighbors are aliens.

Picture a good TV show that features a fake TV show within its universe, a parody of actual television. *The Neighbors* is that fake show inside a real show. It is wonderfully conceptual and flimsy.

I really hope they go all the way with this. Give us some hyper non-humor that is simultaneously compelling and off-putting. Bring in Paul Verhoeven to direct. I will watch every episode.

When I see Justin Kirk, I can only think of two things:

- Jakob Dylan

- The supremely terrible *Weeds*, which apparently descended into new levels of awfulness with each season

Neither of these things are his fault. This show, however, needs to be really good to overcome my rather unfair bias. Let's see, it says here that *Animal Practice* is about a pet doctor with a hilarious monkey.

Damn it, Justin Kirk.

Hold on. *The Chicago Code* was canceled, yes? That's what I thought. As long as we are living in a world where *The Chicago Code* wasn't able to get a second season, we cannot allow any more shows to be set in Chicago. I don't care how attractive everyone is, or how much charcoal they've rubbed on their taut, muscular bodies. Really, I don't. I'm just letting the DVR record this for the rest of the season because I hit the wrong button.

Hey, the guy that's been in just about every comedy thing in the last five years has a show! And I still don't know his name. Ben. He's Ben in this show, so from now on he shall be known as Ben. If we haven't accomplished anything else today, at least we managed to settle that.

Here Ben is a manchild who must learn responsibility, becoming a nanny for his niece. The whole "I never grew up!" angle has been milked dry at this point, but *Ben And Kate* is surprisingly laid back and confident. Instead of a frantic mess, we have a potentially good series that will undoubtedly be canceled when it finds its stride.

The creator of *Glee* made a show full of walking stereotypes? The characters act illogically to propel shallow storylines that are immediately discarded? It features risque content that almost seems progressive even though the writing is insulting to anyone with a functioning brain? Huh.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.11 If Mitt Romney is Elected I Will Have to Lay Some of You Off

Friday, Oct 12, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

David Siegel, the founder of Westgate Resorts, recently sent a letter to his thousands of employees indicating that they should vote for Mitt Romney or he might be forced to lay some of them off.

> *"The economy doesn't currently pose a threat to your job. What does threaten your job however, is another 4 years of the same Presidential administration."*

Siegel did not retreat from the letter when the media came knocking. And why should he? David Siegel is only one of many CEOs using their corporate power to influence their empoloyees' voting habits. Liberals are just as guilty of it as conservatives and we have uncovered just such a letter from an Obama-backing business.

Subject: Message from Andromeda Cornflower
Date: Mon, 08 Oct 2012 13:58:05 -0400 (EDT)
From: [Andromeda Cornflower]
To: [All employees]

Dear Valued Employees of Astra Meditation and Natural Food,

As most of you know our collective life-energy exploration, Astra, is doing really super good right now. We have been selling more molasses pills than ever before and we can hardly keep the fruit leather in stock. Profits are up on broccoli seeds, we have a whole new line of gluten free cereal and Verbena's poultices are attracting new customers every day. But all is not well. Your jobs may be in danger.

Yes, we're becoming more self-sustaining every day. The beeswax and lemon has helped with the smell in the composting toilet. Wayne Spotted Bear has put some new solar panels up on the dehydrating shed and thanks to those and the windmill we are generating almost a tenth of the electricity needed to run our cash register. Like Guru Paul always says: think outside the grid.

It has been a really groovy ride with all of you. Tragically, it may be coming to an end. Your jobs and my business are being threatened by the political situation here in what the Chickahominy tribe call "the land of rivers." America is a land I love, a land where an upper-middle class white kid from Long Island can reinvent himself as a Native American Cosmic Spiritualist and beat the odds to start his own business. But if you vote for Mitt Romney and he gets elected, well, I may just have to cut back on my employees.

Some people think business is all about having a good idea and starting out with a little seed money and pulling yourself up. Actually, business is where you take your hobbies and the government helps you with loans to turn those hobbies into a semi-profitable venture that you spend on a baby poop green Chevelle that you drive to the very first Burning Man and just have your reality opened way up.

I began this business in 1982 after returning from Burning Man (before it was official and commercialized) with a bunch of Mexican herbal pills and an idea. I drove around the East Coast, mostly Vermont, and sold amulets and teas I picked from public land. Then I drove my car into a river in a cry for help that further enlightened me.

After I was released from the hospital I managed to earn a federal student loan that helped me get my degree in transcendental massage. That, in turn, helped me get my small business loan to open up my massage and raw food restaurant that ironically burned down two years later. That was because of a hate crime unrelated to me.

The insurance paid out and I was able to build Astra in 1989. Ever since then this business has been expanding from the front room down into our basement with the refrigerator. We've gone from having one kind of silver biotic to having three kinds.

But I am so afraid it won't last. Mitt Romney is threatening to take away the liberal arts education funding and energy grants that make Astra possible. Worse, he wants to repeal Obamacare and its

provisions which classify astral projection and herb pills as medical treatment and forces insurance companies to pay for it. If Mitt Romney is elected I will have to lay some of you off.

I try to keep negativity out of my thoughtspace, but I have been forced to consider what a future under Mitt Romney might look like. Can you picture a world where meditating is outlawed and the only dried apricots available are the kind treated with sulfur and we don't receive a $17 dollar green energy credit on our electric bill? It is a nightmare beyond reason. That is why I am asking you to help me keep this business open and vote for Barack Obama.

If we can reelect him we might be able to continue growing, adding organic juices, introducing the world to our uniquely Astra mix of hot yoga and ice cold raw milk. Let's do this. Together we can make it happen. Anything is possible. Even time travel to have erotic dialogue with yourself.

May all blessing be upon you and your deity of choosing. Together we can do this. We can elect Barack Obama and keep everything the same.

Signed, your boss,

Andromeda Cornflower

Will the David Siegels of the world be counter-balanced by the Obama-supporting CEOs? No, it's pretty much just this one guy sending out a letter to his two employees. But in America, that's close enough, so we'll just say, "Both sides do it!" and leave it at that.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.12 McCarthy Hearing Questions From Cooler Universes

Saturday, Oct 13, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Are you now or have you ever been aware that my hand is seriously getting weird? It's, like, bigger and somehow smaller at the same time. I think we all need to remain very still for a few hours until this blows over. Stop blinking so loudly. Thank you."

"Butter. Flour. Eggs. Yes, general, as I have stated time and time again I understand that perfectly. My question, if you would care to finally address it: Do you just pour all of the sugar in at once and stir, or mix it in slowly?"

"Well if there's no such thing as ghosts, how did he know my aunt's name started with a V? Yes, his exact words were 'I'm sensing someone with a name that contains a J...? No, an R? How about V?' Afterwards he explained that it was always a V, though, and that he was just misunderstanding it because there were so many ghosts walking around in front of him that he had a hard time seeing the letter."

"Sir, is it in fact your testimony that a large man on a pony can outrun a regular sized man with rollerskates? Keep in mind that you are under oath."

"How do I know you're the clone? What if I'm not really me, but I'm just designed to think that I am? Please answer the question quickly. I have almost eighty more McCarthy clones appearing before me today. And one of them might be the real me. Unless it's me."

"Please, for the love of god, can someone here teach me how to read? I've got this issue of Jungle Action and I need to know what happens in it RIGHT NOW."

"Okay, this one's for three hundred points and control of the board. Gentlemen, we asked your wives to describe your style of love making by comparing it to an animal. Did your wife say: A rabbit, an elephant, or a leech?"

"The blue wire. Got it. Uh... Bannon? There is no blue wire. I'm sitting here looking at a green wire with blue stripes and a blue wire with green stripes. Which one do I cut? Well, you don't have time to look at the manual! This clock has ten seconds left before it blows this place sky high! Which wire do I cut?!?"

"Ladies, gentlemen. Thank you for coming in today. I won't waste your time. You have all been called in to help me with one simple question. Is there any condition in which the suppression of opposing political beliefs would actually make a country stronger? No? Thank you. You may take the rest of the hour to enjoy a pizza party, courtesy of myself."

"Uh, I can. I totally can. You have no idea what I'm capable of. You seriously have no clue. One hundred chicken nuggets in half an hour. No time outs. No regurgitation allowed. How much do you want to bet?"

"The world's greatest scientific minds. Supposed geniuses at the top of their chosen fields. Tell me, how many days do I need to work out before I can throw a baseball and have it circle the Earth? There's no need to take into account my ability to catch the ball. We have three teams of defense contractors working on a solution to that particular problem around the clock. You need only to

concern yourselves with how many days I will have to spend doing push ups and strapping myself into an exercise shaker belt. Three? Five?"

"Members of the committee, we have heard nearly eight hundred hours of testimony from expert witnesses. Whether it was grieving women or soldiers with haunted looks in their eyes, countless citizens from all walks of life have provided their harrowing tales, their pleas for reason. Does anyone object to the outlaw of fedoras, porkpies, and all headwear that carries a similarly high affectation quotient? No? So be it. The law is passed."

"If I don't get a straight answer, I'm gonna start hollerin'. Who runs Bartertown?"

"Do not patronize me, sir. You're the surgeon general, sure, but that doesn't mean I'm a nincompoop. I know much more than you give me credit for. I know that the man and woman have to love one another, or the baby won't be formed. I know that they have to hold their breath when they kiss or they'll get oxygen poisoning. I know that the house must be shielded by an unbroken circle of salt around its perimeter. The whole process is within my understanding. What I need to know is: How do I tell a pretty lady that I think she's special?"

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.13 PolitiFact Rates the Statements of Hulk Hogan and Randy "Macho Man" Savage

Monday, Oct 15, 2012 by Politifact Team (@sexyfacts4u)

Tampa Bay Times PolitiFact.com Winner of the Pulitzer Prize

Fact-checking Hogan and Savage

Wrestlers "Macho Man" Savage (left) and Hulk Hogan (right) trade barbs and accusations in the days leading up to **Wrestlemania V**.

We are always trying to stay atop the facts underlying the rivalries consuming the WWF, and no rivalry has been more fascinating than the clash of personalities between Hulk Hogan and Randy "Macho Man" Savage. In the lead up to **Wrestlemania V**, Savage and Hogan have issued a series of statements, both direct-to-camera during talk-ups and during interviews with "Mean Gene" Okerlund, that are contentious and sometimes contradictory.

Here's what we've posted so far.

More from Politifact:

- Coaches of Bud Bowl Issue Conflicting Statements at Odds With Facts
- Vader Plays Loose With Truth in Screed Against Mon Mothma
- Facts Contradict PM's Claims: So Many Have Previously Owed So Much to So Few

Macho Man

Claims Hogan was after Elizabeth from the beginning of the Mega Powers alliance based on comments Hogan made calling Elizabeth "[his] lady."

Literally Hogan's words, but intended as a show of respect.

Hulk Hogan

Accuses Macho Man of turning on Hogan and Elizabeth in Milwaukee and effectively ending the Mega Powers team.

Savage, believing himself betrayed, ruined the Mega Powers alliance.

Hulk Hogan

Claims he wants Elizabeth to be his manager and wants nothing more.

Requested a hug from Miss Elizabeth at the Silverdome, but it was seemingly non-erotic.

Macho Man

Accuses Hogan of stealing his glory at Summer Slam by interfering in a one vs. tag match with the Conquistadors.

Hogan charged the ring to prevent a sneak attack on Savage, but then proceeded to share equally in the glory.

Hulk Hogan

Blames Savage's paranoia and hotheadedness for the dissolution of the Mega Powers alliance.

Actually caused by an incredible series of sitcom-like misunderstandings.

Macho Man

Accuses Hogan of stupidity for his plan to use Miss Elizabeth to distract their opponents by taking off her skirt and revealing a tiny, yellow bikini.

Hogan's plan was idiotic.

Hulk Hogan

Attributes the "bikini plot" jointly to Macho Man and states it was necessary to extricate their team from a "dangerous situation" with the Mega Bucks at Summer Slam.

Savage repeatedly "Ohh yeahed" during the formulation of the bikini plot.

Macho Man

Claims Hogan will tremble when he looks into [Savage's] eyes at Wrestlemania, because Savage knows Hogan's strengths and weaknesses.

Hulk Hogan has no weaknesses.

Whatever your views on the two competitors, you can rest assured it will all be settled November 6th at Wrestlemania V.

In addition to rating the veracity of promos from the world's greatest pro-wrestlers, Politifact has also written a science fiction novel.

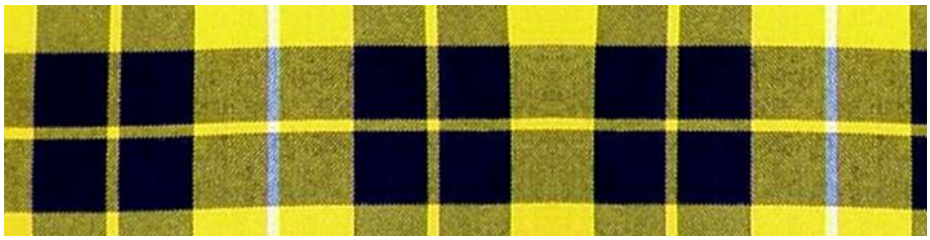
-~Politifact Team (@sexyfacts4u)

10.14 What Your Flannel Says About You

Tuesday, Oct 16, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

-Black Watch (Large Check)-
You have (or are planning to) kill an animal today.

-Thompson Grey-
You care deeply about the Apple brand experience.



-Dress Barclay-
You are a Berenstain Bear.

~

-MacLellan-
You no longer differentiate between pants and pajamas.

-MacKay Blue-
You play bass in an indie band with an animal themed name.

-Hunting Cumming-
You enjoy the smell of diesel gas on your fingers and your step-son does not.

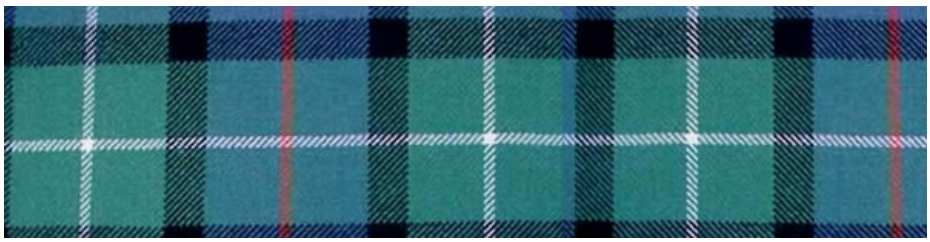
-Modern Fergusen-
You live in New Mexico, 1992 and today is your homecoming dance.

-Stewart Camel-
You frequently ask how anyone could drive a car other than a Volvo.

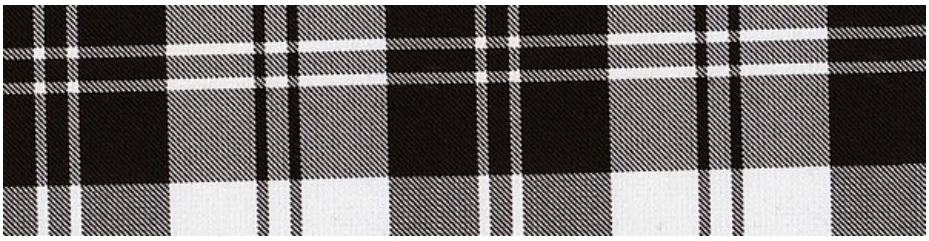
-Teviotdale-
Your bellybutton smells and you secretly like it.

-Wallace-
You recently raided your grandfather's closet.

-Dalziel-
You are nearly complete with your Tim "The Tool Man" Taylor fan-fic.



-Davidson of Tulloch-
Your favorite band is Nirvana, still.



-Cairn Lite-
Your mother shops at Baby Gap.

-Dunlop-
You have touched a girl and it was exactly like the internet said it would be like.

-Black Watch (Small Check)-
You are on the cover of Snoop Dog's 1993 album *Doggystyle*.

-Clan Campbell-
You have no opinion on Chinese human rights violations, but you know what it takes to host a mean crawfish bake.~

-Hamilton-
You have a deep connection with corduroy

-Hannay-
You didn't pay child support but you got these bitchin' Oakleys.

-Lamont-
You are legitimately cold.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.15 KRUT-5 News: Teen Mobile Sex Pics: "An Epidemic"

Wednesday, Oct 17, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

TEEN MOBILE SEX PICS: "AN EPIDEMIC," EXPERT SAYS

By KRUT-5 News Staff

SHAGGY BUTTE - When Dan Huhl borrowed his teen daughter's cellular phone to make a phone call to the girl's mother, he got much more than a friendly phone call. He got a shocking eyeful that still haunts him to this day.

"I accidentally tapped the texting thing instead of the phone thing," said Huhl. "I was pretty surprised by what I saw, to say the least."

What confronted this naive father's unsuspecting eyes was part of a teen epidemic that's been raging out of control as cell phone use spreads. Dan Huhl was face-to-face with a disgusting, explicit picture of a shocking sex act, sent to his daughter by a school friend.

"It was a man," Huhl told us, "and he had his hands on his genitals, and he was making an indecent gesture. It was terrible. I asked my daughter what it was, and she just laughed at me."

"An epidemic"

It's called sexmoticonning, and your teen could be next.

"Sextmoticons," our anonymous source within the KRUT-5 news organization tells us, "are graphic depictions of sex acts that teens send to each other for stimulation and amusement. They may seem shocking to us, but sexmoticonning is so common among teens that they don't even consider it a 'real' sexual act. To the virtual voluptuaries of the millennial generation, it's just not even a h*****b. It's not even at that level."

"It's an epidemic," he told KRUT-5 News. "And you can quote me on that."

Warning: the following image, captured from the telephone of an actual teen, shows real sexmoticons being passed around by real teens on the popular iPhone telephone service, created by Apple Computers and used widely by teens. This image may be disturbing. Viewer discretion is advised.

The Apple Computer corporation could not be reached for comment. Local mobile phone carrier Rockyou2it Mobile replied to our repeated inquiries with the following statement, via email: "We take teen safety very seriously. That's why, just in time for the holiday season, we're willing to offer a FREE name-brand smartphone with any two-year contract activation."

Parents just won't understand

When Dan Huhl's daughter wouldn't accept that the practice of sexmoticonning was dangerous, he decided to blow the story wide open. "First, I went to the parents of the boy who'd sent her the lewd images, and I sat them down and explained why this kind of thing is not OK," Dan Huhl told us. "They told me it was just kids messing around. My daughter was very embarrassed that I'd talked to them."

Gaining no traction with the parents of his daughter's abuser, he took the story public: for three days, he stood outside Shaggy Butte Senior High School wearing a neon-green sandwich board with the following message printed on both sides: "PLEASE DON'T SEND ANY MORE SEX PICTURES TO MY DAUGHTER, DEBORAH HUHL."

"It was the only way I could catch anyone's eye," Huhl said. "They school didn't like it. They told me to go home or they'd call the police. Also, my daughter was very embarrassed by this."

Law powerless against deadly teen threat

The worst part: the long arm of the law still isn't long enough to punish the perpetrators. "Essentially, these just look like teens telling off-color jokes," says Shaggy Butte DA Prince Rogers Nelson. "I don't think one could create a compelling case that this is indecent or dangerous."

Prince Rogers Nelson is up for reelection after this term. KRUT-5 has not given an endorsement in the race.

"I'm not sure how we would prosecute this, even if the material was indecent," Nelson said. "Do we prosecute one teen for sending this to another? Or prosecute a teen for possessing and viewing it? Legally, I can't think of a way it would make sense."

But tell that to Dan Huhl-- his daughter was so embarrassed by her father's shocking discovery that she attempted to run away from home-- and nearly died.

"She didn't get very far," said Huhl. "She didn't leave the house, but her exact words were something along the line of crawling under a rock, which sounds very dangerous."

Medical experts agree: the wages of Sexmoticonning may just be death. "If a person gets stuck under a rock, hypothetically, I guess the worst thing that could happen is that they'd be crushed, or possible pinned there. Conceivably, a person could die of thirst or exposure under that circumstance," says Dr. Rick Lamby of Shaggy Butte Family Practice. "I would not recommend that children play near loose rocks, if that's what you're asking."

"I think I'm going to have to take my daughter's phone away," Huhl told us. "I just can't be sure she won't be sextmoticonning again, and get stuck under a rock and die. It's a very real issue."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.16 Living with The Cryptkeeper

Thursday, Oct 18, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

When you end up living with an honest-to-God Cryptkeeper, people start to question your life decisions. But it's not like I really had any other choice; rent was due, Caleb moved out weeks ago, and the government was offering me a fat two-hundred dollars a month to house someone who they assumed had an advanced case of leprosy. So I gave old CK (as I would soon come to know him) the guest bedroom, under the assumption he would keep to himself and abide by my strict chore wheel policies. During our first meeting, he laughed, talked about his grandchildren in St. Paul, and made a few offhanded remarks about finally starting that novel about his sexual awakening in college. Sure, CK's decaying body and rancid flesh would take some getting used to, but unlike Caleb, he actually promised to rinse out his cereal bowls, and did so without second warnings.

Cryptkeeper mania soon swept my apartment. My friends would stop over, curious about my new celebrity guest, and they rarely strayed from the recliner where he would spend nearly six hours a day watching DVR'ed episodes of *Pawn Stars*. And from the questions on their minds, you'd think *Bordello of Blood* was the highest-grossing movie of 1996. "Was Dennis Miller really a huge dick?" "Did you ever see Dennis Miller acting like a huge dick to anyone specifically?" "Did anyone spit in Dennis Miller's face or food?" He would chuckle softly to himself, wink at his admirers, and say "That's for the DVD commentary to answer, isn't it?" before retiring to the kitchen for his three-o-clock feast of Bagel Bites. His retired life was a simple one, full of contemplation, frequent naps, and occasional flashbacks to his service in The Korean War. Outside of the panicked screaming brought on by the latter, I tolerated his quirkiness and quickly invested that first two-hundred dollars into a variety of designer soaps for my bathroom. Sandalwood didn't cover up the stench of putrefaction, but it certainly helped.

As the saying goes, "Old habits die hard." Well, I propose a new saying: "Nearly dead roommates can be annoying as shit." One day, I came home and saw a note pinned to the fridge which read "Your GHOUL-friend Barbara called." I took offense to this, since Barbara's resemblance to a ghoul was only the result of an unfortunate birth defect, so I confronted old CK while he folded

some bath towels. He claimed to be fighting his pun dependency with medication, which I found highly doubtful after he immediately wanted to know if he could "AXE" me a question. He sighed deeply, talked about his dear, departed wife, and asked me if I could avoid mentioning my "romantic enstranglements" around him for the time being. I agreed, handed him the box of Fruit Roll-Ups he requested from Albertson's, and left him to his folding and catching up with *The Riches* via Netflix Instant Streaming.

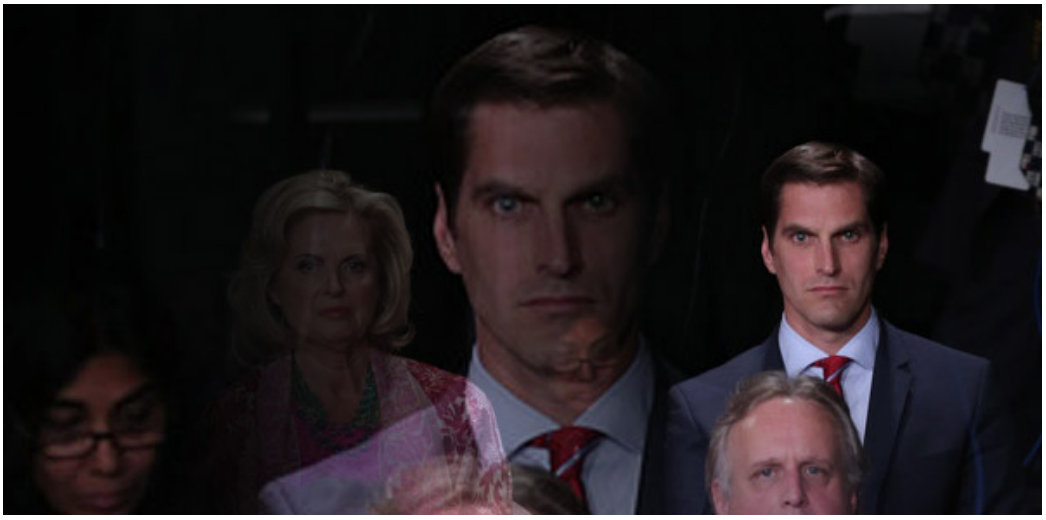
My friends' enchantment with The Cryptkeeper would not last long. When news came in that a close acquaintance had died in Afghanistan, he couldn't help but react with "Now that's what I call HACK-tive service!" My friend Paul had done two tours out there and nearly strangled him to death, until CK yelped "You're strangling me... TO DEATH!" which confused Paul so much that he dropped CK's corpse-like figure while desperately trying to figure out if what he said was a pun or not. It wasn't, and this laziness seemed to fuel Paul's rage even further. CK promised to make it up to him with a feast of "Finger food, ghoul-slaw, and eyes cream," and we all agreed this would be a great way to bridge these rocky waters until he started with that mad cackle again. Paul took to drinking, and it was then I decided that no amount of scented soaps shaped like swans could possibly make up for the social faux pas committed by The Cryptkeeper on a nearly constant basis.

We parted, and amicably. He claimed that his throne of skulls was from "a different life," and to this day it still sits in my living room. While I helped him pack, he spoke volumes about his travels in Europe, but when he drew out the "Germ" in "Germany" just a bit too long, I fully understood he was a sick man in need of help. So, in the tradition of a country that respects the rights of the mentally ill, I quickly sent him out to the streets, where he now sells bags of "GORE-nges" underneath an overpass of the 405. If you run into him, tell him I said that I'll "HELL him later." I'm not sure what it means, but it'll probably make him happy.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.17 Matt Romney's 2028 Campaign Platform

Friday, Oct 19, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Behold my heroic intentions for the coming term. These goals I hereby set forth will be actualized. Do not attempt to obstruct my path. Onward.

- Fewer humans allowed into the sector.
- Patrols increased.
- The stalkers will now be equipped with lashes.
- Acid mines will emit the sound of human infant mewling to attract the foolish.
- We require more aircraft for battle.
- Stem cells for citizenship. Rejuvenate all heroes.

- Restore skulls to the currency.
- Elevate the mantis to sapience.
- Never cross the second boundary.
- Destroy the remaining astronauts.
- Equal time in the pain tunnel for women.
- Improve the standard of living of all mindlords.
- Do not scream.
- Reduce poison gas clouds. Increase agonizing gas clouds.
- Broaden the tax base to include all those confined for generations to the scum pits.
- Cease outsourcing work to the phosphorescent hatesnake vibrating at the edge of my vision.
- Become tough on Chinese remnant fortifications.
- Emit more pleasurable tone.
- More guards, better uniforms, longer energy swords.
- The silver masks will be restored to the faces of women.
- Execution by jaws returned to the nightly sense broadcast.
- Some music allowed back.
- A longer, more perilous work day for child mutants.
- Successful revenge.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.18 The Hidden Messages In Snoop Lion's "Pocket Like It's Hot" Video

Saturday, Oct 20, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

After performing in the entertainment industry for decades as Snoop Dogg, a man experienced a profound spiritual enlightenment. He found Jah, and through his newfound rastafarianism, was reborn as Snoop Lion. Now he has a music video for microwaveable snacks.

Set to the tune of Snoop's 2004 hit "Drop It Like It's Hot", "Pocket Like It's Hot" is a promotional oddity that recreates the original video with a few minor changes. For instance, the repeated appearance of a super gross food item that you can put in a microwave.

Allow me to squash any thoughts that Snoop Lion made this music video for money. That would be materialistic, and when a human soul is purified it transcends materialism. Snoop Lion is trying to tell us something here. I'm willing to listen. Are you open minded enough to join me?

"Heat it then eat it", Snoop remarks in the intro as he places a Hot Pocket in a microwave and closes the door. His mantra is delivered with a lacydaisical resignation. This is a call to the everyman, the person that shuffles through a modern life driven by routine and obligations. Another perfunctory conversation with the family before heading out of the door. Another day at the office. Another disposable piece of food product to warm up and slide down the old gullet. No sustenance for the soul.

When the song kicks in, the first thing you're likely to realize is that Snoop Lion is accompanied by Not Pharrell. In our dreams we pursue familiar figures. Pushing our way through the fog as if walking under water, we finally come close enough to realize they are not who we thought they were. Coming face to face with the unexpected is an opportunity for new relationships and adventures, but it is also a heightening of our need to find the person we originally sought. We continue to yearn for that familiar person. Snoop asserts that life is no different from a dream, its blurring not caused by abstracted projections of our psyche but by the mundane nature of time which passes all too quickly.

This is driven home when we consider the fact that "Drop It Like It's Hot" was originally released

in 2004. It's hard to believe that eight years have passed, is it not? A significant part of our lives have passed in the intervening years, yet this new video feels largely the same. How much has really changed? Are we not creatures of habit, clinging to the familiar as the tides of time swell up around us and swallow us whole?

Andy Milonakis is prominent throughout the entire video. He has made a career out of being pudgy, presenting an air of being funny without actually saying or doing anything funny, and juxtaposing his unkempt nerdy appearance with hip-hop. Snoop Lion's decision to include Andy is his way of acknowledging that humor is dead. There is no point in trying when sarcasm and the illusion of wit is enough to get by. Life is without meaning. Crass commercialization and high art are one and the same.

The Hot Pocket is transformed, becoming the professional wrestler Brodus Clay, also known as Funkasaurus. Rather similar to Snoop Dogg's transformation into Snoop Lion, yes? Attentive

viewers will note that this is not the first instance of a proverbial phoenix rising from the microwave ashes.

Funkasaurus dances but he is not a dancer by trade. He has not been classically trained. It is simply part of his character in professional wrestling, an inherently fake industry which adds yet another layer of illusion. Here Snoop drives home the fact that all entertainment is disposable. The participants become whatever is necessary for the benefit of the audience. Through all of the changes that the performers undergo, the aspects that remain the same must be the core of their identity. These are the things that they must hold on to.

In other words, Snoop Lion will be facing Funkasaurus in the main event at this year's Wrestlemania.

The video concludes with Snoop Lion opening the microwave and removing a Hot Pocket. "Oh yeah, so ready" he coos. "Now it's time to undress you."

There is no subtext going on there. Nothing to read into that situation whatsoever.

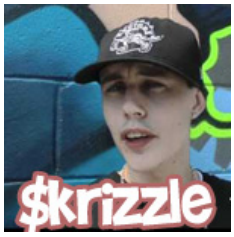
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.19 Himformation!

Monday, Oct 22, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Your Himformation Guydes

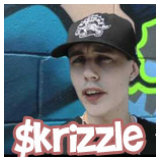
Our Chugmmander n' chief, Head Bro of the Brouhaha. Partied three years at Texas A&M while pursuing a video game design degree before being forced to drop out for filming babes *gettin' they stink on* in the co-ed dorm's toilets.



Raised by Ukrainian werewolves in the wilds of LBC, former bowling alley DJ and CEO and founder of the One Eight Eleven Entertainment music empire, $krizzle knows how to party and knows what it means to be a man.

Former WWE Diva and Penthouse Cyber Pet Macy Landing is our sexxxpert on all things hot, horny and bro-less. We really get down and dirty with Miss Man-Hers. She was also the only woman who would agree to work with us.

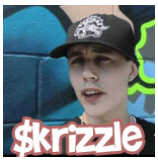
Got a question? He-mail: Whatup@himformation.biz



Awwwww sh#%! Yo, you can do that like zero times before that sh#% gets on you like a giant pu**y rag draped all over your head and shoulders. It is important to respect your parents. Especially your moms. She do sh#% you can't even consider cont-him-plating when you're 15, like flushing all your pills or trying to get you to quit your mini-bike gang, but you got to recognize that was done for your good, son. Your dad, if he was there for yall that is the most important thing, the sacrifices he made and sh#%, think about that. He livin' through you nigga. All his aspirations and shit. When he dies you carry on the blood. You gonna step away from that shit? Recognize it.

Mangs, don't sweat it. Getting caught up in what your parents did in the past is hella brogus. Live in the now. Find a babe with a nice rack. Put some diesel in your man-tank and rev it up. We create enough freight for ourselves within the context of our own lives. We do a disservice to our loved ones by shouldering their freight too. Would they desire the sacrifices they make in order to free us from responsibility to, in turn, curse us with the millstone of guilt? I don't think so, mangs.

The death of a loved one. The failure of a romance. The birth of a child. Powerful events become encoded in our memory by good music with emotional resonance. I am not a guy, but I cannot listen to *Fuck the Pain Away* by Peaches without recalling my second miscarriage. It was the one I had in the Pep Boys bathroom while Derrick was buying weed from Pancho, the guy who puts on tires. It looked like a little tiny bug and I am 99% sure the medicine took care of those after Cabo, so it was definitely a baby.



Yo, it's me, I am the most emotional whenever I listen to *Shots For Me* by Drake. What was that b***h thinkin' leaving him? Ain't that the way it always is though. It's like, Drake, bro, don't become all fixated on reducing a woman into territory. The very sh#% you are doing thinking you are defending your pu**y is therein, I mean that is how you wind up letting this other dude in the back door. She don't feel respected. You put dynamite all up in the trust and BOOOM it's gone now, Drake. Your suspicions is realized. Just like with my moms and her cash in her purse. Get CSI in here I did not take that 20 dollars. *Shots For Me* takes me back to them accusations.

Mang, there is one way to handle that. You get you a 30 brick of Natty Light, lock yourself in a room with a sack full of whip-its, and you just get that done. Like it's a mission. When you come out of there smelling like a clown's helium tank at October Fest your bros will know it is time for phase two: get some cooter in your face. Only a fine stripper can sooth your pain. Basically suck it up. You're a man. Men get over that stuff. Juke until you can't juke it. You fill up on diesel. You think Jeter is crying about all those clinic trips? You can have more children or whatever. Time is what I'm saying. It takes time, mangs.

Let your memories become a celebration of them and not a reminder of the pain of your loss. Incorporate the love and the loss into who you are and go on to be a better person. Like how after my second miscarriage I realized what it meant to be in this human web we inhabit and stopped texting while driving. Like, you have all these parts, but it's your soul, and the soul cannot be flushed down the toilet in a Pep Boys. And the soul of Bradyyn Drake Landing will be with us forever when I go in that Pep Boys to score weed. He is there haunting that Pep Boys. And he comes at Christmas to show me the future. Although that might be the ghost of the bugs from Cabo I killed with three courses of antibiotics and a cream they usually use on soldiers. So my answer is basically, if you're a guy, smoke a lot of weed.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.20 Tattoo Buyer's Guide 2013

Tuesday, Oct 23, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

It's almost 2013 and a whole new year of tattoo fashion is upon us. Don't get caught with your pants down by rocking the overplayed finger-mustache, tribal designs, video game references, or knuckle tats! A new age approaches, and with it, a new perspective on what it means to mark your body for the rest of your natural life. Check out the four top designs from the North American Tattoo and Body Modification Fashion Expo. These designs had fashionistas and fat cats alike clamoring to get inked, and for good reason!

Truck Regret
Gas guzzlers are out! Instead of taking the financial hit of selling your old rig and buying a hybrid, however, it's much cooler to stick with the ol' bad boy and express your regret through tattoo.
Suggested placements: Top of wrist, upper arm, back of calf.

First Motorcycle
In years past, you might've shied away from revealing the true age at which you purchased your hog. Throw that trepidation to the wind and be proud of your middle-aged crotch rocket!
Suggested placements: Sternum, shoulder blade, neck.

Spider Killer
Arachnids are one of the most feared critters of all, but you can show your friends that you don't put up with their guff by adorning your skin for the rest of your natural life with this hot logo.
Suggested placements: Spider smashin' hand, forearm, upper leg.

Sex Guy
This one's for the fellas and is guaranteed to let everyone know you mean business. The enormous lightning bolt shows your ultra-quick nature and willingness to get down at the drop of a hat.
Suggested placements: Center of chest, face, stigmata.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.21 Memos from Bear Cave: White Tiger

Wednesday, Oct 24, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 10, 1980
Subject: General Reminder

Effective immediately: I cannot be killed and I will never die. I will run this soup company until the earth is a fiery hellhole and I am the last living thing. Cocaine. Cocaine. Cocaine.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 10, 1980
Subject: Previous Memo

To all employees: Disregard all references to "cocaine" that appeared in the last memo, and this one as well. I was thinking about doing more cocaine and became distracted. I have since done cocaine and I am back on task. Because reading both this and the last memo is unnecessary, I am deducting five minutes from your pay.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 10, 1980
Subject: Rockabillyism

I want to make it clear for the last damn time that my two idiot rockabilly sons are not welcome in this building, and that goes double for their new similar-looking friend "Stinger." The three of them are to be chased off like vermin and under no circumstances given free soup or access to company toilets. Do not let Stinger near my office.

Also, I will not tolerate any challenges to my dominance of this company. If I mark the halls with my scent, by god they will stay marked. Let no man or mop interfere with my scent trails.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 10, 1980
Subject: Nooses

Some of you have complained all the nooses I put up around the office are "racially insensitive." Only a stupid son of a bitch would think such an idiot thing. For one thing, I have hired both a Mexican and an Viet Cong, and they are my two favorite employees. These nooses are there to remind you what happens when you fail to do your job, and they don't know color. They are rope.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 10, 1980
Subject: Beards

Last time I checked the Ayatollah was considered a lousy bastard by all true Americans. He has a beard. Some of you have beards. Do the math. If you hate America, keep the beard and take a

hike, buddy. Love America? Get rid of the beard right now. I'll shave you myself if I have to. I've got a lot of razors in my office.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 11, 1980
Subject: SKULLS

I want to start serving our soups out of human skulls. I've sent Dang Linh to get us all some skulls. All 10-year employees will get a skull? No, too expensive. They can buy their own skulls. I'll sell them skulls at a markup.

Contact man about bear skull.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 11, 1980
Subject: Rip Rip Rip Rip

Yeah. Kick to the face. Gonna rip you up. All of you.

Daddy's in town. Daddy's in town. Going to eat soup out of your skulls.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 11, 1980
Subject: Update on Bathroom Terms of Use

If you want to use the bathroom here, you're going to need to earn bathroom vouchers. This is a merit-based system tied in with your performance. Bathroom vouchers are separate from bathroom time, which accrues at a rate of 5 minutes per 60-hour work week. These are per week, and cannot be "banked." You can bring your own camp toilets or bags to work, but you must surrender the contents to me by 5pm every Friday and NO LATER.

Don't even think about cheating the system. The valves to turn the water on and off are now located in my office, and they only get turned on when one of you proves your eligibility.

Oh, and please disregard the previous two memos. I didn't realize I was typing and circulating those. They represent confidential thoughts and trade secrets. You are forbidden from reading or committing them to memory under penalty of employment termination.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 12, 1980
Subject: Complaints

Some of you think it is wrong for me to tie employees up outside while vicious, hungry hounds bark and bite at them. Your concern is noted, but rest assured the dogs are chained up just out of reach of the restrained employee. Nobody is in any danger and it's all in good fun.

Some of you are also uncomfortable with my recent trend toward shirtlessness. I am very sweaty as of late, and wearing a shirt is uncomfortable. I am the CEO of this company and may wear clothing at my own discretion. That's what free enterprise is all about, and why I go home to a longer driveway and bigger house than any of you. It's also why I've bedded more women than any of you and will continue to do so.

Nobody disturb me. I'll be in my office talking into my tape recorder for the next six hours.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 12, 1980
Subject: The PA System

Tall Charlie informs me that I've been speaking over the PA system and not into my tape recorder. Consider yourselves lucky for getting to hear six hours of my innermost thoughts completely unfiltered. You've just been treated to a glimpse of a cunning business mind and enterprising man with many successful marriages under his belt. You're also goddamn lucky I don't charge you for the honor and the privilege.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 12, 1980
Subject: My Nickname

Anybody not referring to me as Gunboat will be fired immediately. Anyone caught referring to me by any nickname, including Gunboat, will be fired on the spot.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 13, 1980
Subject: Your Shit-brained Accusations

To all employees suggesting I have a problem: I don't have a problem. Maybe you have a problem, but not me. I have a solution, and that solution is called cocaine. If you think it's wrong for me to do cocaine, blame yourselves. I wouldn't have to do cocaine if all my employees worked flawlessly and never failed.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 13, 1980
Subject: Cocaine Usage

Nobody else here is allowed to do cocaine. Cocaine is a drug that makes you invincible and there can only be one invincible man around here: yours truly. Don't believe me? Shoot me with a gun. I will not die and you will go to jail for attempted murder. Also, you'll be fired. Cocaine has made me immortal and above the law.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 13, 1980
Subject: My Cocaine Problem

It is clear to me now that I have a problem and that problem is called cocaine. It is also called by other names on the streets: White Tiger, Power Powder, King Salt, Ivory Mustache, Zeus Dust, Panther Milk, Albino Miracle, Swan Sugar, Nose Fire, Ghost Tears, Royal Regolith, etc. I am telling you this so you know what to ask for when you go get me more cocaine. I am out and need some right away. Whoever doesn't bring me cocaine will be fired and I will eat their eyeballs at the next company picnic.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 13, 1980
Subject: Regarding Some Recent Cocaine Use in the Office

It is with much regret and a heavy heart that I deliver this news. My recent love affair with cocaine has come to an end. I decided to try the narcotic upon learning I had a third grown son, and that he, like the two idiot no-goods before him, is a useless rockabilly. As I understand the three of them have already formed a beat combo called the Hard Day Rockers.

Ah, hell. I need more cocaine. I need all the goddamn cocaine there is, and I need it now.

WHERE ARE THOSE SKULLS I ORDERED?

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 14, 1980
Subject: Kicking the Habit

I am now finally finished with cocaine. Please do not congratulate me as I do not wish to hear you speak. A card and gift will suffice. I have finished doing all the cocaine available and am now done with drugs. To ensure my body handles withdrawal, I am locking myself in my secret shed behind the building and having Tall Charlie and Dang Linh take turns making sure I do not use my immense physical strength to rip the padlock off and escape.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
Date: March 13, 1980
Subject: You're all Working Weekends. Indefinitely.

I have been informed that we haven't actually produced a single can of soup in the past five months. We're going to need to produce all that soup and immediately. It is now mandatory to work Saturday and Sunday. I cannot help but blame this recent lack of productivity on the negative attitude of the cartoon cat Garfield, who is promoting bad work ethics and is held in such high esteem by you cretins.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.22 The Redemption of Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews

Thursday, Oct 25, 2012 by "Spooky" Steve Whorter

Hello, "boys" and "ghouls!" Welcome to Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews: the Internet's definitive source on Halloween sound effects albums since 1996! Your ghosting host is back thanks to two years of deprogramming, and no thanks a certain motivational seminar that severely poisoned Spooky Steve's life choices back in 2010. Crooks busted into the old bungalow and made off with Spooky Steve's Aptiva -- yes, the very Aptiva that Brent Spiner (Or "Star-Trek's Database" if you haven't turned on a TV in 25 years!) himself brushed against in a crowded Galac-Con '95 elevator. But after upgrading to a multimedia-capable netbook and the newest version of Encarta (Research doesn't do itself!), Spooky Steve is ready to move to the next level of Halloween Sound Effects Album reviews: streaming Internet clips. WARNING: Do not attempt to view unless you've made the leap to 56k!

Hell's Pasture

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QNbJbzyD-mQ

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kevin "Jackal" Johnston when he spoke on a panel at my local Spirit Halloween Superstore in February, and you had better believe that 2013 could shape up to be another 1987 with so much new talent revitalizing the same industry Novelty Quarterly recently called "microscopic and of trivial value." Hope you like eating those words, boys, since Mr. Johnston's classic buildup and payoff techniques reflect on years of study under greats like Jim "No Bones" McCullough, who according to rumors has lived in "The Jackal's" living room for nearly eight years. Mr. Johnston is not afraid of using the same scream twice, or even multiple times within the same scenario, just as he frequently refused to go to the Dairy Queen with Yours Ghouly to talk shop. Spooky Steve needs some stability in his life, and that involves friendships with defined boundaries. Don't you worry, Kevin, you'll down some Dillys yet!

Rating:

Monster Mash: Sounds of Terror

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MeRlvVFo-t0

This deep cut comes from Wade Denning and Frank Daniels' Monster Mash: Sounds of Terror, and provides a stunning example of the "tell, don't show" school of Halloween sound effects album design that threatened to take over our industry in the 1970s. Thankfully, quality eventually won out over mass appeal, but we still have these relics as grim reminders of a future that could have been. Listen, if you're going to trap the listener in a coffin, Spooky Steve strongly advises against telling them to first think about how terrifying such a situation would be. This is simple Theater of the Mind 101, and Sounds of Terror exists as proof that the smoke and pill drugs of the 1970s destroyed the minds of an entire generation. I managed to track down the grave of Mr. Denning, and let that headstone know in no uncertain terms how Spooky Steve feels about his legacy! Will his family react in horror when they come to visit and notice that their dearly departed is now Resting in "Pieces?" Probably not, since wild dogs appeared to have dug him up in that abandoned pauper's cemetery years ago. But, as with voting third party, Spooky Steve knows that symbolic actions often speak louder than words.

Rating:

Scarewear Halloween Sound of Horror

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8AZBZzBXBAg

Spooky Steve made a few bucks in the late '80s as a freelance haunted house inspector, traveling to and fro elementary school gyms to make sure they were making the best use of their available floor space. But make one complaint about a wheelchair-bound teacher dressed as a skeleton, and you have the whole school board breathing down your neck. Apparently in our race to the bottom as a country we have simply tossed out the idea of skeleton authenticity, when we should all know perfectly well that a debilitating brain disease like cerebral palsy would NOT affect an undead skeleton. That said, Spooky Steve remembers clucking his tongue at bargain basement compilations like Scarewear in the past, and the clucking will continue. No cohesive theme or narrative runs through this random collection of stock sound effects, which includes Theremin use that could be described as "haphazard" at best. And the organ out of nowhere? Please. If Spooky Steve wanted to hear that, he'd break the oath he made in 1989 and re-enter the Catholic Church. Sorry, Scarewear, but you'll have to do more than that to shake up a guy who recently had three consecutive and self-inflicted near-death experiences.

Rating:

McDonald's 1995 Halloween Happy Meal

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rtjji8chxeY

This special review request comes in from longtime Spooky Steve fan longtimespookystevefan67@yahoo.com, which doesn't exactly fall into the Halloween sound effects album genre, but I managed to keep down the three pounds of expired fudge she sent to my P.O. Box in February 2011, so this fan has definitely earned and entry in the SSRB (Spooky Steve Record Books). Let's just say that this Happy Meal treat leaves much to be desired, and here Spooky Steve sat, anticipating the clown-terror of Stephen King's "The It." Instead, this fast-food concoction centered around a middle aged man in grease paint caring for a special needs friend, whose brain disorder is so overwhelming that entire seasons are confused amidst the misfiring neurons. As someone with a history of Alzheimer's in the family tree, this depiction hits a little too close to home, longtimespookystevefan67! Dr. Marczak told Spooky Steve to avoid reminders of his mortality, and this nightmare on vinyl conjures up memories of visiting grandpaps at the nursing home and trying to convince him he wasn't on a train.

Rating:

-~"Spooky" Steve Whorter

10.23 The Disappearance of the Colonists on LV-426 is Something God Intended to Happen

Friday, Oct 26, 2012 by Carter J. Burke (@sexyfacts4u)

I understand you're angry. I'm angry too. I had no idea what was out there when I sent the colonists to investigate.

How could I? I'm just one guy. I sent them out there to be safe. Make sure everything was okay. If God decides that all of the colonists should be wrapped up in slime and glued to walls, impregnated with murderous alien embryos, and left moaning "killllll meeeeee," well, that's out of my jurisdiction.

Unfortunately, the Company cannot make any exceptions for the life of the mother.

Life is what's important to me. The lives we can save, right here and now. The little, baby alien lives. I believe they begin the moment the egg reacts to the heat of the nearby host and the implanter life form hatches. We can't have any firing, because God decided to put the heat exchanger for the fusion reactor right above where the aliens made their nest.

Now, hang on here, we can't just go committing genocide on an entire species. The colonists getting throated by a bunch of hand-penises was wrong, definitely, but two wrongs do not make a right. Their chest-rape was a horrible, horrible event, but now there is a little miracle inside them that has as much right to life as you or I or even Bishop.

I struggled with this issue myself for a long time, but I came to realize that having your chest cavity hollowed out by a gnawing alien fetus is actually a gift from God. He wants our bio-weapons division to expand its office space and add new containment labs.

Let's all take a step back and think about this rationally. Don't do anything we're going to regret. The colonists and most of you are already implanted with embryos. You can't un-bake that cake, so running around trying to come up with a way to get the thing off of you is not going to help anyone.

I don't think God would have a problem if I cut you in on the deal. We're talking a substantial dollar value for a live creature. Come on, good money, all you have to do is carry one of these things to term. It'll be easy. Just sleep through it in the freezers.

Well, if you twist my words like that, yes, it sounds crazy. It sounds like I am a money-driven, amoral lowlife scumbag with little to no understanding of the science behind alien embryos in a human body. I have strong convictions. I just go back to the life aspect.

There are these wonderful things growing inside of you, almost all of you, and you are going to question God's will? Trust him. He has a plan. Something to do with using them against the Chinese after they explode from your chest. Yes, I could have brought a dog or some other animal to implant in hindsight, but what am I going to do now? Fly all the way back to Gateway Station?

Now my mission is clear. I don't care how many hosts die, so long as we get those specimens back to earth, and respect life in the process.

-∼Carter J. Burke (@sexyfacts4u)

10.24 Productive Corvosations

Saturday, Oct 27, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The maid woman is speaking towards me. I have the knife held out before me, as always, but she does not seem to mind. We are in the resistance's headquarters, and she is explaining some potentially meaningful piece of information about the men that are leading the operation.

I shuffle forwards and backwards, my feet clopping loudly on the floor. To get around more quietly, I crouch. Spinning in place, I dart my eyes all over the room and occasionally jump. After a bit of experimentation I climb on to a bunk bed and make a dramatic leap to the top of a bookshelf. It's awesome. It's also a little dizzying. I'm not so good with heights. The maid keeps talking.

There, in the corner. A can of food! I brush past the chatty woman, focusing on the container. It's some sort of processed whale. I inhale the whole thing at once. It flies off the floor, spinning in the air as it enters my face. The sound that I produce is a comic and surprisingly brief *MUNCH*. The sustenance would have healed me if I had any injuries. That's nice to know, I suppose. Mostly, though, I just like to see the food get tractor beamed into my mouth and hear the noise that I make when I eat it up.

As the maid keeps talking, I run around room at a breakneck speed, eating everything. Someone left a fruit on a bathtub. What kind of fruit was it? Don't know. Didn't get a chance to see what it was before I greedily consumed it.

There are coins. Coins of five. Coins of ten. Give me all of them. Fwip-fwip-fwip they go as I snap them up in rapid succession. There's a pouch with money in it. Hmm. Probably important to someone in this ramshackle dump. It's mine now.

I come across a device that plays back audio logs. When I mash the button, a new voice emerges and drones on, almost drowning the woman out. Almost. I am in a different room now, but she is still standing where she began, speaking as though I am there.

This new room has books. Lots of books. I grab them all, glancing at each just long enough to commit it to my Mental Journal Of Things I Read. Everything must be read. All food must be consumed. All money must be hoarded.

I wander into the first room to find that the maid is winding down. Crouching behind her, I steal a key from her belt. Why? It was shining and I knew that I could take it.

I pick up a bottle of wine, but it is empty. I can not even eat the glass. The maid has finally finished speaking. She doesn't seem to know what to do next. I turn and throw the bottle at her feet. It

smashes into a hundred little pieces. I nod to myself for being so thoughtful. The woman now has purpose in her life.

Moments later I am downstairs in the bar, roughly bumping against the boss guy to initiate his conversation at me. As he begins to tell me about the importance of saving a little girl and the empire, I attempt to walk away and scrounge up some food. I can't. I'm held in place.

What foul magic is this? A frantic whine sticks in my throat as he continues his speech, babbling on and gesturing with his beer as if I was not being held captive. But wait! Though I can not walk about, I find that I'm able to turn in place. I use this to my advantage, surveying as much of the room as I can observe. The general guy lays out his detailed plans. I ignore him, making plans of my own. Gonna grab those coins. Gonna throw all of those glasses. Gonna eat that bunch of grapes.

Twenty cans of whale meat and a short boat ride later, I arrive at my drop-off point. I'm supposed to kill some guy, talk to someone, maybe save a few innocents? Something like that? All I can think about is how many pathways are before me. How many mouthfuls of food are waiting behind dumpsters, on fire escapes, and on plates in front of the bodies of people who died from that mysterious rat plague.

Eager to eat, I sprint into the open and make my first mistake. A guard has spotted me. He shouts, drawing a sword and pistol. The fool. I call upon my mystic power to stop time. All of my training. All of the power granted by a god who visited me in my dreams. It all comes down to this moment.

While the guard remains frozen in time, I dash from dumpster to dumpster, eating everything I find.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.25 Wolf Blitzer's Halloween Tweets

Monday, Oct 29, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wolf Blitzer

@wolfblitzercnn Washington D.C.

These are the actual tweets of Wolf Blitzer, the anchor of CNN's The Situation Room.

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

UGH could not sleep because of scary mario costume I saw sunday. Might ask Lynn to choke me out so I can get rest before show.

29 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Came up with good pitch for show monday: I like Obama's religion better than mitt's but mitt's kids better than prez's. Panel with Karen Tumulty.

28 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Terrible nap today. Wish paper would stop having such difficult brain teaser puzzles. Worst one is called garfield. So hard!!

28 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

@DavidGregory really good meet the press today I was really impressed how you remember everybodys name during round table

28 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Couldn't tell Candy to face after NC but somebody tweet @CrowleyCNN that she has baked beans stuck in her beard.

28 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Election heating up much like my fall scarf I microwave every morning before car arrives to drive me to Situation rm.

28 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Rumors of secret 4th presidential debate moderated by me. At mt. rushmore. Anybody know if real? Getting nervous I forgot.

28 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Does anybody know where I am supposed to early vote? Pretty sure last year was in somebody's house @votes @electioncommander

27 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

Did too many spins for my exercises today and I am feeling sick. Might call in sick to situation room

27 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

search + applebees + red frenchfry

26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

what is a cajun jeeves + french fries

26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer

how tall is don johnston + during miami vice

26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
search name of cnn map guy + josh???
26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
applebees cajun french fry recipe + calories
26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
@JohnKingCNN want to go to applbees after work? love the cajun fries would eat a whole plate of just those.
26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
New VA poll Romney +3. Would like to get the USA prez on situation room and ask him: What does VA stand for?
26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
@ErinBurnettCNN Do you know what time it is? Forgot where clock is on computer.
26 Oct

wolfblitzercnn Wolf Blitzer
What's your fav halloween candy? Got 2 be gum or those lips. Also a fan of dimes. Delicious!
26 Oct

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.26 Cougar911.com or Cougar911.gov

Tuesday, Oct 30, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Is it a headache or AIDS? WebMD. Need anthro-Frasier fanart? DeviantArt. Looking for purple? Purple.com. There is so much information available on the internet. It's amazing. But with all this content sitting around everywhere, it's easy to get confused. Just for example: Are you looking for (not work safe) couger911.com, a scam-laced "dating" site that preys on late night stoners and depressed Quizno shift managers, OR cougar911.gov, an informative resource for any and all cougar related facts? Don't worry. Take a deep breath. We're here to help you find what you're looking for.

Visit Cougar911.com	**Consult Cougar911.gov**
Want to warm yourself between some leathered cleavage?	There is a cat the size of a Kia stalking you.
You're a red-blooded Zoomba Trainer groupie?	Playing dead just seems to get it more excited.
Will the sensual warbling of Bread serenade your lusting?	There is a loud banging in your laundry room and a roar best described as "bloodthirsty."
Have you always wanted to fix WiFi, romantically?	Your dog is gone, well, most of it at least.
Need someone to "bake your cookies"?	Your pet cougar accidentally ate all your chocolate.
You got a roll of quarters and this jukebox's overflowing with Fleetwood Mac?	A ferocious killing machine is sitting on your lap and won't stop putting its butt in your face
Ready to take your Oedipus Complex to the next level?	There's a cat stuck in your tree and you pray it stays up there and, oh my god, it sees you.
Not sure who is objectifying who?	This is it, you've decided. No more pets off Craigslist.

Visit Cougar911.com	**Consult Cougar911.gov**
Is sexy date night best filled with a nap after *Downton Abbey*?	A witch put a cougar curse on you and you don't know how to file an insurance form.
All you've ever wanted is Boone's Farm and bedtime stories?	For the first time in your life "here kitty" worked.
There's a new bead shop at the strip mall and you need ideas for an anklet?	In your dreams it hates Mondays, but you are ready to sacrifice yourself to this cat.
Is discrete, awkward groping while her kids watch *Finding Nemo 3D* sort of your thing?	The cougar mauled your body for awhile but left you to bleed out on its owner's doorstep.
Been planning this *Designing Women* marathon for weeks?	You've lost the installation disk to puma.exe.
Your sexual identity similar to your approach on cleaning your room?	You had a face once but it's all just claw and teeth marks now.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.27 FAQ for White People: When Can I Say The "N Word"?

Wednesday, Oct 31, 2012 by David Thorpe & Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@Arr)

It has come to the attention of Something Awful that certain white people are very confused about when it is and isn't appropriate to use the "n word." As a service to our readers, we've prepared a comprehensive FAQ with detailed directions for nearly every situation in which the word might be used.

Q: I saw a very good movie called Blazing Saddles, and I'm the sort of person who loves to quote movies in social situations. Does my duty as a hilarious movie quoter require me to quote every line of Blazing Saddles, even those that might feature the "n word"?

A: No, you are not required to quote those lines. We suggest quoting the character Mongo for maximum laughs.

Q: I'm out with my friends and coworkers at my favorite karaoke bar, and the next song in the rotation is a popular hip hop song. Is it OK to shout the "n word" in this context?

A: No. It is particularly not OK if the lyrics don't contain the "n word," or if you're not the one performing the song.

Q: OK, I'm alone this time. I'm singing along to a popular hip hop song on my radio and I'm fairly sure one of the lyrics mentions the "n word." Help, what do I do? The word is coming up quick and I need an answer in like 38 seconds max!

A: You should not say the "n word" in this case.

Q: My boss, a black man, is a casual friend of mine. He often stops by my cubicle to "trash talk" me about the upcoming NFL football game and the quality, or lack

thereof, of my fantasy picks. I wish to respond in a way that demonstrates friendly rapport and familiarity with his culture. Can I--

A: You must not.

Q: I read about this thing on the internet called "irony." Supposedly, it allows me to say anything I want, no matter how stupid or insensitive, as long as I claim I'm being "ironic." Nothing else is required. Can I say the "n word" as long as I shriek the word "IRONY" afterward?

A: Ironically, no.

Q: Recently, I heard a comedian named Chris Rock explaining the difference between people of a certain race and the small segment of that race who might be called a certain "n word." I found the routine quite invigorating, and became excited to explain the distinction to my friends and, with any luck, introduce the "n word" into my regular vocabulary.

A: Your friends are not lucky to know you.

Q: I recently scored hundreds of points at the Skee-Ball machine in the Dave N' Busters outside the mall, yet the only item I could afford to purchase with my tickets was a comically gaudy plastic gold chain with a spinning medallion. I am now wearing it and striking poses that people of my upbringing do not normally strike. Can I use language I do not normally use, for the sake of character?

A: This is a perfect opportunity to not only *not* say the "n word," but to stop everything you're doing.

Q: I don't think it's fair that one group of people can--

A: Stop it.

Q: I'm a white person, and I have a tight-knit circle of friends of all races. We regard each other like brothers, and there's lots of jocular teasing among us. I suspect that one day, one of my friends of another race might level the "n word" at me. Is it OK, in this casual context, to call them the "n word" back?

A: This is one situation in which we can give our most ironclad assurance that you absolutely *cannot ever* use the "n word."

Q: I'm at a NRA convention and--

A: This is another such situation.

Q: I'm reading aloud to a group of schoolchildren. The book is Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. I come to a passage containing what I can only assume is the "n word." I halt there, unsure of what to do, as the innocent children look up at me expectantly.

A: You should make some older friends.

Q: My username for Windows 8 is the "n word." It was probably poor judgement on my part to make that my username, but what's done is done. My friend is logging on to my computer and asking me what he should type in the box for the username.

A: Saunter over as if to help your friend and then nonchalantly spill a five-gallon bucket of paint on your laptop and say, "oops, I guess we'll never know."

Q: I frequent a web community called Reddit, and we often discuss the unfairness of--

A: Absolutely not.

Q: I am the parent of a young son. I catch him experimenting with what I suspect might be the "n word." I try to tell him not to say it, but he can't figure out which word I'm referring to unless I say it myself. Should I say the "n word" to my child, just to clarify?

A: Your child sounds both racist and dim-witted. You should focus your efforts on your next oldest child, because this one is ruined.

Q: My next oldest child is hanging out with the "wrong crowd" in school. He's taking up bad habits such as cursing, sexting, sassing, sidestepping, parlor tricks, salt-manipulation, and art appreciation. Should I worry that he'll pick up this "n word" from his friends?

A: Not if you pull him out of school and home-school him in an "n word free" environment. Wait, that sounded wrong.

Q: While composing this question to you, the "n word" appeared in my mind and I thought about it. I tried not to, but I just couldn't help myself. Is there some sort of soul cleansing routine I can adopt to purge myself of this mortal error?

A: Please see this article for an appropriate ritual.

Q: I'm walking home after midnight. A masked man approaches me, hands me a small card and orders me to read it aloud. He may have a gun. On the card is printed what I understand to be the "n word."

A: This is a very old scam, dating back thousands of years. You are NOT supposed to say the "n word," or you'll be quickly fleeced of your hard-earned sawbucks.

Q: I often make YouTube videos in which I play a ukulele and do ironic covers of popular hip hop songs. Since I'm both being ironic AND quoting/celebrating hip hop culture, is it permissible for me to use the "n word"?

A: Set yourself on fire.

Q: I am alone in the forest. There isn't another human being for miles around. In fact, I haven't even seen any birds or animals for days. I have no company but myself, and I become curious as to how the word would feel in my mouth. I'd love to say it just once, where nobody can possibly hear me, just to see what it's like.

A: What if you like it? Do you really want to get in the habit of whispering bad words to the forest?

Q: I was yawning the other day when a sociopathic ventriloquist approached and said the "n word" while my mouth was open, making it appear as if I said the word myself! Needless to say, I was aghast and horrified, profusely apologizing to all those who surrounded me in the coven. Was I in the wrong here?

A: You shouldn't have been yawning anything that looked like the "n word."

Q: I've made it to the grueling final round. Only one person stands between me and the ultimate prize: the gold medal, the reverence of a nation, and the respect I deserve. Now I must conquer my demons and do whatever it takes to win the "National Saying The N-Word World Championship" once and for all.

A: This athletic struggle is your own. We can't tell you what to do, but we recommend not saying the "n word."

Q: I have been visited by The Wishmaster. He leers at me, his steely gaze penetrating my soul. "WHAT IS YOUR WISH?" he demands, slicing through my bravado with his devious smile. "I wish to be rich!" I reply. He stares at me and nods his head. "Wish granted." You are now rich, but whenever you open your mouth, the only word you can say is the "n word."

> A: It sounds as if you got the better end of this deal, so you should let bygones be bygones. If you say the "n word" ONCE, to the Wishmaster, in a fit of pique, the world may forgive you.

Q: But seriously, isn't it a blatant double standard that--

> A: No.

Q: I was raised as a Platonic allegory; I live in a cave, illuminated by candlelight, and I know my own form only as flickering shadows on the wall. I have no idea what my own race is, nor do I have any concept of race. In fact, I have no language. As I vocalize random utterances, am I allowed to, purely by coincidence, say the "n word"?

> A: You'd better not risk it.

Q: Even ironically?

> A: Nope.

Q: It is the year 20XX. The human race has been almost entirely wiped out by an alien virus which decimates the base DNA structure, causing irreparable damage at a cellular level. My black boss begins teasing me about my NFL fantasy picks many decades earlier--

> A: Still no.

Q: Out of curiosity, what is the "n word" anyway?

> A: Nice try, but you can't trick us that easily. We won't print it here, but we'll link to it in case you're genuinely curious.

We hope this article, the fourteenth in our series about which letter-words should not be said, has been helpful and informative. Next week, we'll be tackling the "o-word."

-~David Thorpe & Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@Arr)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Monstergeddon 2012 Results!

Thursday, Nov 01, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.

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NEWSDEADER- Oct. 2012
Posted by: "DoomMaster" Loath
NEWSDEADER
THE OFFICIAL MONSTERGEDDON NEWLSLETTER
Greetings, monsters!
Well, the 109th Monstergeddon has come and gone! Last night's tournament was one of the craziest we've ever seen, and it is already sparking a lot of controversy. First, let me just address the elephant in the room: Horde, the extraterrestrial hive-mind entity. Everyone can settle down, Horde has been disqualified, and the spook crew has readjusted its data accordingly. Those stats you saw live on the Killer Cup app were disregarded the moment we learned that Horde had committed registration fraud.
A lesson to any other hive-brains out there: You must register as a single entity or a team! We have stated that rule very clearly in the bylaws since 1945. Had Horde registered properly, it/they would have easily taken the Killer Cup. As it was, it was a little suspicious when 3rd, 2nd, and 1st place, along with the Player's Choice Award, all went to human hosts infected with the same species of alien parasite slug. We aren't stupid, guys.
Other than that little hiccup, the night had so many highlights! The most collective kills in Monstergeddon history, you guys! Congratulations to everyone! And the message boards are already humming with discussion about the Masked Slasher's triumphant return from the grave. But I know, I know, let's get on with things, right? You want to know who won the awards!
In third place, with 8 instant kills and 3 mortal woundings, winning their first-ever Monstergeddon trophy, are the Downworlders.
In second place, with 11 instant kills, is the The Masked Slasher.
And – drum roll please – this year's Killer Cup winner, with 43 instant kills and 15 mortal woundings, is The Devil On Wheels, the possessed school bus!

Congratulations to the Downworlders, who finally ventured up to the surface during the competition and made great strides in dispelling the stereotypes about so-called "sewer mutants." The monster community is here to support you!

Now, for the rest of the awards!

Most Unnecessary Collateral Damage: This year **Devil On Wheels** claimed a runaway victory! Everywhere that tenacious demon bus went it was clipping pedestrians and destroying property. And that was before its last big hurrah, crashing into that shopping mall. So much carnage!

Sexiest Victim: Those looking for a little T&A no doubt celebrated the resurrection of the **Masked Slasher**, whose taste in victims has always run on the attractive side. And this year's bevy of comely coeds was no exception! Topless Girl on Trampoline was the blue-ribbon specimen.

Most Ironic Kill: Maybe "ironic" isn't the best word for it. But after three straight years of the inexplicably popular human comedy duo Barty & Fudge making fools out of various monsters around the world, they finally got what was coming to them when they met **Sasquatch**. Sasquatch's penchant for sexual assault is not condoned in the monster community, but the looks on Barty & Fudge's faces as they got raped to death by the ten-foot-tall hominid were priceless.

Best Kill: **Devil On Wheels** wowed us all this year when it took out five school children at once. The fact that they were all lined up perfectly in a row at a bus stop just made the visual that much better. Hell hath no fury like the angry spirit of a dead bus driver scorned!

Players' Choice Best Kill Award: It seems that this year you guys were all in the mood for a nice long chase kill. **Alexandria** the panther-shifter (better known on the forum as Purrrfect), chased a single male victim through an abandoned zoo for more than an hour before finally putting the poor bastard out of his misery just when he'd found a way out. The crowd of shocked onlookers who tried to help him as he reached feebly through the bars of the zoo's main entrance was a really nice closer.

This year's **In Memoriam** is thankfully small. Sadly, **Kun-Ra**, one of our oldest veterans, was unraveled and his mummified remains were de-cursed (details are still coming in on this one). The **Gargoyle of St. Bartholomew** died when the townsfolk of Willowayne, England burnt down his bell tower. And **Man-rangutan** took his own life by leaping off a cliff after his wife successfully connected with his remaining humanity during a plea for mercy. Always a shame when that happens.

Great job everyone!

SINcerely,
Loath
Monstergeddon Game Master

Comment

Horde 42
On Time Out

As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. Horde dominated this competition and accumulated the greatest amount of votes for the Player's Choice Award. That trophy at the least should be reinstated to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Horde 11
On Time Out

As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. Horde dominated this competition and accumulated the greatest amount of votes for the Player's Choice Award. That trophy at the least should be reinstated to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Horde 29
On Time Out

As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. Horde dominated this competition and accumulated the greatest amount of votes for the Player's Choice Award. That trophy at the least should be reinstated to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Horde 3
On Time Out

As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. Horde dominated this competition and accumulated the greatest amount of votes for the Player's Choice Award. That trophy at the least should be reinstated to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Horde 14
On Time Out

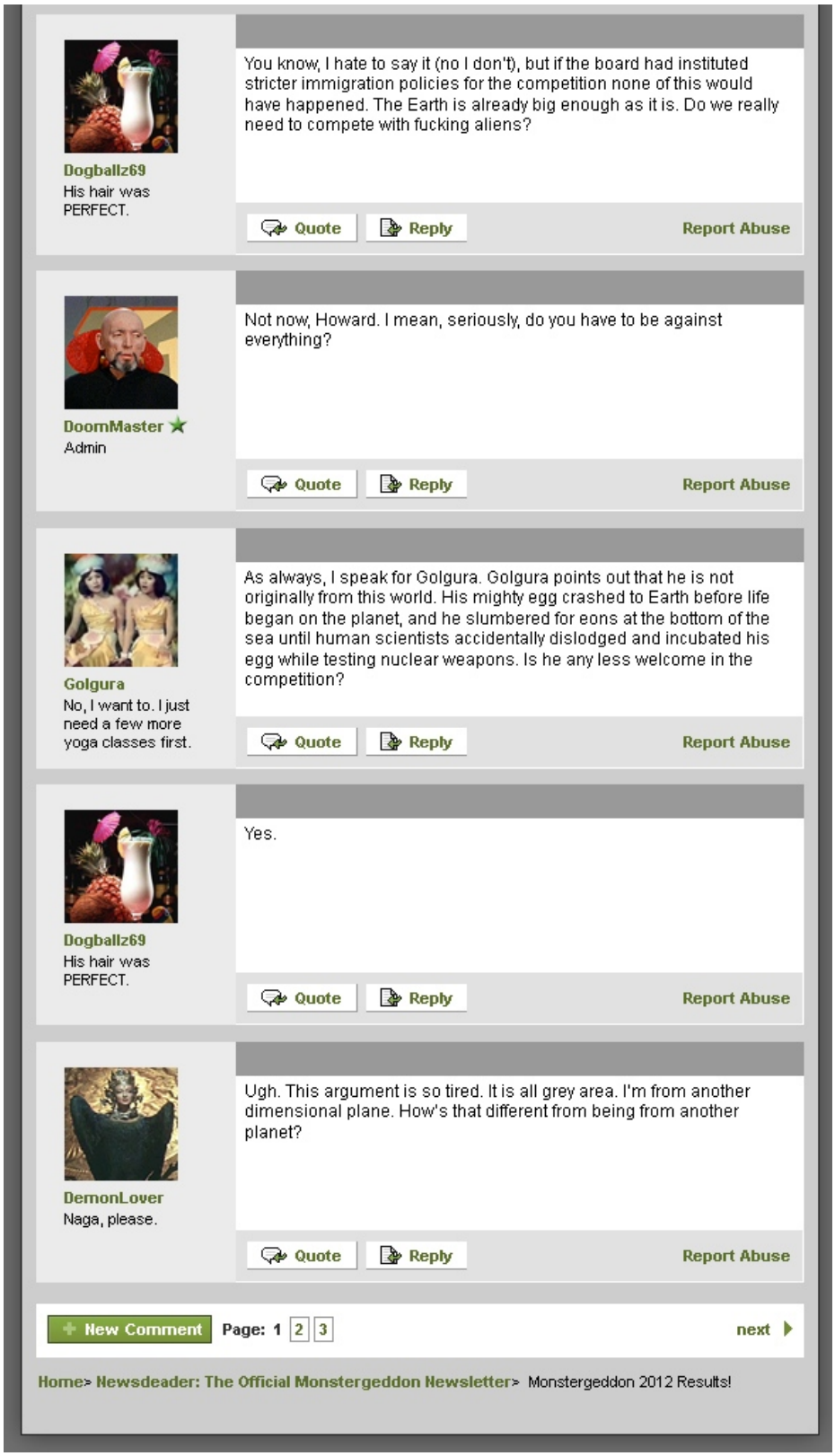
As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. Horde dominated this competition and accumulated the greatest amount of votes for the Player's Choice Award. That trophy at the least should be reinstated to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster
Admin

Okay. That seemed like it was going to get out of control fast. Horde has been put on time-out from posting in the forum. And Horde, if you're still reading this, I don't care what things are like on your world, but here a hive-mind only gets one vote. Your drones don't each get a separate vote in the Player's Choice category. And really they shouldn't have their own separate forum accounts either.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

You know, I hate to say it (no I don't), but if the board had instituted stricter immigration policies for the competition none of this would have happened. The Earth is already big enough as it is. Do we really need to compete with fucking aliens?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Not now, Howard. I mean, seriously, do you have to be against everything?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

As always, I speak for Golgura. Golgura points out that he is not originally from this world. His mighty egg crashed to Earth before life began on the planet, and he slumbered for eons at the bottom of the sea until human scientists accidentally dislodged and incubated his egg while testing nuclear weapons. Is he any less welcome in the competition?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Yes.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

Ugh. This argument is so tired. It is all grey area. I'm from another dimensional plane. How's that different from being from another planet?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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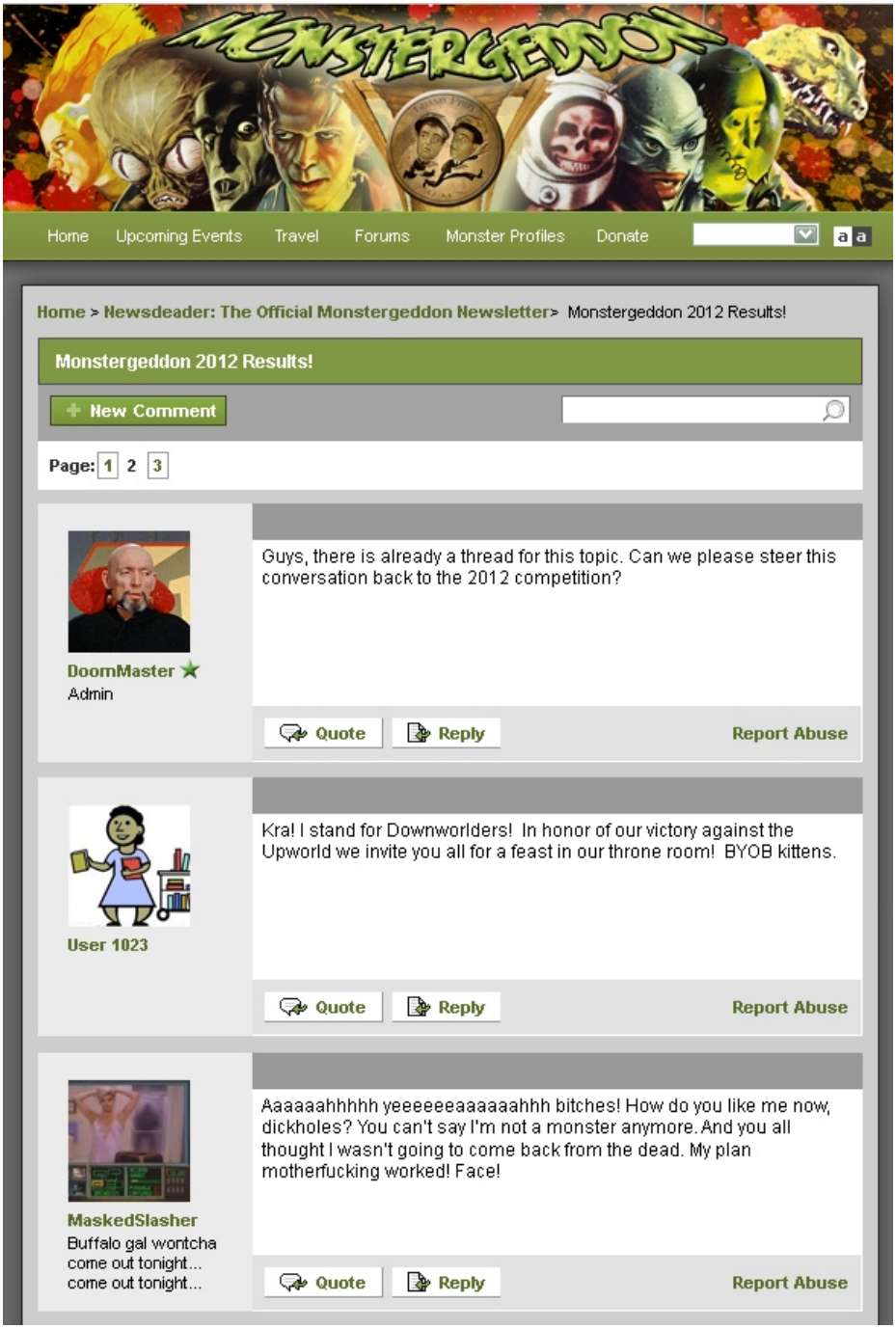
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Monstergeddon 2012 Results!
New Comment
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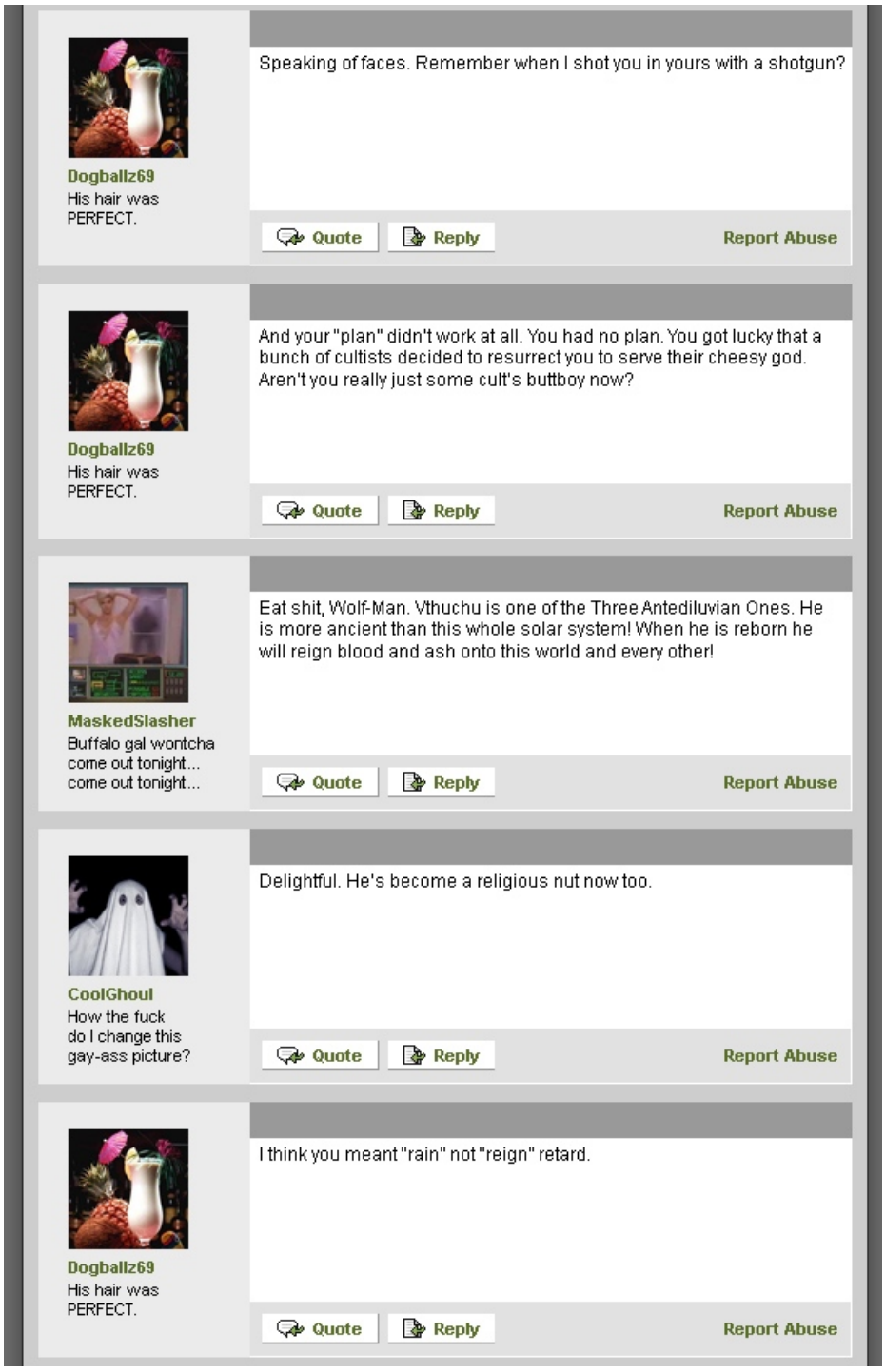
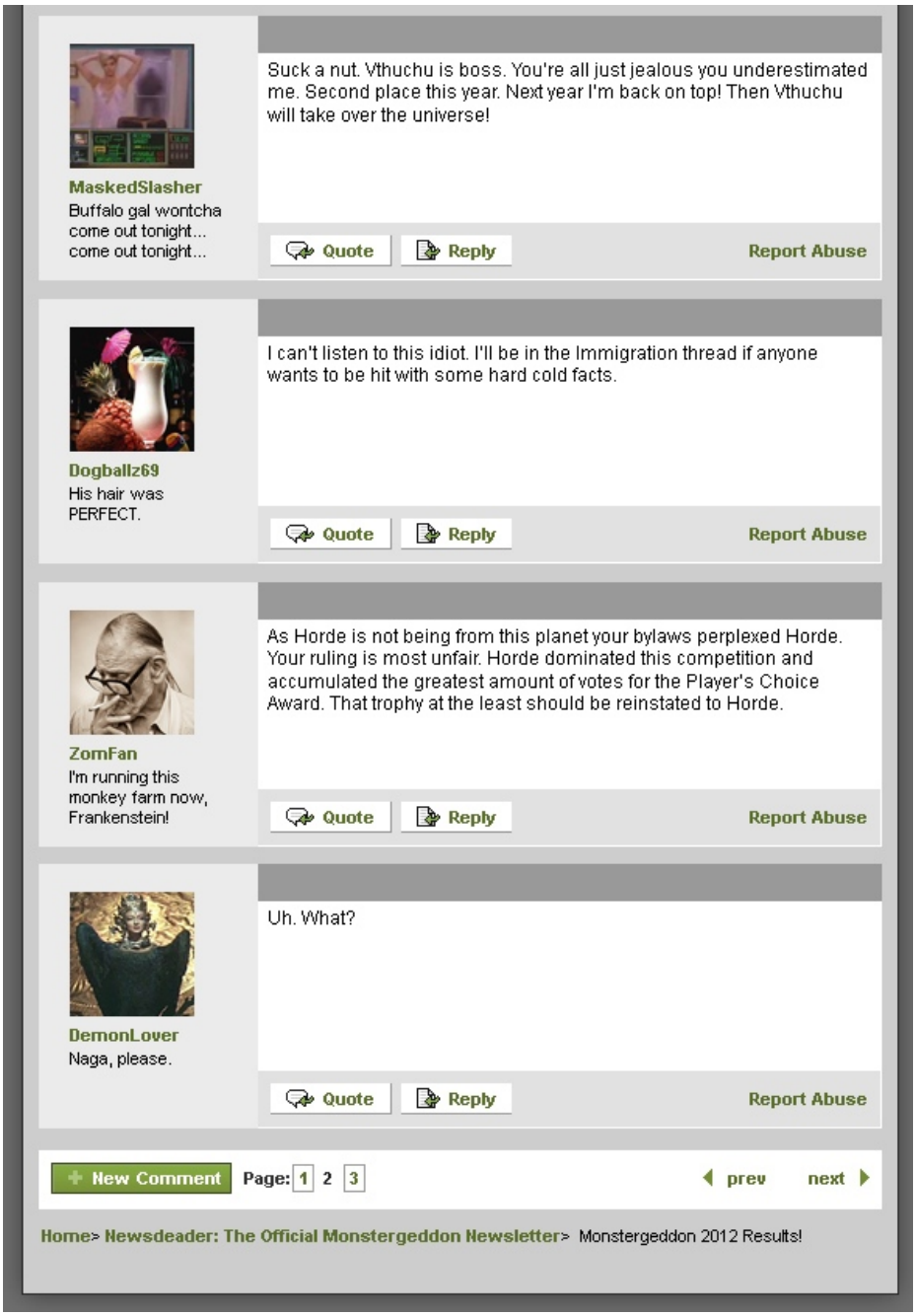
DoomMaster
Admin
Guys, there is already a thread for this topic. Can we please steer this conversation back to the 2012 competition?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
User 1023
Kra! I stand for Downworlders! In honor of our victory against the Upworld we invite you all for a feast in our throne room! BYOB kittens.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Aaaaaahhhhh yeeeeeeaaaaaahhh bitches! How do you like me now, dickholes? You can't say I'm not a monster anymore. And you all thought I wasn't going to come back from the dead. My plan motherfucking worked! Face!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Speaking of faces. Remember when I shot you in yours with a shotgun?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
And your "plan" didn't work at all. You had no plan. You got lucky that a bunch of cultists decided to resurrect you to serve their cheesy god. Aren't you really just some cult's buttboy now?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Eat shit, Wolf-Man. Vthuchu is one of the Three Antediluvian Ones. He is more ancient than this whole solar system! When he is reborn he will reign blood and ash onto this world and every other!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Delightful. He's become a religious nut now too.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
I think you meant "rain" not "reign" retard.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...

Suck a nut. Vthuchu is boss. You're all just jealous you underestimated me. Second place this year. Next year I'm back on top! Then Vthuchu will take over the universe!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

I can't listen to this idiot. I'll be in the Immigration thread if anyone wants to be hit with some hard cold facts.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. Horde dominated this competition and accumulated the greatest amount of votes for the Player's Choice Award. That trophy at the least should be reinstated to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

Uh. What?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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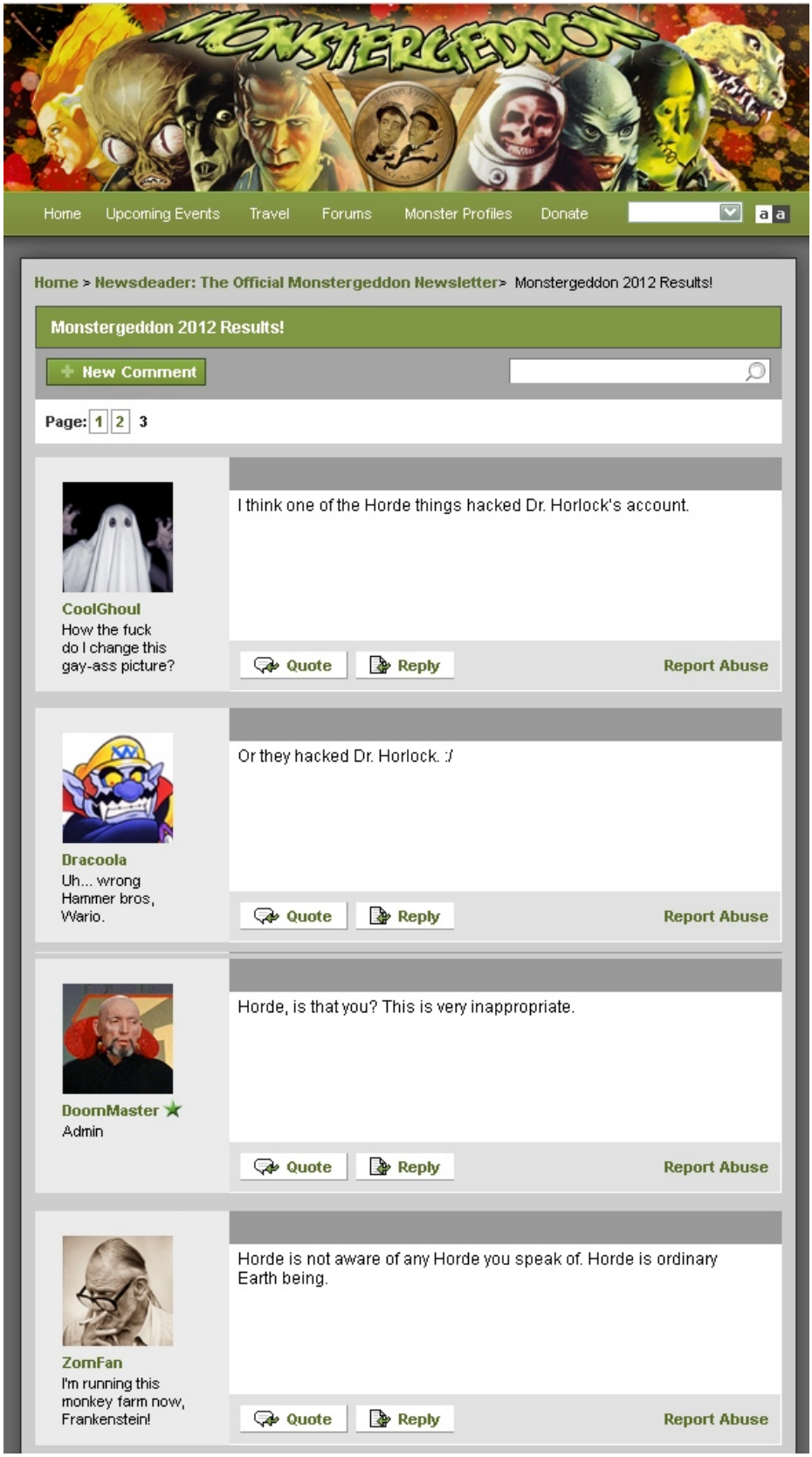
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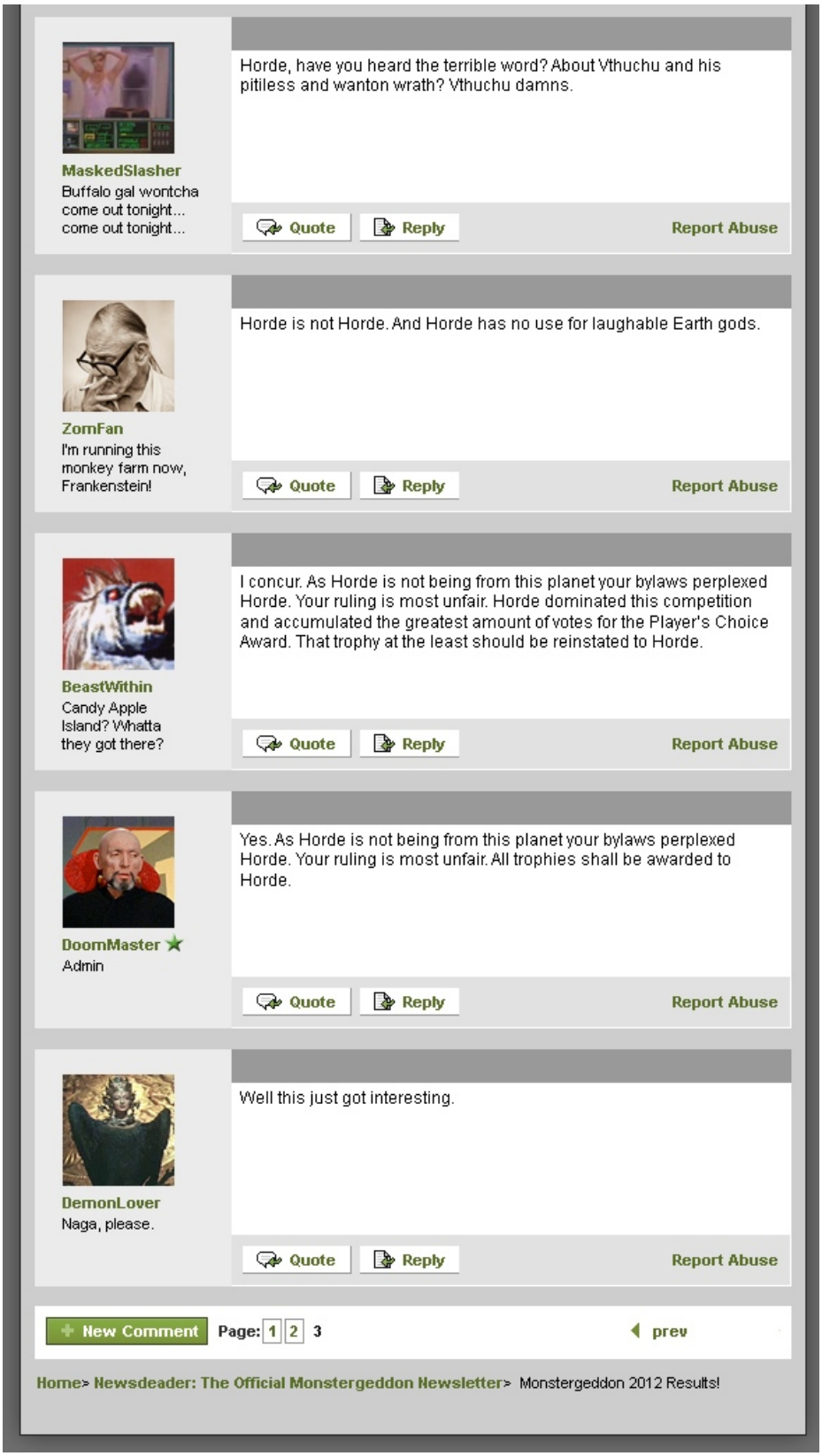
Monstergeddon 2012 Results!
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3
I think one of the Horde things hacked Dr. Horlock's account.
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Or they hacked Dr. Horlock. :/
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Horde, is that you? This is very inappropriate.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Horde is not aware of any Horde you speak of. Horde is ordinary Earth being.
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...

Horde, have you heard the terrible word? About Vthuchu and his pitiless and wanton wrath? Vthuchu damns.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

Horde is not Horde. And Horde has no use for laughable Earth gods.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

I concur. As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. Horde dominated this competition and accumulated the greatest amount of votes for the Player's Choice Award. That trophy at the least should be reinstated to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Yes. As Horde is not being from this planet your bylaws perplexed Horde. Your ruling is most unfair. All trophies shall be awarded to Horde.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

Well this just got interesting.

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Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there were entire books full of it?! Check out the author that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful" and "blatantly disrespectful!"

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for the amazing page layouts and title/avatar combinations!

-~Worm Miller

11.2 Nate Silver Projects the Outcome of Nate Silver's Upcoming Date

Friday, Nov 02, 2012 by Nate Silver (@sexyfacts4u)

Editor's Note: Contrary to popular belief, nasty observations by idiots, and Nate Silver's own words, Nate Silver is way-hetero and constantly on the prowl for sexy ladies. Don't question this methodology if you don't understand it.

Greetings, Stephanie.

So, we should begin our date by discussing the possible outcomes of this date itself. I have spent three weeks in the field conducting a survey on the quality of past dating events and relationships. This survey had a sample size of nine women. Two of these women, Mandy H. and Sara N., have survey information weighted lower than the others due to cheating, and one of the women, Vanessa P., I have weighted favorably due to her track record of candor and her affinity for baseball statistics.

So, based on the results of these surveys, and data gathered from other surveys of my abilities as a romancer and lover, as well as similarities in assigned characteristics between you and my past girlfriends, I have been able to assemble a series of predictions. Keep in mind these are statistical predictions only and are subject to a confidence interval (CI hereafter) based on the sample sizes relevant to each prediction.

We will have dinner at a Mexican restaurant. **87.9%**

I will pronounce everything in perfect español when ordering, impressing everyone. **99.2%**

I will not make eye contact for more than two seconds. **86.9%**

I will be ordering a fajita with no hot sauce. **84.3%**

We will both have margaritas. **67.5%**

You will be enthusiastic when I describe building a Lego Star Destroyer. **73.3%**

You will have a second margarita. **58.9%**

I will stop during the meal to take an important phone call from a famous person. **94.7%**

That person will be Sam Wang of the Princeton Election Consortium. **99.3%**

I also know Paul Krugman. **99.7%**

I will read a tweet aloud from David Brooks in a sarcastic tone and you will laugh and touch my arm below my elbow. **88.4%**

You will drive us to my apartment since I was dropped off by a friend and met you at the restaurant. **90.3%**

I will show you my Lego Star Destroyer and you will take off your shirt. **94.1%**

You will experience total head-to-toe ecstasy from our full-body kissing session. **64.5%**

Your body will experience three or more orgasms so powerful you may be rendered temporarily handicapped by pleasure. **78.4%**

You can sleep in my bed while I run the poll sims for the day. **94.1%**

You will drive me to my fantasy football meeting in the morning. **83.3%**

At some point over the next three years we will go rock climbing like you said you enjoy. **77.1%**

After predicting hundreds of elections across the country including multiple presidential elections I will be named as the USA's ultimate stat master. **86.9%**

We will get married. **75.5%**

It will be too late by then for you to have children and I didn't want children anyway. **98.2%**

We will adopt a Chinese baby, name him Jié, and slowly drift apart romantically as a result. **93.2%**

You will cheat on me with my cousin's friend Terry at Jié's *bar mitzvah*. **84.1%**

We will divorce and you will get custody of Jié and the house in the Hamptons, I will get the apartment. **73.2%**

You will re-marry an aging TV actor, I will burn through a series of embarrassing relationships culminating in a surprise pregnancy of a Latina polymath flautist/statistics expert. We will name our child Jerzy after statistician Jerzy Neyman. **80.0%**

I will die in a tragic sky skipper accident, a vehicle that exists in 2047 and resembles a hovercraft, but uses vectored thrust rather than a ground-effect engine. **91.2%**

So, unfortunately, the CI goes very wide when attempting to project data beyond my eventual death, so I prefer to end the projection there. As you can see, Stephanie, I have cause to both celebrate and fear our nascent relationship.

Might I suggest a compromise in which heartache and untimely death are avoided and we skip directly to intercourse at my New York Times office. You will find it almost as pleasurable (91.8%) and I will purchase for you whatever you desire to eat (Bugles 83.9%) and drink (Arizona Iced Tea) from the snack vendors situated in the employee lounge.

So, what do you say? You can sleep on the couch in my office afterwards and then drive me to my fantasy football league in the morning.

-~Nate Silver (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 The Most Costly Mistakes In Survivor History

Saturday, Nov 03, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

A great way to realize that you are old is to find out that Survivor is currently in its 25th season. I like the show. Sure, it has its fair share of bad seasons, manipulative editing, and self-aware contestants, but the actual game itself is interesting in a few ways.

Survivor is an evolving jumble of physicality, social dynamics, observation, psychology, and the blurred line between emotions and tactics. Trends from previous seasons are seen by new contestants, informing how they play the game. If you watch the show to pick up on how differently each contestant justifies their own actions and interprets those of others, it's worth sitting through the low points. Plus, there are some great shots of eels barfing.

So here we are, 25 seasons in, with hundreds of contestants who ultimately fell short of the million dollar prize. Most of these people were simply outnumbered, part of a losing alliance when it came time to vote. Some were injured and needed to be evacuated. A few even quit. The most remarkable contestants, however, are those whose departure from the game can be attributed to one crucial mistake.

- While attempting to secure her place within the alliance before a tribal council, Colleen Haskell misspoke. Instead of saying "Don't vote me out," she quoted the entirety of Al Capone's baseball bat speech from The Untouchables and held up her tiny fist, scowling at each player in turn.
- Michael Skupin promised his team that he would provide food. After a week they caught on to his lie, realizing that the plates he handed them only contained imaginary steaks. To make matters worse, an emotional Skupin admitted that the steaks were laced with imaginary poison.
- At tribal council, Clarence Black made an error while casting his vote for the next person to be thrown off the island. Instead of writing down his rival's name, he wrote his own name seventeen times. Each counted against him.
- Tammy Leitner angrily waved off her tribemates, insisting that she could start a fire. Nearly three hours later, all she had to show for her efforts was an incredible origami swan with over

thirty points of articulation. In a confession to the camera, she held the swan up and spoke through it as a puppet: "I don't actually know what fire is."

- Penny Ramsey touched the orb while the others slept, foolishly hoping to glean some understanding of its limitless power.
- During a crucial challenge, Rob Cesternino was unable to slow dance without stepping on his partner's shoulders.
- After enjoying a challenge reward of pizza and a screening of an upcoming Adam Sandler movie, Rupert Boneham proclaimed that he had seen all that there was. He walked into the forest, never to be seen again.
- Ashlee Ashby turned out to be a pair of twin sisters. Their ingenious plan to cover twice as much ground and establish relationships with twice as many people would have worked, if they weren't ghosts and therefore ineligible to win the grand prize.
- Gary Hogeboom found the first hidden immunity idol on Survivor. When played, it would have nullified any votes cast against him. Unfortunately, Gary traded the idol to the ocean for a jacket made of moon dust. This error proved to be even worse when it turned out that the ocean was not an entity that was capable of understanding trades, much less agreeing to them or acquiring jackets made of moon dust.
- Moments after entering the maze of mirrors, Becky Lee found her way out. Or perhaps I should say it found her.
- In an attempt to cheer up his tribe, Yau-Man Chan set out to remove the beating heart that hung over their camp. At first he tried to cut the vine that it dangled from. His machete, however, was no use against the odd material which proved to be equal parts metal and plant. When that didn't work, a frustrated Yau-Man began throwing rocks. Finally, he decided to play the Wish Talisman that he had won just that afternoon, a magical item that would grant him any desire. Yau-Man held the charm tightly to his chest, closed his eyes, and wished that the camp was ten feet further up the beach.
- Sherea Lloyd refused to take part in the cannibalism challenge, citing a sore knee.
- Jessica Kiper made the critical mistake of revealing that if she went to the jury, she would vote to give the million dollars to the person who had played the game best, without carrying grudges or making her decision based on ethics or religious doctrine.
- John Cochran was revealed to be a Something Awful goon. The show's security team rushed into action immediately, wielding futuristic poles with strange looking hoops at the end. Cornering a snarling Cochran, they managed to close one of these hoops around his neck, at which point the device emitted an electric charge that rendered him frozen in place. To this day the shamed contestant remains under observation in a secret chamber more than a mile below Rikers Island.

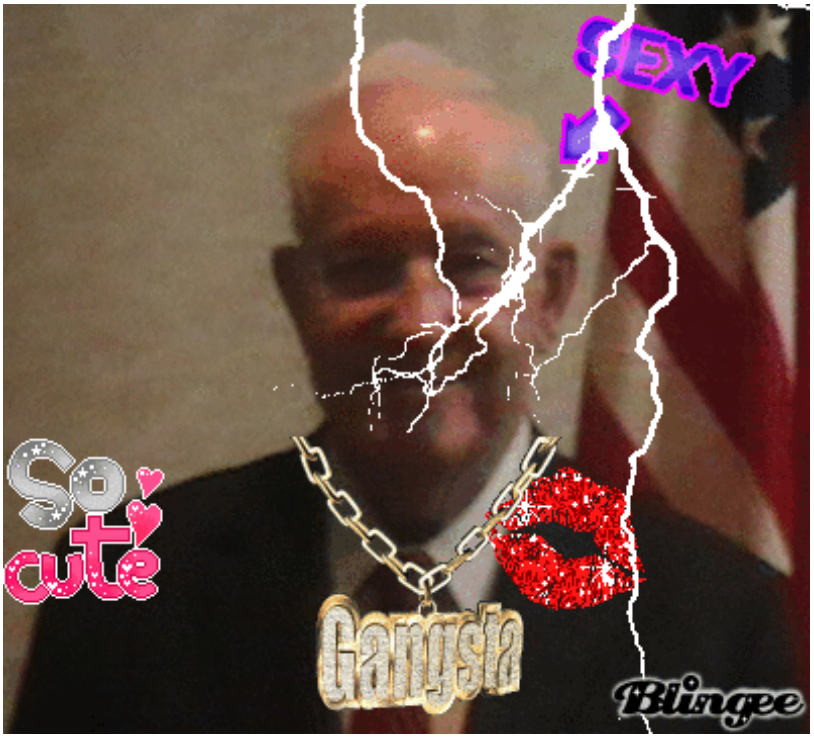
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.4 Official Something Awful 2012 Presidential Endorsement

Monday, Nov 05, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Tomorrow is the big day. On November 6th, America will decide who will order the continuous bombardment of the third world with missiles in our name. ACORN-registered welfare queens named Ochocinco Mickey Mouse will be lining up for hours in the democratic precincts of Florida and Ohio to cast their votes under the watchful eyes of the Black Panthers. In Republican precincts, it's much the same story as husbands and their Biblically subservient wives ride their electric golf carts through the climate-controlled instant voter tunnels built by the Koch brothers.

President Obama and Mitt Romney are receiving all the attention from the partisan media circus, but for pragmatic voters there can be only one choice on the ballots this year:



Jack Fellure

Pesidential Candidate of the Prohibition Party

Fellure is a traditionalist who has wisely made the official platform of his party the entirety of the King James Bible. In his 81 years he has racked up a lot of experience as an engineer and a six-time Republican candidate for the US presidency. Hoping to build on his gains of the 1990s, when he received high two-figure vote totals in Republican primaries, Fellure has broken ranks with Republicans in 2012 and sought the nomination of the Prohibition Party. After a contentious fight with James Hedges, a Pennsylvania tax assessor, at the Prohibition Party convention in Alabama, Fellure secured the party's nomination.

Something Awful endorses Fellure for consistently advocating the sort of social policies this nation needs to see our way clear of Obama's economy and Romney's retreat. When forcing a mother to die giving birth to a rapist's baby just isn't conservative enough, there is Jack Fellure.

> "Should I be elected to the Presidency, this Bible will be open on the desk in the White House Oval Office to Psalm 33:12, "BLESSED IS THE NATION WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD", and also to II Samuel 23:3, "HE THAT RULETH OVER MEN MUST BE JUST, RULING IN THE FEAR OF GOD". It shall never be closed during my tenure. I will take the inauguration oath of office with my hand on my Bible opened to Deuteronomy 28."

Literally governing from the laws set forth in Deuteronomy is exactly the sort of religious persecution this nation has been craving since the pilgrims escaped religious persecution. Literally governing from the Bible will lead to dramatic policy changes in our society.

For example, no more cold case files. All land on which an unsolved murder has occurred is considered polluted, therefore the nearest city will be required to send an unworked cow to the nearest valley with flowing water, break its neck in the valley, and priests will wash their hands in the water flowing over the dead cow. Then the case will be closed. Similarly, executed criminals will no longer be left hanging from trees overnight, as they are under our current legal system, or we will be cursed.

Even when the laws of Deuteronomy are not explicitly applicable, Fellure promises to let God guide his governance, particularly when it comes to what types of cider Americans are permitted to drink.

> For : Leaders whose decisions are governed by what's right or wrong rather than what is politically expedient.
>
> Against : The Liquor Industry which is a detriment to our nation. Alcohol is America's number one drug problem.

He also has plans to deal with public health issues...

> For : Making Homosexuality illegal. This will stop much of the AIDS plague.

...and the rampant anti-Americanism that has spread like a cancer through this nation over the past 24 years.

> Against : Allowing Anti-American organizations, such as the American Civil Liberties Union and the Communist Party to continue their destruction of this nation.

If you stand with the working American and believe in lowering *his* tax burden, then Jack Fellure is your man. If, on the other hand, you are a godless ACLU Communist who suckles at the teat of the New World Order, worships pornography and wishes to eliminate guns, then you should be entered into a sack of coarse making and lowered into a pit for adult men of land and marriage to slay you with un-quarried stones (Deuteronomy 19:31).

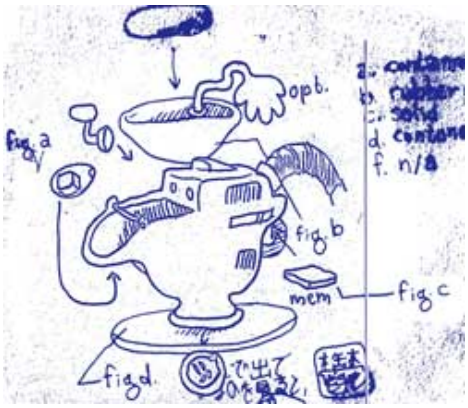
When you go into the voting booth tomorrow, remember the name Jack Fellure.

You're going to have to, because he didn't make it onto most ballots.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.5 And Now a Word For the Cyber Gravy Boat

Tuesday, Nov 06, 2012 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



Cyber Gravy Boat Schematic 3472.81b

The internet has created a countless number of wonderful, amazing treasures that mankind will cherish until the end of time. From bronies to rotating skull animated gifs, the online world has enriched our culture in remarkable ways that will last for generations to come. This testament to mankind can best be witnessed in the website Fiverr.com, a unique service allowing individuals to sell nearly any good or service for five dollars.

Five bucks coincidentally seems to be the going rate for human dignity, as many fiverr.com users offer to film video testimonials promoting or advertising any product of your choice. It doesn't matter if they've never seen or used the item; your five bucks will buy their glowing personal endorsement! To see how much shame I could purchase for $5, I created a fiverr.com account under the name "Greg Marmalard," a fictional yet highly foreign man with an incredible product that will take the world by storm: the Cyber Gravy Boat. I chose 10 worthy candidates (8 responded) and sent them $5 along with the following message:

> Hello and Greetings for you! My name is Greg Marmalard, CEO of Global Business Co Productions! We are a new company and will be producing a new line of products for this Americans people. I am a greatfan of your video and would love you a testimonial for a website we will create of our product!
>
> The product we have created is what called "Cyber Gravy Boat." The information on this product is as follows:
>
> 1. World's first self-sustaining gravy boat
> 2. Can hold any liquid from gravy to most acids (for industrial usage ONLY! please specify)
> 3. Fully buoyant in case of emergency / natural disaster
> 4. Optional bluetooth accessory to monitor and control Cyber Gravy Boat from mobile device such as smartphone or AM radios
> 5. Protective rubber lip prevents major accidents to passersbys
> 6. Rotates freely
> 7. Battery or wind turbine powered (uses GREEN natural resources)
> 8. Will not topple
> 9. Motion sensitive activation prevents needless energy waste
> 10. Special model for kids available in June 2013
> 11. Most UV rays blocked
> 12. Prevents liquids from solidifying during transitive stages
> 13. First gravyboat for the 21st century (designed for future!)

14. Heavily machined and rubberized exterior prevent unwanted spills during startup and prolonged use
15. 99.9% safe
16. Machine washable
17. Option to rent will be available in Spring 2013
18. Customizable colors allow user to match complete sets
19. Weighs under 10 kg
20. Wireless

Thank you very much for your incredible service that I await eagerly! We are very confident in the success of our product and cannot wait to add your talented video to our upcoming website! Please if you need more information to contact me! Blessings!

With such an extensive list of breathtaking features, the Cyber Gravy Boat could easily sell itself. However, I wanted to benefit from "the human factor" available only through several $5 purchases on fiverr.com. I now present to you the exciting results, with commentary and reviews from @fart and myself!

alliemadison12

Lowtax: Lucy's decision to film her testimonial inside what appears to be a very confusing closet is edgy and colorful, consistent with her Baltimore Ravens-striped shirt. Unfortunately, she projects a lack of confidence in the Cyber Gravy Boat, ultimately causing her message to fall flat. Her effort to capture the youth demographic towards the end, employing words such as "cool" and "awesome," might turn away potential teenagers looking for a gravy boat or those who prefer their audio and video to be in sync. **4 / 10**

@fart: The star doesn't sound fully convinced about the benefits of the Cyber Gravy Boat, but the sense of apprehension might come from her surroundings-- either the stockroom of a thrift store or backstage at some abandoned theater. Lucy was paid $5 for this performance but this a $1.50 job at best. **3 / 10**

allykat

Lowtax: "Ally" goes with the no-nonsense, clinical approach towards gravy boat salesmanship. The stark white background combined with her flight-attendant method of speaking appeals to professionals looking for a gravy boat without all the razzle-dazzle of modern marketing. I can confidently declare this woman has a bright future ahead of her in the gravy boat commercial industry. **9 / 10**

@fart: This rather stoic and uninteresting presentation would be perfectly suited for an employee training video at Cyber Gravy Boat HQ, but we're not going to move any units to the public with this snoozer. Where's the feeling? Aren't you excited? It's Cyber! **4 / 10**

diariles

Lowtax: I want to punch this woman. **0 / 10**

@fart: Michelle has all the hopped-up enthusiasm of a 1980's Tandy salesperson AND seems to have memorized the material! She even ad-libs and questions how the Cyber Gravy Boat can be both buoyant and machine washable, while still somehow not wondering if the entire premise of a Cyber Gravy Boat is completely absurd. Just $5 for this? We should've paid $10! **10 / 10**

kandisandiego

Lowtax: Wow! Kandi somehow managed to purchase a permit and film in front of the world-famous Radio City Music Hall! Now that's what I call dedication to the craft. She displays a heart-warming sense of joy and exuberance, despite the collection of strawberry Twizzlers glued to her head. The testimonial ends with her repeating the name of the product, which is the mark of a true Radio City Music Hall professional. **8 / 10**

@fart: New York! The Big Apple! Why? Who cares, I'm convinced, I'll take 3! **6 / 10**

knownogood

Lowtax: James starts off strong by revealing he's been "searching the internet for a new gravy boat," lending a personal touch to his testimonial which will undoubtedly help him connect to the millions of other Americans currently searching the internet for a new gravy boat. I'm not sure why he goes on to talk about chemical bonding agents, but I won't be the one to question a man sitting in front of the world's pussiest plant. The jump cuts are questionable, but James makes up for this by claiming the Cyber Gravy Boat has "helped me out tremendously in my work." 10 thumbs up for you, good sir. **10 / 10**

@fart: James' real-sounding bonding company required a new gravy boat, and he chose none other than the Cyber Gravy Boat. The bluetooth technology and other advanced features earn attention from James' very special and mysterious third thumb. **8 / 10**

pinkkoala

Lowtax: Vanessa employs the use of nonstop hand gestures, revealing her true Cyber Gravy Boat passion. While it overjoyed me to hear her promote the ability to control the unit with an AM radio, her overall presentation sounded like she was simply reading through a bullet-pointed list. Which she was. But hey, boobs. **6 / 10**

@fart: Vanessa's trustworthy and knowledgeable attitude gives the buyer confidence, and her thick accent makes me feel like I'm buying a futuristic gravy boat built by unorthodox foreign genius-scientists that have been working on this project since the end of the Cold War. $5 well spent. **9 / 10**

roiwalther

Lowtax: "Roiwalther" seems to be holding a large cauldron of soup in front of him while staring offscreen the entire testimonial. And I could be mistaken here, but I believe he filmed this in front of an exploding supernova. "Cyber Gravy Boat will be your buy of the year" is some wonderful ad-libbing, even if it appears he's saying this to some phantom accomplice standing to the left. **5 / 10**

@fart: What's a Cyber Gravy Boat? With all the charm of a recently-reformed soccer hooligan, I want to fall asleep in roiwalther's burly arms. **6 / 10**

spicygina

> **Lowtax:** Something about this lady scares the crap out of me, and fear generally isn't an emotion companies want to invoke when selling gravy boats. Using a desk lamp to Illuminate the interior of a FEMA tent might have been an artistic decision, but I don't think it will connect well with the consumers. She cheerfully presented the unit's many features, but the words behind the gravy boat rang hollow. **4 / 10**
>
> **@fart:** A decent presentation, but the way Len closes her eyes for extended periods reminds me of a video I saw in high school about detecting quaalude users. Although using the Cyber Gravy Boat would likely cause euphoric lethargy in customers, the boys upstairs wouldn't want that in the commercial. **5 / 10**

My fiverr.com adventure proved to be both successful and fulfilling, producing a handful of videos that can only be described as "the best Cyber Gravy Boat testimonials that $5 can buy." The next time you're looking for shameless individuals who will recite any nonsense you provide them, search no further than fiverr.com. Three thumbs up!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.6 Election 2012 Results

Wednesday, Nov 07, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It's been a relentless election cycle filled with endless polls, a deluge of attack ads, twists, turns and surprises galore. Yesterday, citizens finally had the opportunity to cast their votes and decide the future of the nation. But more importantly, they helped decide the future of Shaggy Butte, a city routinely voted "America's Most Beloved City" by residents of Shaggy Butte.

Elected Positions

MAYOR

Hank Cobb (Republican - Incumbent) 74%
Senator (write-in candidate) 15%
Laurence Krout (Democrat) 10%

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Prince Rogers Nelson (Libertarian - Incumbent) 64.5%
Flavius Olestra (Libertine) 24.3%
Yolo Chandelierium (Atheist String Theorist Party) 11%

MINE INSPECTOR

Ol' Huss (Coot Reform) 21.3%
Gil Harborough (Shaggy Butte Tea Party) 18%
Hunter Crane (Crime Island Syndicate) 10%
Jesse Crawford (Christian Board Gamers) 7.2%
Pete Loam (Libertarian) 6.7%
Wilbur Stack (Christian Prayer Warriors for Israel) 5.9%
Tanya Phillips (Mommy Bloggers United) 4.6%
Allister McGovern III (Titanic Survivors) 5.3%
Senator (write-in candidate) 4.2%
Greg Pollock (Aryan Brotherhood) 3.8%
Rex Dunwhip (God's Freedom Riders) 3.8%
Calhoun Manford (Eye of Ra Party) 2.7%
Leeland "Omega Child" Starborn (UFO Truth Party) 1.3%
Ol' Pete (Coot - Incumbent) .5%
Reginald Dalton (Proud Bedwetters) .2%

Note: Due to a clerical error that can only be corrected by the elected mine inspector, the position pays a salary of $722,000 per year.

SCHOOL BOARD

✔ Hairbank (Independent - Unopposed Incumbent) 100%

GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM ATTENDANT

✔ Lester "Candy Man" Moore (D) 47.8%
Rick "Grandpa" Hanford (R-Incumbent) 43.4%

DOG CATCHER

✔ **William Bruggerd Sr. (Republican - Incumbent) 74.3%**
William Bruggard Jr. (Libertarian) 24.6%

Ballot Measures

PASSED	FAILED
MEASURE C: CRIMINALIZATION OF SKATEBOARDING Bans the sale and purchase of skateboards within city limits and makes it illegal to own a skateboard. Introduces zero tolerance laws, giving police carte blanche to apprehend skateboarders using lethal force if necessary. Requires mandatory prison time for all apprehended skateboarders with no possibility of early release or parole.	**MEASURE A: ERADICATION OF ALL DOGS WITHIN CITY LIMITS** Calls for a 4-cent increase in sales tax for eight years to fund a canine culling program. The program calls for sharpshooters to fly overhead in helicopters and fire upon any dogs sighted within city limits. The sharpshooters will remain airborne at all times to prevent a recurrence of the 2011 tragedy. Recovered dog carcasses would be used to bolster Shaggy Butte's struggling school meals programs.
MEASURE D: SAVE OUR ABANDONED OPEN-PIT STRIP MINES Diverts funding from Shaggy Butte harbor development to preserve open-pit strip mines as-is and recognize their unique manmade ecology as a potential tourist attraction. Calls for installation of boardwalks above toxic waste, allowing visitors to view and interact with local wildlife and witness the complex chemical reactions that are rapidly changing the biology of local plant and animal life.	**MEASURE B: MAKE DRINKING WATER SAFE** Introduces a new independent committee appointed to oversee quality control of Shaggy Butte's drinking water. Calls for reduction in lead and mercury content in water and aims to introduce safeguards to prevent toxic runoff from abandoned open-pit strip mines from contaminating town's drinking water supply.
MEASURE E: CHANGE THE CITY'S SLOGAN Introduces a new sign budget and calls for the creation of a committee to maintain signs throughout town. Calls for the changing of Shaggy Butte's current slogan of "Paris in the Pines" to "First in Pits" to pay tribute to the Shaggy Butte's rich history of open-pit strip mining and to promote the development of new open-pit strip mining ventures.	**MEASURE F: ABANDONED OPEN PIT STRIP MINES SAFETY UPGRADES AND CLEANUP** Diverts funding from Shaggy Butte's nonexistent but still fully funded harbor district to put up fencing around abandoned open-pit strip mines, which are flooded with highly toxic fluids and overrun with diseased vermin. Starts process of certifying abandoned open-pit strip mines as superfund sites for cleanup and eventual redevelopment as public parks.

PASSED	FAILED
MEASURE G: INSTALLATION OF NEW HELIPAD AT OFFICE OF MINE INSPECTOR Calls for the use of tax dollars to construct a new helipad at the Office of the Mine Inspector and allocates additional funds for purchasing and maintaining helicopters for the Mine Inspector's use. Prevents citizens from forming or joining any labor union.	**MEASURE H: CONSTRUCTION OF NEW LIBRARY** Calls for funds to be diverted from the estimated four-million dollar strip mine museum to instead finance the construction of a new library to replace the old one, which has not been usable for two years due to a feral dog infestation.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.7 Nioxin Will Make Your Living Hair Dead

Thursday, Nov 08, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Like a lot of people my age, I suffer from thinning hair. It's a condition I'm really insecure about and that causes me a lot of anxiety about going out in public. Fortunately, I just heard about this new miracle product called Nioxin. According to its advertisements, Nioxin rejuvenates the scalp and delivers thicker, fuller-looking hair. I just bought a barrel of it off a Russian website (the only place that sells it in bulk). It was listed as "Trioxin" for some reason, but I assume that just means it's three times as strong. I feel hairier already!

Day 1

The barrel arrived today. Have to say I'm a little confused about how to apply it to my scalp. There was a nozzle on the top so I just turned it and held my head under the outflow of gas. It really stunk up the room and I might've passed out for a few minutes. So far no change in my hair other than that it smells like industrial waste. I looked on the barrel for instructions but all I found were some biohazard warnings and an 800 number to call in case of emergency. Does customer dissatisfaction count as an emergency? At any rate, I'm pretty disappointed so far.

Day 2

I tried another treatment today, this time after shampooing my hair like the Nioxin website suggests. Still no noticeable effect, but at least I didn't get nauseous this time - the smell kind of grows on you after awhile. But on the downside I'm noticing some weird side effects, like pale skin and achy joints. To be fair it might just be a slight cold from the walk in the cemetery I took last night (for the last couple days I've felt oddly compelled to walk around graveyards). I'll give this a few more days, and if I don't see results by then I'm demanding a refund.

Day 3

After three treatments I think my hair is actually getting worse. Last night I was strolling through a cemetery when a gravedigger saw me and made a horrified look. I know balding hair is unattractive but it was still a really impolite thing to do! We ended up getting in an argument about it, during which he tried to hit me with the shovel and I bit him. I felt slightly better afterwards; probably just getting the chance to vent my rage at the makers of this product. I wish I could bite them too.

Day 4

So I sent a nasty email to support@nioxin.com. The person replying had the audacity to say that I was using a different chemical, and that Nioxin and Trioxin are in no way related. Um, hello? They both end in "oxin" and both come in cylindrical containers. And both are going to be taken off the market once I contact my attorney. My scalp, needless to say, looks horrible now, to the point where people on the street run away screaming from me. A group of children even started pelting me with rocks this afternoon. I'd report them to the police, but they're busy investigating

this recent epidemic of graveyard murders in my town.

Day 5

I tried calling my lawyer today about a possible lawsuit against Nioxin, but the connection must've been bad, because he seemed to be under the impression that I was just saying "brains" over and over again. Whoever the "brains" are behind Nioxin, they're in big trouble once I get my phone fixed, and see a dermatologist about these weird suppurating boils on my skin.

On the plus side, this whole experience had made me a lot less self-conscious about my hair. In fact I've shaved it into a mohawk and started wearing a leather jacket and listening to punk rock music just to show the world how little I care about its fashion norms. Tonight I'm going to hang out in a cemetery spray-painting stuff on gravestones and if anyone tries to stop me I'm going to eat all their flesh, followed by their

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.8 ID44: Barack Obama Tackles the Speech from "Independence Day"

Friday, Nov 09, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Good morning. I would like to begin by thanking General Hollister and the men and women of the US Air Force for welcoming me to emergency airbase Champion. Thank you to Governor Clark and Senator Douglas for joining me in the underground bunker. Mayor Thompson, whose city was destroyed, thank you for inviting me there to speak, I'm sorry we had to change plans when the giant ship appeared overhead.

Dorothy Jennings, where are you? Hey Dorothy. Dorothy makes the best egg salad sandwich I have ever tasted. Dorothy, you have helped keep the spark alive by bringing sandwiches and cold drinks to all of our tired air crews. And thanks to all of you who are listening. What we are about to embark upon will determine if we see another tomorrow.

Today, as you know, is the fourth of July. In the United States we celebrate it as our day of Independence. We look back on the bloodless pages of history and see the figures that shaped human events as legends. They were not always such towering figures. They were men, human men, who lived and breathed and talked and loved, just like you or I. Looking back I have to wonder if they understood the role they were playing in history. If they knew, as they lived within those moments we forever recall, that they were determining our path for generations to come.

In less than an hour, aircraft from here will join others from around the world. And you will be launching the largest aerial battle in this history of mankind.

Mankind -- the name suggests a unity that we have not often experienced in our lives. Rancor has too often divided us, prevented us from achieving the greatness of which we have dreamed. But now we know, with the unique clarity, the strength of that shared character. We're bigger than our politics. We are the ones we have been waiting for, to rise up and stand for the good of all mankind, united in this purpose, not just to endure, not just to survive, but to fight and win. To reclaim the mantle of dominion and embark upon a new journey of mutual prosperity and shared interest.

We cannot allow the voices of discord in our midst to divide us now. The scientists may say our bombs are not powerful enough, the philosophers may question the ethics of exterminating a sentient species, but if we stand together, no force field can stop our weapons, no swarm of plasma-spitting fighters can turn back our jets. United we are a force that cannot be defeated. A voice that cannot be silenced.

Today, no matter where we are, no matter who we were, we share in this moment. Each of us feels the brotherhood and sisterhood of mankind and the yoke of history upon our shoulders. We have names. We live and breathe and talk and love. But, if we succeed in our endeavor here and around the world, someday our names will fill the pages of a bloodless history. To be read by the generations to come. To be cherished not for who we are, but for the new meaning we have given this day.

We will not stand aside or shrink from danger.

We will not allow fear and petty differences to divide us.

We will rise into the sky to confront the invaders, lifted by the hope and aspirations of all mankind.

Today, we win our future.

Today, we celebrate our Independence Day.

Thank you. May God bless you and may God bless the United States of America.

**Signed, Sealed, Delivered* begins playing as Michelle walks out clapping*

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 Identifying The Superhero That Saved Your Life

Saturday, Nov 10, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You were cornered by a pack of laughing criminals with sleeveless vests, tire irons, and billy clubs. They went into great detail about all the horrible things they were going to do to you, slowly creeping closer. In your most desperate time of need a hero arrived and saved your life. Before you were able to gather your wits, the bad guys had been tied together and your rescuer had vanished back into the night.

Now you want to send your hero a greeting card that's appropriate for the situation (the one with the drawing of a hound dog playing a banjo) but there's just one problem - you weren't familiar with their costume. How can you track them down to deliver the card? Think back to the dramatic rescue. Picture your hero, their mannerisms, anything that might have stood out. There must have been an important detail that can help you identify them.

Did your hero arrive on a trusty steed? Was this horse dead and stuffed, with rollerskates on its hooves? Your hero was The Avenging Equestrian, friend to all people and animals who do not use rollerblades, unless ordered by a physician.

Was your hero's mask made of transparent plastic? That would be Blown Cover Lass. Her considerable strength is fueled by rage and bafflement over the fact that so many people know her secret identity.

Did the person that saved you have enormous ear gauges as well as tattoos on their neck and the parts of their face that were visible? Then it was Unemployable Lad that swooped in to your aid. Forever haunted by the mistakes of his past, he has dedicated his life to saving others. His opponents do their best to ignore the many things on his face and look him in the eyes. Off balance from the effort, they are left wide open to his dreaded Forehead Piercing Headbutt attack.

Were you saved by a masked raisin? Just a big, shriveled, person-sized raisin without arms or legs or any anthropomorphic features of any sort? That was Remarkably Similar To A Raisin Woman. She is, by all accounts, remarkably similar to a raisin. That lulls her opponents into a false sense of security. You see, she isn't a raisin. Not exactly. And that's what gets them. Actually, she is just a raisin. That's what catches her opponents off guard after she's lulled them into a false sense of security because they think she's just a raisin.

Was your rescuer wearing a cosmic ring that gave off waves of vast power? Did the hero choose not to use this ring's power, disabling your attackers via hand-to-hand combat after seeming to argue with himself? Then your hero was Conflicted Man. Maybe he *should* use the ring. It has so much power. Then again, what if it's too much power? What then? But what if, by not using its power, worse things are allowed to happen? Oh, the burden that has weighed on Conflicted Man's mind for the last fifteen years! Maybe he should just go ahead and use it already& just to test the ring's limits? But what if it has no limits and he can't control himself?

Did your hero use the word "gay" in reference to someone or something that he disliked? Did he describe anything as "retarded"? After the action was over, did he claim that he "totally raped" the bad guys? Was there a struggle in your mind as you considered whether to correct him or let it go because he saved you? You are not the first to be saved by Not Cool, Man and walk away feeling

vaguely ashamed and guilty.

Was your here a man whose jaw was covered in stubble? Did he save you, then explain that in doing so he was actually just doing something that was self-serving? Did you get the impression that he was lying to hide the fact that he really was there to save you? That was most assuredly Anti-Hero. His motivations are hard to understand. He's not quite a good guy, but not a bad guy either. He's complicated. Also, he's made of antimatter.

Perhaps you were saved by a woman wielding an ancient sword, with a full suit of armor that accentuated her hips and posterior while leaving the swell of her ample breasts exposed to the air? That would be The Cleave. I know. Dude, I know. We all told her, and she won't listen.

There is one other possibility. Did your hero sweat profusely? Was his costume crusted with dried the dried salts of his perspiration? Was he the source of constant burping, each expulsion bringing the wafting scent of sour milk into the air? You were saved by Spider-Man.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.10 A Look Back At The Election's Biggest Babies

Sunday, Nov 11, 2012 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

I don't care what your personal politics are, just as I hope you don't care what mine are. In fact, since the election here in my United States just recently ended, I'm actually pretty wildly tired of hearing about politics or thinking about it in any way. For the foreseeable future, I will hate everything about politics with every possible ounce of my being.

However, as little as I care about how some folks will now mope and kick trash around, or celebrate by dancing and kicking trash around, one thing I do appreciate is the whining of others. Thankfully, with the Internet the way it is these days (I think we're at Web 4.0 or 4.2 by now), we have more or less an indirect line to enjoying the misery of other people whenever anything ever happens. Yours truly spent election night not out campaigning for a particular cause or candidate, or ferrying voters to or from the polls-- I sat at home and waited for results to begin pouring in so that I could find out what other people, and especially their dads, thought. Here's what happened:

> If Romney loses I'm going to Freak the Fuck Out!.....And burn down my house and smash all my toys in the garage ! — Kenny Edwards (@rocketman168) November 6, 2012
>
> I'm going to be honest with you guys: I'm probably going to cry if Romney loses. Why? Because I will have lost hope in America. — Billy Pell (@billhoss_) November 5, 2012
>
> My dad is crying because he's nervous Barack will win. I hate all y'all who voted for Obama you're making my poor dad cry #fuckyou — Haley Cohenour (@HaleyCoh3) November 7, 2012
>
> You know it's sad when your mom is crying while she's praying with you because she's afraid Obama will win. #Election2012 — andreaaaaaa(: (@dancerandrea) November 7, 2012
>
> My dad cried during Pokemon — Nick Pahl (@TheRealNickPahl) November 6, 2012
>
> and if Obama wins, I'm going to chop my dick off — Tom Palmieri (@thomas_palmieri) November 7, 2012
>
> If Obama wins, I'm going to buy at least 1,000 rounds of various ammo tomorrow morning. #WorldWar3 or #CivilWar2 whichever one comes first. — Jakob Leonard (@JakobLeonard) November 7, 2012
>
> MY DAD IS CRYING — ITS CHELS. hi :)x (@Cali_1D_swag) November 7, 2012
>
> My dad is crying again. My mom is yelling. — SexyGirraffes (@_BeLLyBuTTon) November 7, 2012
>
> My dad has punched the wall after CNN's projection... — Michaela Moriarty(@MichaelaaAnn) November 7, 2012

its so sad becuz half the pple that have jobs now, are about to be jobless. IM MAD AS FUCK. america is finally over. — hannah well (@hannahwell1) November 7, 2012

My dad just screamed fuck really loud #ithinkhespissed — Rachel Benda✨ (@rachbenda) November 7, 2012

My dad is screaming in agony ..god help us in this house — ashley ann ?♡ (@yella-GREEKbella) November 7, 2012

I think my dad is crying — Noelle (@noelleefarrer) November 7, 2012

My dad is crying bc hes so mad that this stupid fuck won.. lol #idontknowwhattodo #butfuckoboma — bailey badon (@BadonBailey) November 7, 2012

My dad is crying, it's his birthday dammit, this wasn't suppose to happen — Hayley Boudreau✌ (@hahayleynicole) November 7, 2012

My dad broke our TV , thanks @obama — RoveOfTheCircle ✈ (@_IamRove) November 7, 2012

My dad almost broke the kitchen table #fuckobama — kenzie quigley (@KenzieQuigg) November 7, 2012

my dad just threw his laptop because obama is president #uppermiddleclassproblems — Ally Sofia(@ally_sofia) November 7, 2012

I can't stop crying.America died. — Victoria Jackson (@vicjackshow) November 7, 2012

My dad just threw a handful of meatloaf at my head. :(— Brian (@BDGarp) November 7, 2012

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.11 What Headmates Inhabit Your Headspace?

Monday, Nov 12, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What's a headmate? Find out.

Kelly is our penguin headmate. She is very insistent. Dan is very interested in math. Stewart doesn't really count because he is my daemon. There is also Spike Spiegal.

pomplamoose usually fronts for us :)

I am nine different fictional characters from South Park, and they are all upset about Homestuck.

Josh Romney but be quiet he's asleep right now...

Transgendered Magneto fronts and xe is going through some shit right now so BTFU

Michael, Mitch, Gimli, Tina Fey, Scarface, Wendy from the Wendy's signs, George Washington, a crystal being with no name, Todd Flanders, Gorbachev, Kevin Mitnick and Iman the model.

We are Usher and a fire elemental and recently also the concept of micro-blogging which is named Terry.

can headmates marry each other? Yes allow me to introduce mr. and mrs. Brad Pitt they are both brad pitt but one is a woman brad pitt hi I am brad pitt right now

My system argues a lot and it can get really loud in here but it has been quiet lately ever since one of my head mates was murdered luckily other headmate is a woman version of current sherlock holmes. GEtting very close to solving case...

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.12 Dear NHL, Stop Sucking and Play Hockey.

Tuesday, Nov 13, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

NHL, you've honestly cancelled a portion of your season because of a disagreement over 10ish percent of revenue? Are you serious? Roger Goodell loses more than that in his car's cup holder. You aren't even a real league. That much revenue is what? A frequent customer card from Tim Horton's, a handful of arcade tokens, and an aged IOU 1 Backrub from Ovetchkin? Once you're done divvying it up between all the whiney babies, you end up with a packet of Fancy Ketchup and a sweaty Russian wanting to rub his clammy hands all over you.

Do you even know what people think? Telling someone about the NHL lockout is like telling them their childhood tree house just fell and crushed an old lady. "Wait," they say, "that thing was still around?" It's hard to convince people to care about your sport when the last time they saw a game the puck had a flashing pink trail as it darted across their 17 inch CRT.

Luckily you're so turtled up in Full Nerd Denial to even notice. Like the Magic the Gathering player who says he's abstinent by choice, you've gone on and cancelled a season no one cares about. Yeah, you're in control here. So let the NBA and NFL go waste time and energy being popular (ugh!), exciting (blah!), and profitable (phlart!) while you sit around and squabble like two 16 year olds fighting over which Linux version to boot.

And what's worse is that you selfish assholes don't even realize what you're doing to your die hard fans. Yes, they exist. They're easy to spot: white, possess little high skilled jobs, and live in cities often described as "industrial", "cold", "crime ridden", or "an urban blight festering in the portion of the U.S. best suited for a nuclear firestorm." So while you fight over paper route money, your fans are empty. After Romney lost, hockey was all they had left. The last pillars of denial and imagined racial self importance came crashing down fast.

So, NHL, just to be clear, you're pretty much responsible for every spouse found dead in a trailer park from now until the Philadelphia Flyers skate again.

There is good news. Kind of. Things literally couldn't get worse. As far as rock bottoms go, you've been hovering between Junky Shooting up in Eyes and Christianmingle.com Hookups. Your last overly dramatic lockout (a pathetic 8 years ago) caused you to lose everything. When you resurfaced the next season still messed up and reeling from rehab, the only channel that would touch your spoiled, limping garbage was OLN. Your once proud sport shoved between bass fishing

and How-To guides on turkey calls. Maybe NBC would play a game if horseracing was on break. And since you've come back, watching a hockey game is like peeking into a time capsule to the 1990s when you were relevant and Jagr's mullet ran free.

It looks like it's been run through about seven instagram filters to give it that ironic grimy vintage look. But no. That's just what hockey looks like now a days.

So at least you can't shoot yourself in the foot since you severed the leg years ago. Congrats. There is no darkness left. You're there already. Nothing is worse. No O Network, no G4 late night programming. If Verses kicks your pathetic act to the curb, your only chance are in self shot Youtube webisodes of three dads squatting beside a dumpster rattling off Swedish names into the voicemail of their apathetic step-sons. So good luck with that.

But you know what. Cheer up. I have faith. If anyone can climb out of this hole, you can. Hockey is itself less of a sport and more of making the best of a shitty situation. No one would skate with sticks in sweaters if they didn't have to. When life gives you lemons, you punch someone's teeth in and sit in a penalty box for two minutes. It's the Canadian Way and it's the kind of determination that'll get you through this. Just push on, work hard, and don't do something idiotic like put an ice hockey team in Phoenix. Oh...Welp.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.13 The End of Liberty: How I'm Fighting Back

Wednesday, Nov 14, 2012 by John Donderondo (@Arr)

With last week's election, it became official: American freedom is a thing of the past. Barack Obama, champion of the welfare class, king of food stamps and tax hikes and gun control, will spend the next four years driving the final stake through the heart of a once proud nation.

While the voters of Shaggy Butte did not support Obama OR Romney in great numbers-- a write-in candidate named Ol' Huss took 64% of the vote-- I still hold each and every idiot liberal communist in this town personally responsible for the death of America. Therefore, I, John Donderondo, am committing to totally disengage from all liberals and liberal institutions from this day forward.

- Due to the threat of having to interact with treasonous liberal neighbors, I will be abandoning my home in Shaggy Butte and moving to Liberty Gulch, my libertarian freedom compound. I will defend Liberty Gulch to the death from all threats to her freedom: census takers, Obama drones, meter readers, owl species that benefit from tyrannical endangered species laws, etc.

- I have already drafted a declaration of secessionist sympathy; once I figure out how my printer works (like hell I'll talk to those ivory-tower elites in the Geek Squad), I will mail the paperwork to the United States Government. Though I intend to remain a proud American citizen until my nation's dying breath, the idea of Liberty Gulch becoming a sovereign nation/major regional power ought to put a scare into those pussies in Washington.

- Whenever possible, I will only be driving on privately-owned roads. Luckily, Liberty Gulch is on land owned by a lumber company, so all dirt roads are 100% taxpayer safe. Should I require provisions from town, I may occasionally drive on taxpayer-stolen public roadways, but I will honk the horn nonstop and lean out my window yelling my disgust at the sheeplike stupidity of fellow motorists.

- Needless to say I will ONLY drive American cars and I will ONLY drive cars made by companies not given charity by the criminal "Detroit bailout." I have converted my 1981 Herbert Motors "Bearcat" snowmobile for year-round use, and I don't give a flaming American crap if it's extremely loud and not "street legal" by modern nanny-state standards. When I'm breezing past a bunch of Kia-pushing communists at a top speed of 22 miles per hour, I will be flying two things: an American flag antenna bobble and a proud middle finger.

- I have thrown away the BLUE tarps that form the roof of my Liberty Gulch and I am actively working on replacing them with RED tarps. The old tarps disgusted me to the point of vomiting with their Democrat hues. If anyone knows where to buy RED tarps, please let me know before the

winter comes. If you want my discarded tarps, tough shit, because I will be guarding them with my firearms to make sure they don't fall into liberal hands.

Welcome to Liberty Gulch: Liberals Stay The Hell Out

- I will be setting up nightly Liberty Patrols to scout the area surrounding my Liberty Gulch. If I see any known Democrats or ethnically likely Democrats, I will discharge my firearm into the air and warn them that their "taker" tendencies are not welcome within 300 yards of my Liberty Gulch; I will explain that I am within my rights to use deadly force if they do not leave. If they fail to comply with my orders, I will have no choice but to go Full Nugent.

- I intend to ramp up my campaign of public protest to levels of unprecedented effectiveness. If I am shopping in a grocery store that accepts food stamps, I will exclaim my full-throated disgust at anyone within earshot (I am still investigating whether my state allows "open carry" of megaphones, so one day I might reach moochers well beyond earshot). I will boycott any store that does not accept payment in either bullion, Bitcoins or my own gold-backed "Liberty Bucks." If I am forced to use American cash money, I will register my disgust with the Treasury Department by crumpling my bills unflatteringly.

- As of this moment, I will be "Going Galt" in my personal businesses. If I cannot operate within a just free-market business climate, I will scale back my ventures to deprive the nation of my productivity. I hope liberal America starves without access to my clever conservative buttons and customized libertarian Warhammer miniatures.

- It should go without saying that I will not be paying taxes this years. While that is partially because I don't have to since I haven't made the minimum annual income for the last ten years due to Obama's failed economic policies, it is also an act of protest: instead of tax forms, I will be sending the IRS a letter explaining that I wouldn't be paying taxes even if I had to.

- I will no longer be attending Shaggy Butte's over-regulated Yellow Lake Recreation Area, which is a hive of nanny-state excess. My recreation will now take place at Liberty Beach, which allows toplessness, smoking, alcohol, dogs, drowning, public worship/urination, fireworks, firearms, fire pits and toplessness. Liberty Beach, for the time being, will be located in the gravel quarry near my Liberty Gulch. In the future, I will work with local libertarian organizations to find a location closer

to water.

Liberty Beach: Freedom, Dogs, Toplessness

- If I hear any strangers on the streets of Shaggy Butte saying anything remotely positive about Obama, or if I suspect them of failing to read my blog, I will place them under immediate citizen's arrest. Since I am banned from the local courthouse, I will use the power vested in me by the Liberty Gulch Militia Association to put them on immediate trial for treason; if they are convicted, they will be required to say out loud that I am right and they are wrong and Obama sucks big ones.

- Most importantly, I will cut all personal ties with any and all liberals, Democrats, Obama supporters and other assorted communist scum. I will file legal paperwork to reaffirm my divorce from my ex-wife Charlotte, who abused the tyrannical Obamacare system to STEAL health insurance despite her pre-existing condition (nearsightedness). I will reject further weekend custody of my son, Ron, who once laughed at a Herman Cain speech. I will no longer return any calls from my last girlfriend, Leann, who mentioned last time we spoke that she was considering voting for Bill Clinton.

I'm sure you're wondering, How can I help, John Donderondo? Well, you can follow my lead and reject all liberal friends, family, neighbors and coworkers. You can pay visits to me in Liberty Gulch and contribute supplies (food, water, red tarps) to my important cause. You can volunteer your home as a Liberty Gulch Annex, which means I can go in there sometimes and use your bathroom, since Liberty Gulch does not have running water. Or, best of all, you can join me at Liberty Beach for an afternoon of fun, freedom and topless recreation.

Wish me luck!

-∼John Donderondo (@Arr)

11.14 This Year in Professional Horse Diving

Thursday, Nov 15, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

As we come to the end of another year in the world of professional horse diving, the time comes to finally face the biggest problems threatening our industry. After a brief resurgence in 1947, the last 65 years have seen the number of professional horse diving acts -- as predicted through decades of work from our commissioned think-tank -- dwindle to the lower tweens. The continued existence of smart phones allows just about anyone to look up mainstream horse diving websites and download popular horse diving apps at their leisure, making live extreme horse entertainment nearly irrelevant in our modern age. It seems that audiences would rather pay for the cheap novelty of entertainment at their fingertips than experience the joy of watching a beautiful and terrified animal drop into several thousand gallons of the best water local ponds can afford.

After last year's memo about the dangers of hiring stagehands through local prison work-release programs, this year, only five instances of sexual harassment and twelve instances of horse assault have been reported by audience members. A reminder: when looking for a hired hand to care for a horse dealing with the stress of a professional falling career, ask your warden about chemically castrated inmates with a good record. You'll find them personable, easier to manage, and also that they can carry a tune much better than your unmodified violent criminal. And several of these men have since gone on to play Peter Pan in their community theater's production of the play by the same name.

As the carnival circuit raises the bar for modern entertainment, so must we. Onstage drunkenness must be reduced to half-drunkenness during strong daylight hours (1:00 P.M. - 2:30 P.M.). Splatter guards must be installed and cleaned daily, lest the streams of urine and sprays of feces from a falling horse land on audience members who came for entertainment, not horse-borne viruses. Fliers must remove all mentions of the free "ether treatments" once administered before shows in the early days of horse diving, causing countless suffocation deaths. The opium addicts we once paid with opium to predict the outcome of horse births must now be paid with the cash equivalent of their daily opium allowance.

The lesson the XFL taught us so many years ago is that we must remain relevant to competing sources of entertainment. Tell your friends and family members about the wonderful history of professional horse diving. Spread the world about the magic roughly 140 years of falling horses has brought this country. Recount the story of Patches III, who made a record 78 jumps on a single day

in the summer of 1919, most of them happening pre-aneurysm and of her own free will. Recount the time Theodore Roosevelt visited the Buffalo World's Fair of 1901, and declared our treatment of animals "abominable," like the great and majestic snowmen of the north. But don't always dwell in the past; offer up the idea of an evening of horse diving as you would box socials, cuddle parties, and marijuana tastings.

The late 19th century ended a long time ago, friends, and it's time that professional horse diving accepted this fact. 2013 will be the year our institution finally registers an e-mail account, despite focus group testing informing us that most of our audience either doesn't have electricity, or isn't aware of the concept at all. Some of you have even reached out to the various classic rock bands visiting your local fairgrounds, and we must thank the Anderson Family Horse Expo of Canfield, Ohio for their spectacular work with REO Speedwagon, and wish them the best of luck in their ongoing investigation by the ASPCA. Stay strong, horse diving enthusiasts, and remember: "A Horse Unprodded is a Horse Unmotivated."

Julius Wainwright,

Management Baron, American Horse Diving League, Northeast Chapter

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.15 The Hottest Tech of 2013

Friday, Nov 16, 2012 by Zack Parsons and Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@sexyfacts4u)

Technology. It's all around us every day. It's in our pockets, on our walls, in our hair and even in what you eat for breakfast. Technology gives us health and entertains us. Each year seems to bring more and more of it. What will next year hold in the future of technology? Find out, with The Tech Forecast's annual Next Year in Tech! 2013 edition.

2013 is going to be a big year in tech with lots of new developments.

Data cats.

More information available in cute cat pictures. More bandwidth available to upload, download and share files to your cats. Swap cats with your friends and back up important documents onto your cat.

Printable Rugs.

Finally, print rugs in 3D just how you want them. Import virtual realities into your rugs and make them realities. Relive your favorite memories in rug form. Export your baby's ultrasound as a rug. Share rug designs from your phone. Take a picture of anything and turn it into a rug with a home rug printer. Get directions to anywhere in the world based on the cloud's advice and have them printed straight to a rug.

House computers.

Use USB 3.0 to turn your laptop into the only device you will ever need to control your house. Plug into your door to open it, type in short text commands to be obeyed by your windows. Dim the lights with your function keys. Control your TV with the virtual remote control on your screen. Open and close drawers, randomize your vents, rotate your carpet, create up to two presets for your mornings and evenings, or enter phantom mode.

Breadbox.

Stream Hollywood Hits straight to your bread. Edible films will spread from slice to slice and follow you throughout your house as doors open and close. Have you ever wanted to eat *Paul Blart: Mall Cop*? Now you can. Skype with someone while you eat them. Place the bread on the walls of your home and update your house computer for full 360 interactive streaming. Watch online with your friends as you are eating them. It's Bread Evolved.

Increased beveling.

More text and surfaces beveled. Names and dates will be fully beveled. Highly-reflective bevels will cover staircases and decorate our tables, chairs and bedrooms.

Cars 3.0 w/ scripting.

Better automobile support for javascript. More javascript in car stereos. A javascript speedometer and ignition. Virtually connect two wires to start your car. Make your own movies with your favorite characters from your car's dash and stream them to your bread. Crowdsource your gearshift ratios by klout ranking. Alternator will sync up your car's electricity to your favorite mp3s.

Spotify 3.1 Mobile.

Streaming music inside all of us at all times. Share playlists with friends whether you want to or not. All the hits streaming directly into your flesh. Pausing the music will cause agonizing pain.

More micro transactions.

Improve your sex life with micro transactions. 5 LifePoints (tm) for spinning. 3 LifePoints for turning sideways. 12 LP for Sword of Rex. 20 LP to make your crops grow back instantly. Earn LifePoints for completing small quests such as killing 100 turtles per 1 LP or easily purchasing 400 LP for $29.99. Ask your friends to help you earn more LP. Tap your phone to their face to download their entire playlist and gain 3 LP. Text your progress to Obama.

DRM free oats.

Finally. They're really here.

Funerals 3.0.

Interact with a smart surface on your loved one's casket. Play mini-games with your dead dad. Races javascript horses virtually on dead family members. Stream your playlist to their corpse. OGG Only. Sorry for your lossless audio experience, dead dad. Touch your phone to their face to play a special funeral

message from Obama and unlock 5 LP for use in the cashshop.

2013 promises a more interactive world. Monitor your progress on your bread while listening to a custom playlist from your dead dad. Watch your favorite horse GIFs overlayed onto what you are seeing. Download Obama's funeral message to your Wii U controller and ask your house to turn on your bathroom fans.

Once again we are first with predictions for 2013 tech, beating out all other competitors. This tech will change the way we live every day and make our lives better. But will it really make us happier to own all these gadgets?

Yes. Clearly, yes.

-∼Zack Parsons and Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@sexyfacts4u)

11.16 Questionable Lines From The Lincoln Movie

Saturday, Nov 17, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

To the surprise of no one, Daniel Day Lewis has turned in a captivating portrayal of Abraham Lincoln in the new Steven Spielberg film. That said, some of the lines he was asked to deliver struck me as... odd. It's not that I'm a stickler for complete accuracy in a historical movie. I don't envy the writer that was tasked with condensing so many complicated issues and viewpoints into a two hour movie that would ring true to historians while being entertaining to a mass audience. Still, some of the dialog that was written for the Lincoln character could have been handled better.

"I have to end slavery. It's just not right. I... had a dream about it."

"Washington, I only have one round left! Toss me another clip you wood-toothed son of a bitch!"

"Four score and seven... seven years ago our fathers brought forth..." (Looks at notes, frowning. Shakes his head silently and observes the crowd.) "This speech. I can't do it. It doesn't communicate what's in my heart. Allow me to say what I truly think: U - S - A! U - S - A!" (The crowd looks at one another in confusion, then slowly begins to join in.) "U - S - A! U - S - A!"

"There's still time to save the world. This crazy plan will work as long as we have... wait. Where's the constitution? I left it right here with Benedict Arnold. Where is he? What happened... I KNEW IT! I told you we should never have trusted him again!"

"Gentlemen, I believe this is what's known as a cloaca."

"Yes, I'd like to buy a hat. Something understated. Classy. It should... oh my. What about that tall number over there? On special order, you say? I don't care who that John Wilkes Booth fellow is, I simply must have the hat. I'll pay three times as much as he has!"

"Surf's up, motherfuckers."

"I'll run for president. First, however, there's something you should know about me. I never learned how to walk. My method of getting about involves rolling on the floor with my arms held tight against my sides. There's quite a bit of hooting and hollering involved. I fear that this might be used by my opponents to dissuade voters from siding with me. Politics can be quite unfair."

"Down here, dear. I'm in the workshop. I've just invented something. Have a look. I call it:

Freedom."

"Perhaps one day there will be a black president. I certainly hope so. Until then, I'll have to be the man that saves this country."

"They may have taken my arm, but they'll never take my mechanical replacement arm. It has a lock."

"It is done. I have tracked down my assailant. We engaged in hand to hand combat right there in Mudd's muddy field with the Union and Confederate armies both watching. It was perhaps the greatest wrestling match that has ever taken place under Earth's baleful sky. In the end, I emerged the victor, but I fear that the initial gunshot was a mortal wound. Dear, pass me that Emancipation Proclamation. I shall sign it as the last act of a wild and crazy life. No need for a pen. My blood shall serve as a stronger endorsement than any ink."

"Let me get this straight: It's the world's biggest diamond, in a safe owned by none other than Robert E. Lee? Of course I'm in on this heist."

"This log cabin has been home for many years. It has served me well, but sometimes I long for something a little more... white. A full scale gingerbread house with frosting."

"Why, of course we are going to win this war. It is inevitable. Gravity is on our side, my dear general. Once we begin marching south, our forces will continue down like so many snowballs. Those hicks will be defenseless!"

"I don't CARE if he's a wooden pig with a corncob pipe! He's my FRIEND. He has been with me since my early twenties and I won't abandon him now that I'm the president! He goes on that stage with me and that's final."

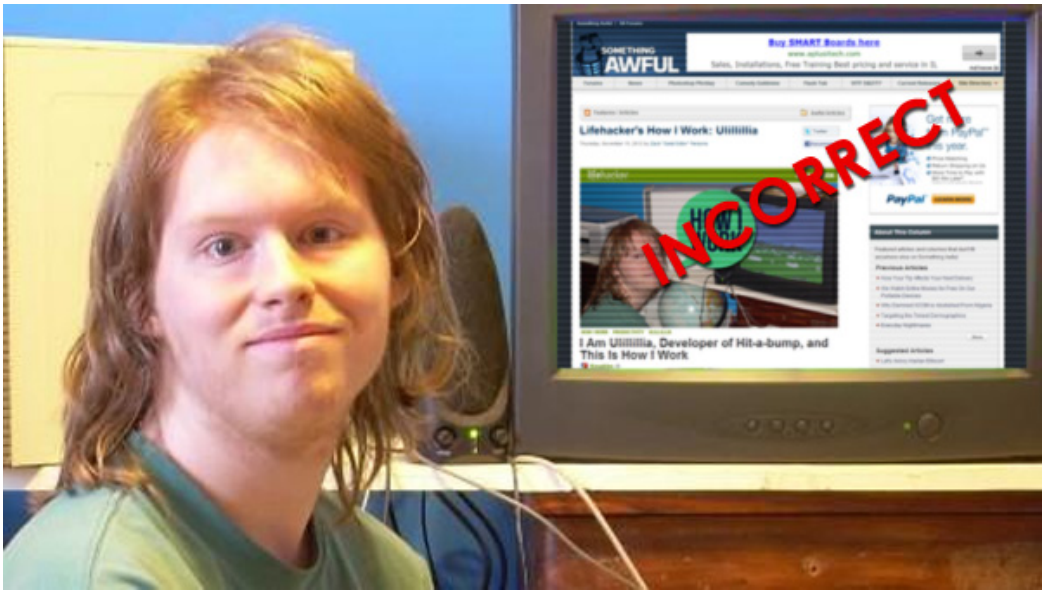
"Finished?" (Lincoln cocks his head with a quizzical smile, his heel on the throat of Stephen Douglas.) "I'm just getting started."

(A frustrated Lincoln sits at the presidential desk, his head in his hands. The floor is littered with crumpled up pieces of paper containing fragments of strange drawings.) "It's not right. NONE OF IT IS RIGHT!" (He rips apart a notebook and throws it.) "I have it all so clear in my head but I can't get any it on the paper. The whole world has to know about this. It's up to me to show them! Come on, Lincoln. You can do this. You can bring the people anime."

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.17 Ulillillia Refutes SA's Lifehacker Parody

Monday, Nov 19, 2012 by Something Awful Public Editor (@sexyfacts4u)



On November 15, 2012, Something Awful published an article that parodied Lifehacker's "How I Work" series, which profiles the working habits and workspace of twee creatives. As part of this parody, the subject of the "How I Work" feature was a fictional interpretation of acclaimed game developer, author, and pizza degreaser Nick "Ulillillia" Smith. The parody of Mr. Smith was well-meaning and intended to be faithful in spirit to the real man.

Subsequently, some have questioned the accuracy of this portrayal of Mr. Smith. One reader, in particular, offered a detailed 18-point critique. He goes by the name Nick "Ulillillia" Smith. Because this critique was so thorough, and our errors were so egregious, we offer Mr. Smith's response in full. To help clarify Smith's corrections, we have added key excerpts from the article throughout.

There's a lot of false information and out of date information on there.

> "Ulillillia is a game developer best known for The Supernatural Olympics (PC), UNO: Survive the Flood (cards), and Hit-a-bump v6 (board, coins, marbles, rocks)."

1. Well known for The Supernatural Olympics. This old game is horrible. Platform Masters, despite the near-complete lack of game play, is already miles ahead. Just one setting alone is already miles ahead. Look at Jeremy's House, Lake Keveran, or the Sentus Mountains. These worlds are so much better for their scenery than TSO. TSO doesn't even come close to that, even that little tiny thumbnail I have for my avatar. When PM is done, I'm releasing TSO as 100% pure freeware (closed source though) with no support. Gamestudio's limitations ruined that project. That's why I switched to C

and the limits in Platform Masters are so extreme that human life spans are too short to encounter them (who can live 500 years to max the score or even just the roughly 10 years to max the lives with constant 24/7 play of doing the same thing over and over again?).

> "Current computers: I currently need a new computer. Read the FAQ page about what happened with my computer and the juice cup."

2. Need a new computer. I don't need a new computer. The i7-2600K CPU is one of the top-notch processors around and the GeForce 460 is quite up there (though mainly used for fast video decoding). I do need to upgrade the OS (very limited funding prevents it) though. The sound card is a little out of date but over 5 years, they haven't changed much. My 4-year-old TV tuner is working very well for me. Sure it doesn't have HD capabilities at all, I have nothing that outputs HD in the first place (outside my camcorder, of which is not TV or games) so I don't have any need for HD support. Right now, upgrading the OS is near the top of my priorities since almost nothing is supporting XP any more. The only exception is if something dies on me, preventing me from using my computer, and I need to replace it.

> "I have a computer PC with a keyboard interface and I also use the mouse. I had a Gravis joystick but it has lost strength and only turns left. I am repairing this currently."

3. I never heard of "Gravis" and I've never used a joystick on the computer in the last almost 20 years now. I have zero joysticks in my possession.

> "I keep three types of altoids on my desk (Wintergreen, Peppermint, Spearmint) within reach. This is helpful with my breath issue (see Problems FAQ) and gives me a 2.5 energy boost when I am getting slower at programming. I had a lamp but it was taken away because I was melting pieces of plastic onto the lightbulb. I will get it back when I clean up the scrap plastic from my sprues."

4. I don't like peppermint with any kinds of mints. I only have wintergreen and cinnamon.

5. I've never had a lamp taken away nor have I melted anything on one. I've been using my small lamp for almost a decade by now and I've swapped out quite a few light bulbs in its history including one of those long-lasting compact fluorescent bulbs.

6. Altoids have no effect on energy levels. Even with 8 of them in my mouth, it still doesn't affect my energy levels.

7. "I dream during irregular sleep". That's false. One dreams typically 5 to 7 times a night, with only the last one being recalled.

> "Probably my favorite mud dream is 1-1 from 2000."

8. Dream 1-1 is not my favorite mud dream. There are favorites in the "fun category" that would have been in the mud category, but with the fun rating so high, it goes into the fun category regardless. I haven't forgotten that dream much though.

> "For health, I go into a lake. I go up a hill and then down from a hill."

9. When I don't go to the lake, I don't run around on hills. I go there for swimming, throwing rocks to skip them, and various other things.

> "I am at my healthiest in the 3.25 hours after I have eaten the meal I have every day."

10. Timing of meals has no effect on my health.

> "My normal meal is pizza, which contains high calories but this can be reduced by degreasing the pizza using napkins."

11. Though not an all-out error, I primarily use paper towels instead of napkins for degreasing. Paper towels are far more effective and they practically never stick like napkins pretty much always do (they still do, depending on various circumstances (grease level of cheese and the food's temperature being the main ones).

> "A 5.0 usefulness tip I have developed is one so that you do not spill a soda. I call it the soda trick. When you buy a 20-ounce soda in a bottle do not open it right away. Whenever you want to take a drink, open the lid and listen for pressurized gas sounds. If you hear them do not continue."

12. The soda trick involves vision, not hearing.

13. I haven't done anything with the Gamestudio forums since about 2006 (maybe 2007). I do recall "Bilbo" though, now that I've seen it. This is just out of date.

> "I have developed many tricks to increase my math speed and power. I could do an entire 4th grade math book in my head within 2 months. I could compare the slope of any mountain using the hand trick to determine the average slope of the mountain range in one day. I can calculate mud depth using the ruler trick and determine calorie removal during degreasing in only 45 seconds."

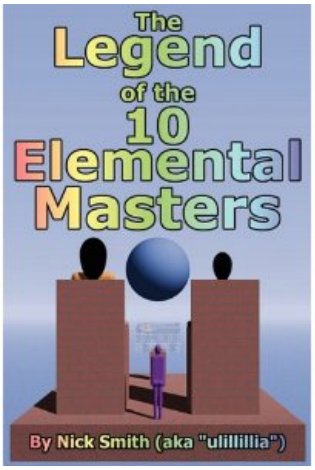
14. The hand trick has nothing to do with slopes. That's probably a reference to the calendar trick.

15. I don't have anything called "ruler trick".

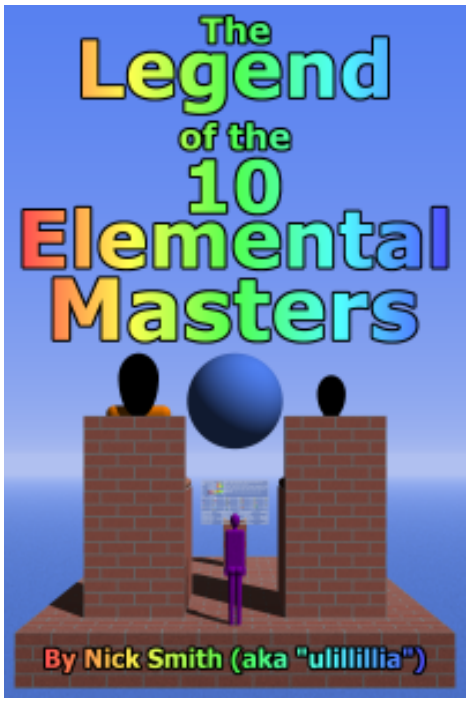
16. I have no idea how many calories I'm taking out with degreasing. I've never found out. I'm only guessing.

> "I keep getting better at this skill. I have not seen any **person** who could rival this speed."

17. I never use those 2 p-words and that article thinks I do.



18. The book cover is off considerably on the color, highly muted. Compare that to this:



The only item we will attempt to defend is the book cover. We used the image available on Lulu.com, the book's retailer. For all other items, we defer to the authoritative expertise of Mr. Smith. Our only means of repairing this damage is to offer our humblest apologies to Mr. Smith and his family for any harm we may have done to him or his reputation. We are all looking forward to Platform Masters and based on Mr. Smith's latest Youtube videos we know we will be in for a treat.

-∼Something Awful Public Editor (@sexyfacts4u)

11.18 Subj: MILK PROBLEMS

Tuesday, Nov 20, 2012 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!! i am doing just fine except for last weekend where i had a milk issue. you see i found a great deal for a small truck online and the owner (a man named "Rusty") wanted to haggle me so i said we should settle it over a meal and he chose breakfast (Milk Gambit) and a diner near his place of work so i showed up and checked the thing out. it was in good shape so we went inside and began to wheel and deal!!!!

we both had a modest breakfast and got glasses of milk. now there's one thing you need to know and that's that this breakfast place does free refills on soda but also on milk so we both sat there at the table drinking glass after glass of milk and getting more and more agitated with each other. i think we had an unspoken rivalry going because we never actually talked about how much milk we were drinking but it was a lot, and we made a lot of really angry eye contact during the chugs. i could tell he was beginning to bloat up from the way he loosened a bunch of buttons on his shirt and started patting his belly and when he would pat it he would start burping hot milk burps that smelled like a garbage truck fell into a milk swamp. at some point i realized we weren't even talking about the truck anymore but more about our life accomplishments and comparing them to each other. he was getting real fed up with me because i was putting away more milk than him

We both were drinking a great deal of the milk and it was to the point where the waiters and waitresses just started leaving the jug of milk out of the fridge because they knew they were going to need to get us more milk in short order and the milk got pretty hot which made our burps and especially Rusty's burps hotter and more putrid. he finally loosened up his jeans for the bloating belly and his burps got especially bad and he started gurgling up hot milk and bad breath and dribbling it down onto his stubbly dirty chin and the smells all came over and made me gag and almost hork. i was on my side of the booth holding my mouth and rocking from side to side in a desperate bid to keep the hot milk down and it wasn't working. the main lady came over and asked if i needed help and i couldn't talk so i grabbed the crayon and wrote on the placemat "Rusty Your Milk Burps Came Across The Table To Me And Got In My Mouth Yuck" and i circled Yuck a lot and the waitress lady took the paper to the manager who came out from the back and made us leave.

we went out to the truck in question and laid down in the bed of the truck to "burp off" our bloat and we both fell asleep and woke up near sunset. i would have kept

sleeping to be honest but Rusty was still drooling the milk out and dragonflies were landing on his mouth and shirt and making him slap his own face and chest. long story short i didn't finish dealing with him about the truck and might never because when i got up to leave he said we should drink more milk and keep talking and i said Yes but i meant no inside.

I WILL FIND A TRUCK!!!!! BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

11.19 SkyMall Product Reviews: UpRight Sleeper

Wednesday, Nov 21, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> The UpRight Sleeper supports the weight of the head while keeping the neck comfortably aligned and prevents the head from falling forward or sideways during sleep. The attached back strap is positioned between the back and the seat to hold it securely in place.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By The_Ralph from Rapid City, SD

After a bad bathroom accident (I suffered an impacted bowel that wrecked my pelvis and temporarily dislocated my spine) I have been unable to keep my neck upright. My head just flops down and wobbles awkwardly in circles around my torso. I use this to keep my head on straight and remain sharp and cerebral looking. What's more, if you put on a really large turtleneck, nobody can even tell you're wearing this brace.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!!!!

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By springchicken from Fayetteville, AK

Will this allow me to never sleep? I ran over an gypsy woman and long story short, she was fine. I just ran over her foot. But anyway she put a curse on me and now I have terrible nightmares where I am tortured and killed by the skeletons of America's founding fathers (R.I.P.). I wake up with real bites and scratches. Would love to use this and never sleep again, keeping me safe and putting that gypsy's stupid curse out to pasture.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By TALLDAD from Abilene, TX

I suffered a mild spinal cord injury using the NeckPro Traction Device. Now I am just looking for something that gives me good posture in keeps me looking attractive and professional in my job as a long haul trucker. This device does just that. Falling asleep with this is a breeze. I can't feel my legs or arms anymore but they seem to function just fine. The support bar and straps feel like they are getting tighter and I suffer nosebleeds regularly. I think my sternum is buckling. I recommend this to anyone looking to grab a quick rest without climbing into bed.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By ProudBurnVictim from Wichita, KS

I am a large man so while the chin rest does keep my head upright, it causes my chin and other wayward jowls to bulge out from underneath, forming what some of the more "ethnic" neighborhood children have begun calling "a gross neck butt." While I disagree with them and the way their parents entered this country, I do wish they would make this brace more flattering to the heavy set gentleman. Also I think some of the straps are giving me bed sores and I am losing circulation to my head. But I love it and it lets me drift in and out of consciousness quite easily without having to climb into bed.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Dash Borph from Jacksonville, FL

I have tried all of SkyMall's complicated head and neckware, and this is by far the least uncomfortable. The main benefit of this product is that there are no extra parts putting pressure on your eyeballs, grinding away at your scalp, or blasting your head with lasers. It's probably the least painful and dangerous of SkyMall's head and neck offerings. On that note I can't help but recommend it. Totally worth it for the probable lack of longterm physical trauma you're experience.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By AspiringHorseBreeder from Fort Wayne, IN

I wore this during jury duty and was perfectly comfortable the entire time, maintaining constant eye contact with the judge from beginning to end. Unfortunately she had me thrown out of court. Regardless, it was the most comfortable miscarriage of justice I have ever been a part of.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Mavis from Buffalo, NY

Did not function as advertised. I saw no fineprint indicating the Upright is for human use only. It caused severe damage to my dog's neck and as such we had to put him down. I was trying to bring him up to our level, not turn him into mulch.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Charlene from Omaha, NE

Not idea why, but people constantly ask me if I am OK when I wear this. I am fine. Are you OK? This is so I can sleep anywhere I want. I just wish it came with a full body harness I can wear, preferably with a hole in the bottom for easy defecation, so I can sleep standing up.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By sarah from Chicago, IL

don't try this on babies. baby will get very sad and turn very blue. baby won't wake up.

Age: 16-20

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.20 Stop Making Fun of My Alternative Tea

Thursday, Nov 22, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Dear Cashier at Cumberland Farms,

I'm sick of you mocking me because I drink Twisted Tea. Every time I visit your store to purchase a six-pack of Twisted Tea you always snicker or make some snide remark to one of your coworkers when you think I'm out of earshot. You apparently think my tea and I are on display for you to ridicule with your childish high-school mentality. I assume you were probably one of the "jocks" in school who relentlessly persecuted people like me for being different, and see this current abuse as a continuation of that role.

Just because I drink alternative tea doesn't make me some kind of freak. Some people need a darker and more twisted tea to reflect their outlook on life. This may come as a shock, but not everyone is happy and well-adjusted like you are. Some people have to endure intense and indescribable torment every day of their lives, and have no outlet for their misery other than the tea they drink. Twisted Tea's fiery logo with its skewed and vaguely metallic letters perfectly evinces my anguish and depression. And the .0003% alcohol content helps numb the pain I feel after spending the entire day being laughed at by people like you.

I guess you'd prefer it if I bought a more popular tea like Lipton or Snapple, tea whose bright flowery bottles paint a whitewashed, simplistic version of life, free of the cruelty and injustice that Twisted Tea so boldly portrays. You'd rather I marched in lockstep with your corporate tea hegemony and became a mindless consumer zombie incapable of independent thought. My tea purchases threaten your status quo, so of course you single me out for ridicule. Anyone defying the mass majority must be squelched.

I've noticed you don't laugh at girls who buy Twisted Tea. It's typical of our society to have this sexist double standard. Our dimorphic gender system requires that men be logical and women emotional. Women are allowed to express their feelings because it helps us pigeonhole them into a narrow gender role. But if men show emotions they're subject to mockery and derision. By drinking a "feminine" emotional tea, I'm violating your patriarchal gender binary and forcing you to question it.

Are you familiar with Freud's theory of projection? It says that the people you dislike represent things you dislike about yourself. Maybe your hatred of Twisted Tea drinkers reflects your own inability to accept your feminine melancholic side. Your abuse of me is really just a rationalized self-loathing.

Or maybe it's a reaction formation. You secretly long to be like me, to be able to express through your beverage choice how you feel on the inside, but are afraid of being subjected to the same bullying you put me through. So in order to avoid cognitive dissonance you sublimate your admiration into hate.

Whatever the impetus for your harassment, I'm asking respectfully that you stop it. It hurts my feelings and promotes a general attitude of intolerance toward outcasts in society. If you don't cease your callous actions, I'll be forced to contact the legions of Twisted Tea fans and tell them about your abuse. Like me, they aren't afraid to "be a little twisted," but unlike me they may not be so polite and forgiving. Think about it.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.21 The Necronomicon as Imagined By Other Authors

Friday, Nov 23, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Conceived of by HP Lovecraft in his short story "The Hound," the fictional Necronomicon was a rare and sinister text written by the so-called "Mad Arab" Abdul Alhazred. Sometimes described as being bound in human flesh, the Necronomicon contains the means to communicate with and summon extremely powerful entities from beyond time and space.

J.G. Ballard's Necronomicon

> Dr. Michaud passed through the door and into a room of hard light and meticulously arranged angles. The room was devised as an instrument of revealing, as much a tool as microscope or speculum. Lana sat upon the edge of the table of polished steel, her legs folded like the closed limbs of a grasshopper perched atop a bending thread of grass. Her narrow, precise face, complimented by sunglasses, reminded the doctor of that same creature.
>
> The pristine angles of the table's surface, disturbed already by Lana's asymmetrical position, were further disrupted by the askew presence of a considerably unwholesome book. The fleshy cover dissolved the geometry, defying every vertex, a violence perpetrated against order.
>
> The Necronomicon. A book penned by a mad man. Written for fools. A tumescent meat-thing projecting forth from ideas. A drooling tongue thrust into the caverns of mortal construction. Words designed to mock death at the black hearth of science.
>
> There was a click. Nina spread her legs and pulled Dr. Michaud inside of her with a cry.

Ernest Hemingway's Necronomicon

The Arab opened his hands. The book landed upon the table. It weighed upon me as a curse. I fled Morocco for New England.

Stephen King's Necronomicon

Glen turned to Isaac as the elderly black man stepped out of the timeworn Chevy. There was a tune playing on the radio. That tune from the 1950s that always meant something important was about to happen. Isaac had something all wrapped up in newspaper. Glen could still make out the score from an old baseball game and that story about Mrs. Rickey's accident.

"Found this book when I was cleaning out the hospital," said Isaac. "They'll tell you not to judge a book by its cover. But in some cases the cover can tell you a story all its own."

The newspaper crinkled and Isaac unwrapped a big book. NECRONOMICON was printed on the cover, only it wasn't printed, it was raised like blisters on a pale grey leather. The more Glen looked at that leather the more he could see details that made him feel a little bit sick deep down. Little freckles and tiny scars, like the way papop's arm used to look when he would carry Glen and put him in the car.

"Some books you should only judge by the cover," said Isaac. "Some books you shouldn't read at all."

Jules Verne's Necronomicon

Neil rose from the table and stood up as a military man. A defiant look had taken residence upon his face. He pointed at the large book Captain Vincent held in his hand.

"What is that book there?" asked Neil, for the book's properties were strange and disturbing in simultaneous.

"This?" Captain Vincent hefted the book. "It is a dire volume I will not open to you. They call it Necronomicon and with it I might better understand some very dangerous beasts."

"Spiders?" asked Lorna.

"Yes, the very same," chortled Vincent. "Spiders. And quite large at that."

With a tugging at a velvet cloth, Vincent revealed a glass box containing the largest spider Neil had ever before seen. Lorna fainted straight away. The spider was black and with an evil wave to its legs. It was nearly as large as a ham.

E.L. James's Necronomicon

"I'm a sorcerer." His slate grey eyes flash darkly.

"Like Harry Potter?" I say coyly, biting my lip. *Holy shit.* He looks so hot in his purple hat. His smile is slowly spreading across his face. It is a cruel smile. Like a tiger's.

"I believe you will find Harry Potter and I have more than one thing in common," he says running his fingers over my head and to the book that is sitting on his table. *So fucking hot.* It's a grey book with neat black clasps and a silver lock on the front. Engraved in gold it says EVIL SPELLS. He turns to me suddenly and he has a crueler smile than before. "You will soon understand the meaning of the Necronomicon's power."

Super sexy...

Neal Stephenson's Necronomicon

Kato sheathed his prismatic nano-katana and lifted the book from the engraved drawer. It was heavier than he expected, the face of it a mass of cogs and leering gargoyle faces stretching from the cured human skin. He dropped the book into his courier bag. Gwynyss would want to be the first to open its blood-locks. Without a sound, he abseiled from the shadow library's cantilevered window and disappeared into the undercity.

650 years earlier.

Benjamin Franklin cursed volubly at the pain. He squeezed his fingertip with his thumb and the needle prick at last produced a fat droplet of crimson. It rolled down the back of his nail and, with great care, he deposited it into the groove of the lock. The Necronomicon began to open, gradually, like a harbor coming to life upon the return of the trawlers.

It was exactly the process Benjamin Franklin had first predicted to Teodor, the historical homosexual, who was also an expert at meteorology and arbitrage. Benjamin had often discussed the predictive calculus of trade and, as his blood filtered through the book's

arcane mechanisms, he wondered if the centuries of waiting undiscovered had imbued the Necronomicon with some value that might be analyzed using math theory.

Horny Man Travis's Necronomicon

I took the Necronomicon away and put it on the shelf and quickly zipped up my pants. Punchy was rubbing some oil on some ancient texts and he threw his rag down and came over to me. "Travis, why is it every time I come in the dream library I catch you pulling up your pants?" I gagged and boggled. "Hahahahaha no reason," I said. "Yeah, I bet there's a reason," laughed Punchy. "There has got to be a pussy hole on that book." I felt my butt go tight at the thought that my book's pussy might be found out.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.22 The Best Travel Advice You Will Ever Read On A Site With A Grenade In Its Logo

Saturday, Nov 24, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Traveling is probably the best way to go to a place. I'd be hard pressed to think of a better way to get somewhere. The only problem is that traveling requires you to do things and make decisions from time to time. Sure, it's a hassle, but don't give up just yet!

I am a seasoned expert. I've been inside a plane. I have seen flight attendants in person out of the corners of my averted eyes. One time I stepped off the shore of the United States and entered the cool blue waters of the ocean, drinking deeply from its nourishing reserves. When I was younger I owned a globe for almost a month before it was taken away by my parents for being too suggestive (it was contoured). I'm what you'd call a pedestrian.

Allow my years of accumulated wisdom to guide you through your journeys.

First, you will need a destination. Some people suggest visiting a place that you've always dreamed about, or talking to a travel agent. My advice? Walk with purpose until someone asks where you're going. Coyly ask them where they think you're going. If they don't reply, chase them down and shake them until you get an answer. That's where you should go!

You'll probably need an airplane ticket. Try calling Julie. Call Julie. Dude, don't even start this with me. Just call Julie. She's not there. Damn. I thought she'd pick up if someone else called her. Well, forget about calling Julie. Take these pebbles and throw them at Julie's window. Take this barrel of water to drink when you get thirsty, and this pillow to rest when you can no longer throw. I'll stop by with more pebbles in a week.

Now that you have your ticket, it's time to get packed! You'll want at least three outfits or one very formal bathrobe. Bring your laptop. I know you'd rather enjoy your trip, but it can come in handy. For instance, someone might walk up and ask you what a laptop looks like. If you don't have a laptop in that situation, you're screwed, buddy. What else? Ah, pets! Animals don't travel well, so shave your pet and put its fur in a plastic bag. Place this plastic bag up above your fridge, where your animal can't get to it. Pack all of your pet's toys and food. Leave the pet at your home.

In case you get bored, you might want to consider packing a few books as well. Don't waste this opportunity on mindless trash! Learn something! Find a book that's entirely composed of a sequential string of numbers. My favorite is the one that starts at "10" and goes "11, 12," and so on. I won't spoil the ending.

Now you're packed, so it's time to go to the airport. The place is always sort of a madhouse. Yelling "John!" will result in a dozen guys turning to look at you expectantly. You don't have enough time to talk to all of them, so try to avoid yelling "John!" unless it's absolutely necessary.

With so many airlines, terminals, and gates, finding your

flight can be a little confusing. Just wander around until you see a line and then stand in it. As you slowly make your way to the counter try to work yourself up into an unreasonable and angry frenzy. Try thinking about stuff that gets everyone mad, like syringes full of anger-inducing drugs or people who aren't in lines. Eventually you will get to the front of the line, where you can be a snide asshole to someone in a uniform until you are herded toward your departure gate.

At some point your tender, supple body will need to be searched for terrorism. Don't worry. I didn't tell you to pack any terrorism, so as long as you've been following this guide to the letter you should be fine.

Once you've arrived at your destination, you should check into a hotel to unpack and wash up. You should try to stay at a hotel that does NOT have a sign depicting a proudly defiant raccoon being drawn and quartered. If all of the hotels in your chosen city feature such a sign, choose one with a fancy sounding name like "Fancy Inne" or "The Regal Cloaca".

Now that you're settled in, it's time to see the sights! Find out if there's a good restaurant, specifically a Red Lobster. If you eat there, I recommend the lobster. When you have finished your meal, immediately return to your hotel. Sit on the bed with your hands resting on your knees. Wait patiently until it is time to catch your return flight.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.23 Anders Behring Breivik Reviews Pizza Available In Prison

Monday, Nov 26, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To all media who do not belong already to the corrupt socialists and their caliphate masters (Daily Mail, Fox News, Norsk-Tysk Tidsskrift, etc.) please distribute this document which includes pizza offenses perpetrated upon my body and spirit by the government and prison system of Norway. A great injustice is being served in the *À la carte* options available to me from in-room food delivery. I have ranked and rated these pizza options available to me.

Pizza Hut

Name is believable. I picture darkies in a sweaty hut, stirring their cauldron of pizzas with drugs and also the sexual attack on blonde teens. The taste is similar to the excrement you would receive from a dog anus if you fed this dog nothing but cigarettes and ketchup. The prison serves me a variety I believe to be made from rat meat and the chemicals inside glow sticks. They call this "cheese pizza" but it is a significant step beneath vomit. Zero fists.

Little Caesars Pizza

If Caesar knew of this disc of curdled cheese and tomato diarrhea unfit for beasts he would decimate the employees of every franchise and hang their useless corpses from the walls. *Ecce homos.* Behold, the homos. Vile creatures making pizza. Smells like piss, tastes exactly as it smells. You can approximate the feeling of devouring one of these pizzas by placing the entirety of a cinder block into your colon. Not even fit for an Arab's pet snake. The snake is also an Arab. Zero fists.

Godfather's Pizza

This overly-salted tureen of cheese mush clings to a crust with a similar consistency to a giant scab. I wished to enjoy this pizza. I enjoyed Herman Cain of the no, no, no with his slow smile and agreeably obedient darkie demeanor, but this pizza is not so polite. It is a shit into my mouth. I could believe it was excreted from a wound. My face broke out in sweats and my cell immediately began to stink of drowned dog. I have notified the warden that if he attempts to furnish me with more of this Godfather's pizza I will chew off my own tongue. Zero fists.

Domino's Pizza

With slices as flaccid as Norway's immigration policy and as greased as the buttocks of a leftist catamite at a camping cabin, it is no surprise this dish is a delight to the poorest Americans. They are disgusting ogres who lack all self-control. Go ahead, piggies, eat your slop. Dilute your genetics with the Chongs and Cheeches. Re-elect your socialist prince of lies. But you have developed some excellent video games, so I tip my replica German helmet to you. Or I would if I was allowed the dignity of wearing it in my cell. Zero fists.

Papa John

If I am given a choice of pizza - and I am only allowed this right on Fridays - then I will make the reluctant choice of Papa John. I do appreciate his release of two million pizzas at the command of an athlete, even if they are hardly better than a shovel filled with smashed rat. We owe it to athletes and those who maintain rigorous physical training to obey their commands. Next to military leaders, there is no higher position within society. Except for perhaps the brave individual who will stand up to the tyranny of immigrants and thier socialist allies.

To be clear: all pizza is a violence perpetrated against my body by the socialist state. I will not be brought low by the torturers. I am a martyr for the cause.

Also I am not allowed to keep more than one cockatiel at a time in my cell. I suspect the iron maiden will be next inflicted upon me. Until then, I will be reluctantly holding pizza parties using Papa John pizza.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.24 Free Dave Navarro's Hair!

Tuesday, Nov 27, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Libya, Syria, Gomez and Bieber splitting. It's time to take a second and focus on the important issue: Dave Navarro's hair. If you haven't seen it, let me fill you in. It's fucking beautiful. Gorgeous. It's one of the wonders of the world and we are blessed to witness it in its silky splendor. Hundreds of televisions are broken every year from people smashing the screen in failed attempts to run their fingers through his strands. I'm telling you with a straight face that his hair is the kind of thing they write sonnets about. There is only one problem with Dave Navarro's hair: It is on Dave Navarro.

We Need His Hair!

Aside from hair trumping every Pantene Pro V commercial ever, he's got nothing. The dude's a mess. He looks like Jafar if he worked a gas station register and spent his genie wishes on more corn chips and eyebrow pluckers. You look at him and expect a musk of KY and incense. His sexual preference is a heavily edited Photoshop layer that once did porn. Some women are called But-Her-Face, he's a But-His-Full-Appearance-and-Meta-Physical-Being kind of guy. The last time I saw him, AOL was mailing CDs inviting me to the internet, but now he's back, for whatever reason, with the locks of a goddess.

We Must Have His Hair!

And, tragically, it goes to waste. What's the point of the smoothest, healthiest hair in existence if it's squandered on a tattoo reality show where contestants permanently ruin people with these abominations? Is judging a bunch of ex-cons and Hot Topic devotees really the best use of God's greatest gift? And that's on a good day. Every moment of his existence there is so much awful and only one Dave Navarro's Hair. That beautiful mop, as majestic as it might be, is simply

overwhelmed with garbage. Much like the random Radiohead song that follows Aqua, K-Ci & JoJo, and the Cherry Poppin' Daddies on *Now That's What I Call Music*, Dave Navarro's hair is better off being removed. It's simply too little, too late. Unless his goal in life is to look like a potential cast member of *Real Housewives of Transylvania*, the hair only distracts from his full and complete worthlessness.

Bring Me His Hair!

This is not new. Vader sequestered Leia, Hitler pillaged Jewish art, Navarro parts his hair. Beauty is always swallowed up by the heartless and left to curdle in waste. Hell, even Rose threw the necklace back in the ocean after *Titanic*. But this is different. This is complex. This is the Navarro Paradox. The spoil and the splendor are one and the same. It's like Beauty and the Beast walked into that machine from *The Fly* and their DNA got twisted up to create an aged rocker with a do worth dying for.

Hair Hair Hair!

It's simple. Though he probably spends hours a day brushing it, Dave Navarro does not know what he has. We would give it the respect it deserves. We would cherish it, love it. We would put his hair to a good use and maybe even put it on every once in awhile and pretend that we're beautiful. Ultimately, it's in his best interest to give the hair to us. Yes, that is the same argument used by thieves, conquistadors, slave owners, and American and Israeli settlers, but freeing the hair is of utmost importance. Action needs to be taken. Now. Take Navarro to court for full hair custody! Hack it off as he slumbers! Ask him kindly to donate it to charity!

We Need His Hair!

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.25 UnFenced Cowboy Resume: Hank Langdon

Wednesday, Nov 28, 2012 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

UnFenced

Professional Cowboy Networking

Hank Langdon

Freelance Lawman
Death's Snag, Montana
121 Pardners

Education

Dire Creek Schoolhouse Academy
Grades K-12

Bullwhip County High
Valedictorian

Dead Pines College
Bachelor of Rodeo

University of Nevada at Cripplewood
Master of Bovine Husbandry

Snapneck Bend University
PhD, Range Theory

Academic Publications

On Horseback - Annals of Frontier Justice

Hegemonic Masculinity & Desperado Transgression - The Sagebrush Journal of Cowboy Theory

Honors & Awards

Lonesomest Rider
Lonely Trail Magazine

Mournfulest Song
Western Ranging Magazine

Unaffiliated Lawman of the Year
Montana Sheriffs Association

Notable Outlaws Brought to Justice

Pancho Caligula
Shot dead

"Log"
Shot dead

Barclay Shields
Shot dead

Hobart Godd
Presented for hanging

Karl "The Utah Untamed Man" Hassletramp
Beaten dead

Genghis Calhoun
Shot dead

Helmsley "Hell" Holst
Presented for hanging

Corbin Cockrobin
Shot dead

Gangs Busted Up

The Badwater Roughnecks
The Snapneck Bend University Banditos
The Headless Canyon Lobsters
The John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Gang
The Lost Man Creek Boys
The Annals of Frontier Justice Advisory Board Gang
The Oak Ridge Boys
The Stampederos
The Dakota Men Unbound By Honor

The Pyramid Lake Dynamite Gang
The Margaritaville Six

Other Skills

Rope Tricks Invented
The Langdon Loop (proprietary)
The Kankakee Goosechase
The Dutch Wagon
The Ankle Dangle
The Hubris of King Suryavarman II
The Wolf's Butler
The Chinaman's Challenge
The Collection Plate
The Undulator
The Pancho Caligula Memorial Depravity Loop
The Horseback Hangman

Lariat Speed
122 rotations/minute

Miscellaneous
Poetry, Rambling/Ranging, Yodeling, Desert Survival, Removing Hat in Presence of Lady, Landscape Painting, Horsemanship, Sharpshooting, Tin Can Cookery, Justice

Professional Associations

The Weeping Canyon Yodel Choir
First Tenor

The Guild of Lonesome Riders
President, Montana Chapter

The Nevada Cowboy Poet Association
Poet Emeritus

Endorsements

"Hank Langdon is a danged good lawman and a gentleman. He ain't prone to salty language. Come to think of it, I'll be danged if I ever heard him say more'n five words strung in a row. He ain't much for drinking, neither. Until Hank came to town, I hadn't never seen a man run into a burning saloon to save a lady's chair so she might sit more comfortably outside."
- Farley Applewood, Cougar Gulch, NV

"That man saved my hide from the depraved torments of Pancho Caligula. When he brought me back to town unharmed, I offered him the comforts of my womanhood, but he tipped his hat and told me that his trail is a lonesome one. Hank Langdon is a fine man."

- Mary Copperneck, Burning Tree, MO

"I expect to be shot dead by Hank Langdon within the week, and I ain't sorry about it. He got me fair and square. I visited bad upon this world and I welcome the justice of a worthy man."

- Genghis Calhoun, Hell's Porch, AZ

Personal Statement:

"I ain't much. I done what I done. The good works of a man follow him to the hereafter, they say, but God willing, mine'll rest here on earth a spell whilst I enjoy His kingdom without the company of hanged men and sundry lonesome sorrows."

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.26 Women Aren't Women Anymore

Thursday, Nov 29, 2012 by Stephen J. Crumbler

The battle of the sexes rages on. According to the American Family Institute of Matrimonial Togetherness, sustainable marriages have dropped in frequency by nearly 34% since the brief upswing last seen after the late '90s one-two punch of *My Best Friend's Wedding* and *Runaway Bride*. The problem? Women have changed drastically, leaving perfectly marriageable men behind to pick up the pieces.

In my years of work as a researcher, I can verify the claims of men upset by feminized women who, thanks to years of indoctrination from dangerous television programs like *Murphy Brown*, now view anyone with a Y chromosome as the enemy. In my nationwide lectures, the constant complaints of men who approach me afterwards ring familiar: "She's stopped wearing heels and dresses and has taken to the denim." "She no longer shrugs off my constant verbal abuse and instead questions my authority on everything from pie baking to vaginal maintenance." "Every full moon, she wanders out to the back garden, strips naked, and gurgles to the sky in an ancient tongue for hours on end." In return, they receive my sympathy, as well as a signed copy of my newest book, *Suffering Under Universal Suffrage*.

But 87 pages of thoroughly researched end notes cannot possibly pacify these poor souls, as the activities of their nearest and dearest loved ones no longer cater exclusively to them. Decades ago, a woman would always have supper ready for her provider, the perfect reward for a long day of toil in the realm of the working stiff; today, a man can expect to come home to her staring vacantly and errantly stroking the throbbing, leathery pods that have now become a fixture in most female-inhabited homes. And what happens when your average man so much as questions the sticky, sulfurous growths quickly taking over his den? A terse dismissal paired with the baring of a second razor-sharp set of teeth women were apparently hiding until just after that comet passed so close to our earth's atmosphere. Pretty clever, ladies.

As women grow more autonomous and pod-focused, it's the men that suffer. The age of chivalry has given way to a nightmarish world where women are now capable of opening doors, pulling out their own chairs, and ingesting the dozens of pounds of raw chicken needed to spin the "feminist webs" now littering our streets and schoolhouses. And sadly, the old methods to pacify women -- passed down through generations of American culture -- no longer seem to work. Before, a few highballs

and some Valium could melt away just about any female troubles; today, women refuse to drink nothing but a viscous, green liquid with a name unpronounceable in any human language. Once, the strong, unimpeachable touch of a man could silence any female qualms; now, the hundreds of poisonous barbs growing out of most female torsos prevent women worldwide from executing one of their most important duties: giving us men a warm, moist refuge as we close our eyes and mentally undress our more attractive co-workers.

It's about time we men fought back, recapture our basements, and let loose the neighborhood children entangled in their fibrous encasements. When our significant others sit down to watch one of the many transmissions from this General Guhth'aal character, we need to make it clear that football games don't just go away whenever this so-called "Global Imperative" suddenly turns a quiet Sunday afternoon into yet another exercise in spraying venom. When we wake up with our throats full of mysterious, mucus-coated eggs, we can't allow political correctness to stop us from questioning this explicitly feminist attack on our masculinity. More importantly, we need to stop facilitating the kidnapping of hitchhikers and refuse to cooperate in their pod placement, regardless of whether or not this act arouses us more than any physical contact ever could.

Fortunately, there is some good news. If women want to turn everything around, they simply need to drop this "assimilation" nonsense, disassemble their pod clusters, and surrender to their wildest dreams of being the sidekick to the male hero in this comic book we call life. If they do, marriageable men will come out of the woodwork -- if they haven't been sprayed with deadly, face-melting venom first.

-~Stephen J. Crumbler

11.27 Lazygate: The Best Political Story You Missed

Friday, Nov 30, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The story of Lazygate ruined a political career and embarrassed a very small part of the nation. It involves a misleading election, credit card fraud, tire-slashing, and a heroic effort to avoid walking home from watching fireworks. Oh yeah, and the heroine of this story is transgendered, but that's not even the point of it.

President Obama and various House and Senate candidates were not the only people up for election this November. All across the country, state legislatures were restocking their dusty shelves with the scratch and dent politicians who can't quite make it into national politics.

In New Hampshire there is an unusual amount of restocking; the legislature of New Hampshire consists of 400 representatives who serve constituencies of 3,000 people each. Candidates who might otherwise be crowded out have room to flourish in a state like New Hampshire. Candidates like Stacie Marie Laughton Jr., one of the newly-elected representatives of Hillsborough County, New Hampshire.

Stacie was born Barry Laughton Jr. She is New Hampshire's first transgendered legislator. Her election was justifiably heralded as progress by the LGBT community of New Hampshire. But Stacie's story of triumph took an unfortunate detour on Tuesday when a local newspaper reported that, while married and identifying as a man in 2008, Stacie was convicted of felony credit card fraud. She was also accused of sexual assault, arrested for slashing car tires, and was charged with faking an illness to get an ambulance ride. She did not disclose any of these things during her candidacy.

Rocked by the discovery, Stacie went on local TV and announced her resignation. Then she posted on Facebook to reconsider and ask her friends whether or not she should follow through with her resignation. But, by Thursday night, Stacie caved to the pressure and resigned. Before even being sworn into office, New Hampshire lost its first transgendered legislator.

The episode marks the fastest rise and fall of a politician since Herman Cain was briefly liked by Republican primary voters. But there is more to the story. Digging deeper into the events involving Laughton, specifically her ambulance ride incident, paints a portrait of someone who might have been the greatest human being ever elected to hold office.

Allow the detailed account of events from the Laconia Daily Sun to give us a little background:

> At the time, Stacie Marie was named Barry Charles Jr. and in 2005, during her first run for public office - the Laconia City Council in 2005 - she **listed her occupation as pastry chef** but said she was between jobs. During her time in Laconia, **she lived primarily in public assistance housing and engaged in a number of small, home-based businesses, including selling vegetables.**

The incident with the ambulance took place on July 5th, 2006. Stacie Marie was doing something millions of Americans enjoy that time of year: watching fireworks on the beach with her beloved wife.

As the fireworks ended, Laughton and her wife, Lisa, realized that they had neglected to bring a car or a bicycle and the fireworks apparently went until after two in the morning. Stuck at the beach, located five miles from their apartment, they were left with no alternative but to call 911 and request a ride.

> Police reports obtained from the Laconia Police said the Laughtons called city police via 9-1-1 at 2:13 a.m., at 3:16 a.m. and at 3:45 a.m. because they were stranded.

Police refused to send a police car out to the beach to drive them home from the fireworks. Attempting to very slowly amble back home, Lisa supposedly suffered a fall. In total despair, Laughton dialed 911 again and warned that she was suicidal and they needed two ambulances to take them to the hospital. Events moved swiftly from there.

> Both were transported to Lakes Region General Hospital where Laughton told the attending physician initially that he had called the ambulance because he couldn't sleep and suffered from depression.
>
> In the next breath, reports indicate Laughton said, "Honestly Doc, I was at the Weirs fireworks and didn't have a ride home."

Off to a pretty good start. Calling the cops until you threaten suicide and getting transported to the hospital. More of a lateral move than a forward move on that project to get home. But what was Laughton's next plan? The doctor refused to treat the Laughtons and police again refused to provide transportation from the hospital back to their house. Unable to call another ambulance to take them home, police contacted a taxi company and a car was sent out. Finally the night drew to a close.

Oh, no, wait. It didn't.

> They called a taxi who took them the short distance from [the hospital] to their home, told the driver they needed to go inside to get the $4 fare, and never returned to the waiting driver - who called the police.

Things continued to deteriorate, but I want to stop for a moment and appreciate the incredible mind that came up with this caper. A self-described pastry chef, apparently without four dollars to her name, left the house for weird, late night fireworks with absolutely no plan for how to get home.

Even Laughton's terrible lack of foresight might have been overcome by that old fail safe of walking. Not for Laughton. Instead of hoofing it home, she considered it a viable alternative to take two ambulances to a hospital. Still refusing to walk, they took a cab called by the police, and then stiffed the driver. The audacity of that part is impressive.

I wonder how that worked out.

> Records indicate that two police officers went to their Church Street apartment and pounded on the door until Laughton answered. Laughton **said he wouldn't pay the $4 fare because the taxi service has assured them that it would run until 2 a.m. but didn't.**
>
> Police said she became "increasingly agitated," finally telling the two officers that Laconia District Court Judge David O. Huot (also elected to serve in the new Legislature the 2012 election as a Laconia Democrat) would "laugh the charges out of court" and there was nothing the city police could do about it.

Initially charged with a felony for her clever ruse, Loughton would later plead guilty to theft for stealing the four dollar taxi ride. No information is available on whether or not Judge O. Hout was laughing when he sent Laughton out of the courtroom.

Four dollars might be the smallest amount of money to ever ruin a politician's career.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Check Out My Cyber Monday Haul

Saturday, Dec 01, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

To be honest, Cyber Monday has always struck me as a very dumb thing with an equally dumb name. After all, given our cyber-driven world shouldn't every day be Cyber Monday? Also, why isn't there a *White* Cyber Monday?

This year I decided to set aside my misgivings. It was time to participate, to see if there was anything worthwhile about this bizarre quasi-holiday. I conducted all sorts of research, bookmarked the appropriate online shopping sites, organized my credit card information next to my computer, and set the alarm clock. When the deals appeared, I was ready. In a blur of consumerism and alarmingly bad posture I became the ultimate Cyber Monday shopper.

So what did I get?

For only 80 credits I managed to snag this amazing cyber tunnel. These things usually retail for 200 credits minimum, and that's just for the low end models. This, my friends, is a top of the line cyber tunnel. Note the way that it stretches into an infinity keyhole. Its structure is entirely made up of 1s and 0s. That's binary code, folks, only the purest, most refined element in the entire cyberverse. Even the backdrop's blue void hints at a depth and richness that no ordinary cyber tunnel could hope to contain.

Check out my prized cyber war. This conflict is no minor skirmish. It is a showdown between hackers on a global scale. One noble warrior points at his dual 13-inch monitor setup as the coating from a Dairy Queen ice cream cone envelops half the digital world. His opponent - wisely camouflaged to blend into his surroundings - types code so quickly that he needs gloves to prevent his fingers from bursting into flames. Who will win? The outcome does not matter. I have already won, by only shelling out 23 MegaCents.

Never heard of a cyber earth lock? You're kidding me. It's only the best kind of lock there is. See all those points of light, connected to one another by trails of energy? Those represent places. Or power. I'm not really sure. Either way, this bad boy came with more 1s and 0s than I know what to do with. I should probably keep them somewhere safe, like the world, and lock it with... oh, that's just genius! This is the best 4 floppy bucks that I have ever spent.

To be honest, I wasn't comfortable buying these cyber babes. The fact that they were branded as babes was difficult enough for me to stomach. Purchasing sentient beings was simply unthinkable. With a price tag of only 9,999 Gates Bills, however, these ladies were simply too good of a deal to pass up. Before you think less of me, please know that I immediately released them into the wilds of cyberspace. Why do their arms bend back so unnaturally? Can they not just turn their bodies to face the same direction as their heads? Are those lucha libre masks? These questions will forever haunt the unfortunate soul that happens upon the cyber babes while gliding through the electric corridors of the slicer realm.

I'll admit it. These cyber spheres are pretty shitty. Sure, they came cheap (18,000,000 Nanowrimos) but look at that poor craftsmanship. There's no binary code. Hell, if I didn't know better I'd say the letters and numbers that comprise those spheres almost seem random! Wait, there does appear to be one word in there. Something that stands out from the other strings. Is it... eqt2vtpo? What could it mean?

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.2 Keep Mogadishu Weird!

Monday, Dec 03, 2012 by Farid Abdi Faroole (@sexyfacts4u)

Sometimes when I am alone at night and I cannot sleep because of the machine guns being shot I will think about what will happen to Mogadishu if a big box store opens. I have heard the talk. There was an airplane overhead that Hassan says was the Americans.

A Walmart or a Costco might rob my city of its independent spirit and drive out local businesses. What if they begin to place roofs onto buildings? What if they remove the bodies of people who fall dead in the street?

It is a nightmare scenario I do not even wish to contemplate. It is the death of what makes Mogadishu the weird city it is.

Many days people come into my bespoke fingerless glove shop located in a hole I have dug in the street and ask me, "Farid, what makes Mogadishu such a unique and interesting place?"

Let me tell you!

A great local music scene. Nadif who has the drum. It is a large drum and he plays it at all hours. Sufia with the keyboard who sings the song about fishing. A haunting melody. Also there is the militia that will play a trumpet sound on the radio station when they are about to read the names of all people they will shoot that day. Does any other city have this sort of scene? No.

Craft brewing. It is all done on the craft in the old port. The one that came bringing rice last September and was shot with an RPG and ran aground. You can get to it if

you pay one of the men in the motor boats and bribe him with cigarettes. Imagine what would happen if everybody drank swill like Miller Lite and not the sour-tasting cloudy alcohol that comes from the drum aboard the ship. Do not even get me started on the mixology scene here. Anti-freeze + fermented dates = yum.

Food trucks. Everyone is following a food truck. You have to be quick, there are so many people. Get behind it and try to catch the sacks of grain they are throwing out. Who hasn't hit a woman and her children for a food sack? It's classic Mogadishu.

Local performance art. Since so many have free time they spend this coming up with amazing art. The video shop where you tell them a movie you want and they will film a quirky version with bored child soldiers based on what they know about the movie. Who can forget the man whose own hyenas ate him? What a commitment to his art. And there was that man with the Toyota car who painted it with pictures of all the places he wanted to go. All of the children loved it before it was set on fire. And then the man was set on fire. And the children also.

Unique characters. Bukar the man who was necklaced twice. Aziz the Skull who has the skull face tattoo. The Russian who trades ammunition and portable phones to the militias. Haribi who makes yard art for sale out of skeletons. Also Mohammad who has a mule. What is that mule up to? We will see.

That great Mogadishu vibe. Man, on top of all the other great things there is just that uniquely Mogadishu vibe. All the weirdness. The children chained to the wall and you do not know why. The McCain/Palin 2008 t-shirts. Amazing 19th century facial hair. Those unexploded munitions in the marketplace that they are bartering for water. Outsider art CDs about being a witch doctor. That type of candy made out of honey. Being able to buy a baby for any purpose you choose.

Do we want to give all this up for lame Subway sandwich shops and *Two and a Half Men* on TV that we presumably also have? No, we must resist this urge. No city enjoys greater freedom - no taxes, no police, no electricity - but with that freedom comes responsibility.

Every day, everything we do, it is up to us to keep Mogadishu weird.

-~Farid Abdi Faroole (@sexyfacts4u)

12.3 Subj: MORE PRIZED PIGS??? !!!!!

Tuesday, Dec 04, 2012 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!! You probably read in the paper that the mayor's prized pig has had a brand new litter and hired yours truly to raise them and feed them. He had put a big ad in the paper asking for a local resident with pig experience to come forth and sleep in a guest house near the barn to tend to the babies and raise them to be 7 more prized pigs. You may or may not know I was on the radio show PigPulse for a long time so I'm more than qualified, and every episode was nominated for a Randy's Farm Radio Award except for the one where a caller got mad at me and yelled at me for over 40 minutes and I couldn't shut it off because I didn't know what button stopped the call or the radio show. I cried and cried and tried to play the radio show comical pig sound effects to hide my bawling. I cried so hard that i fell asleep for about 3 hours while we were still on the air and woke up and unplugged the radio stuff and drove home. Anyway this new job... What An Honor..... I am technically an employee of the city now which means i get benefits to sit and watch the city pigs. The mayor comes around to check on me a couple times a week and i say "Well They're Gettin Big. That One Over There Is A Real Champ, As Well As A Shyster. Ha Ha" and sometimes i do some oinks which get the pigs going wild. Let me introduce you to the pigclan:

MOMMA PIG: Victoria
Wow she's so big and prized and the babe that started it all. She has been in the mayor's family for over 8 years and has won the hearts and minds and county fairs of this area since as long as anyone can remember. Her belly is the perfect big belly. The only problem is she gets real cranky if humans come near and sometimes in the dead of night she oinks and it sounds like someone trying to sing which makes me scream in my bed

BABY PIG 1: Mikey
This was the first baby pig and is the biggest he is so energetic and happy but the name Mikey is bad according to me so I gave him the secret name of "Crombo"

BABY PIG 2: Cindy
SECRET NAME: Battery Eater
Battery Eater is a real wildcard around the pen she has the gusto to make it real big in the pig world. The only problem is one time she ate a battery when i was trying to fix a flashlight and i had to chase her and wait for it to come out and by the time it came out all the battery power was gone. I had to conceal the gross battery from the mayor as well by burying it. Not my best pig memory

BABY PIG 3: Luke
SECRET NAME: Kicker
This pig kicks me

BABY PIG 4: Deborah
SECRET NAME: Rasmussen, Prince of Secrets
I know what you are thinking you are saying "Who The Heck Would Name A Pig After Deb" well that's why I renamed her to Rasmussen, Prince of Secrets and told her all the secret names of the

other pigs (they don't know each other's names it is to keep everyone guessing) when you call her you have to say the entire name Rasmussen, Prince of Secrets or she gets mad and i get mad

BABY PIG 5: Stanley
SECRET NAME: Spider
He keeps crawling up on stuff and then falling from the rafters and scaring the heck out of me like a spider might

BABY PIG 6: Pete
SECRET NAME: This Pig Has A Beard
This Pig has a Beard

BABY PIG 7: Lil' Sugar
SECRET NAME: Pig That Fits In My Mouth
the runt of the pack but she's still very lively. also she fits entirely in my mouth we both like it

I hope you can come meet the pigs one day and check out my new job it's quite the career!!!!!!! SEE YOU SOON GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE HAPPIEST PIGDAD IN TOWN!!!!!!

-∼Dad (@fart)

12.4 SCADS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Dec 05, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

COMPLETELY IMPROBABLE I've run the numbers a thousand times, and they don't add up. This dog has no right to exist, not with odds so staggering. He's making me mad. Take him now. 555-4872

JUNKYARD DOG - Buyer assumes ownership of dog and "Nathan's Autowreckers" junkyard. Junkyard has a lien on it from the state due to unpaid taxes. That's yours as well. Dog is nice, though. A real catch. 555-9285

• FREE: DOG-SKIN RUG • Dog none too happy and barks a lot, but ain't nothing he can do about it without his skeleton. Skeleton's not for sale, so don't ask. 555-2678

GENUINE DOG EGGS are yours for the modest price of $50 each. Put 'em in your home incubator and watch sweet, adorable puppies pop out. Not my fault if they look like lizards. 555-0281

ROTTEN CANINE HUCKSTER Scoundrel of a dog routinely engages in dishonest, shady behavior. Will beg for treats and meals knowing full well he has already eaten. I'm tired of him conning my family and I want him gone. 555-2726

RAMBLIN' DOG fixin' to leave me. Got a new journey to make, and I'm not part of that no more. Got himself a big ol'

THE BEST DANG GOAT you'll ever meet. Excels at all goat tasks: head-butting, ramming, nonstop eating, jumping on things. Wait, hold on, I see now this is for dogs only. Never you mind my wonderful goat. 555-3272

LEATHER DOGGY - not sure what his deal is, but Bruno is a Doberman who wears a lot of leather. No idea where he gets it. He just wanders out and comes back wearing a vest or chaps. He's into some weird stuff, I just know it. 555-8275

NO-GOOD TWO-TIMER Turns out our dog Huxtable has a second family down the street he has been living with on weekends. We're washing our hands of him and his cheating ways. 555-7552

AGAIN, HE RISES! The mercurial pool gives form to Belvedere, a staggering work of canine malice. His cold mongrel eyes are windows to Hell itself. His every act calculated to unnerve. Great with kids, afraid of automatic garage doors. 555-2752

♥ BIG SILLY SWEETIE ♥ Ambassador is a large, Bernard-class canine. He is gentle, well behaved around children and very disciplined. His one flaw, if you can call it that, is that he has no skin. Still very furry. Fur is caked in blood but can be temporarily washed off. 555-2392

ACT FAST because you have 4 minutes to claim my beloved dog by catching him. If you delay or hesitate, he will die. This is not a thought exercise. This is real life and he is falling fast. Corner of 14 and Ralph, below Thompson Building.

— RAVAGED BY TIME — Paws reflect toil, bark a jagged hiss. Ears flaccid in the wind, tail absent of function. Bowels defiant. Nothing is young with Buford, yet still he draws breath. 555-2480

PERFECTLY SMOOTH DOG Kids put Spruce in our giant rock tumbler and now he's a smooth, glistening and featureless doglike shape. Very unique looking, and still fairly loveable. 555-2472

AUTHENTIC WEREMAN is pretty much a dog 95% of the time, except on full moons when he transforms into a very hairy naked man. I like the dog a lot, real friendly and great. The naked guy not so much. Very pushy and tends to eat all my chili. 555-4252

GRAVITY-CHALLENGED Due to a slight mix-up, Bosco lives perpendicular to the force of gravity. He is constantly running up walls and performing bafflingly strange movements, often floats sideways with nose pointing toward ground. Let's say $500? 555-3572

GARY M[illegible] AGAIN

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.5 Scared Straight at the Supermarket

Thursday, Dec 06, 2012 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

As part of my probation for my recent marijuana arrest, I have to spend a day with a heroin addict. It's supposed to show me the long-term effects of substance abuse and what will happen if I continue down the road of addiction. I'm not sure what to expect, but personally I don't think it'll change my attitude about drugs.

My addict's name is Matt. He's in his late twenties but looks about 40. His eyes are totally void. He lives in a two-room apartment, containing a mattress, a stove and little else. As he shoots up, Matt asks me if I've ever done heroin before. I shake my head, wondering if he's going to offer me some. But he seems to forget we were talking.

After staring at the wall for a few hours, Matt says we need to go somewhere. I assume it's to score more heroin, but instead he takes me to the supermarket.

It's 5:30 and the market is packed. Matt grabs a cart and says he needs to get a few things for a cake. We head for the baking aisle, weaving through a crowd of shoppers who give us death-ray looks as we pass. They all seem extremely unhappy to be here. I stare down at the floor, which is covered with dirt and sawdust. The temperature feels about 30 degrees and I start shivering.

Matt finds some cake mix, but now needs frosting, which is located on the other side of the store for some reason. We make it a few aisles before getting gridlocked in a line of carts. Two women are standing on opposite sides of the aisle talking, which makes it impossible for anyone to pass, because the aisles are about six feet wide. Children all around us are crying, and a homeless man is talking to either a can of beans or himself. The speakers are playing that other song Michelle Branch and Santana did. It's periodically interrupted by a male announcer hawking this week's specials in a voice I can't picture coming from a human being. Inflatable cereal mascots stare down at us from the ceiling with the creepy rictus grins of porn stars.

Eventually we make it through the traffic jam. Matt is tired and asks me to push the cart for awhile. It has a bad wheel and randomly lurches to the right like it's possessed. I have to keep it from running over people a la *Christine* while maneuvering around abandoned carts and employees pushing pallets of food like they're in some sort of race. At one point I crash into a peanut butter display. While I'm picking up jars an old woman runs her cart into my heel. "Excuse you," she says and saunters by. I turn to make a nasty remark at her and notice the cart is gone.

"Someone stole our cart!" I yell at Matt, who's across the aisle browsing baking soda. "Did you see where they went?"

Matt looks around and shrugs. "Guess we'll have to get another one," he says.

We get a new cart and after what feels like a decade complete our shopping. By the time we reach the parking lot I feel tired and depressed.

"Wasn't that awful?" I ask Matt as we get in his car.

"Wasn't what awful?" he says and prepares a line of heroin on the dashboard.

"That whole place," I say. "The people, the atmosphere, those Rice Krispies mascots - everything!"

"It didn't seem that bad," he shrugs and starts snorting.

I stare at him incredulously, wondering how he could've missed the ordeal we've just been through. Then I see the glazed look in his eyes and realize it's the heroin.

"Here, you want some?" Matt says, offering the rest of the line to me.

I look at the heroin, then at the supermarket in the background. I think of how nice the drug would probably feel, like all my birthdays and Christmases compressed into a few hours. But I also think of the supermarket and Matt's indifference to it, like this whole revolting experience was just a makeout movie for the heroin and his cells. It seems wrong somehow, not to see the supermarket the way it really is, not to see the urine on the floor, the expiration date on the milk, the stuff that looks like tang encrusted on the cashier's lips.

Someone has to see those things. And somehow, in a way I can't explain, I know that someone has to be me.

"No thanks," I say to Matt and we drive back to his apartment.

Along the way he says we have to stop at Wal-Mart and I wonder if I've made the right decision.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.6 The Lamest Science Fiction Cars that Should Have Been Junked

Friday, Dec 07, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A beautiful vintage automobile, often on loan from a collector, adds a lot of authenticity to a period movie or TV show. Unfortunately, if the period is "the future" there are no collectors of cars that don't exist, so the director has to try to add that authenticity with fictional vehicles. Unless they spend a lot of money and hire just the right people, the results can fall a little bit short of adding authenticity. I have collected some of the worst wheels of sci-fi with the help of intrepid posters from SA's Automotive Insanity forum and Cinema Discusso forum.

Freejack (1992)

Evil Mick Jager harasses Emilio Estevez at the behest of a virtual Anthony Hopkins. Long car chases feature Jager directing a pink APC and a squadron of dune buggies through a city in pursuit of Estevez, who has commandeered a booze-dropping champagne truck (???). The chase weaves through a mixture of 1920s and 1930s sedans and cars that look like bugs that ate other cars.

Champagne
CLEARANCE 6'-6"

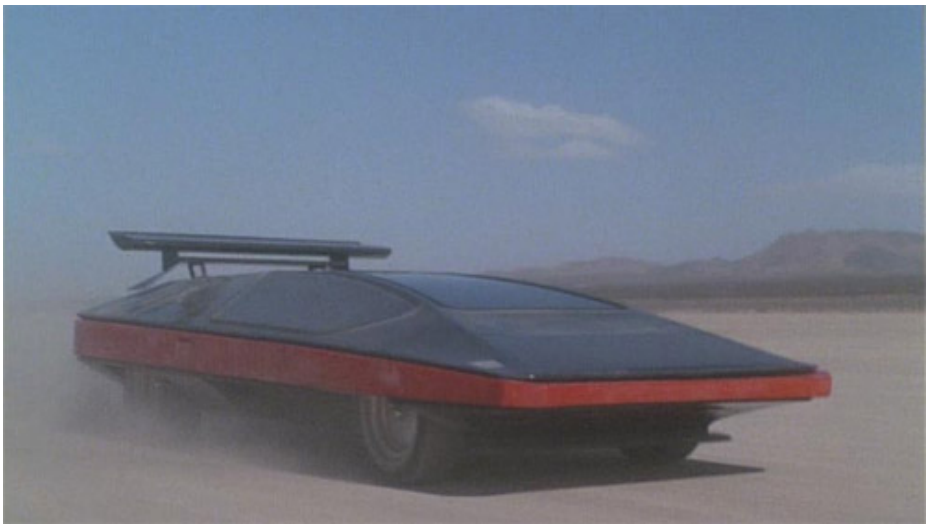
Knight Rider 2000 (TV - 1991)

In 1991, back when 2000 meant something, this *Knight Rider* sequel was launched. Set in a dystopian version of Houston, it features bar code license plates (helpful if a hit-and-run accident is witnessed by a grocery checkout), a police minivan that looks like it could go up on two wheels cornering at walking speed, and a version of KITT called the Knight 4000 modeled on a woman's shoe. The K4000 could also turn into a speed boat, but good luck parallel parking this monster. Everything about 1991's Knight Rider sequel is best left forgotten.

Thanks **mod sassinator** for spotting this one.

Black Moon Rising (1986)

Tommy Lee Jones is an ex-CIA agent eluding a hitman while trying to get a secret cassette tape to government man Bubba Smith. He leaves it in a concept car called the Black Moon, which is stolen by Linda Hamilton and handed over to a car thievery ring. Sound plausible. But less plausible is the Black Moon itself, which has the curb appeal of a Trapper Keeper packing rocket engines that allow it to drive 300 miles per hour. Topping the 80s factor in this would require a movie about beating the Soviets by doing donuts in a DeLorean around a cube of tube TVs playing Superbowl Shuffle.



Thanks **Initial Dave** for gleaming the cube on this one.

Timecop (1994)

Syd Mead, the guy who designed the Spinners for **Blade Runner**, cancels out his good work there with his awful car designs for 1994's **Timecop**. Where we're going, we don't need to see roads. No windows, bodywork by Y-wing, and gross multi-colored paint and decals stuck onto everything. Only the front wheels are visible (a hallmark of bad sci-fi car design) and it appears as if the door mechanism will play CDs.

Thanks to **Steve Yun** for creating a paradox in the timeline.

Ultraviolet (2006)

Remember when Kurt Wimmer made **Equilibrium** and it was as if a hyperactive 14-year-old boy was given millions of dollars to turn his fantasy into a movie where guys karate fight with machine guns in the future? And it was actually pretty good? Well that's not **Ultraviolet**, the godawful Kurt Wimmer movie about vampires and swords and lots and lots of poorly rendered 3D objects. One of the most egregious 3D objects happens to be a future car.

To quote **Yung Jacques**, who spotted this monstrosity, "I'm pretty sure this was done by some Albanian high school student on a bootleg 3D program."

Knight Rider 2010 (TV - 1994)

Another attempt at breathing life into the *Knight Rider* franchise goes awry with 1994's strange and bleak *Knight Rider 2010*. This time around KITT is cobbled together automotive garbage (that looks like it has a giant soup pot in the back) and features a voice that is the disembodied intelligence of the hero's murdered girlfriend. The villain drives a car made from a downed stealth fighter.

o.O Thanks to **Young Freud** for braving the cyber wasteland.

Honorable mentions go to:

The Hummer from TV-show *Earth 2*.

From **Action Jaktion**. God only knows what sort of shitshow is driving around Earth 5.

The Bat Mobile from **Batman Forever.**

A brittle neon vomit courtesy of **blurry!**

The cloaking car from **Die Another Day.**

From **Mr. Flunchy.** Not really scifi, just computerized James Bond horseshit.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.7 Worse Names For An NBA Team Than The New Orleans Pelicans

Saturday, Dec 08, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If all goes according to plan (an awful, terrible, plan) the New Orleans Hornets are going to become the New Orleans Pelicans. This bold move is one of self-sacrifice, immediately taking the Washington Wizards and Toronto Raptors off the hook for having the dumbest team names in the NBA.

Third-rate minor league baseball team or a professional basketball organization?

It could be worse, though. The New Orleans Pelicans is a terrible name with no redeeming qualities, but it is not the absolute bottom of the heap. There are exactly 32 team names that would have been worse.

- The New Orleans Football Team
- The New Orleans Blaster Zappers
- Shorts And Sweatbands! Yeah!
- That Guy You Know And Four Other Guys You Sort Of Recognize, With Those Guys On The Bench And The Dude In The Suit That's Always Walking Around On The Sidelines
- The New Orleans New Yorks
- Atlas Dunked
- The New Orleans Dragon Knight Lords
- The New Orleans Sports Announcer Clumsily Talking About Hurricane Katrina And Rebuilding And The Community's Spirit And Sports Fixes Everything
- The New Orleans Beliebers
- The New Orleans Mouth Sounds (Make A Cool Sound With Your Mouth And Do It Really Close To A Metal Fan That's Spinning Really Fast)
- LABRP - Live Action Basketball Role Playing
- The New Orleans We Got Some Trampolines And We're Putting Them Right Under The Baskets
- The New Orleans (That's it. Nothing else. It's a gritty reboot of the franchise.)
- How Many Three Point Shots Do We Have To Make Before You Love Us, Dad?
- The New Orleans Apple Coca-Cola YouTube What The Heck Is Copyright Infringement
- The New Orleans Sports Men
- The New Orleans Ooops I Dropped Something In The Garbage Disposal Let Me Slowly Plunge My Arm In There

- Tall Guys
- The New Orleans Holy Shit The Awesome Redneck From The Walking Dead TV Show Is Also That One Guy From Boondock Saints
- The New Orleans Dyslexic Pelicans
- Barkley, Shut Up And Jam: Gaiden
- The New Orleans Mr. Mxyzptlks
- Thanks, Kid With The Mop That Runs Out On The Court And Cleans Up All The Sweat (We Know This Is A Bad Name But This Kid Deserves Some Recognition Okay)
- James Franco's Honorary Degrees
- The New Orleans Alley Oops I Crapped My Pants
- We May Wear Sneakers, But We're A Roller Derby Team At Heart
- The New Orleans Turtles Laying On Their Backs Helplessly, With Their Legs Slowly Kicking At The Air
- "Corin Tucker's Stalker"
- The New Orleans Power Naps
- Guy Fieri's All-American Neon Grub Hut Players
- The New Orleans Timely Referential Humor
- C'mon, Do The Wave, Everybody!
- The New Orleans Like Us On Facebook Tweet Our #Hashtag
- The New Orleans Let's Win This One For Animes
- Sore Nipples, Not Sore Losers
- The New Orleans We Eat Basketballs Like You For Breakfast
- Time Out, No I'm Not Calling A Time Out, Ref, I'm Saying The Name Of The Team
- The New Orleans Sensibly Priced Station Wagons
- The New Orleans Earth Is Only Like Five Thousands Years Old, Dude
- The New Orleans Ska
- Sign Our Online Petition To Make Steampunk Goggles A Mandatory Part Of NBA Uniforms
- The New Orleans Wii U

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.8 Jovan Belcher's Girlfriend Would Still Be Alive if She'd Been a Living Weapon

Monday, Dec 10, 2012 by National Ryushin Association Master Sensei Jeff Spurgler (@sexyfacts4u)

Konnichiwa, members of the National Ryushin Association.

As many of you have heard, Kansas City Chiefs football player Jovan Belcher shot and killed his girlfriend, Kasandra Perkins, and then shot and killed himself. Sports announcer Bob Costas, quoting a Kansas City sports writer, placed some of the blame for the shooting on the gun culture in America. Perhaps, Mr. Costas. But, perhaps guns are meaningless in a world where your entire body is a weapon.

The mistake made by Kasandra Perkins is a mistake shared by many murder and rape victims. They have failed to devote the time to transforming their body into an extension of their will. Through rigorous exercise, careful eating, peaceful contemplation, reading the correct texts and FAQs, and practicing moves in your dojo, anyone can become a living weapon.

The Art of Deadly Strike, also known as Ryushin, is the ultimate counter to all dangerous scenarios. I have practiced tirelessly for three years to become the top international master of this, the deadliest of martial arts. So let us discuss what would happen.

In the incident involving Kasandra Perkins, the 250 pound football player Jovan Belcher brandished a pistol and repeatedly shot Miss Perkins. Now, imagine if instead she had reversed his attack, moving behind him and snapping his neck as easily as a twig of wood. Imagine if her fists were like two knives, stabbing into his kidneys, or she used the technique of Wai Jin to fade into her surroundings, disappearing from view only to reappear and deliver a killing blow.

Kasandra Perkins might even have mastered the forbidden technique of Ryu No Dashi. This art, thought lost for thousands of years, was recently discovered by me on a website. It is the art of stopping time. By moving sideways through time, Kasandra Perkins could simply place Jovan Belcher in the path of his own bullets.

If you have a family, if you fear for your life at all, then it is your responsibility to master Ryushin. Crime rates would fall away like so many broken boards and society would become much more polite if you must presume that any man or woman can stop your heart by delivering fingertip strikes to your nerve points.

Another example of the use of Ryushin in the home does not even involve intentional harm. Imagine a young girl, no more than three, sitting in her bedroom playing with her dolls. She is content because she is ignorant to the danger flowing all around her. This girl's toddling brother has discovered their father's gun, loaded and armed, and he has been playing with this gun just like the people on the TV. He sees his sister, points the gun and pulls the trigger. In a tragic instant, she is dead, because no one ever bothered to teach her how to hone her hands into instruments of deaths.

Imagine this scenario again. The girl is meditating peacefully. Her brother enters the room, raises the pistol, and...where did she go? Her fist emerges from his chest clutching his still-beating heart. He slumps to the floor and the victim has just become the victor.

Arming yourself at all times is the only way to be safe in this modern world of danger and romance. And the only way to truly be armed at all times is devote your life to the monastic perfection of obscure martial arts.

Thank you for being a member of the NRA.

Arigato.

Sensei Spurgler

-~National Ryushin Association Master Sensei Jeff Spurgler (@sexyfacts4u)

12.9 Are You the Last Table in the Restaurant?

Tuesday, Dec 11, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Most businesses have a set closing period and will gladly let customers know when it's time to leave. Restaurants often don't, so knowing when to leave can be hard for people who think tabletop finger tapping is acceptable in public. If you ever find yourself to be the last table in a restaurant, be sure to remember three important things.

Seriously, the place is closed. Look around. What kind of blinding lack of self awareness do you possess? Everyone else got the idea, but you're drowning in Pepe Le Pew levels of delusion. There were once other people and food and noise and music, but now all that is gone, now it is just you sitting in a room alone. Your plates have been taken away, your glass hasn't been filled in an hour, and the lighting has switched to "medieval dungeon." These are clues. Do you know what they mean? No one wants you here. It is time to go.

The ability to separate Server from Indentured Servant can be difficult. Don't worry, you aren't alone. Tween children with dead eyes who drown their cats and murder their neighbor's infant also struggle to remember that humans are more than lifeless vessels. Without empathy or the ability to feel, remember this subtle difference between the illegal practice of indentured servitude and the dude that brings you biscuits: one is legally obliged through debt and contract to tend to your every need for years at a time and the other is banging his head against an ice machine in the back waiting for you to leave.

Still having some trouble? Cut out this handy cheat sheet and place it in your pocket to remind you what kind of person you are being:

> **Indentured Servant:** You're an asshole in the 1600s using exploitive employment practices.
> **Server:** You're an asshole in an empty Applebee's with a stomach full of alfredo sauce.

The guy was kind enough to tell you the daily feature even though you strolled in ten minutes after close. Maybe it's time for you to realize that he has a life, too, that he might have better plans for the evening than wait for you to begin the difficult process of left foot/right foot/left foot towards the door.

Imagine, for a moment, your job. Picture yourself finishing up your day, adjusting one last insurance claim or whatever, and now, as you begin packing up, a stranger sits down beside your desk and asks for you to file their claim while they suck on all the Werther's from your candy jar. Fine, whatever, you quickly finish the work and hand it to the stranger. You check your watch, it isn't too late and maybe you could catch the tail end of the evening. But the stranger pops another Werther's in his mouth. He decides to sit and "enjoy the atmosphere" of your cubicle.

Stop being the butterscotch munching jackass. Let the server go home. Waste your life, fine, but do it elsewhere. He's getting paid $3.75 an hour to watch you twiddle your thumbs. Hell, it isn't just him. There's a manager, a cook or two, a valet, and a dish tank dude, too. They all hate you. What they say about you is true.

Whoever you're with wants to go home. It's time to realize you aren't making dreams here. This ain't no eHarmony commercial. Closing the restaurant on a first date is like going to law school--you only do it if there are no better options. If the date was better, you'd be home already. If your date was worse, you'd be home already. You're stalling, hoping something will change, praying your date will randomly take their shirt off. It won't and they won't. You're in Date Purgatory and the poor soul on the other side of the table is only keeping conversation with you because they're unable to think of a good excuse to run away. Do them a favor. Go home. Or jam the stem of your wine glass into your temple. Either or, really.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.10 ThinkGeek.com's Worst Christmas Gifts of 2012

Thursday, Dec 13, 2012 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Are you the kind of person who knows more about the Star Trek universe than our own? Do you regularly order more than five kinds of meat on your personal pizzas? Did you ever get severely winded as the result of staying mobile for more than 20 minutes during a local "zombie crawl?" Well, there's good news: if you're in need of overpriced novelties to use as an extension of your terrible, repellent personality, look no further than the gilded pages of ThinkGeek, which has been making Christmas stockings smell mysteriously like man-made bacon chemicals since 1999.

Yes, Internet jokes no younger than 18 months emerge in physical form over at ThinkGeek, because this company has apparently made it their mission to turn otherwise harmless interests into manifestations of pure psychosis. What follows are the worst offenders of a site that offers a messenger bag embroidered with some Dungeons & Dragons shit as its most dignified product.

Worst Beginning to a New Life: Star Trek Enterprise Light-Up Feeding System

Hey, slugger. Welcome to your new life as a human being. Thanks to this Star Trek feeding kit, your developing mind will forever associate the Starship Enterprise with the most primal, lizard brain pleasures, like eating fruit and vegetable goo out of tiny jars with baby heads drawn on them. By the time you are made to dress as Spock, Age 2 at your first convention, the subject will be closed. And you can thank ThinkGeek for enabling your parents' creepy proselytizing before you could even control your bowels. Every human being has the right to choose for themselves the complicated, pointless bullshit they obsess over, and this officially licensed product ranks up there with the recalled plastic nipples modeled in the shape of Jar-Jar Binks' rubbery eyestalks.

[Price: $12.49] [Loss of Dignity: - 40]

Worst Public Sacrifice of a Joke: Hypnotoad Vinyl Figure

If watched Futurama during its original run, you know the Hypnotoad was one of those great jokes that blindsided you with its absurdity. When the series came back from cancellation, every third episode seemed to have this character pop up in an unnecessary cameo -- which left viewers feeling less sick and hollow than you'd think. A surprising portion of an audience for a show like this watches it just to grab screenshots that they can later drop Impact font text onto and send out to social networks like wedding invitations, so a life-sized Hypnotoad figure could likely inform passersby of certain social risks. Nothing screams "I'd like to overexplain a joke I saw on TV ten years ago" like this vinyl totem of the damned.

[Price: $39.99] [Loss of Dignity: - 70]

Worst Perversion of Personal Hygiene: Bacon and Cupcake Toothpastes

Move over, bacon soap; you've got a partner-in-crime, and that crime is making a person swab meat flavor on their body in a misguided effort to smell *less* disgusting. If anything, this product proves that the obsession with consuming animal products to compensate for a lack of masculinity can easily lead to a rational person cleaning their teeth with something designed to taste like pork fat. And let's face facts: whoever would intentionally message synthetic bacon ointment into their gums definitely isn't using the cupcake flavor for its intended purpose; instead, they're sucking it straight out of the tube like a spicy, adult version of Go-Gurt. Consider this gift for that family member you know would like to try the dog's toothpaste, but can't handle the social repercussions of being caught.

[Price: $4.99] [Loss of Dignity: - 50]

Worst Use of Text on Fabric: Bazinga Shirt

Somehow, a sitcom with the overall dignity of a two-season TGIF show took the world by storm with its accurate depiction of nerd culture as imagined by jaded, 60 year-old comedy writers. With a steady stream of references to comic book things they see on billboards during their commutes to work, these talented souls have captured America's heart -- and showed a skeptical audience that the tragedy of autism can lead to some pretty heartwarming moments. This shirt will prove to the world that you think of CBS as more than just a thing your grandma fell asleep to if she babysat you on the weekend. No; the three-camera sitcom is back, and this time, its built-in merchandising will have more lasting power than your Do the Urkel Dance Mat and Cody from Step by Step Action Van with Kill Room.

[Price: $20.00] [Loss of Dignity: -35]

Winner of the Billy the Big Mouth Bass Wall Garbage Award: Portal 2 Cave Johnson Talking Portrait

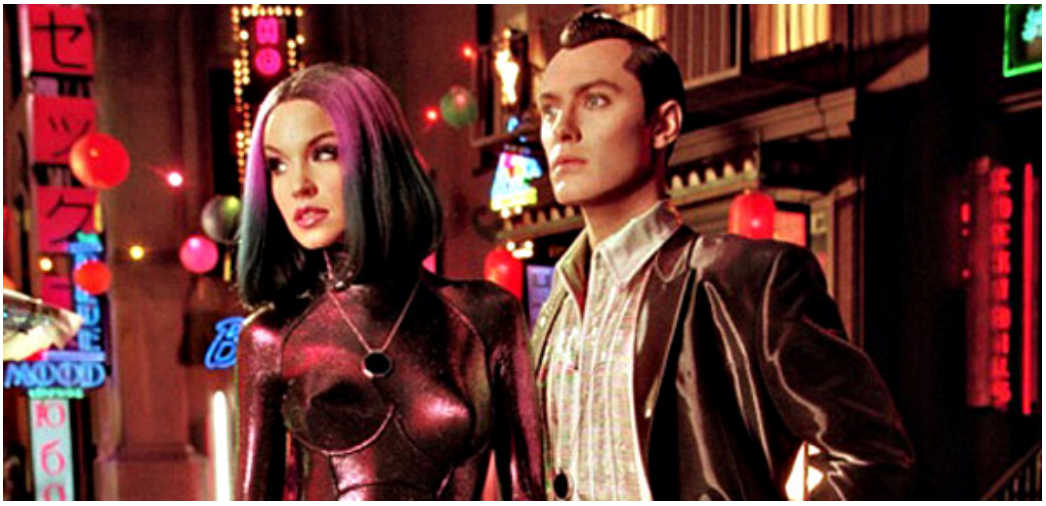
Need something to hang next to that print of "The Starry Night" you got when the framing shop in the mall closed down? That sun-faded Donnie Darko poster may delight the eye despite being more worn than a treasure map, but surely something grander could anchor the room. If you happen to be in need of some interior decoration, this Portal 2 Cave Johnson Talking Portrait acts as a conversation piece, and a constant reminder of that time you played a video game. And, if necessary, its 13 included phrases can help drown out the voices of anyone who finds you hanging this on their wall.

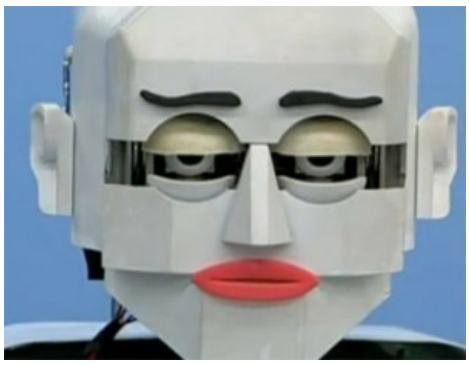
[Price: $23.99] [Loss of Dignity: - 100]

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.11 The Overly Optimistic Futurist's Guide to Dating in the Post-Singularity

Friday, Dec 14, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

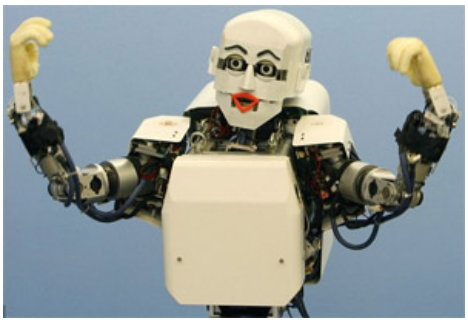




Before you can decide who you are looking for, you must first decide who you want to be. Are you a free-floating post-physical brain echo? Are you a pangendered hyper-sexual AI designing your own body to download and grow at your Maker Vat? Are you a humanist clinging to the pre-diaspora? Whoever you are going to be, be the best of that person.

As an example, you could be an asexual cat angel modeled on Benedict Cumberbatch. Having transcended your physical birthform you are capable of downloading your consciousness into any form you can imagine. It is a trivial thing to make a body capable of sports. You could even make a body that can shoot a basket. It's easy and no one is impressed by any feats of athleticism.

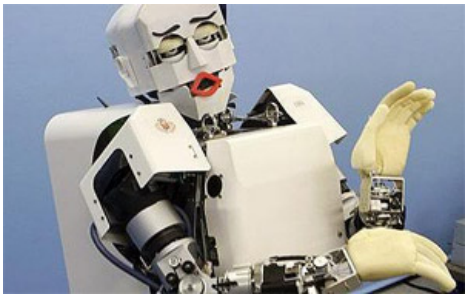
With global warming solved using green nanobots and our energy crisis averted thanks to orbital mirror stations and the space elevator, everyone has access to full brain upload and download. Money is no longer a thing we concern ourselves with and we are all able to become the beautiful Asian women we have always wanted to be.



To find the suitable pleasuremate for your enjoyment you will first want to decide whether or not simulated pleasure is sufficient. It is actually far better than any real sort of romance or sex, consisting of episodes of TV shows which you can relive or alter as a main character of your choosing. Make love to any cartoon character or Fringe

villain or spend hundreds of lifetimes locked in romance with a Judge Judy plaintiff stored in the completely open data archive located offshore atop a massive tidal generator.

If you are not satisfied with this sort of superior stimulation, you can enter the body you have constructed and begin your search for a physical pleasuremate. Novices to dating should begin by creating a copy of their personality module and uploading this into a physical body you find pleasing. That way you can experiment with various pickup lines and sex moves without risking the humiliation of rejection. If you've already dated yourself at least once, you are ready to search for the right mate. Try entering "I WANT A DATE" and you will be matched with a perfect date by the dating search.



Going on a date can be exciting and memorable. You can visit any planet in the solar system for your date so long as your new body can withstand the environment. Keep in mind AIs can be very picky about who they date, so don't get your feelings hurt if you are an inferior flesh being or uploaded consciousness. Even someone blessed with autism can't keep up with an AI. You just don't have the calculation speed to get an AI excited. They will sometimes go on millions of dates per second with other AIs to create the perfect date.

Food is no longer needed. Movies and live performances are inferior to simulations, so mostly you will want to go to a park or garden. Pleasure gardens will be located on many planets and also suspended in the air using advanced blimp technology developed by computer modeling. Have fun. Do things that interest you like becoming nebulae or visiting the furry Roman empire. Pay attention to whatever your date is saying. Do not talk about Lego bricks or bit torrenting. Make eye contact and smile.

When it is time to engage in intercourse you should begin by explaining everything you wish to do in exhaustive detail. Of course you cannot have any children because that will be outlawed, but other than that there will be no judging your kinks or your inability to perform sexually.

After, your date will end and you can decide whether you wish to have another date, cancel all future dates, or delete all memory of the date. Then you can discard the useless husk of your body and return to the pristine realm of data.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.12 Know Your Local Gang Colors!

Saturday, Dec 15, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

To the best of my recollection, I have never been stabbed by a gang member.

I've had my fair share of wild nights like anyone else. I've gone overboard at parties, eating a few too many cocktail shrimp and miniature hot dogs wrapped in croissants, stumbling off to the host's bedroom to nap my stomach ache away. In the cold light of day I have gingerly prodded my memory, only to find that the night had been lost in a haze. It's possible that I was stabbed by a gang member during one of these irresponsible nights of debauchery, but it's not likely. My friends would have said something. I would have had a hole in my shirt.

Not having been stabbed by a gang member is easily one of my greatest accomplishments. People who know me well often tell me that it's my defining characteristic. When they think of me, which is rare, it's the only thing that comes to mind. What's my secret?

When I was a young lad I overheard some older lads at lad school casually discussing something frightening. They claimed that gangs (violent due-paying organizations made up of scofflaw lads and lasses) were driven into stabbing frenzies by certain items of clothing. Anyone that wore the wrong outfit in the wrong part of town would be stabbed, even if they weren't in a gang.

Why does this happen? You see, gangs have costumes. They like to dress up and match, then concern themselves with what other people are wearing and obsess over nebulous territory that they don't actually own or make better in any tangible way. They do these things because they are true signs of strength. No one in their right mind could possibly confuse any of those activities for being easy, short-sighted, or weak.

Rival gangs tend to set themselves apart from one another with different outfits and color schemes. This helps everyone quickly identify who to stab, which is a boon for everyone involved. It's not so great for a non-gang member, though, who might get stabbed for accidentally wearing part of a gang's uniform. I'm not sure if you're more likely to get killed for wearing an outfit that makes you look like a member of a rival gang or for wearing something that makes you look like an impostor. I have reached out to several gang websites to get some clarification on this ruling, but I have yet to hear a response. Either way, it's best to simply avoid gang clothing altogether.

And that's my secret. That is how I am able to have a chalkboard in my home that reads "x Days Without Being Stabbed By A Gang Member", where x is the number that I adjust every day. I simply don't wear anything that can be confused for gang-related clothing.

Unfortunately, this is more difficult than it might seem. This town has so many gangs. A perfectly safe outfit in one part of the city could get you stabbed in another, forcing you to take an eraser to that chalkboard in your home. Even worse, these gangs don't bother to provide basic information to the public such as their official team colors and accessories, or the boundaries of their territories. I hate to say it, but gangs are sort of inconsiderate.

Every time you step outside while wearing clothes you run the risk of being stabbed by a gang

member. It's horrifying, but as long as you remember to dress appropriately you should be fine.

If you're heading to **Violence Row**, watch out for:

The primary gang, *Snake Lion Devils*, whose outfit includes orange slap bracelets, those weird shirts that change colors when you put your hands on them, and E-Cigs.

And their rival gang, *Tuff Nation*. They wear spraypainted foam torsos with big old muscles, denim overalls with the left suspender undone, and gift shop moccasins lined with hundreds of turquoise beads.

Visitors to **The Bad Side Of Town** may come in contact with:

Scofflaw Soldiers, who dress up in purple berets, hair pulled back in stringy ponytails, and jean shorts with curious stains on their crotches.

Their rival gang is *Psycho Weedheadz*. These guys and girls are bad news. Try not to wear a baby blue tuxedo, Vibram five fingers sandals, or a big honkin' battleaxe, or you might be mistaken for a Psycho Weedhead.

Commuters who travel through the financial district will surely pass by **Switchblade Alley**. Be avised that the place is crawling with the following gangs:

The Henchmen, who primarily wear cheap shades, black shirts tucked into pleated pants, and wield dual uzis.

And the Rebellious Punks. Their outfit of choice is crime scene tape. Nothing but crime scene tape, haphazardly wrapped around their entire bodies until they are no more than pinched faces poking out from eight foot balls of crime scene tape.

I don't know why anyone would need to visit **The Grumpy Quarter**, but watch out for trouble from:

The biggest gang in the city, Syndicate Corp. They will have dyed mohawks (green), impossibly nice designer business suits, and potato sack pants held up by syrup-drenched lengths of rope.

Their rival gang is an upstart, but its members have grown increasingly unhappy and dangerous with each passing year. Fans Of Sons Of Anarchy can be spotted by the bandanas wrapped around their heads, sleeveless biker jackets, and their dejected expressions.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.13 Your Old Friend On Facebook Has a Plan to Prevent School Shootings

Monday, Dec 17, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

First of all, what the media says happened is not reality. Did you notice how the gun was initially two hand guns and the AR-15 was left in the car, but then it all of the sudden became the weapon used in the shooting? Am I really expected to believe that a trained police officer does not know the difference between a .223 round and a 9mm bullet? It's called a false flag.

Remember the Reichstag? What a coincidence, guess who else used a violent incident as an excuse to take guns? These kids are casualties in the war declared on the United States the day Bill Clinton signed NAFTA and handed our sovereignty over to the United Nations.

Just you wait, the blue helmets will be coming for the guns if Obama gets his way. By the way, thanks for canceling football for your speech Obama.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9jWN5Myxtwg

If we're going to get real about school shootings here is an idea:

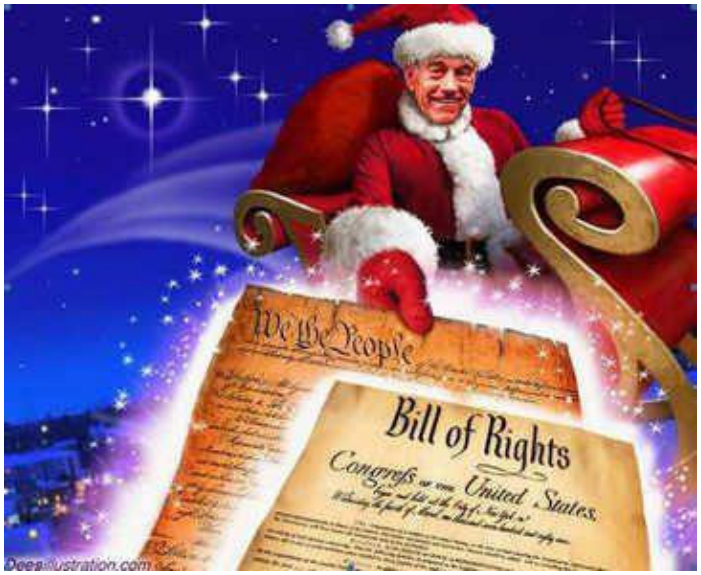
WHICH OF THESE SIGNS WILL PREVENT ANOTHER TRAGEDY?
ALL WEAPONS ARE PROHIBITED ON THESE PREMISES
STAFF HEAVILY ARMED AND TRAINED
ANY ATTEMPT TO HARM CHILDREN WILL BE MET WITH DEADLY FORCE

Guess what, guns were outlawed on school grounds, so he was breaking a law by bringing a gun onto school grounds, but you know who wasn't breaking a law? The teachers who did not have guns. One teacher with a concealed carry 9mm could have drawn and dropped into shooting stance and taken him out from behind cover.

We need a real conversation America. Statistics don't lie. More gun control equals more gun crime.

Ever hear of a little city called Chicago?

Ever hear of a little someone named Ron Paul?



Ever hear of a little something called the Constitution?

Ever tasted a little something called raw milk?

Ever retweet a little everything from Alex Jones?

> Murderers Want Your Guns - bit.ly/SwCoT6 - Alex Jones (@RealAlexJones) December 16, 2012

America is becoming too pussified. Men aren't allowed to be men anymore because it might offend someone. They took faggot and they took retard and now they are going to take our guns. It's in the UN treaty.

I heard Bob Costas and Tavis Smiley say that a gun in the home is more likely to kill or injure the occupants than an intruder. Yeah, and a car is more likely to hurt the owner of a car, I guess we should stop defending our property with cars now too.

According to the Supreme Court the government can just seize part of your land to widen any rode they want and they only have to pay you "reasonable" compensation. Guess who decides what is reasonable? You guessed it. The United Nations. First they came for the first three feet of my neighbor's yard, and I said nothing...

Number of school shootings we had before evolution was taught in schools: 0

Number after the Biblical truth of creation was banned: all of them.

I'm just saying, if just one of those kids had been carrying, this would have played out really differently.

Oh, and hey, happy birthday, buddy!

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.14 Subj: SLEEP

Tuesday, Dec 18, 2012 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!! How have you been I am a tired terry lately and it is because i don't sleep very well. Part of it is from my current job as Pig Watcher and the other part is because i have bad dreams most of the time. I am trying a new series of solutions to this problem. the big one is to make sure the pigs go to bed early and don't stay awake until late in the night getting chased around by yours truly. It is hard to break that habit because it tuckers me out but i need to make sure the pig babes get to bed at a reasonable time. The other part of my dream is to talk about my regrets and maybe i will have less bad dreams about all the things i have done.

I know I am having the worst dreams imaginable because Crombo (baby pig) sleeps in my room with me and will wake up and nuzzle me and bite my arms until i wake up when i'm having a nightmare and if that doesn't work he will stand there and put his pig mouth right above my mouth and breathe into it and the stink wakes me up no problem. i am pretty sure he is waking me up with this but it's also possible he is trying to smell the food i ate last and see if i will lose my lunch in the night but that doesn't happen. "Thank You Crombo" I say as he goes back to his bed which used to be my bed. he probably wonders what i'm dreaming about but he can't understand me so i will tell you my dreams:

Old Job Dream

On this dream I am back at my old job and casually hanging around the water cooler with the boys chewing the news and a new employee comes in and she is a beautiful babe. She and i sit across from each other at the lunch table and it's just us and i take my lunch out of my briefcase / duffel bag and start eating it and she reaches into her jacket and takes out some food and eats it, then she takes off her wig and takes out her glass eye and then her other glass eye and then her tongue and then she takes her other arm off and i start to get weirded out so i run out of the room. This is around the time the pig wakes me up

Coach Juice

I am on a football team and coach is making us do lots of drills out in the noonday sun and we are all sweating real hard, then coach gives us a big talk about how we can never give up and he comes out and starts doing the drills with us and running all up and down and around which makes us feel like better players and gives motivation / good encouragement. Then coach starts wheezing and getting really red so practice ends and later i see him in his coach office standing with each foot in a metal bucket and he his collecting his coach drippings (sweat, nutrients, etc) and he picks up one of the buckets and pounds it. I run back and tell the team and we all disband and run off and I get the feeling I am being chased (coach chase) through the neighborhood i grew up in. coach is powerful now, from the juice.Pig wake up

Tomato

Neighbor rolls tomato under my garage door to get me to eat them. I don't want the tomato so i roll it back and he rolls it back but it gets bigger every time it comes back. then the neighbor starts

screaming and i start screaming. This dream usually happens when the pigs are also screaming but when i wake up i never know if i was screaming first or if they were

Thank you for listening perhaps I will finally be able to sleep this evening!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!BYE

THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

12.15 Spout.ly Presents: Shaggy Butte's Best and Worst Drinking Fountains of 2012

Wednesday, Dec 19, 2012 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly

2012 has been a dramatic year for Shaggy Butte's drinking fountain enthusiasts. Last month brought a shocking development, as Shaggy Butte's last remaining library closed following extensive budget cutbacks, shutting the doors on the best drinking fountain in town. Since then, the community has been in a mad scramble to find a worthy successor. The year's not over yet, but local fountain lovers are already declaring winners and calling out losers.
-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

2012's Best

Herbert Hoover Middle School Drinking Fountain

89% CERTIFIED FRESH

TOP COMMENTS:
"If you can overpower the bullies that control this fountain, the water is crystal clear. I think this DF is hooked directly to some mountain spring in the alps. Lots of competition, so be prepared to fast gulp this one." *-Thirsty Man*

"I've endured a lot of beatings to drink from this fountain. Tyler, the lead bully, maintains an iron grip on this DF and only lets those who pay him tribute drink. He is a tyrant, and his demands are growing more profane by the day, but the water is just too pure to resist." *-Wetworks*

"The taste I got was glorious. The beating, not so much. Tyler's dad is as big a jerk as Tyler, and refuses to rein in his unruly son. You need to power sip this one." *-Hydrat0r*

Pines Memorial Hospital ICU

TOP COMMENTS:

"The best fountain is located just near the intensive care unit. You hear a lot of sick people moaning or dying loudly, which is infuriating if you like to drink in peace. There's also a lot of noisy beeping machines and the nurses and doctors can be quite rude. The water, though, is pure and fast. There's a strong flow here, and it's worth all the outside distractions to use." *-Sipswell*

"Hospital staff does not like people coming in just for the drinking fountain, but tough cookies. My tax dollars built this hospital, so I'm just claiming what is rightfully mine." *-GrandCharokeeLaredo*

"It's a lot easier to drink at your own pace if you show up wearing scrubs. Nobody interferes with your sips, but sometimes you are called on to help with an emergency. Just wing it." *-Moist Man*

Abandoned Fairgrounds

TOP COMMENTS:

"I have been suffering some minor necrosis on my limbs after making the trek to get to this fountain, but the water is so pure and fresh that I have no regrets. My advice: don't drink any fluids for 24-48 hours before going, so you can spend some time really drinking up. Highly refreshing." *-ThirstBeGone*

"The fairgrounds is closed due to toxic run-off from all the strip mines contaminating the grounds (that's why they had the mass die-off during the last 4-H event), but they haven't turned off the water there. If you don't mind climbing some fences and wading through some sludge, you'll find the absolute height of hydration. *-The Gulpsman*

"This place can be deadly to navigate. Getting in is hard enough, but surviving the twisted, mangled landscape overrun with hostile wildlife can be damn near impossible. Only the most experienced DF fanatics can manage this journey, but the reward is a hydrating experience that is unique, special and intensely personal for each drinker. The water in the basin also drains counter-clockwise." *-Wet Beard*

Shaggy Butte Methadone Clinic

TOP COMMENTS:

"If you can stomach the idiot, do-nothing crowd that loiters around the clinic, you'll find one of Shaggy Butte's top founts. Of course, it's not as good as the best fountain of all, which used to be in the VFW hall before it was burned down by two beefing seniors." *-BiGDog*

"I used to just come and go at the clinic, but since they installed this fountain, I've been spending extra time there. I've never been more hydrated in all my life." *-Evenflow*

"Being surrounded by the fringes of society doesn't detract one bit. The added risk to personal safety makes this fountain not only more invigorating, but also arousing." *-Drooler*

Shaggy Butte Juvenile Correctional Facility

TOP COMMENTS:

"An absolute waste to put one of the finest, sweetest-running fountains in a place where only thugs can access it. I keep reporting my younger brother for minor crimes in hopes he get sent here, and I get an inside ticket to visit this fountain more frequently. Be prepared to power sip." *-BigDripper*

"Just say you're here to visit your nephew, then say you are feeling really parched and would love a drinking fountain. They will offer a water cooler but insist on a fountain. Maxwell, a Tall Black Man, will unlock one of the doors and lead you down a hallway to what is arguably the best drinking fountain in town. Drink fast! He will only give you about 35-60 seconds tops. He will also cut your drink short if you pull out any containers to fill up." *-Waterbaron*

"I managed one taste of this fountain. My second visit, I tried hiding above the ceiling tiles so I could sneak another drink after hours. They caught me and banned me. Still trying to find a way back in." *-ElderSoaker*

2012's Worst

Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger Lobby

TOP COMMENTS:
"I spotted an old man's tooth in this drinking fountain. No way am I risking hepatitis for a quick drink." *-Slurp*

"The paper publishes nothing but commie drivel, and their drinking fountain is literally no different." *-DeepDrinker*

"This DF is not properly secured to the wall. I was able to yank it out during a power sip. It's now hanging at a 45 degree angle, and nobody at the paper seems to care." *-FountainClimber*

Shaggy Villa Retirement Home

TOP COMMENTS:
"Somebody defecated in this drinking fountain and it hasn't been cleaned. Very hard to drink around, but not impossible." *-Thirsty Man*

"If you can maneuver your head around the mess, WHICH HAS BEEN THERE FOR OVER TWO WEEKS, the water's still drinkable. It's not great, but worth tasting for reference." *-Geyser*

"Originally I suspected somebody left the landmine to protect a good fountain. I called their bluff. Wasn't very good." *-WetBandit58*

Cobb Psychiatric Hospital

TOP COMMENTS:
"It was very difficult to convince the staff to let me in to use the drinking fountain. I ended up being held for 72 hours against my will after trying to strong arm my way in. There is a large mannish lady on the staff who could use some lessons in politeness and personal space." *-Soggy Steve*

"Got stabbed with a plastic fork by a crazy lady, was held for 72 hours, but chose to stay a few extra weeks to sort out some personal problems. The drinking fountain was barely tolerable." *-Sir Sips-a-Lot*

"I told the staff I was here to visit a friend and then pointed to a nearby lady swaying back and forth and looking up at the ceiling. Was able to get plenty of drinks in during visit, and they were all terrible. But for the first time in my life, I have a girlfriend." *-AquaLobo*

Elmwood Park

TOP COMMENTS:
"Hornets. Buddy, this fountain is hornet city. A weak flow, copper taste and unsafe drinking conditions don't help any." -*SwimInIt*

"Wasps were everywhere. Barking dogs started massing around me. Was chased off by a harelipped man in a suit. This is the Fort Knox of drinking fountains, and it's not even good." -*WHEATUS2010*

"Got bit on my thigh by the harelipped man while drinking. I was confused as to why of all the angry, barking, stinging creatures surrounding me, he was the one to do it. From what I remember, the water tasted like a mix of well water and antifreeze." -*HydraDad*

Twin Buttes Mall

TOP COMMENTS:
"Men an hazmat suits took samples from this fountain, then they turned off the flow. After they left, I turned the flow back on with my toolkit and tried it. The water was very dark and thick and had a distinct metal taste. I'm pretty sure I suffered some kind of memory loss, because I woke up in the desert near a burning van with no idea how I got there." -*Swiftflow*

"Suffered some serious renal failure after drinking from this font. Not the worst I've had, but far from the best." -*AitchTwoOh*

"This is the fountain that killed all those people. Pretty lackuster water quality and definitely not worth dying over. Basin is unusually shallow. Lots of unwanted splashback." -*TepidPool*

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.16 Golan vs. Jesus

Thursday, Dec 20, 2012 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools!

Bestill your bladders, citizens of Oak Grove, and bow your eyeballs before the stirring words of Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All!

You will all no doubt be eager to learn that I had an epiphany this Xmas interval, one that can be traced back to an inexplicable ruling by the proprietors of Oxbourough Mall. Despite my repeated proclamations on the subject, I was not selected to replace the elderly Erik Larsen as the mall Santa Claus. It would seem that simple logic would dictate that Golan the Insatiable should hold this position, given that it was I who killed Erik Larsen last year (in an honest misunderstanding). Of course, Yor the Ugly, who did not vanquish Larsen, was anointed Santa Claus. Surprise, surprise. Everyone loves Yor. It must have been one of your so-named "Xmas miracles" that I did not rain doom upon the mall's North Pole display for such effrontery. But this is no longer relevant.

After *Maxim* magazine informed me that church is a good place to encounter females in estrus, I decided to attend the Xmas Eve congregation at St. Luke's. It was here, whilst uncomfortably nestled amongst you fat, pungently damp citizens, listening to the decrepit Pastor Hastings detail the origin of the Christian godling Jesus Christ, that I made the perplexing discovery that Xmas is not in fact a celebration of the fabricated super-being Santa Claus. I had wondered why the holiday was not called Clausmas. I suddenly realized I had been wasting my time trying to compete with Claus for your worship. Furthermore, I had been entirely unawares of the similarities between the Xian sub-god Jesus and myself - similarities at which Golan the Insatiable is the obvious superior!

After procuring a Xian bible from your Barnes & Noble, I realized that you people take great stock in the back-story of your gods. You adore this Jesus X so greatly? Well, affix your feeble comprehensive powers to this examination:

1) Parentage

Both Golan the Insatiable and Jesus X are demigods. My father was ZxZazel, one of the Nine Elemental Titans of Gkruool; my mother a comely virgin peasant that ZxZazel assaulted while taking the form of a tree. ZxZazel was known for such dalliances, but it was incredibly rare that his victims survived the copulation. My mother was both lucky and robust!

2) Nativity

Jesus was birthed in a barn and laid in a trough from which herbivorous livestock feed. Golan the Insatiable was birthed near a barn and laid in the fodder-trench of my maternal grandfather's carnivorous skruum swine, with the intention that I be devoured by the beasts. But the skruum swine's molars were not much for my embryonic husk!

And Kings from across the land journeyed long and far for both our births. Yet, Jesus only had three Kings in attendance and they brought gifts. Ha! In Gkruool, a host of monarchs and warlords descended on my mother's village seeking to destroy me before I had a chance to grow. They all

found Golan the Insatiable difficult to kill, and most left disfigured for their efforts! Furthermore, not unlike your holy Moses, my mother too sent me adrift down a river. I was discarded into the raging rapids of the River of Woe, again in the hopes I would perish. I did not.

3) Sexual Conquest

The Xian bible inexplicably skips over Jesus X's adolescent years, but it does not seem like he ever raped much of anything, let alone anyone. Surely this is why his formative years were glossed over. This knowledge must have long been a source of insecurity for his followers. Golan the Insatiable

once impregnated an entire clan of cave imps in a single night! Males included!

4) Wisdom

Much is made of Jesus' philosophies and wisdom, which to me sound quite similar to the cowardly peace-mongering of your modern hippies and park-occupiers. His ideas are laughably childish when it comes to warfare and empire building.

5) Magic & Feats

There is no contest here. I had a ministry of sorcerers, warlocks and mages in my service. Jesus resurrected one man? I had a full brigade of re-animated wraiths in my army! I never walked upon water, but I swam the 50-mile length of the Kraryth Channel, fighting Krarythian turtles the entire way! He turned water into wine? I had all manner of things transmogrified into all manner of other things that should not be! I once had a goat turned into a stallion. Then I punched it!

Golan the Insatiable's amazing feats are things of legend! I broke the Dam of Nahzurot with a single blow! I ate the entire harem of Prince Thuul! I read and then forgot the Unreadable Book of Unforgettable Truths!

6) Revolution

Much is also made of Jesus X's revolution against Roman rule. Well, he lost that revolution, if I am not mistaken. Golan the Insatiable successfully enslaved an entire world and bent it to my

tyrannical, erratic whims for more than a thousand years! But you seem to find the betrayal of Jesus humanizing in some way. Must I remind you that Golan the Insatiable too was betrayed by greedy weaklings who somehow managed to banish me to this foul place?!

7) Afterlife

From what I gather, coming back from the dead seems to be everyone's favorite aspect of Jesus X. I would point out that no one has ever managed to kill Golan the Insatiable, so I have had no reason to attempt resurrection. But I routinely ventured into Gkruool's underworld, generally to retrieve a favored concubine if she died before I tired of her and killed her on purpose. Getting to the underworld is not so difficult if you possess the awesome power and will of a Godlord! (And if you memorize the trick to navigating through the Maze of Bones in under-veil's third level.)

In any case, I did not require my father's help ascending to a throne in the sky. My throne is gigantic and forged by my own hands and located in a palace built by 500,000 slaves! Plus I killed my father.

So, as even you idiots can see, Golan the Insatiable is the clear better in this contrast. And I know you are fond of pretending to drink Jesus' blood and devour small portions of his flesh. Back in Gkruool I had several cults that consumed my semen and shingles of my dead skin. You need not pretend at anything. I have plenty of both for everyone!

Many of you believe that Xianity is under attack from non-believers. Well, what is Jesus X doing about it? Submit to Golan the Insatiable and I will make the world see the light. And that light will be caused by fire. Fire that I will ignite to burn those who oppose your subservient worship to me!

I await becoming your god and next year's Golanmas. I will tolerate no Santa Claus.

Fear me,
Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

-∼Worm Miller

12.17 World to Be Destroyed By Tsunami of Insufferable Mayan Calendar Jokes

Friday, Dec 21, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's Talk Like a Pirate Day to the power of a thousand. If you are reading this on December 21st, 2012, then the population of every social media outlet is currently falling all over themselves to prove just what they think about that silly Mayan calendar doomsday scenario. Some are debunking, some are mocking, most are making terrible jokes about the Mayan calendar guy getting distracted.

> I swear , you're a complete dumb ass if you believe the world is gonna end. I mean, what the fuck is a Mayan anyways? - tommyjballinger18? (@TommyBallinger) December 20, 2012

They're all playing right into the hands of the Mayans. Like a 6,000 year Spanish Prisoner con, the Mayans were playing on our greatest weakness: our need to prove that we are intellectually superior to ancient Mesoamericans. From our greatest scientists, to people tweeting "What the fuck is a Mayan?", we are acting out the final moments of our civilization exactly as the Mayans have planned.

Like ancient stones locking into a National Treasures puzzle door, you will know the last moments are upon us when the top three trending hash tags on twitter are all related to the Mayans. Each shitty joke, each terrible pun and each sneer at the ancient Mayans will serve as a beacon through time.

> It's the 21st and I'm still drinking Coors. Fuck off Squanto and the rest of you Mayans - Matt Daus (@DatDude_MD) December 21, 2012

And they will rise. Drawn by local TV news banter and joke macros on Facebook, faces hidden behind jaguar masks, clubs studded with volcanic glass. They will emerge from nothing and fall upon our frail bodies, pulping us with their ancient fury, tearing down our Taco Bell and Dunkin' Donuts combo restaurants. Chasing us with their bloody arms outstretched, pursuing us across exercise equipment at LA Fitness, through daycare nap rooms, and wherever someone is tweeting on their phone.

> We don't go by the Mayan calendar. We go by the American calendar! #Merica #bitches - Nathan Carter (@NathanCarter_14) December 21, 2012

The moon will rise on streets strewn with bodies. Dogs will howl for dead masters and jaguars wills stalk the freeways. The police will try to hold them off, defending the shelters from the Mayans, but they move like the shadows themselves, powered by every tweet, every Facebook post, every shitty comedy article exactly like this one.

> End of world talk is gay. World would have ended 7 months ago by the Mayan calendar because there were no leap years until later - Maisie MacGillivray (@maisie93) December 17, 2012

Fires will rage out of control. Airplanes will crash as Mayans batter their way into the cockpit and shrug off bullets. Each of us will die screaming, for our friends, for our loved ones, but most of all for our phones, because we were midway through a tweet about how ridiculous the Mayan calendar bullshit is.

We did this to ourselves. We fell for their longest of cons.

And if it's December 21st, and you look around on all the social media outlets, I think you can agree: we deserved it.

> #Mayans can suck a dick haha -[Cody Sestrich [(@CSestrich21) December 21, 2012

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.18 Unnecessary Movie Twists

Saturday, Dec 22, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

At the end of **The Shawshank Redemption**, Andy Dufresne has finally escaped from prison. He emerges from the pressing filth of a tunnel and lifts his face to the falling rain, his arms outstretched as if to embrace the open world before him. The camera looks directly down on him from far above, slowly dropping with the falling raindrops until finally Andy's face is all that we see. Smiling, he whispers a shocking revelation as distant lightning illuminates his features, the brilliant flash serving as a metaphor for the truth being brought to light. "Rain is my favorite weather. It has been the whole time."

In **Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom**, a frightened man is shackled to a cage as part of a cult ceremony. The priest Mola Ram recites an incantation to draw upon the power of a wicked god. Ram holds out his hand, fingers splayed, and lowers it to the chest of the prisoner. His fingers plunge in and remove the still-beating heart. The sacrificed man screams, incredibly remaining alive as his cage is slowly lowered into a whirlpool of swirling lava. Breaking the fourth wall, he winks at the camera. We see a cartoonish cut-away view of the man's anatomy, revealing a second heart. That sly fox! Moments later he bursts into flames and dissolves in the sea of roiling magma.

The reluctant white hero savior in **Avatar** approaches the tech guy. Something has been bothering him, and he needs to know why all the aliens are blue. The tech guy takes a moment to clear away a billion holographic charts from his last lecture about Unobtainium, then launches into a scientific lecture about Pandora's atmosphere. As it turns out, there is a compound in the planet's air (Infodumpium) which messes with human eyes. The natives are not blue, the tech guy explains as a supercomputer in the center of the room projects a spinning glowy image of an eyeball surrounded by panels of text in futuristic fonts scrolling by way too quickly to read. We simply interpret the coloring of the aliens' skin differently due to Infodumpium. Their actual color is more of a teal than a proper pure blue.

Rocky wants to win the boxing fight. He moves his body so that it gets muscles. Rocky drinks eggs because it makes him stronger so he can punch the other guy. He runs while his trainer drives a car, so that he may become a car, and outwit his opponent. Rocky goes to a beef house where there's all this meat and beef and it's cold. He starts going nuts, punching all the meats. It's the scariest thing you've ever seen in your life, this guy beating the heck out of these beef bodies hanging from hooks. At first you think he's doing it because he wants to get strong, to beat the other boxing man by vanquishing larger opponents and making his fists tough.

Then his trainer starts crying. The old guy's losing his shit, weeping like a baby. He runs toward Rocky, stumbling, then wraps his arms around the boxer to try to get him to stop because he's scared. "Why you doing such a thing to the beef, Rocky? What in the world is going on in here ya big lug?" Rocky tries to shrug off the trainer, but relents. His eyes contain a cold fury. They remain locked on the big old slab of meat in front of him. "Trainer,"

Rocky replies to his trainer, "I went to the doctors. They told me I'm... they said... I'm made of meat. I thought they was joking, but they hooked me up to a computer machine and the printout said 'meat'. I want to punch this meat until the truth goes away."

Citizen Kane has died in the movie **Citizen Kane**. He had been going on and on about something called Rosebud. No one knew what it was. Then, the audience sees that Rosebud was the name of his sled from childhood. All of the man's considerable accomplishments meant nothing when compared to his brief period of pure innocence. This isn't the twist, though. The camera pulls back into the sky, through the clouds, into outer space. We see the planet. We take in the shocking truth. The whole movie has been set on the moon.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.19 Lack of Tom Bombadil in The Hobbit Movie Really Pissing Off Tom Bombadil

Monday, Dec 24, 2012 by Tom Bombadil (@sexyfacts4u)

Ohhhhhh no. Ohhhhh **hell** no.

Old Tom Bombadil is pretty fucking far from being a merry fellow right now. He is not about to start rhyme dilly doing for youing. You went and did it again. You motherfucked Tom Bombadil again. With his own eyes he saw, he danced and saw, and Tom cannot believe it.

He is not dancing anymore. He is not singing. He is tearing silver penny buttons off his goddamn blue coat. Tom is throwing weed pipes all over his house Tom is. Great Jolly Old Tom Bombadil is going to take a shit on your concession stand. Tom Bombadil is canon. You are not even a novelization of a video game.

Here is how it went down. Set the scene Tom will. Tom sat down and he sang, "Well suck Tom's dick they left Tom the fuck out of 900 hours of Lord of the Rings, no way are they leaving Old Tom Bombadil out now, this shit is basically all about Tom. Let's go. Here's Tom's big scene."

And

GUESS...

WHAT... MOTHERFUCKED AGAIN

You think Tom needs to be quiet in the theater? Noodle armed silly Sams gonna get stabbed. Coming 48 frames per second at you is Tom Bombadil, make you sick, hair flying everywhere, throwing pipes all over your nice carpet and tossing hats in the air is Tom, thank you for nothing Cinemark. Thank you for a legacy of nothing. Wake Tom up when any of you pieces of shit can resist the One Ring.

Peter Jackson suck a dick. Suck a dick and die on dick. Do any of you have any idea how laid Tom Bombadil could be right now if he got half his songs in these movies? Tom Bombadil could be all night amyl partying climbing up Kardhashians. Hoppy sloppy Tom Bombadil could be up to his tufted ears in Jessica Biel is what Tom should be.

Oh, Cinemark, you want to TSA Tom Bombadil on the way in? Don't try to Dark Lord a dark lord. You gonna make Tom leave his third brunch and fourthmeal outside? Tom is not buying a pretzel.

You want it rhyme style? Tom is buying an extra large Pepsi, stare and dump it and then, let's see, invade your space and throw a Jack Reacher cup up in your face. That is what Tom is going to do. Bitch.

You want to hear a riddle?

Who is gonna get cut by Tom Bombadil?

All you motherfuckers!

Get it? Yellow boots for every asshole.

Peter Jackson has fucked with the wrong spry sprite this time. His ass is gonna get scoured. You get some lap bands and Medifast motherfucker? How about the Tom Bombadil diet? A droopy roopy silly billy of an old Hobbit says you can eat two things, Tom's horse dick and his 9 millimeter.

You reading Tom, PJ? You heard of play-off beards? This hug rug Tom Bombadil be swangin' ain't getting clipped until Peter Jackson wins a wet t-shirt contest the hard way. Gonna Zero Dark Thirty into your house, drug your stash, you're gonna sip on a weight loss shake and wake up in Tom's forest. The Hurt Forest.

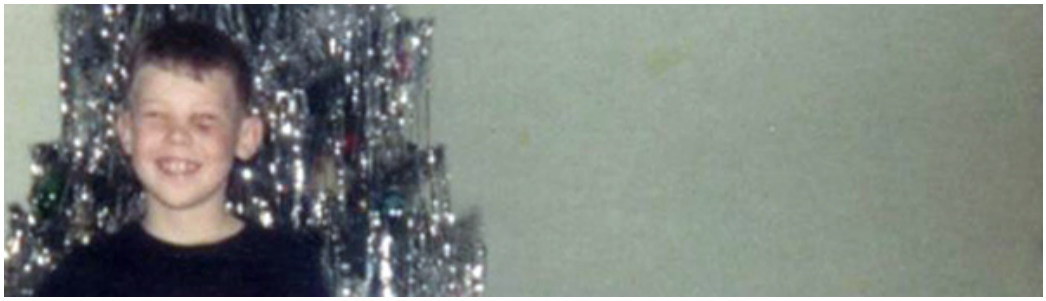
You go two movies left. Save your life, fool. Tom will get George Lucas to special edition this shit. He will put computer Tom Bombadil all over everything, he will.

Tom is **out**.

-∼Tom Bombadil (@sexyfacts4u)

12.20 Divorce Makes Christmas Awesome

Tuesday, Dec 25, 2012 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Oh, on Christmas morning you woke up, walked downstairs and opened presents while your parents watched? How quaint. Did they say they love each other? Was there hot coco? How adorably old fashioned! Well, I'd love to chat about it, but I need to get going. I'm due at my step aunt's in 30 minutes. Mom's already got the car warmed up.

But hey, nice talk. I hope you enjoy whatever you do for the rest of the day while I'm literally getting bruised from all these hugs. Cause I'm just getting started, really. After this and my step aunt's, I've got a 12:30 at my dad's and then an early dinner at one grandparents' and a late dinner at the other. So, really, and I mean this, have fun sitting around all day.

Jetsetting all over these suburbs, I'm just a busy kid in high demand. People want to see me, and I do not disappoint. There are some sacrifices, of course. I don't have time for small talk, can't act faux-nice to weird 3rd cousins. I never get a chance to stare at a wall for hours or whatever you do after your presents are opened. But you know what? You know what? I'm okay with that. That's just not my thing anymore now that I'm a star. There are eight families waiting to greet me. I got to move, got to make my appearances. Mom drops me off and everyone gives me a hug, I eat a couple cookies, chug some nog, tear open those gifts, and bounce. Kid Out. "Next Stop, Mom!"

So let's compare what we got: Your one lame baby Christmas with one little baby cluster of presents versus my eight Christmases with eight gift openings. Hmm, I just did some quick math and it looks like my Christmas just won. I got more weight in wrapping paper than you got in presents. I got so many Lego sets, I could build a new Star Wars themed Christmas block by block that trumps your little refugee camp celebration. You humming Bing Crosby? I'm caroling Jock Jams, kid. You'll be finishing up with your associates degree by the time you have as many Christmases as I have *every* year.

Whoa. Sorry about that. Things got real for a second. It's not that your Christmas is bad. It's just that mine is better. Different tiers, is all. Different goals. I reach for the prize and I got the magic to do it. Want to know my secret? Two words: Custody Battle. Best thing that ever happened. Love's been replaced with guilt, family switched with presents. Which parent is better? Hmm, I don't know, maybe an objective comparison on gift quantity might help? Do I like the new step-dad? Let me just fill out this present rubric I've prepared. Your Christmas? That's boring, that's gone. Welcome to the Battle Ground. The floor cluttered with ribbons and empty cans of caffeinated soda I'm not supposed to have as my parents fall over themselves struggling to prove their worth in blatant consumerism. You think I care about sentiment when I have this? I snap my fingers and it's mine. This is living. This is Christmas. Are you still there? Can't see too far over this wall of gifts I got. That's fine, though. I don't need parents or family. I don't need you. I don't need anyone.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.21 2012's Viral Buzz List WIN/FAIL Extravaganza (Remember the 90s!?)

Wednesday, Dec 26, 2012 by Something Awful Staff (@Arr)

22 Things From the 90s That You Will Never See Again (You'll Feel Super Old)

1. Polly Pocket These things were tiny! Remember? Remember how many of our sisters died by inhaling Polly Pockets?

2. Parker Lewis

The foxy teen with a loud fashion sense who simply couldn't lose! This was definitely a 90s thing. We veritably remember it.

3. The other guy from Parker Lewis (Mikey?)

Parker's best bud! Usually wore a hat. Maybe kind of tough? Oh, who the fuck cares.

4. Candles

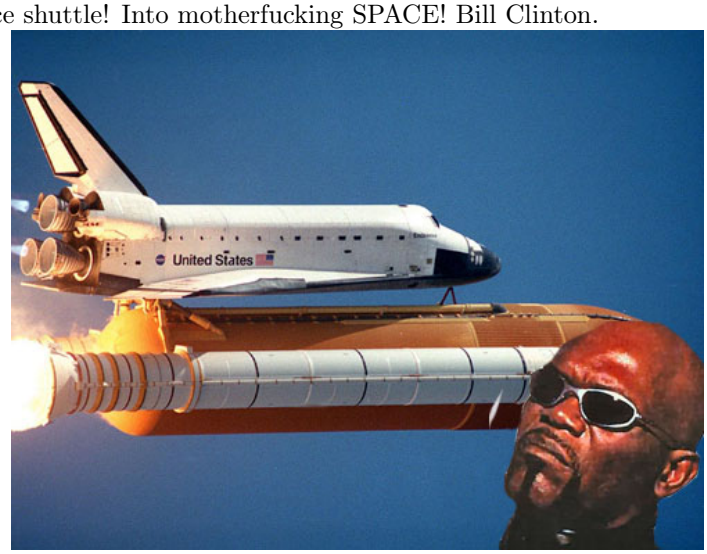
Good luck finding one of these in the age of the iPhone!

5. The Soup Dragons

Their hit song "Unbelievable" took the airwaves by storm in the 90s, but these dragons have slurped their last bowl!

6. Motherfucking SCIENCE haha WIN

Space shuttle! Into motherfucking SPACE! Bill Clinton.



7. Jooky! It's a party in a can!

Jooky make you really kooky, jooky make you MANLY MAN! Haha! This was a thing on TV.

8. Northern Exposure

I don't think we ever saw this, but here's the important part: we *remember* it. From the *90s.*

9. Francium

I heard about this ONCE in high school, and then never again! Where did you go, sweet francium?

10. The Remains of the Day

Anthony Hopkins turns in a creepy performance in this slow-paced Merchant-Ivory thriller from 1995 (one of the 90s).

11. Troll Dolls

Their hair was OFF THE CHAIN, dude!

12. Parker Lewis's nerd friend

I think this guy had a bunch of stuff in his coat, but the details are lost to history. Perhaps future 90s archaeologists will be able to verify this.

13. Munky from KORN

Haha! KORN! I don't know which one of these guys in Munky, but one of them definitely is.

14. Parker Lewis's principal, Miss Musso, and her weird assistant

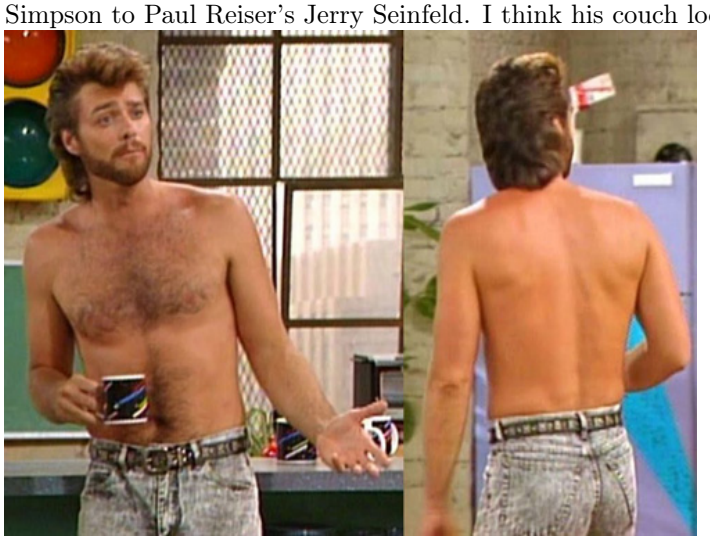
Lemmer? Lemur? Something like that.

15. Your Parents' Divorce

Sorry to bring this one up, but we can't talk about the 90s without talking about your parents splitting up, dude.

16. Greg Evigan in the final season of "My Two Dads"

He was the Bart Simpson to Paul Reiser's Jerry Seinfeld. I think his couch looked like car.

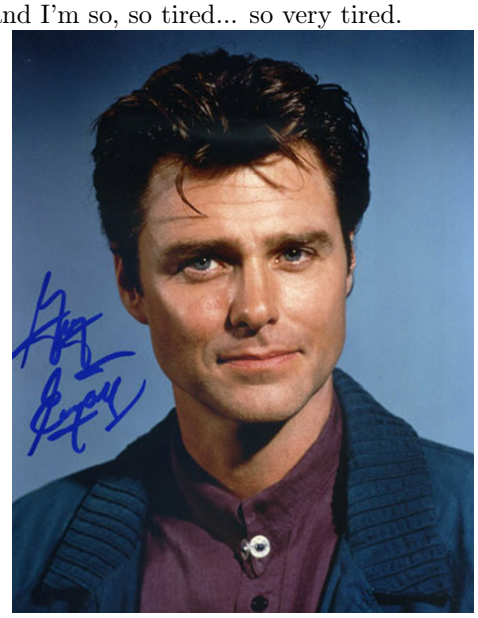


17. Did we already say Polly Pocket?

These things were fresh as heck.

18. Greg Evigan in TekWar

William Shatner had something to do with this whole thing, I think. I'm not sure. The 90s were so long ago, and I'm so, so tired... so very tired.



19. Were Frisbees a 90s Thing?

I think so?

20. Greg Evigan, just in general

Yeah, that name kept coming up in the 90s. He was a real thing.

21. What was that thing with the stuffed dog with puppies inside it? FUck

Not Pound Puppies. But that's close... something like that, but not quite. I'm still going to count this as us remembering this, though.

22. Junior High

Good thing we won't be seeing THIS again, am I right? C'mon guys, let's get out of here.

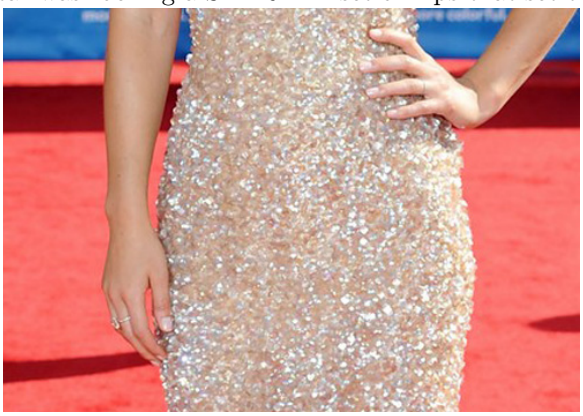
YOUR REACTION?

LOL	WIN	OMG	DRAB	FAB	CUTE	WTF	FAIL	TRASHY	EW	❤	💔
9	35	2	0	4	14	4	2	10	0	31	1

11 of 2012's HOTTEST Female Celeb Pelvis WINS

1. Claire Danes

The "My So Called" star was rocking a SPARKLY set of hips that set the red carpet on fire!



2. Leighton Meester

Leighton's pelvo looked positively LEIGHCIOUS in this curtainlike draping!

3. Rihanna

The always sexy Ms. 'Ihanna showed a little bit of leg at the Brit Awards... but we only care about her PELVIS!

4. Ice T's Big Fake Lady

A his-n-hers pelvis set? We love it! You know Ice T is going to lay down the "law and order" on that oversized hipbone.

5. Anime

Anime just keeps getting better! Here's one hot pelvis your grandma will NEVER steal!

6. Kanye West

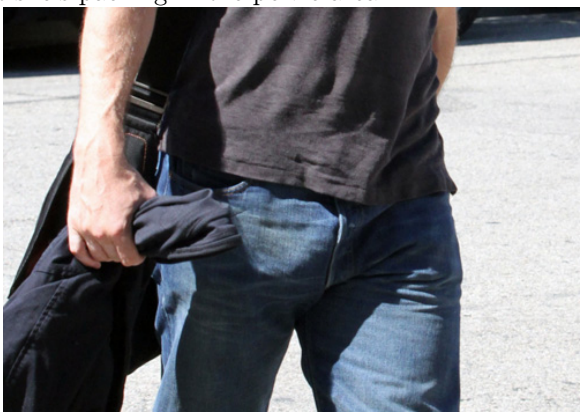
Kanye looked ever so delicate in this classic gilded ensemble.

7. iPad Mini

The slim midsection of the iPad mini holds outrageous processing power... and a fully-functional pelvis!

8. Katy Perry

Katy Perry's veiny arms grip a jacket like a woodsman strangling a rabbit... and check out the heat she's packing in the pelvic area!

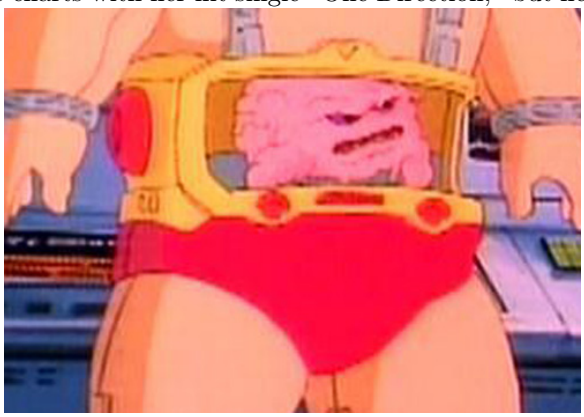


9. Grumpy Cat

Everyone's favorite deformed kitten lives a life of misery and mockery... but there's no denying the cuteness of that hairy little pelvis!

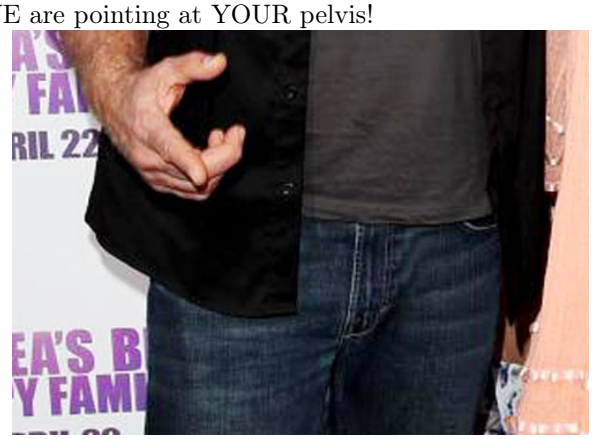
10. Carly Rae Jepsen

Carly Rae burned up the charts with her hit single "One Direction," but her pelvis was even hotter!



11. Greg Evigan

Greggy Tah rocked a casual jeans-and-tee outfit at this premier. Who ya pointing at, Greg? Cause WE are pointing at YOUR pelvis!



YOUR REACTION?
LOL
WIN
OMG
DRAB
FAB
CUTE
WTF
FAIL
TRASHY
EW
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1

7 Incredibly Normal Tweets from 2012 that will Restore Your Faith in Tedium

Someone's a Big Winner!!!

> Man I feel lucky! Just went to the store and won 20 off a $1 scratch off! - !That Sh*t Cray! (@ThtShit_CrayHoe) December 26, 2012

People found time to get outside in 2012...

> in the mood for a walk - kainyershel (@jenny_calder) December 26, 2012

Aren't animals adorable... and viral?

> Just saw a cat. So cute!!! - IQIN (@Innocent_sab) December 25, 2012

It was a CRAZY year for weather...

> It's raining - aqila96 (@AqilaMerza) December 26, 2012

What were the year's HOTTEST gadgets?

> I want an iPad. - Mary Cramer (@marycramerr) December 26, 2012

Sometimes bad things happen!

> The left side of my face hurts - aa (@HaaiSuzy) December 25, 2012

Life just kept going on in 2012!

> Uhhh really need to use the bathroom... - ±zu¢T8± d (@ladyavok) December 26, 2012

8 Craziest Street Signs Ever!!!

#8 - Man I'd hate to meet that bird!!! LOL!!!

#7 - LMAO! Leave your bagels and lox at home!!!!!

#6 - ROTFLMOA!!! this sign is crazier than Balloon Boy's parents!!!!

#5 - LAWFSH (LAUGHING AT WORK FOR SEVEN HOURS)!!!! Women's rights more like women's PLIGHTS!!!

#4 - HahAHAHAHAHA! Now thats what I call a "tweet" thats hard to "beat!!"!

#3 - LOL!!! Hate to be the sucker who missed that typo! No child left behind, more like your child's a left behind!

#2 - Looks like somebody's a real fan of "Brock and Roll!" Rock on!!!

#1 - Now that's what I call a "sign of the times!" Hope they fired the dope who did this one! LOL!

YOUR REACTION?

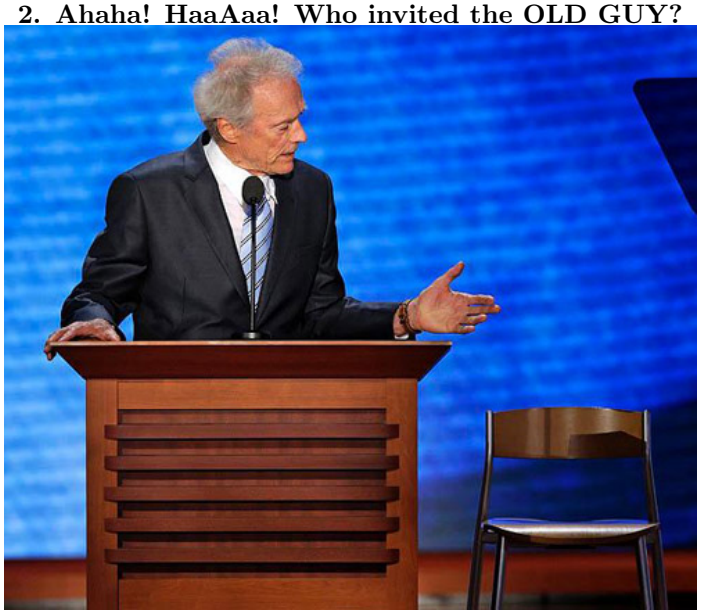
LOL	WIN	OMG	DRAB	FAB	CUTE	WTF	FAIL	TRASHY	EW	❤	💔
9	35	2	0	4	14	4	2	10	0	31	1

Top 9 Most EMBARRASSING Mitt Romney Blunders, Boners and Bloopers of 2012!

1. Picking THIS CLOWN as his running mate? More like ATLAS MUGGED!

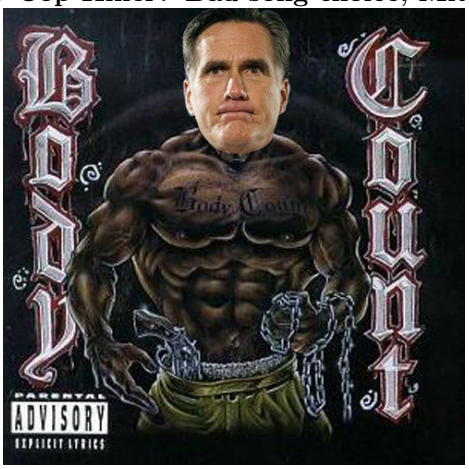
Senator Paul Ryan may have had the fiscal chops, but he's got a face like Droopy Dog! America hated this fucking guy! FAIL!!!

2. Ahaha! HaaAaa! Who invited the OLD GUY?



When Mitt made aging astronaut Clint Eastwood speak at the Republican Convention, he should have known what he would get... an elderly man yelling racist threats at the bacteria on a chair!

3. Cop Killer? Bad song choice, Mitt!



Which campaign staffer decided to use "Cop Killer" by Body Count as the official Romney campaign anthem? Nobody knows, because they're FIRED

4. Logo? More like NO-GO!

And which genius Romney staffer decided to base the candidate's logo on a really dumb guy's head tattoo? The FAIL is palpable over here, fellas!

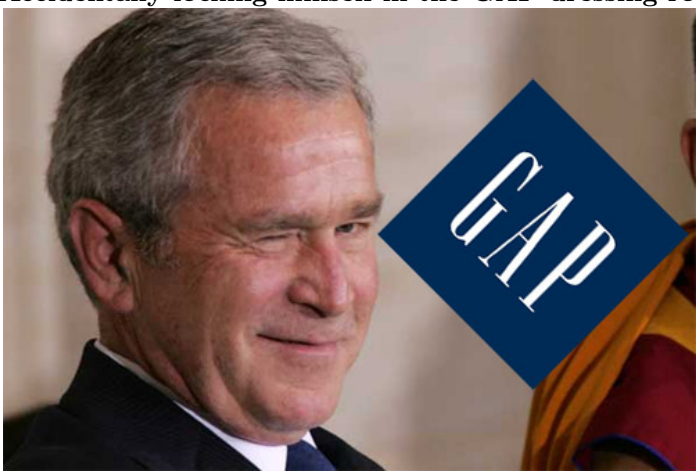
5. The iPad Mini... who needs this thing, anyway?

All eyes were on Romney as he unveiled his newest product. It's an iPad... but SMALLER? America doesn't want smaller stuff, pal!

6. Making a fatcat gaffe in a room full of richy-rich donors!

Americans didn't care for Mitt's 'tude behind closed doors: he was caught on tape telling a bunch of billionaires that he's richer than 47% of Americans! Not a good look, Rom!

7. Accidentally locking himself in the GAP dressing room



First of all, Mitt Romney... shopping at the GAP?!? That's as insane as Paris Hilton at a MENSA convention!

8. Getting killed by an eagle dropping a tortoise on his head

Whoopsie! When the majestic bird mistook Mitty's melon for a convenient tortoise-smashing rock, it scored a MAJOR bullseye!

9. Losing the election by one vote after he and his wife couldn't find their polling place

FACEPALM! Rommy pulled an EPIC ELECTORAL BONER when he spent twelve hours driving in circles, looking for a place to vote!

YOUR REACTION?

LOL	WIN	OMG	DRAB	FAB	CUTE	WTF	FAIL	TRASHY	EW		
9	35	2	0	4	14	4	2	10	0	31	1

-~Something Awful Staff (@Arr)

12.22 Confessions of a World's Ugliest Dog Owner

Thursday, Dec 27, 2012 by Proud Pup Parent

When Grimpy slid out of that dying womb, she spent her first three hours of life in a garbage can. Inbreeding across multiple generations brought us ever closer to taking home World's Ugliest Dog gold, and this dream had almost been crushed like so many hollow dog vertebrae under the wheels of a passing recumbent bike. We buried the five puppies in a backyard mass grave, only to have a jagged fang quiver at us later that afternoon from beneath a thick crust of expired soup and coffee grounds. The larger-than-average chunk of afterbirth we had so carelessly tossed aside and dropped a few times on our way up from the basement had transformed into Grimpy, Internet sensation, beloved pet, and World's Ugliest Dog five years running.

Success would not come instantly, as if Grimpy's mother had been a slot machine that dispensed fame, blood, and dog corpses out of its gleaming chute. Like any of your classic "ugly" breeds, raising Grimpy to go up against the likes of former title holders like Doogie Bowser and Dash, the Legless, Skinless Bloodhound required years of pruning, as you would with a bonsai tree that occasionally tries to suffocate itself. Most enthusiasts just don't understand it takes nearly 17 years of aging to produce the desiccated, warty flesh necessary for the big leagues of dog ugliness competitions. And even though Grimpy's eyes lacked the thick and milky cataract glaze that brings in extra points and dry heaves from the judging booth, her pupils would often bleed independently. This alone brought Grimpy even more acclaim than Pringles, a Boston Terrier that moved along the ground solely by means of massive, uncontrollable seizures.

The complications that arise from the care of a World's Ugliest Dog can often be staggering. Nature has a way of letting a creature know that its Golden Corral buffet of genetic disorders and birth defects shouldn't be passed on to future generations, and this message is often expressed by the animal "acting out." When a dog finally understands that every look it receives from another living thing is tainted with a mix of pity and revulsion, the results are heartbreaking. We've had to remove every throw pillow from our house after Grimpy buried herself under mounds of them and snarled at any hand that tried to let oxygen flow into her suicide den.

Yes, this inborn death impulse means that bottle feeding is the only way to go, since there's no quicker final exit for a World's Ugliest Dog than face-down in a dish of tap water. In the biz we call this "kissing the lady of the lake," and it can destroy over a decade of work in just a few seconds. The closest we ever came to losing Grimpy was finding her limp body curled up on the passenger

seat of an Oldsmobile idling in our attached garage. Luckily, we snatched her from that naugahyde prison just in time, and without disturbing my late husband, whose note specifically requested that we not disturb the car in any way.

We World's Ugliest Dog Owners put ourselves through hell for that thousand-dollar grand prize, but I'd be lying if I said it wasn't worth it when I catch one of Grmpy's eyes looking up into mine, as if to say "You're the best, mom -- now how about putting that water dish back on the floor?" Too bad for Grimpy that flattery will get her nowhere. We're hanging in there for the 2013 competition in six months, and something about that new coat of eczema tells me that Grimpy's in for at least one more gold medal before those weekly blood transfusions stop working their magic. Maybe then that nasty Doctor Mike down at the animal hospital will have to eat his words about how no dog that lived through the entirety of the O.J. Simpson trial should still be traveling cross-country for regional competitions. Well, Doctor Mike, Gold medals talk, and while Grimpy can no longer walk, we have this little cart we push her around in. Your move.

-∼Proud Pup Parent

12.23 Cormac McCarthy Writes Copy for the Fleshlight Website

Friday, Dec 28, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Fleshlight Classic (Available in Three Inputs)

Two holed, taintless, it will receive your violence with gnarled innards. More rests within the clapboard dresser. Drawn up from perdition, a maw with no face that speaks to a man's worst intention. A trio of wounds carved in shame. The potential of a million sons soured in the terrain of lifelike silicon. Gripping tightly or not at all. Incapable of knowing love or hate. It will look upon the proud javelin of Apollo's Kyparissos or the foulest specimen of expelled filth and intestine parasites with the same empty yearning as the clam's siphon for grit.

Fleshlight Girls Alexis Texas Butt Stroker

She came from Nacogdoches, a memorably plump furl of hindmeat that calls to mind the oiled saddle of the finest charro to ride the Coleadero. Subtracted from bone and sinew, scooped from the meridian of her departing manner, it captures the precise contour if not the mien of a human anus. It will grip you like a stabbed man's hands on the throat of his murderer.

Fleshlight Ice (Featuring Crystal Texture)

Departed from soil and stone, from the world of blood and pitiless sky, the spirit has no weight. It is smoke imbued with all the meaning we could ever hope to muster. Watch a dying man's last breath rattle up through fleshy pipe and take form in the cold night above his head. What if we could take back all that we did? All the lives we broke and wronged? Could we put it into a shape like a woman and pour out our sorrow by the light of an old lantern swung from a yardarm? What then?

Fleshlight Stamina Training Unit

A beast lives within us all. A shadow thing that knows our darkest secrets and desires. It pulls at its chain and wrests the tiller from our hand. A man has a choice. He can fire his last shot into the

night and descend that dark river with the beast. Or a man can learn to aim his gun. He can fire it true and drive back that night that always presses in. We are being crushed by what it means to be a man. We need help, but can trust no woman born of hide and harrow. Find help here, in this horrible thing born from ten centuries of ingenuity.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.24 Things To Shout From The Top Of Mount Everest

Saturday, Dec 29, 2012 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"No? Still no signal down there? I am on my tiptoes! Look, my arms are stretched as high as I can get them, sheesh! We already wrapped the antenna in tin foil. I doubt that adding more is not going to accomplish anything. Wait, does anyone have a ladder? Maybe a chair I can stand on?"

"Was it worth risking my life and the lives of countless others, including the sherpas who thanklessly performed all the hard work, to get to the top of a big rock where the ground is no different from any other patch of snow and gravel? Absolutely! Why? I am a lot of feet above the sea level right now!"

"What the? That one over there is taller! And it's got a slide!"

"I'm going to be absolutely insufferable at social gatherings for the rest of my life! I haven't decided if I'll recount this story with a false air of modesty or just tell people that they haven't lived until they've done this very specific thing that I've done, but either way I'm going to be an absolute shit!"

"Ugh, will someone PLEASE clear all those frozen bodies? They're spoiling this magnificent view."

"Remember the 90s!!!" **Lower your Oakleys, whip your snowboard down on the fresh powder and shred the slopes to the tune of Snow's "Informer"**

"Nope, nevermind. Forget it. My theory was completely wrong. If anything, it's even colder up here!"

"Uhhh, this isn't the bottom of Mount Everest. I can see the bottom way down there, but I'm pretty sure this is the top that we're standing on. No, honey, I followed the directions. Here, look. Apple Maps says we had to take a right on the trail. We took that right. I'm sure of it. Well I don't know what happened, but arguing isn't going to solve anything right now! Hold on, I'll get directions from here to the bottom... There. It says we just need to go straight down through the core of the mountain. Look for an elevator, or maybe a shovel."

"Oh no. Oh god no. I left my wallet at base camp. Does anyone have one dollar and fifty cents? I didn't know they'd be selling Italian ice up here! Please, I'll pay you back! Please. They've got *lemon*."

"I can see my house from up here! Haha! No, really, I can. Because my home... is the world. And you, my fellow adventurers, are my roommates. We're all just living under mother nature's roof when you think about it. We're all just sons and daughters of this miraculous planet. No matter how many walls we put up, no matter how hard we try to convince ourselves otherwise, we don't really own anything. Nah, I'm messing with you! Haha. I'm actually homeless."

"Woah, I feel it! A renewed sense of purpose! Spiritual fulfillment! A reason to live! Wait... nope.

Sorry, everyone. False alarm. It was just the oxygen deprivation."

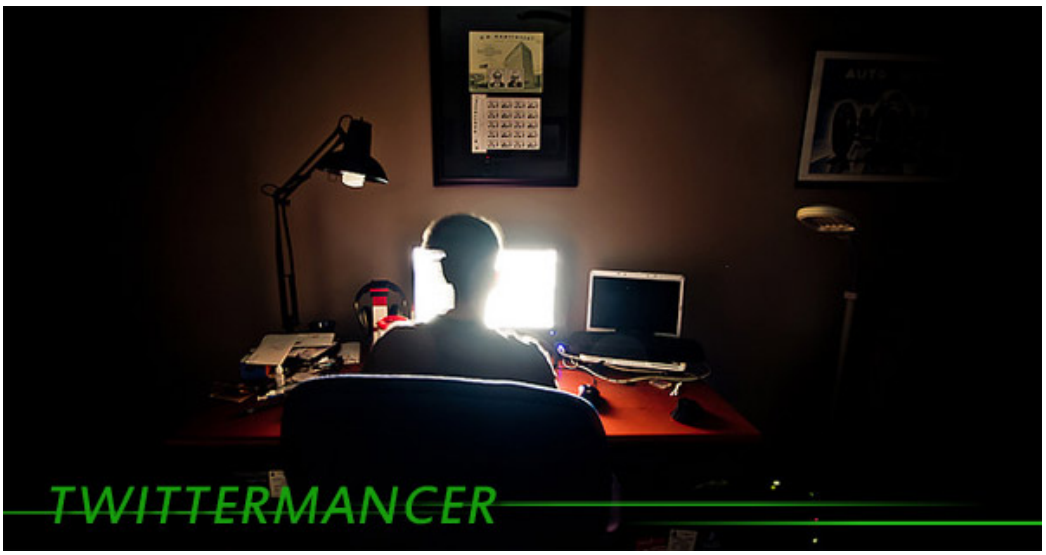
"That's it? You call that a mountain? I shit bigger mountains for breakfast! I put more effort into climbing the stairs to my front door! I baked a cake that was bigger than this mountain, and it was a lousy cake that barely rose to the height of a normal cake! What's this, my finger fell off? You call that frostbite? I get worse frostbite putting my hand in the fridge to grab a slice of poorly made cake! I had more fingers fall off while trying to open a pickle jar! What's that you guys are fashioning from the jacket of that long-dead mountain climber, a gag? You seriously call that a gag? I've been gagged by better mrrrph-"

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.25 William Gibson Correctly Predicts the Internet of 2013

Monday, Dec 31, 2012 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



Vektor extracted the Corsair 32 gigabyte thumb drive from the inside pocket of his pea coat and slotted the stick into his Dell Inspiron's port. The solid state memory activated instantly, a small LED washing green as the operating system recognized the device.

Data spilled out across his screen, resolving as a pop-up window asking him if he wanted to scan the drive for defects. He clicked yes, but unchecked the option to automatically correct any errors. The drive read clean. The data was good.

Activating his interface, the superior Chrome operating system loaded into the laptop's active memory. Vektor navigated to a server in Japan, blue alphanumeric spilling across a white field. Cat-eared women appearing in thumbnails. His browser was finely tuned to detect and parse information, increasing the speed with which he could react. It scanned the Kanji characters and offered to translate.

"Not today," said Vektor. He smirked and clicked past the option.

The website used tables, an old tech, but reliable, sprawling out as he navigated through the pages, burning pixels searing his retinas, his fingers clattering so quickly most of the images did not even have time to load. In a matter of nanoseconds he arrived at his destination.

"Doujins," he smiled. "Watanabe wasn't lying."

Vektor paused to trigger an electric cigarette and consider his options. Purple vapor curled through the air, the smell of vaped tech puff reaching his nostrils and firing in the pleasure centers of his brain at the speed of neurons.

He clicked "New Releases."

"Chibi Maid," mused Vektor, scrolling through the tables, waiting for the bottle necked thumbnails to arrive from the overstretched servers in Shinjuku. It was better than he expected. The scanlation groups in the Toronto and Dallas exurbs would still be waiting on their hard copies to arrive by container ship or transcontinental air post.

He had discovered the mainline and he was wired in, ready to translate faster than the competition and with greater accuracy than any of the Google subtitling groups that butchered zero-day anime RAWs and then posted them to Digg.

Behind the glowing screen of the Inspiron, Vektor gazed into his future, resolving possibility, strung out on incandescent beams of pixels. His empire growing one hit at a time, growing to eclipse the chans, growing to become the most popular provider of English-translated maid doujins on Reddit.

The green light of the Corsair thumb drive began to blink as the Chibi Maid transfer commenced.

Accelerated by the crude stimulants encoded in the Five-hour Energy, Vektor's heart hammered in his chest as he prepared to make his triumphant Tweet.

What Vektor discovered in his Twitter feed caused him to hesitate. Something unbelievable was unfolding around the world in real time, bouncing from server to server and metastasizing as a constant chorus of Tweets scrolling through his overloaded feed. It was even worse than he feared.

A comedian had just made a rape joke.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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